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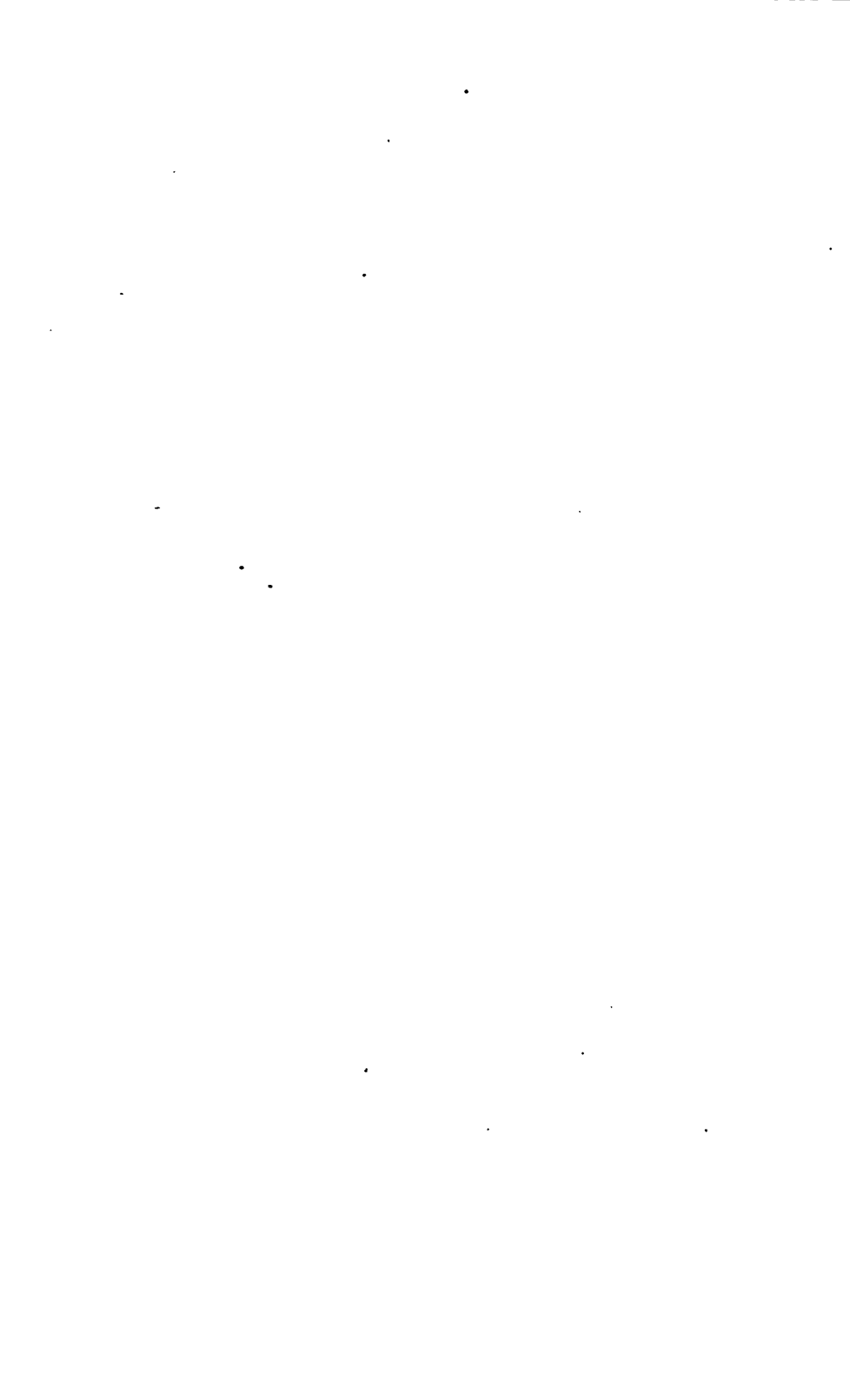
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LONDON SOCIETY.

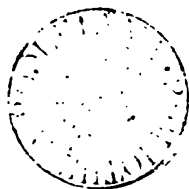
An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.



VOLUME XIII.

LONDON:
OFFICE, 217, PICCADILLY, W.
1868.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHARING CROSS.

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LONDON SOCIETY.

JANUARY, 1868.



CHRISTMAS ROSES.

TWIN roses on one stem,
Twin cherries on one bough,
Twin rubies in one diadem—
A perfect pair, I vow

I know not which is sweeter,
I know not which is rarer,
And if I had to grapple
The question of the apple,
And *pulchriori detur*,
I'd not know which is fairer.

Sweet music, and its echo sweet,
 A swan and its reflection,—
 Such is the pair of twins complete,
 A duplicate perfection!

Was ever poor mortal
 So troubled as I am?
 To Felicity's portal
 I feel that I nigh am,
 And not very shy am!
 But what can I do
 When I cannot discover
 Of which of the two
 I am truly the lover?
 Then pity me, who
 Am condemned for my sins
 To be deeply in love with the beautiful twins.

There's Ethel, the fair,
 With the rose in her hair,
 I think she's the lov'lier—almost—of the pair,—
 Especially, too, when her sister's not there!

But when Maud's in the way,
 Well! I really can't say!
 For Maud has such eyes
 For colour and size,
 And they've both necks and shoulders
 That dazzle beholders,
 And voices as sweet as the throistles in May.

Oh, blest is the fortunate fellow who wins
 Either one of the beautiful, beautiful twins!

To what can the poet distracted compare
 These beauties so rare?—
 At a loss for a figure I am, I declare!

They're the new double-barrel Dan Cupid is armed with
 (His old bow and arrows no longer he's charmed with),
 The prize double-bloom out of Beauty's own green'us,
 A charming two-volume edition of Venus!
 All nature admires them! The beasts and the birds
 Find joy in their glances—delight in their words;
 And no fish so cold-blooded but twiddles his fins
 As he drinks to the health of the beautiful twins.

Oh, what shall I do
 To decide 'twixt the two?
 For each is so neat,
 So sweet and complete!
 Oh, my course of true love has arrived at a hitch,
 For I mustn't wed both, and I can't decide which!

I've tried to decide
 Which to take for my bride,
 But my puzzling all ends in the way it begins!
 At a loss what to do
 For a choice of the two,
 I exclaim to myself,
 Poor unfortunate elf,
 'Since I can't marry both—oh, why wasn't I twins?' T. H.

'BONES AND I,' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

LONG ago, visiting the monastery of La Trappe, I was struck with the very discontented appearance of its inmates. In some of their faces, indeed, I detected no expression whatever, but on none could I perceive the slightest gleam of satisfaction with their lot. No wonder: few men are of the stuff that makes a good recluse. The human animal is naturally gregarious, like the solan goose, the buffalo, the monkey, or the mackerel. Put him by himself, he pines for lack of mental aliment, just as a flower fades for want of daylight in the dark. A multitude of fools form an inspiring spectacle, a solitary specimen becomes a sad and solemn warning. If the Trappists, who are not entirely isolated from their kind, thus wither under the rigour of those repressive rules enjoined by the Order, what must have been the condition of such hermits and anchorites as passed whole months, and even years together, in the wilderness, unvisited by anything more human than the distempered phantoms of their dreams? No shave, no wash, no morning greeting, and no evening wine. How many, I wonder, preserved their sanity in the ordeal? how many, returning dazed and bewildered to the haunts of men, tottered about in helpless, wandering, maundering imbecility? Were there not some hard, boisterous natures who plunged wildly into the excesses of a world so long forsworn, with all the appetite of abstinence, all the reckless self-abandonment of the paid-off man-of-war's man on a spree? No; few people are qualified for recluses. I am proud to be amongst the number.

I live in a desert, but my desert is in the very heart of London. The waste is all round me though, I

have taken good care of that. Once, indeed, it blossomed like the rose, for a thousand fertilizing streams trickled through its bright expanse. Do not you as I did. I turned all the streams into one channel, 'in the sweet summer-time long ago,' and 'sat by the river,' like those poor fools in the song, and said, 'Go to! Now I shall never thirst again!' But in the night there came a landslip from the upper level, and choked the river, turning its course through my neighbour's pastures, so that the meadows, once so green and fresh, are bare and barren now for evermore. I speak in parables of course; and the value of 'this here observation,' like those of Captain Bunsby, 'lies in the application of it.' I need not observe, the street in which I hide myself is a *cul de sac*. A man who sells chickweed, perhaps I should say, who would sell chickweed if he could, is the only passenger. Of the houses on each side of me, one is unfinished, the other untenanted. Over the way, I confront the dead wall at the back of a hospital. Towards dusk in the late autumn, when the weather is breaking, I must admit the situation is little calculated to generate over-exuberance of animal spirits. Sequestered, no doubt, shady too, particularly in the short days, 'and as remote from the noise or traffic of the town as John o' Groat's house, but enlivening—No.

On first beginning to reside here, I confess I felt at times a little lonely and depressed. Therefore I brought home 'Bones' to come and live with me. And who is 'Bones'? Ah! that is exactly what I have never been able to find out. Contemplative, affable, easily-pleased, and an admirable listener, he is yet on some points reserved to a degree that might almost be termed mo-

rose; while in his personal appearance there is a dignity of bearing, an imposing presence, which forbids the most intimate associate to attempt a liberty.

I will describe him, as I see him at this moment, reclining in an easy attitude on the cushions of my favourite arm-chair, benevolently interested, it would seem, in my lightest movements, while I sit smoking silently by the fire. Neither of us are great talkers quite so early in the evening.

He is a well-formed and very complete skeleton of middle height—perfect in every respect, and in all his articulations, with the exception of two double teeth absent from the upper jaw. The arch of his lower ribs is peculiarly symmetrical, and his vertebræ are put in with a singular combination of flexibility and strength. As I look at him now leaning back in a graceful attitude, with one thigh-bone thrown carelessly over the other, he reminds me of so many people I knew when I lived in the world, that I seem to fancy myself once more a denizen of that revolving purgatory which goes by the name of general society. Poor A—— was almost as fleshless, B—— much more taciturn, and C—— decidedly not so good-looking. 'Bones,' however, possesses a quality that I have never found in any other companion. His tact is beyond praise. Under no circumstances does he become a bore—that is why we get on so admirably together. Like a ghost, he speaks only when spoken to. Unlike a wife, refrains from monopolizing the last word. If he didn't rattle so on the slightest movement—a fault of anatomy, indeed, rather than temper—as a companion he would be—perfection.

It is a dull, close evening. Were it not so near winter one might predict a thunderstorm. The smoke from my meerschaum winds upwards in thin blue wreaths uninfluenced by a breath of outward air, though the windows are open to the deserted street black and silent as the grave. My lamp is not yet lit (we both affect a congenial gloom), the fire is burning out, but there is

a dull red glow like a fever-spot lowering under a volcanic arch of cinders; and looking into it with unwinking eyes, I see the long-drawn, weary, beaten road that leads backward through a life. I see a child set down to run alone, half-frightened, laughing, trusting, almost happy, and altogether gay. I see a youth, bold, healthful, courageous, full of an impossible chivalry, a romantic generosity that delights to lavish no matter what—money, love, hope, happiness, coining heart and intellect into gold that he may squander it on the passers-by. I see a strong man crushed—a proud head grovelling in the dust, a brave spirit broken, a cowering wretch imploring that his punishment may be lightened ever such a little, trembling and wincing like a slave beneath the scourge. At this moment the fire falls in with a crash, while a pale yellow flame leaps flickering out of the midst, and starting from my seat to light our lamp for the rest of the evening, I demand aloud, 'What then is the purpose of Creation? From a quenched rushlight to an extinct volcano, from the squeak of a mouse to yesterday's leading article, from a mite smothered in a cheese to an Emperor murdered in Mexico, is the march of Time but the destructive progress of a bull in a china-shop? Are the recurring centuries but so many ciphers added to the sum of a thriftless, objectless expenditure? Is the so-called economy of the universe but an unbridled, haphazard course of boundless and incalculable waste?'

His back-bone creaks uncomfortably while he moves in his chair. 'Waste?' he repeats in the hushed, placid tones that make him so invaluable as a companion—'Waste? The subject is by no means limited. I have some experience in it of my own. Would you favour me with your ideas?'—and I go off at score with—

CHAPTER I.

'ON WASTE.'

'Why are these things so?' I exclaim, plumping down again into

my seat. 'Why have the times been out of joint ever since Hamlet's first appearance on the stage, with black tights and rosettes in his shoes? Why is the whole world still at sixes and sevens? What is the object of it all? *Cui bono? cui bono? cui bono?* Is there the slightest appearance of a result? any tendency towards a goal? Shall we ever get *anywhere*, or are we travelling perpetually in a circle, like squirrels in a cage, convicted pickpockets on the treadmill? By the way, who convicted the pickpockets, and sentenced them? The sitting magistrate of course; and do the awards of that worthy functionary produce any definite result in the direction of good order and morality, or must his daily incubation too be wasted upon addled eggs? Do you remember the story of the man who cut his throat because he was so tired of dressing and undressing every day? Don't shake your head, I beg pardon, your skull, you told it me yourself. I can appreciate his prejudices, but how did he know there might not be buttons and buttonholes where he was going? That is, supposing he went anywhere—if he didn't, he was wasted altogether. If he did, perhaps he was of no use when he got there. Wasted again—only a human life after all. Not much when you think of it amongst the millions that cling about this old globe of ours, rising, swarming, disappearing like the maggots on a dead horse, but of no light importance to the bearer when you remember its weight of sorrows, anxieties, disappointments, and responsibilities, not to mention the Black Care sitting heavily at the top to keep the whole burden in its place. Life is a bubble, they say. Very well—but is it blown from a soap-dish by a schoolboy, rising heavenward, tinted with rainbow hues, to burst only when at its most beautiful and its best; or is it not rather a bubble gurgling to the surface from the agonized lungs of some struggling wretch drowning far below in the dark, pitiless water,

"Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown?"

—Wasted, too, unless the fish eat

him, and then who knows? none of us perhaps may ever eat the fish.

'Listen to me. I won't make your flesh creep, for unanswerable reasons. I don't even think I shall freeze the marrow in your bones. I could tell you some strange stories, but I dare say your own experiences are more remarkable than mine. I will only ask you to reflect on the amount of suffering that came under our daily notice when we lived in the world, and say whether every pang of mind or body, every tear shed or swallowed down, every groan indulged or repressed, were anything but sheer waste? Can you not recall a hundred instances of strength sapped by drink, of intellect warped by madness, of beauty fading under neglect, or withered by disappointment? Here a pair of lives are wasted because they must needs run out their course in different grooves—there two more are utterly thrown away, because, encompassed in a golden link, they can by no means shake themselves free. The fairest of all, it may be, and the most promising, never blooms into perfection for want of its congenial comrade (wasted too perhaps at the antipodes), and failing thus to reach maturity, dwindles, dwarfed and unmated, to the grave. Think of Beauty wasted on the Beast—the Beast, too, utterly out of his element, that he must roll on the garden sward rather than labour in the teeming furrow. Look at Hercules spell-bound in the lap of Omphale, broad-fronted Antony enervated by black-browed Cleopatra. Consider the many Messrs. Caudle who lavish as much good-humour as would set up a dozen households, on their legal nightmares, and do not forget poor Miss Prettyman pining in lonely spinsterhood over the way. See the mother training up her child, impressing on him, far more forcibly than she feels them for herself, lessons of honour, truth, probity, and the unspeakable blessing of faith—praying her heart out for that wilful little urchin, night and morning on her knees. A good Christian with humble hopes of heaven, does she know that far

more lavishly than those heathen termagants in hell, she is pouring water in a sieve? Does she know she may live to see that smooth, soft, wondering brow scored deep with sorrow, or lowering black with sin—that round rosy cheek hollowed by depravity, or bloated with excess? Worst of all, the merry guileless heart embittered by falsehood, and hardened with ill-usage till it has ceased to feel for others, even for itself! Great Heaven! have we not seen them—these simple, honest, manly hearts, taken by some soft-eyed demon with loving ways, and sweet, angelic smile, to be kept carefully, to be watched jealously, till their fabric has been thoroughly studied, then broken deftly and delicately, yet with such nice art that they can never mend again, and so, politely "Returned, with thanks?"

'Forgive me: on such anatomical outrages I have no right to expect you should feel so warmly as myself.

'Millions of creatures, beautiful exceedingly, scour over the desert plains of explored Africa; in its unknown regions, millions more may be supposed to feed, and gambol, and die. What is the use of them? If you come to that, what is the use of the Emperor Theodore, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, or any other potentate who remains utterly unimpressed when we threaten "to break off diplomatic relations?"

'Myriads of insects wheel about us in the sun's declining rays, every summer's evening. Again, what is the use of them? What is the use of the dragon-fly, the bumble-bee, the speckled toad, the blue-nosed monkey, the unicorn, the wild elephant,—or, indeed, the Ojibbeway Indians?"

Here, contrary to his custom, 'Bones' interrupted me in full career.

'One moment,' said he, with his courteous grin. 'Allow me to point out, that yours is inadmissible, as being simply an *argumentum ad absurdum*. It would hold equally good with Léotard, Mr. Beales, or any other public exhibitor—nay,

you might advance it for suppression of the Lord Mayor or the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

He bowed reverentially while he mentioned the last-named dignitary, and I confess I was inclined to admit the truth of his remark.

'Then I waive the question,' I replied, 'as regards the brute creation, though I think I could find something to say, too, about the weasel sucking rabbits, the heron gobbling fish, the hawk striking its quarry, or the hounds running into their fox. But we will suppose that the whole animal world, from the angler's lob-worm to the costermonger's donkey, is enjoying its paradise *here*, and return to our own kind, their sorrows, their sufferings, and natural consequence of sorrow and suffering, their sins.'

He shook his skull gently, and muttered something in his spinal vertebræ about 'a cart' and 'a horse,' but I took no notice, and proceeded with dignity—

'I have learnt my Latin Grammar, and almost the only one of its precepts I have not forgotten, impresses on me that—

"Spades turn up wealth, the stimulant of crime."

I suppose you will not dispute that the root of all evil is money?"

'Most emphatically,' he exclaimed, and his articulations rattled with startling vehemence. 'Most emphatically I deny the position. A man may roll in wealth and be none the worse for it. On the contrary, poverty, but for the unremitting labour it demands, would be far more conducive to crime than a sufficiency, or even a superfluity of means. No; the real enemy with whom every man has to contend confronts him in the morning at his glass, and sticks persistently to him throughout the day. The source of most unhappiness, the cause of all ill-doing, the universal origin of evil, is *not* money, but self—'

'You mean selfishness,' I retorted; 'and I am surprised to hear a man of the world—I mean of the *other* world, or, indeed, of *any* world whatever—assert so obvious a fallacy. Just as the liver, and not the heart, is the seat of our real well-being, so

I maintain that self-indulgence, and not self-sacrifice, is the origin, the main-spring, the motive power of all effort, progress, improvement, moral, social, and physical. Researches of science, triumphs of art, master-pieces of genius,—what are these but results of the same instinct that directs the bee to the flower-garden, the vulture to the carcass? To eat is the first necessity of man. He labours that he may live. Grant this, as you cannot but concede the position to be unassailable, and you talk to me in vain of sentiment, philanthropy, benevolence, all the loathsome affectations of sympathy with which the earth-worm tries to impose upon its kind. A man begins by being honest. Why? Because without honesty, down the particular groove in which he spins, he cannot earn his daily bread. When he has enough of this and to spare, he turns his attention to decent apparel, a commodious house, a general appearance of respectability; that is, he aims at being respectable—in other words, at imposing on those who have been less successful in the universal scramble than himself. Soon he buys a warming-pan, a Dutch oven, china ornaments for his chimneypiece, and the History of the Prodigal to hang about his walls. By degrees, as wealth increases, he moves into a larger residence, he rolls upon wheels, he replaces the china ornaments with a French clock; the Prodigal Son with modern oil-paintings, and hides the warming-pan in the housemaid's closet upstairs. About this period he begins to subscribe to charitable institutions, to give away what he does not want, to throw little pellets of bread at the monster who is always famished and always roaring out of doors, lest it should come in, and snatch the roast beef off his table. Some day a team of black horses with nodding plumes, and a red-nosed driver, come to take him away, "very much respected," and, forgive the personality, there is an end of him, as far as we are concerned. Will you tell me that man's life has not been a continual concession to self?—waste, waste,

utter waste, from the pap-boat that preserved his infancy, to the brass-nailed coffin that protects his putridity from contact with the earth to which he returns? Why his very virtues, as he called them, were but payments, so to speak, keeping up the insurance for his own benefit, which he persuaded himself he had effected on the other world.

'Now, supposing the pap-boat had been withheld, or the nurse had tucked him into his cradle upside down, or—thus saving some harmless woman a deal of inconvenience and trouble—supposing he had never been born at all, would he have been missed, or wanted? Would not the world have gone on just as well without him? Has not his whole existence been a mistake? The food he ate, the clothes he wore, the house he lived in—were not these simply wasted? His efforts were waste, his wear-and-tear of body and mind were waste, above all, his sorrows and his sufferings were sheer, unpardonable waste. Yes; here I take my stand. I leave you every enjoyment to be found in creation, physical, moral, and intellectual. I make you a present of the elephant wallowing in his mud-bath, and the midge wheeling in the sun; I give you Juliet at her window, and Archimedes in his study; but I reserve the whale in her death-flurry, and the worm on its hook. I appeal to Jephthah sorrowing for his darling, and Rachel weeping for her children. I repeat, if that self-care, which indeed constitutes our very identity, be the object of existence, then all those tearful eyes that blur the light of every rising sun—all those aching hearts that long only for night to be eternal—are but so many witnesses to the predominance in creation of a lavish and unaccountable waste.'

Like many thoughtful and deliberate natures, I am persuaded that in early life 'Bones' must have been a snuff-taker. He affects a trick of holding his fleshless finger and thumb pressed together and suspended in air, before he delivers himself of an opinion, that can only have originated in a practice he has since been compelled, for obvious

reasons, to forego. Pausing during several seconds in this favourite attitude, he sank gravely back in his chair, and replied—

'False logic, my good friend. False premises, and a false conclusion. I deny them all; but the weather, even in *my* light attire, feels somewhat too close for wordy warfare. Besides, I hold with you, that an ounce of illustration is worth a pound of argument. I will ask you, therefore, as I know you have been in Cheshire, High Leicestershire, and other cattle-feeding countries, whether you ever watched a dairymaid making a cheese? If so, you must have observed how strong and pitiless a pressure is required to wring the moisture out of its very core. My friend, the human heart is like a cheese! To be good for anything, the black drop must be wrung out of it, however tight the squeeze required, however exquisite the pain. Therefore it is, that we so often see the parable of the poor man's ewe lamb enacted in daily life. One, having everything the world can bestow, is nevertheless further endowed with that which his needy brother would give all the rest of the world to possess. For the first, the pressure has not yet been put on, though his time, too, may come by-and-by. For the second, that one darling hope, it may be, represents the little black drop left, and so it must be wrung out, though the heart be crushed into agony in the process. You talk of suffering being pure waste; I tell you it is all pure gain. You talk of self as the motive to exertion; I tell you it is the abnegation of self which has wrought out all that is noble, all that is good, all that is useful, nearly all that is ornamental in the world. Shut the house-door on him, and the man must needs go forth to work in the fields. It is not the dreamer wrapped in his fancied bliss, from whom you are to expect heroic efforts, either of mind or body. You must dig your goad into the ox to make him use his latent strength; you must drive your spurs into the horse to get out of him his utmost speed. Wake the

dreamer roughly—drive spurs and goad into his heart. He will wince and writhe, and roll and gnash his teeth, but I defy him to lie still. He must up and be doing, from sheer torture, flying to one remedy after another till he gets to work, and so finds distraction, solace, presently comfort, and, after a while, looking yet higher, hope, happiness, and reward.

'Self, indeed! He is fain to forget self, because that therewith is bound up so much, it would drive him mad to remember, and thus sorrow-taught, he merges his own identity in the community of which he is but an atom, taking his first step, though at a humble and immeasurable distance, in the sacred track of self-sacrifice, on which, after more than eighteen hundred years, the footprints are still fresh, still ineffaceable. Waste, forsooth! Let him weep his heart out if he will! I tell you that the deeper the furrows are scored, the heavier shall be the harvest, the richer the garnered grain. I tell you, not a tear falls but it fertilizes some barren spot, from which hereafter shall come up the fresh verdure of an eternal spring in that region

"Where there's fruit in the gardens of heaven,
from the hope that on earth was betrayed;
Where there's rest for the soul, life-wearied, that
hath striven, and suffered, and prayed."

'I'm rather tired. I won't discuss the question any further. I'll go back into my cupboard, if you please. Good-night!'

CHAPTER II.

THROUGH THE MILL.

Most people are ashamed of their skeletons, hiding them up in their respective cupboards as though the very ownership were a degradation—alluding to them, perhaps, occasionally in the domestic circle, but ignoring them utterly before the world—a world that knows all about them the while,—that has weighed their skulls, counted their ribs, and can tell the very recesses in which they are kept. Now, in my opinion, to take your skeleton out and air him on occasion, is very good for

both of you. It brings him to his proper dimensions, which are apt to become gigantic if he is hidden too scrupulously in the dark, and it affords opportunities for comparison with other specimens of the same nature entertained by rival proprietors in the line. If I kept mine, as some do, in close confinement, I should be in a continual fidget about his safety; above all, I should dread his breaking out at untoward seasons, when he was least expected, and least desired. But 'Bones and I' have no cause to be ashamed of each other. There is no disgrace nor discomfort attached to either of us in our cheerful companionship. He is good enough to express satisfaction with his present lodging, and even affirms that he finds it airy and commodious, as compared with his last; while it is a real pleasure to me, living as I do so much alone, to have a quiet, intelligent companion, with whom I can discuss the different phases of existence, speculative and real,—the sower who never reaps—the fools who are full of bread, roses for one, thorns for another; here over-ripe fruit, there grapes sour, though by no means out of reach; successful bows drawn at a venture, well-aimed shafts that never attain the mark, impossible hopes, unavailing regrets—the baseless mirage of the Future, and the barren reality of the Past.

It was colder last night. The wind was getting up in those fitful howls which denote the commencement of a two-days' gale; veering besides from east by north to east north east. So we made fast the shutters, stirred the fire, and drew our chairs in for a comfortable chat. Something in the sound of that waking blusterer out of doors recalled to me, I know not why, the image of a good ship, many long years ago, beating on the wide Atlantic against a head-wind, that seemed to baffle her the more for every plunge she made. No steam had she to help her struggle against the elements; tough hemp, patched canvas, and spars as yet unsprung, were all her reliance; and these strained, flapped, and

creaked to some purpose while she battled foot by foot to lie her course. Again I seemed to watch the dark wave race by our quarter, with its leaping crest of foam, the trickling deck, the battened hold, the diving bowsprit, the dripping spars, the soaking canvas, with its row of reef-points like the notes on a music-score. And the grey, sullen curtain of mist and rain, walking on the waters, nearer, nearer, till it dashed its needle-pointed drops into my face. Again I looked admiringly on the men at the wheel, with their pea-jackets, glazed hats, sea-going mits, keen, wary glances, and minute wrinkles about the eyes. Again I heard the pleasant voice of the bravest, cheeriest skipper that ever stood five feet two, and weighed fifteen stone, while he accosted me with his 'Dirty weather, sir, and looks sulky to windward still. Makes her drive piles, as we say, and speak Spanish about the bows; but she behaves beautifully! Bless you, she likes it! Yes, I expect we shall have it hotter and heavier too, after sundown. A head-wind, no doubt. I've just been jotting off the reckoning; you'll find the chart below, in my cabin. We've made a longer leg than common on the starboard tack. I've left a pencil-mark at the exact spot where we went about. Steady, men (this to the glazed hats)! Luff, and bed—d to you! Can't ye see it coming?'"

So I went below and conned the captain's chart thoughtfully enough, comparing our great expenditure of energy with the small results attained, and wondering how we were ever to make our port at last.

The scene thus conjured up awoke its corresponding fancies.

'Have you never reflected,' said I, 'on the utter fallacy of that French proverb which affirms, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*?" Unless indeed it refers to immorality, the downward career of which beats the rolling stone of Sisyphus in a canter. But on all other journeys through life, it seems to me that not only the first steps, but the first leagues, are intensely laborious and unsatisfactory. Disappointment lies in wait at every

milestone, and the traveller feels tired already ere he has reached the crest of the first hill. All crowns, I grant you, like those of the Isthmian Games, are mere parsley at best; but in these days no competitor ever wins that worthless head-dress till he is so bald that common decency demands a covering. Where are the heaven-born statesmen now, to rule the destinies of continents at twenty-six? the generals and admirals, who became world-wide heroes within ten years of corporal punishment at school? the poets full-fledged in immortality before their whiskers were grown? Where, in short, will you point me out a single instance of any individual attaining fame until his zest for it has passed away—winning his pedestal till his poor legs are too tired to stand straight thereon—making his fortune till he is too old to enjoy it; or, indeed, getting anything he wants *when* he wants it? Lazarus has no dinner—Dives has no appetite—Struggler, who thinks he has both, is sure to be kept waiting that extra half-hour, which sickens him, and finds he can't eat his soup when it comes!

'What up-hill work it is, that beginning of the pilgrimage. And how confidently we start in the glorious ignorance of youth, heads erect, backs straightened, footsteps springing like a deer, with an utter disregard of warning, a sovereign contempt for advice. Like myself, I doubt not you have scaled many a hill, even when you carried more flesh than you do now. Don't you remember, in the clear, pure, mountain-air, how near the top looked from the valley down below? Don't you remember how, about noon-day, still full of strength and spirit, though having done a stalwart spell of work, you spied the ridge that you were convinced must be your goal, and strained on, panting, heated, labouring, yet exultant, because success was so nearly within your grasp. A few more strides—hurrah! your chin is level with the ridge, and lo! there is another precisely similar to be surmounted at about the same angle and the same distance. Not yet discouraged,

only a little startled and annoyed, till another and another have been gained, and so surprise becomes disappointment, vexation, misgiving, discomfiture, and lastly, but to the strongest natures, despair! Even with these, when the real summit has been at length attained, all their long-looked-for enjoyment resolves itself into the negative satisfaction of rest; and for one who thus arrives exhausted at his destination, think how many a footsore, quivering, way-wearied wanderer must lie out all night shelterless, on the barren, wind-swept hill.

'It seems that the process, termed at Newmarket, "putting a race-horse through the mill," is practised with the human subject till he has learned the disheartening lesson that labour pushed to exhaustion borders on pain—that heartbreaking efforts, while they lower the tone of our whole system, are apt to destroy the very efficiency they are intended to enhance. I have heard good judges affirm that even at Newmarket they are apt to over-train their horses. Do you not think that we, too, should run the race of life on better terms were we not put so pitilessly "through the mill?"'

Here my companion allowed himself a mild gesture of dissent, clasping his bony fingers over his knotted knees, as if prepared to go into the subject at length. 'You are one of those people,' said he, 'who seem to think the world is intended for a place of uninterrupted rest and enjoyment—a sort of "Fiddler's Green," as sailors term their paradise, where it is to be "beer and skittles" every day and all day long. You would have no "small end to the horn," as my friends over the water say; and what sort of music do you think you could blow out of it? You would have food without hunger, rest without labour, energy without effort. You would be always going down-hill, instead of up. And think where your journey would end at last! You object to the mill, you say, and yet it is that same process of grinding which converts the grain into flour fit for bread. Look at the untried man, the youth

embarking on his career, vain, ignorant, sanguine, over-confident, prejudiced. How is he to learn his own powers, his capabilities of endurance, his energy under difficulties, above all, his readiness of resource, save by repeated disappointment and reverse? You have alluded to statesmen, commanders, and poets, who, in seven-leagued boots as it were, reached the top of the hill at one stride. But Pitt's was an abnormal temperament—a grey head upon green shoulders—an old man's heart beating its regular pulsations within the slender compass of a young man's waistcoat. Nelson's chivalrous and romantic disposition preserved him from the overweening vanity and self-esteem that might have been looked for as the result of such brilliant achievements at so early an age. His mad, absorbing passion, too, may have scored many a furrow in the hero's heart, while his young brow remained smooth and fair as marble. 'On vieillit bientôt sur le champ de bataille!' and the first Napoleon's aphorism holds good no surer on the field of honour than in the lists of love. Shelley's fate was scarcely an enviable one; and did you like Byron any better after you had read his letters and learned the demoralizing effects, even on such genius as his, of temples crowned by an immortal Fame, ere yet the beard had sprouted on his chin?

'Alexander of Macedon, indeed, conquered the world before he was thirty, and—drank himself to death ere he had reached his prime!

'The fact that he does not care one straw about it, is the very antidote to preserve a man from the subtle poison of success. He who has been long climbing the ladder finds that when he looks over the parapet all sense of elevation and consequent giddiness is gone. Whatever others may think, to his own perceptions he is on a level with the rest of his kind—can judge of them, and for them, from the same point of view; and, more important still, experiences no misgivings that he may topple down and break his neck. Ambition is a glorious lure,

no doubt, tempting the climber to noble efforts, skilful, vigorous, and well-sustained. But when he has reached the fancied resting-place so ardently desired, what does he find? A keener air, a scantier foothold, a sentry-box instead of a feather-bed, a stern necessity for further exertion, where he expected indulgence and enjoyment and repose.

'Duty is a cold-eyed monitress, reserved, inflexible, severe; Ambition, a high-born lady, haughty, capricious, unfeeling, like those dainty dames of old patrician Rome,

"Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold;
Who breathe of Capuan odours, and shine in Spanish gold;"

Pleasure, a laughing, lavish, courtesan, gay, gaudy, thoughtless, slave to the impression of the hour. This last you may buy at your will for a handful of silver, or, at most, a talent of gold; and there are few, alas! who have not learned how soon her false smile palls upon the fancy, her painted cheek grows irksome to the eye. The second you must woo, with many a stealthy footstep, many a cringing bow, offering at her shrine, truth, honour, self-respect, to find, if you are so fortunate as not to be discarded like a pair of worn-out gloves, that you have only gathered a nut without a kernel, after all. For the first, you must serve as Jacob served, through long years of labour, patience, and self-denial; but when you have won your Rachel at last, she discloses for you all her glorious, unfading beauty, cleaving to you, true and constant through good and evil, the warmth and comfort of your hearth, the light of your happy home.

'When the courtesan has been paid off and dismissed in early youth, the haughty lady wooed through long years of manhood, and won, to be despised, in middle life, this is the goddess you claim to be your bride, and once wedded, you will never leave her till you die.

'The Isthmian crown was indeed woven from humble parsley, but do you think it could have borne a higher value had every leaf consisted of beaten gold? Which would

you rather wear, the bronze Victoria Cross, or the Star and Ribbon of the Garter? Depend upon it, that to the young champion of the games, flushed, exulting, treading upon air, that vegetable coronal represented everything most desirable and precious in earth or heaven. No; it is the old experienced athlete, the winner of a thousand prizes, who has learned the intrinsic value of the article, and who knows that its worth consists not in itself, nor even in the victory it represents, but in the strength of frame, the speed of foot attained by training for its pursuit. From many a long summer's day of toil and abstinence, from panting lungs and aching muscles, from brows covered with sweat, and feet with dust, he has wrested the endurance of the camel, the strength of the ox, and the foot-fall of the deer. Does he grudge his past labour? Not he, thankful that he has been "through the mill."

'I grant you the process is not entirely pleasant; I grant you that effort is with many men a sensation of discomfort almost amounting to pain; that self-denial is very difficult to most, disappointment simply disgusting to all. When the body feels weary, the brain overtaken, we are apt to think the meal is being bolted too fine, the grinding becoming unnecessarily severe; above all, when that pitiless mill-stone comes crushing down upon the heart, and pounds it to powder, we cry aloud in our agony, and pro-

test that no sorrow was ever unbearable as ours. What mole working underground is so blind as humanity to its own good? Why, that same grinding to powder is the only means by which the daintiest flour can be obtained. The finest nature, like the truest steel, must be tempered in the hottest furnace; so much caloric would be thrown away on an inferior metal. Capacity for suffering infers also capacity for achievement; and who would grudge the pain about his brows, when it reminded him he was wearing an imperial crown?

'Sooner or later the process must be undergone by all. With some it goes on through a lifetime; others get the worst of it over in a few years. One man may have done with it altogether before his strength of mind or body has failed with declining age—

'Dum nova canities—dum prima et recta senectus.'

'His neighbour may have one foot in the grave before the grain has been thoroughly purged and sifted, and refined to its purest quality, but through the mill he must pass. It is just as much a necessity of humanity as hunger or thirst, or sorrow or decay. There is no escape. However long protracted, it is inexorable, unavoidable, and effectual, for

*"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."*

(*To be continued.*)



A MODERN VENDETTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BARBARA'S HISTORY.'

YES—I have seen some strange sights and come across some strange characters in my time. A man can scarcely lead such a wandering life as I have led for these last fifteen years without acquiring a more extended view of human nature than if he had all the time been sitting by his own fireside and cultivating his paternal acres. The ups and downs of fortune, the ins and outs of character, are brought more forcibly before him. He sees life in extremes. Its dark side shows more darkly, its bright side more brightly, than to those who survey it from the dead-level of every-day experience. He is brought face to face with want, with crime, with temptation. He learns how hard it is to be honest. He becomes familiar with many kinds of peril. He sees his fellow men, in short, as the pedestrian sees the country through which he travels—from the ruggedest path, but the most picturesque point of view.

I come of a respectable West of England family, and my name is Matthew Skeg. At the time of which I am about to tell you, I was holding a somewhat anomalous employment in the service of one Charles Davila, the proprietor of a well-known travelling circus and menagerie. I can scarcely say what office I filled in the Davila establishment, or rather what office I did not fill, for my duties were as various as the resources of the company. I organized the travelling arrangements; drew up the programmes; attended to the advertising department; designed the costumes; wrote comic interludes for the circus; was equally ready to take a part in the performance or a violin in the orchestra; and could even do a little scene-painting upon occasion. For what profession I was originally destined, and what were the circumstances of my connection with Davila's company, are matters altogether apart from the present narrative. I am not about to discuss the faults and follies of my youth;

but to relate, as nearly as I can remember them, certain events which took place towards the close of my engagement, just eleven years ago.

Charles Davila—or, as he called himself in the bills, Signor Carlo Davila—was of foreign extraction. I believe that Davila was his real name. His parents, at all events, were Corsican; but he was born at Dover, and was as thoroughly English in speech, habits, and bringing up, as any one of his *troupe*. At the time of which I speak, he was about fifty-four or five years of age—a short, powerfully-built, sallow, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, surly and domineering towards all over whom his authority extended, and, though a liberal paymaster, by no means popular among the members of his company. A solvent exchequer, however, covers a multitude of offences, and Davila's insolence was, fortunately for us, the insolence of prosperity. He possessed what has been happily defined as the genius of success; and, to support it, that rarest of all qualifications in a strolling manager—some few thousands of capital. These he had obtained with his second wife, a poor, meek, frightened creature, whom he ruled like a despot, and who trembled at the sound of his footfall. The one only thing that he loved was his child by the first marriage. To her, even when in his roughest moods, he could deny nothing. To her, he never spoke an angry word. All that she said, all that she wished, was right. And she loved him back again as well as she could love anything, but in a heavy, passive way; for her mind was clouded, and at eight years of age, she spoke and acted with less intelligence than a child of four.

The Davila company, in my time, was the largest company upon the road. We travelled with seven van-loads of beasts, twenty trained horses, a performing elephant, a portable stage and circus, and a train of riders, athletes, musicians, and supernumeraries, numbering,

to the best of my recollection, over forty persons. Sometimes, as for instance at country fairs, we broke up into three divisions, and by presenting three separate entertainments, a circus, a theatre, and a wild-beast show, swept off all the business of the place. But we frequented large towns for the most part, where we occasionally settled down for a month at a time. On coming to any fresh place, we made our entry in grand procession, mounted and costumed, the vans dressed with streamers, the elephant caparisoned, the band playing before us. On these occasions, the Davila family used to appear in Greek dresses, as Mars, Venus, and Cupid, grouped in a fancy chariot drawn by four cream-coloured horses. This always produced a great effect.

Davila acted as our circus-master. He had been a famous rider in his younger days, but having broken his leg by falling through a stage trap, had now for several years been obliged to give up all but the quietest riding. A better trainer, however, never lived, nor a better manager. He worked hard, too,—harder in his way, perhaps, than any of us. He kept the keys of the stables, of the wardrobe, of the vans. He saw the horses fed three times a day. He had them led out before him, one by one, every morning before breakfast. He went round the stables, looked to the menagerie, and examined the padlocks on the cages, once, if not twice, in the course of each night. He fed the wild beasts with his own hands. He kept the accounts. He paid the salaries. He superintended the rehearsals. In short, he was a man of indomitable industry, successful, because he neglected none of the conditions of success, and thoroughly upright in all his dealings.

I had been connected with the company close upon two years when we received what was called in the bills 'an important accession of strength,' in the person of Herr Jungla, the Lion King, with his five magnificent beasts. We were staying, I remember, at Chichester, and preparing to move on to Brighton. We had seen Jungla's posters every-

where along the road for weeks past. He had preceded us at Southampton, at Gosport, and at Portsmouth. We had overtaken him at Chichester, and he, like ourselves, was bound for Brighton. Our own strength was such that, in the ordinary way, a coincidence of this kind would have made no impression upon us. But the Lion King was really an attraction, and by the time we overtook him in Chichester we had begun to find that he was rivalling us in a way that already told upon the treasury.

But Davila was, as I have already said, a first-rate man of business. He knew when to be cautious, and he also knew when to be bold. This time it was his policy to be bold. Without hinting at his intention, he went straight to Herr Jungla's quarters, and offered him a starring engagement for six months. Whatever were the terms—and they must have been considerable—the Lion King accepted them, and both he and his beasts appeared next day in our programme.

He was a superb man—nearly six feet two in height, muscular as a pugilist, lithe as a tiger, bronzed as a Zouave, and so strong that he could bend a horseshoe by the pressure of his thumb and forefinger. As for his eyes, I never saw any so black, so bright, so penetrating. They seemed to strike fire when he frowned. In these eyes lay the secret of his power. With one intense, unwavering glance, he held the fiercest beasts in check. They obeyed it. They trembled at it. They crouched before it. Trusting to this power alone, and armed only with a tiny dog-whip, he would venture into a cage full of lions; lie down in the midst of them; caress them; rebuke them; grasp their mighty jaws with both hands, and show their teeth to the audience; take her pups from the lioness, and carry them about the theatre in his arms—do everything, in short, that Van Amburgh himself had done, except put his head in the lion's mouth. Upon that feat he would never venture. When tired of life, he said in his reckless way, he should prefer to blow his brains out,

rather than serve them up as sauce to be eaten with his own head. 'Besides,' he would add, 'a lion has no delicate discrimination in these matters. Any fool's brains would seem to him to have as fine a flavour—why, then, should I throw mine away upon a fellow who would not even do justice to the dish?'

Who he was, whence he came, what was his real name, were questions that he would not have answered had any amongst us been bold enough to ask him. That he was a gentleman we never doubted for an instant. He spoke five European languages with the facility of a native, and was familiar with Arabic and Hindostanee. He could toss a half-crown in the air and pierce it with a pistol-bullet as it came down. He would ride at anything we pleased to put before him, and took the leaping-bar at a higher level than Davila himself. From the way in which he sat his horse, swung himself in and out of the saddle, handled a sabre, and drilled our riders on one occasion in a cavalry charge, we made certain that he had, at some time or other, seen military service. But this was conjecture only, for of his early life he never spoke; and those who at first were rash enough to seek to know more than he chose to tell, took good care never to repeat the liberty. As for travelling, he seemed to have been everywhere and seen everything. All kinds of sport were familiar to him. He had shot bears in Russia, lions at the Cape, gorillas on the Gaboon, tigers in Bengal, wolves in Canada, buffaloes in the far West, jaguars on the Amazon, tapirs in Brazil, and kangaroos in Australia. The lions which he exhibited were of his own capture and training. He had taken them as pups, and sometimes, when it was his humour to talk, would tell of the difficulties and dangers he had to encounter before he could secure and keep alive as many as were necessary for the carrying out of his project. He had now five full-grown beasts, two lionesses and three lions, besides a couple of pups about three months old, and he ruled them absolutely. They both

loved and feared him. With a word he could bring them fawning to his feet, or send them cowering to the farthest corner of the cage. I well remember the first time I saw him go in amongst them—the light step with which he entered; the snap of the spring when the door closed behind him; the resolute look in his face; the careless confidence with which he called them about him, giving each brute his name, passing his hand caressingly over their heads, dealing a smart lash to one that presumed to growl because the master waked him, and then lying down in the midst of them, with his head on the shoulder of one, and his arm round the huge neck of another.

It was a grand sight; and though I saw it daily after that, and sometimes twice a day, I never learned to look upon it with indifference.

Haughty and exclusive as he was, holding himself as much aloof from the manager as from the rest of the *troupe*, there were still two persons for whom the lion king came by-and-by to lay aside somewhat of his reserve, and those two were Davila's little girl and myself. I was not particularly flattered by the preference, for I did not believe that he liked me any better than he liked Davila, or St. Aubyn, or Montanari, or any others of the men. He simply found that I was better educated, and was glad to have some one at hand with whom he could now and then converse on equal terms. Of poor little Lotta (the child's name was Carlotta, but every one called her Lotta) he became, however, curiously fond. He took a strange, compassionate interest in the workings of that torpid brain. He would talk down to her level, try to rouse her curiosity, watch the slow changes of expression in her pale little face, and listen to her imperfect utterances with a gentleness that seemed quite touching in a man of his impatient temper. He used to take her into the fields and teach her the names of trees and flowers; and into the menagerie, where he amused her with stories of bears, wolves, and monkeys. These walks and stories were, in fact, lessons—the only lessons her mind was capable

of receiving—and by-and-by the child began to brighten.

Men like Jungla are apt to deny their better selves, and to be ashamed of the softer side of their humanity; so, when the child was named, he used to speak of her as of a curious psychological problem, and put his interest in her to the account of scientific curiosity. But this was mere sham. He was a lonely, reckless man, without, apparently, a single near or natural tie in the wide world, and his heart warmed to the poor little, half-dumb, melancholy child. The truth was, he loved her dearly—the more dearly the more she owed to him—and was ashamed of his weakness.

In the meanwhile the *Lion King* was an immense success. As I have already said, we were a prosperous company; but he more than doubled our prosperity. At Brighton, at Ramsgate, at Margate, we drew overwhelming audiences. We turned away money night after night; we raised the prices of our stalls from three shillings to five, and had them filled with all the best people of each place at which we stayed. It was, in short, the *Golden Age* come back.

At length, when Jungla's engagement had run to about half its term, Davila called a meeting of five or six of the leading members of the company, and announced that he had made arrangements for a provincial tour on an extended scale, in the course of which we were to put up only at important places, such as Oxford, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, and so forth. We were staying at Rochester at the time, and the meeting was held at the manager's lodgings.

'It is my intention,' he said, standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and speaking in his short, decisive way, 'to place this company on a higher footing. The menagerie will in future form a separate exhibition, and be shown only by day, whilst our evening performances will assume a more dramatic character than any we have yet been in the habit of attempting. Mr. Skey will write us a new romantic equestrian drama, which shall include all

our principal attractions. Upon the getting up of this piece I mean to spare no expense. I have already seen a design for a new portable stage and proscenium on a large scale, and I am negotiating for the services of a professed scene-painter. A liberal stock of new dresses and appointments of every description will also be provided. I intend to raise the price of admission throughout the house, keeping the stalls at five shillings; and if our success equals my expectations I shall raise the salaries of the entire establishment. I hope, gentlemen, you like my programme?'

'It sounds well enough,' said Jungla, sitting carelessly on the corner of the table, and twisting a paper cigarette; 'but what about the new and original romantic drama? Do you propose to bring in your obedient servant and the lions?'

'Of course. Mr. Skey will construct his piece expressly for your performance. That is understood, Mr. Skey?'

I nodded, gloomily.

'And my feats on the bare-backed Arab?' said St. Aubyn, who was our principal rider. 'It's of no use to give me a mere stage part: my strong point's the circus. If I haven't some acts of horsemanship, I'd rather be left out of the piece altogether.'

'Confound it, sir! you needn't begin to make difficulties,' replied Davila, sharply. 'Mr. Skey understands that our scenes of the circus must form a prominent feature in the piece.'

'Mine, of course, will be comic business,' said Montanari, the Grimaldi of the company. 'I have only one stipulation to make, and that is that I shall sing "*Hot Codlins*."'

'Good heavens, Mr. Montanari!' I exclaimed, 'do you suppose I am going to write a pantomime? Who ever heard of "*Hot Codlins*" in a romantic drama?'

'Pantomime or no pantomime, it brings me a double encore every time I sing it,' said Montanari, sullenly; 'and you know the value of that as well as I do.'





Drawn by John Gilbert.]

A MODERN VENDETTA.

'Satisfy them, Shy, that we lay our scene in Rome.'

'Mr. Montanari is right,' interposed Davila. 'We could not spare the double encore. You must put it in somehow, Mr. Skey.'

'And then there's the elephant, you know,' suggested De Clifford, another member of the company.

'Oh, the elephant appears, of course. You will be sure to bring in the elephant, Mr. Skey.'

I snatched up my hat in desperation.

'You must give me an hour to think it over,' I said. 'I will take a turn in the fields, and meet you by-and-by at rehearsal.'

With this I ran downstairs, along the principal street, over the bridge, and into some meadows on the opposite side of the river. This field-path, with the hop-grounds on one hand, and the river and town on the other, had been my favourite walk ever since our coming to Rochester, and here I now strolled backwards and forwards, considering the difficulties of my task. The more I thought of them, however, the more hopeless they seemed.

I was required to construct a new, original, and romantic drama. That meant the orthodox thing—hero, heroine, heavy father, unscrupulous rival, terrific single combat, and triumph of virtue, according to immemorial precedent; but—and here my troubles began—into this drama I must contrive to bring Herr Jungla and his cageful of lions. They must even be necessary to the plot—actively instrumental in the defeat of the unscrupulous rival, and the ultimate triumph of virtue; and I must provide equestrian feats for the riders, and comic business (to say nothing of those objectionable 'Hot Codlins') for the clown, and employment for the elephant. Was ever task so hopeless?

I sat down on a stile, buried my face in my hands, and tried to think. I called up all the stories I had read of lions, lion-hunts, and elephants. I conjured up distressed princesses and oriental despots by the score. Crusades and tournaments, Hannibal with his elephants crossing the Alps, Daniel in the Lions' Den, Saladin and Cœur de Lion, Charlemagne, Tamerlane, The

Cid, and a host of equally incongruous persons and events, flitted before my mind's eye, but in vain. Puzzle over it as I might, I could hit on nothing practicable.

While I was yet brooding over my difficulties, a child and dog came running towards me from the farther end of the meadow, followed by a man in a slouched hat, who was sauntering along with a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. This trio proved to be Herr Jungla, his dog Schnapps, and the manager's little daughter, Lotta.

'Eccolo!' he said, laughing. 'I guessed we should find you here. What, still incubating heroics? Take a cigar: the Muses love tobacco.'

'The Muses be hanged!' I replied, savagely. 'I have been racking my brains here for the last hour, and cannot pump up an idea.'

'Why not dip into your neighbour's well? There are the perennial springs of the Hippodrome and the Porte Saint Martin, to say nothing of the Cirque.'

'No good. Where should I find anything into which I could foist lions, horses, "Hot Codlins," and an elephant? The thing is hopeless.'

He laughed again, flung himself at full length on the grass, and, taking the cigar from his lips, said—

'Look here, Skey. What would you say if I had an idea at your service?'

'You?'

'A magnificent idea, classical, scenical, historical, moral, instructive.'

'I will immortalize you in my epic—when I write it!'

'Listen, then. And you, little Lotta, sit by me and listen too. Down, Schnapps! Down, old boy!'

The child slipped her little hand in his, and sat by, with large, listening eyes; the dog lay with his nose upon his paws; and Jungla, leaning on his elbow, began:—

'Suppose, then, Skey, that we lay our scene in Rome, Anno something or another, reign of Septimius Severus. Principal characters, Septimus and his wife, the Empress Julia; the Emperor's two sons by

the first wife, Caracalla and Geta; and his infant daughter by the second marriage. Whether he had an infant daughter or not is of no consequence. We invent her, and call her Livia. Also a celebrated Roman general, with a high-sounding name and a lovely daughter. We will call the lovely daughter, Irene. Lastly, we have the Prince of Cyprus, who is a Christian captive and our hero. I shall play the Prince of Cyprus; so please to give me plenty of noble sentiments to bring down the gallery.'

'But the plot—'

'Patience. Now for the plot. Open with Roman Forum. Discontented citizens clamouring for *panem et circenses*—enter Herald, proclaiming victory in Cyprus—exit citizens, rejoicing tumultuously. Scene second, Campus Martius. Emperor and Empress seated on lofty throne—Caracalla, Geta, and infant Lydia grouped around them—the lovely Irene standing at foot of dais—background of admiring citizens—distant flourish of trumpets—victorious general approaching in triumph—lovely Irene apostrophises the gods—enter advanced guard on horseback—banners, band, Roman eagles—Christian captives, two and two—elephant laden with spoils—Prince of Cyprus, in chains—more guards—victorious general, in car of triumph, drawn by four cream-coloured horses—speech of Emperor—reply of general—lovely Irene presents father with wreath of oak-leaves—burst of parental affection—tableau. Gates of circus are now thrown open. General descends from chariot, and occupies chair of state—lovely Irene sits at his feet. And now, you observe, we bring in all our circus-work in honour of the general; and St. Aubyn has his bare-backed Arab, and Miss De Robinson her hoop and ribbon acts, and all the rest of it.'

'Superb! The very thing I wanted!'

'Meanwhile, our Christian prince and lovely Irene fall in love at first sight—expressive pantomime—rage and mortification of Caracalla, who is himself desperately smitten with Irene—Emperor, at close of games, announces show of beasts and gladi-

ators in amphitheatre for following day—Caracalla, kneeling, requests that Prince of Cyprus may be given to the lions in celebration of victory and honour of the Gods—Emperor grants request—acclamations of multitude—Prince of Cyprus makes heroic speech in blank verse—lovely Irene carried out in swoon—tableau—end of Act first. Now comes Act second. Mamertine prison—Prince of Cyprus in chains—soliloquy in blank verse—door of cell opens—enter Irene—implores him to save his life by sacrificing to the gods—agonising scene—love—duty—temptation—religion and honour triumphant—Irene converted—enter more Christian captives—grand chorus—end of Scene first. Scene second—the Amphitheatre. Emperor, Empress, Caracalla, Geta, infant Livia, victorious General, lovely Irene, and admiring populace, as before. Combats of gladiators, feats of skill and strength by the athletes of the company, and so forth. Flourish of trumpets—scene opens and discloses cage of lions—Prince of Cyprus brought in chained—is offered his life if he will sacrifice to gods—refuses in blank verse—Emperor gives signal—guards advance—quick as thought, Prince of Cyprus breaks away—springs over barrier and up steps of throne—snatches infant Livia from her mother's arms, leaps with her into the arena, and stands with her at the door of lions' cage. "Advance but a step," he cries, "and I fling the princess to the lions!" Universal consternation—agony of Empress Julia—tableau.'

'Glorious! it will bring the house down.'

'Ay, but the best is to come. What say you to his then and there suspending a cross round the neck of the royal infant, calling upon all present to witness the power of the holy symbol, walking straight into the cage with her in his arms, and standing unharmed in the midst of the lions?'

'The infant Livia being represented by a doll, I suppose?'

'Nothing of the kind: the infant Livia being played by my little Lotta here, who is not a bit afraid

of the lions, and will be as safe in my arms as in her own little bed.'

The child looked up and smiled. She was ready to go with him at that very moment, if he so pleased. I wondered what Davila would say to this proposal, and a faint shadow of apprehension passed over me like a breath of cold wind.

Jungla went on.

'The rest is soon sketched. Prince of Cyprus restores child, and goes through lion programme amid acclamations of multitude—Emperor grants his pardon and bids him ask a boon—demands hand of lovely Irene—Caracalla interposes—challenges him to single combat—grand sword-fight—Prince of Cyprus victorious—saves Caracalla's life when down, and gives him back his sword—Prince of Cyprus then flings himself at feet of lovely Irene—General joins their hands—flourish of trumpets—tableau—curtain falls amid tempest of applause. Now, what of my plot? Will it do?'

'Do? It is invaluable. How am I ever to thank you enough?'

'By making a success with it, and writing me a capital part. By the way, we've not provided for "Hot Codlins."''

'We cannot: it would ruin the play.'

'No, no. Montanari must have his double encore. The Emperor's jester can sing it, and we'll put a footnote to the bills, stating that the song is of Thracian origin, and was introduced into Rome with the Dionysiac festival. That will give it an air of classic respectability. And now Lotta and I will continue our walk. Hie on, old Schnapps! Fare thee well, son of the Muses!'

And with this, the Lion King sprang to his feet, lit a fresh cigar, and left me to jot down the heads of that highly-successful new and original romantic equestrian drama, which shortly afterwards came out under the imposing title of 'Ariobarzanes, Prince of Cyprus, and the fair Irene; or the Last Days of the Empire of the West, and the Royal Lion Tamer of the Flavian Amphitheatre.'

(To be continued.)

CHARADES.

I.

A DOUBLE love, a double hate,
A surly vow, a surly mate;
A would-be couple badly matched;
A chicken prematurely hatched—
This is MY FIRST.

An ashen wand, elastic string,
A weapon that once killed a king;
A word that smacks of Robin Hood,
Maid Marian, and the green wood—
This is MY SECOND.

A shaft that carries death and woe
To roebucks in the glen below;
A shaft that speaks of olden days,
Of belted knights, of minstrel lays—
This is MY WHOLE.

II.

G WENDOLINE, the diamond's lustre
Sheds MY FIRST upon thy brow.
False and fair ! am I forsaken
For the crowd about thee now ?

Ah ! I dreamed not, when I lingered
Loving on each word that fell
From thee, I should ever fall, Love,
From such Heaven to such Hell.

Oft, when in MY SECOND rising,
I have caught the Speaker's eye,
Asked of ' Jack in Office ' question,
' Gwendoline ' seemed the reply.

Roars without the distant thunder ;
Veiled the Pole-star in the North ;
See the brave ship forced asunder—
No ! MY WHOLE shines timely forth.

III.

W INSOME lassie, at me stealing,
Like MY FIRST, thy glances sly
Hast thou any hidden feeling
For me ? I await reply.

If thou hast, pray give me token
By some gift, some little sign ;
If MY SECOND, I will bear it
Close within this breast of mine.

And, perchance, when Spring again, Love,
Brings, in beauty, out MY WHOLE,
Bells shall ring, white favours glisten,
As away on wheels we roll !

IV.

THERE'S a tear in the eye of MY FIRST as she stands
On life's threshold, now opened anew ;
Whilst the bright golden tide of her maidenhood's sands
Has receded for ever from view.

And friends *tried*, must be left for a land unexplored—
The land whose fair sovereign is Wife,
Whose sceptre is Love, by the angels adored,
The Flower that blooms fairest in Life !

See ! She turns to MY WHOLE with a tremulous smile,
Yet a child-faith all tender and true ;
And though she keeps silence, her eyes say the while,
' I have left them *all*, husband, for you.'

Ah ! MY SECOND comes up. It is time to depart ;
The last word must be hastily said ;
Yet the Future is bright with the hopes of the heart,
And the Past is a page of the dead.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

HEADACHES AND HEARTACHES.

WHEN a man is a middle-aged man—what in these days is called ‘quite a young man,’ a modern phrase, which our forefathers rendered by saying that a man was growing old,—he is in the height of his physical strength, while his mental vigour is still strengthening and increasing as he draws onward to his grand climacteric—a vigour, in many instances, susceptible of being strengthened and increased to the very last. A man is, or ought to be, in the full flush of his powers, with added resources of every kind, and acquired skill and mastery over them. The sickness and languor of early years are left behind, and not much thought is given to the physical ills that may be screened by the curtain of the future. Men rarely pause to consider a wonderfully prolonged exemption from the sharper phenomena of suffering. When poor Canning lay ill in that little room at Chiswick, watching the bronze clock on the mantelpiece, in his severe inflammatory pain, he said, ‘If all the pains which I have suffered throughout my life were collected together, it would not amount to the one-hundredth part of the pain which I have suffered these last three days.’ So Dr. Arnold made himself positively unhappy because he had suffered so little pain in his lifetime, and even welcomed the anginal agony which released him from so abnormal a human lot. Still, the healthiest life is not ordinarily free from touches of human ills. The middle-aged man, in the full tide of occupation, in the broad stream of his energies and activities, may be exempted from the presence of positive malady, but he is peculiarly liable to headaches and heartaches.

Full and well-regulated employment is both the duty and the real happiness of a man. Men who cannot get the full occupation they want are unhappy, whereas they

might well derive consolation from the fact that they already possess that leisure which is often the busy man’s chief aim in life, and that they are released from the perils and responsibilities which an overcrowded life presents. The successful man is often pre-eminent for failures. That man is to be pitied who is so very successful in his business that he has no time for literature and art; grudges evening parties; can rarely get a week’s shooting, and scarcely ever a month on the continent. There is a time when a busy man’s time is exceedingly valuable. I know a solicitor who relinquished five hundred a year to his partners on condition that he should attend the office at eleven o’clock instead of ten. An hour a day represented five hundred a year to that man; and there are many persons whose hours have a still higher monetary value. I remember the case of another lawyer who, in a great influx of business, worked himself into a softening of the brain—a kind of incident which is not at all uncommon. The temptation is almost overwhelming to a man when he finds that he can coin his minutes into sovereigns. Then the poor fellow sacrifices the real good of his life for the means of living—a case of *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. A great power of acquiring disqualifies a man for expending. Such a man, when he gets ten thousand a year, is hardly able to enjoy himself beyond the rate of five shillings a day.

The result of the multiplicity of engagements is, often enough, a headache. The headache has its uses in the economy of things. It accomplishes one of the benevolent intentions of pain, in giving a man a hint and forewarning that the delicate machinery of the brain is overtaxed. Sometimes a man works himself into a position, or a position

has come upon him, to grapple adequately with which is really beyond his power; and even an active business man who delights in business will be dismayed by the accumulation of his correspondence and the multiplicity of his engagements. Mr. Disraeli told us the other day at Edinburgh of the frightful burden of cares to which the British statesman wakes up every morning. This agrees with an American writer's report, that the front row of our Ministerial Benches is filled with anxious and haggard faces. So it is with all successful men, the barrister or physician in full practice, the author in the full tide of literary success. Then a nervous headache very commonly sets in. A man ought to take this as a hint, not exactly that he should knock off work, but that he should take it more judiciously. A great deal depends upon arrangement. There are persons who, amid a variety of engagements, begin with the least important, and work their way to the most important, resembling the architects of Laputa, who begin with the roof in the air, and work downwards to the foundation in the ground. I venture to consider that a mistake. When you have arranged your business in the order of importance, the great thing is not to attempt too much, but to do things one at a time. Canning was greatly impressed with this notion. We find him writing to a friend: 'Pozzo told me a story one day which was new to me, and made a strong impression on me. "Such a person," said one of the speakers in the dialogue, "was a great man; but how did he manage to do so many great things in his life?" "By doing them," was the answer, "*l'une après l'autre*.'" Again, one ought to remember that, within certain limits, a man may be as busy as he likes, but outside those limits he has no business to be busy. A man ought never to allow himself to be so occupied that he becomes dyspeptic; that he cannot play with his children and make love to his wife; that he cannot thoroughly enjoy a book; that he cannot attend to those higher thoughts that keep the life

of intellect and spirit sweet and wholesome. However excited Sir Robert Peel might have been with parliamentary strife, he always made a point of reading some religious work for half an hour before he went to bed. Bishop Horne, writing to a friend, said, 'The doctors wish me to have an illness, but I desire to leave that matter to God's goodness. I read a page or two of Bozzy every night, and my sleep is sweet after it.' But it is so hard to make people renounce the shadow and grasp the substance. I remember, one peaceful summer day, meeting an old man on the Lake of Geneva, who told me that he had that day entered on his sixtieth year; that he thought the last ten years of life ought to be a kind of Sabbath; and that he thought of settling himself down on the quiet margin of the lake for the rest of his days. I applauded the design; but ultimately the old man came to the conclusion that the profits of his business were so large, that he could not possibly give them up. Unhappy old man! A chronic headache would, perhaps, bring him to a better mind.

So our headaches may be turned to some ethical account, first, by taxing our ingenuity how to avoid them; and next, our self-denial, by surrendering the tempting circumstances that induce them. They are a penalty for the exertion that has tired, a safeguard against the exertion that will kill. I may be arguing on too scanty an induction, but it always seems to me, that the more acute the intellect, the greater is the liability to nervous headache. One who is, perhaps, the most brilliant writer of the present day, obtains the commiseration of all his friends for his dreadful headaches. We have all heard of Sidney Smith's wit and hilarity, but Sidney Smith was also subject to fits of deep depression, of which the public has heard little or nothing. Perhaps there are cares and anxieties which will morbidly fasten on the brain, and we find it impossible to shake them off. With all our philosophy and management, we may not be able at times to

avoid a splitting headache. Let us be very happy to compound with things as they are, and be grateful that they are no worse. Men would hardly bear to live if they were fully acquainted with the possibilities of human sufferings. Sometimes we meet with a man who says he never had such a thing as a headache in his life. It is to be hoped that Nemesis takes it out of him in some other way, perhaps in a heartache.

It is curious how men who own to headaches will diligently screen the fact that they are subject to heartache. Yet heartaches are even more common than headaches, and more irremediable. Upon the whole, I would not be without some tendency to heartache. A man without a heartache would be as monstrous as the man without a shadow, in German legend. I would not be without the kindly sorrow that binds me more closely with my kind. It is hard to see how any man, unless his mind is totally remote both from sympathy and imagination, can avoid suffering from an occasional heartache. Look, for instance, at the public prints. I could not resist something of the kind for those unhappy Fenians who were executed at Manchester, justly merited as was their doom; and I am sure that neither Sir John Karslake nor the rest of the prosecuting counsel, nor yet the judges, nor yet the cabinet, were without the same feelings. Then look at the colliery explosion at Ferndale, with details of suffering tragical almost beyond parallel. Then look at the hurricane in the West Indies, almost as disastrous as if Tortola had been actually submerged. Then look at the destitution and misery in the east end of London. We ought to have a touch of the heartache from these things, and from countless others similar to them. There are, of course, men who are totally devoid of such feelings, but they have losses in another direction; they are equally void of sympathy and exultation at the large gains made by humanity, in the abbreviation of suffering, the spread of enlightenment, the happy gra-

dual progress in material and moral good. That is a wonderful mental law which Bishop Butler has traced out, by which the sympathy manifested in action gains power, while the sympathy not thus manifested deteriorates and deadens. That heartache does not come amiss which helps us to understand and alleviate the heartaches of others.

There are, of course, other heartaches, concerning which it is hardly possible to play the moralist or the philosopher. Thus we realize the thought of the poet:—

'I falter where I firmly stood,
And fall, with all my weight of cares,
Upon the earth's dark altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.'

Even then one is enabled to perceive, albeit dimly and sorrowfully, that we are 'bearing good seed,' even when we 'go forth weeping;' that the ordeal of fire is fitting us 'for shape and use;' that somehow this purifying discipline is doing a certain work for us and in us. It is said that man is born to look upward, and contemplate the stars; but it is only in the night that the stars are visible. We ought to recognize our heartaches, sharp and insupportable as they may be, as part of the ordinances ordained for man; not desiring to vary from the human lot, but with the feeling that seed, thus sown, thus watered, cannot spring up save to some immortal issue.

THE TALMUD.

The last number of the 'Quarterly Review,' which has deservedly passed through various editions, contains, among several articles of conspicuous interest, a remarkable paper on the Talmud. This has been attributed to Mr. Deutsche, of the British Museum; and those who are acquainted with that gentleman's paper on the Targum, in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' will probably, from internal evidence, be satisfied of the authorship. Although a considerable amount of disquisition and analysis has been bestowed on the subject, this paper is incomparably the most

complete and popular account of the Talmud which has as yet appeared in our literature. There has been a tendency to give a false position and exaggerated importance to the conclusions of this paper. Language has been used respecting it as if another 'Ecce Homo' had just been written, or a new series of Colenso difficulties had been evolved. Such language might be justifiable if the Talmud had now, for the first time, been unearthed. But it has always attracted a greater or less (generally less) degree of attention; and if the public have heard little of it, it is because scholars have hardly seen their way to utilize the results of their researches into this enormous and ponderous work. This astute German has dived more deeply into the mine, and after infinite washing in the stream, has separated from common earth some precious and glittering grains. There will now be a renewed attention to the Talmud, and nothing is more likely than that some more precious grains may be discovered; but, on the whole, we doubt if eventually it will be reported that the mine is worth the trouble and expense of working.

Great stress has been laid upon the fact that certain theological terms, which we find in the sacred books, and which we ordinarily conceive to be peculiar to them, are found to exist in the Talmud. So far from there being anything original in such a criticism, it is of such a time-worn character that we are surprised that such a publication as the 'Saturday Review' should have given currency to it. It is simply the repetition of Gibbon's old sneer, that he had found our religious maxims repeated, only in a better shape, in heathen literature. Something of this may be freely granted, and might be amply illustrated from the writings of the Stoic philosophy, more especially the Thoughts of the Emperor Aurelius Antoninus. Divine compositions are unlike those human compositions which are always grasping after originality. The divine economy does not admit of waste. Words of partial use and signifi-

cance are reclaimed for the full and perfect use and significance for which their former usage was a preparation. In the Talmud, as elsewhere, we eagerly welcome all lesser truths that may remind us of the highest—wandering notes, of which this is the perfect music—scattered fragments, of which this is the rounded whole—broken lights, of which this is the full illumination.

There are various forces at work in the present day which will go far to reproduce for us the scenery and surroundings, both moral and physical, which belong to those early days in which Christianity was cradled. We have now revelations respecting Palestine not dissimilar to those which the cuneiform inscriptions have made respecting Assyria, or which the disinterred Campanian cities have made of old Latin society. The imaginative and pictorial power of M. Renan may have a use this way. The operations conducted under the Jerusalem Exploration Committee (who surely might be aided by a government grant) will increase our knowledge of the architecture and topography of the sacred metropolis. This paper in the 'Quarterly' helps to bring out the social and civic aspect of Jewish society. Much, however, that the 'Saturday Review' proclaims as novel discoveries are well known to any one that has a tincture of Biblical criticism, or even a knowledge—in which the 'Saturday Review' is often woefully deficient—of the plain text of the New Testament. To suppose that because the Talmud is found to convey various notions of a humane, elevated, and spiritual nature, the Jews of the first century must also have been a humane, elevated, and spiritual people, would be very inconsequential reasoning. It would be the same kind of error, only on a much more serious scale, which Mr. Froude commits—and against which the 'Saturday' has always so strongly protested—when he takes the language of the statute-book as final and authoritative on the state of the people.

The 'Quarterly' Reviewer has looked on the Talmud so much *en bon*, that he has omitted to do it

substantial justice *en laiz*. The late Isaac Disraeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' has an excellent account of the Talmud, which he compares with the legends of the saints. The power and industry evinced by the Talmud article would produce an article fully as effective from the 'Acta Sanctorum.' Isaac Disraeli discusses both the serious side of the Talmud and its levity in the rabbinical stories. For the rest he says, 'I leave untouched the gross obscenities and immoral decisions. The Talmud contains a vast collection of stories, apologues, and jests. Many display a vein of pleasantry and jest, and at times have a wildness of invention which sufficiently mark the features of an eastern parent. Many, extravagantly puerile, were designed merely to recreate their young students.' It is necessary to bear such language in mind if we would comprehend the general character of the Talmud. The article in the 'Quarterly,' the appearance of which reflects great credit on the new editor, may safely rest on its very great literary merit; but when periodicals like the 'Saturday Review' profess to look upon it as a kind of tremendous force to upset existing convictions, we must enter a *caveat* against so monstrous a notion.

A METROPOLITAN MEMBER.

The life of a metropolitan member is the least enviable of all lives senatorial. His righteous or unrighteous soul, as the case may be, is vexed continually. Oftener than other men he has to moralize on the vanity of human wishes and the instability of earthly greatness. There is always some gulf yawning beneath his feet, or some Damocles' sword suspended overhead. It is not alone that he has got to pay away all his pocket-money to local charities, and be on terms of bosom friendship with local publicans. He has to send out his circulars by the cart-load; and the post-office authorities have to put on an extra man to deliver his letters. There is always some party who wants to see him in the hall, and who turns out to be an

enlightened voter with strong views on the Reform question. He is button-holed more than any other man in the button-holing lobby of the House. He is perpetually called upon to receive deputations, who make up their minds to get up a little parliamentary debate of their own for an afternoon. Favours are continually being asked of him; and he is expected to get a large number of promising young men, whose sires are of the constituent species, places under government. After he has endeavoured to please everybody—after the classical model of the old man and his ass, who is a fool to him in comparison—the sweet and fickle voices of the multitude fail him in the critical moment, and—having given some slight offence, for which he has vainly sought to atone by spending some thousand pounds—he is ignominiously left at the bottom of the poll. We have listened, in our time, to many sorrowful stories; but perhaps the unvarnished tale that might be told of most metropolitan members is one of the most pitiable that can be poured into sympathising ears.

Mr. Thomas Duncombe was apparently a happy exception, for he kept his seat to the last. We can only say apparently, for it would have been better for him if he had lost it. But the life of the House of Commons had a deadly fascination for him, as it has for so many other men. He was always hovering about the benches—dying visibly before men's eyes—visiting a score of doctors in succession—buying a score of medicines in succession for his chest complaint—but never resolutely knocking off town life, and going somewhere for permanent health and rest. Then, again, he was just that kind of man who always possessed a strong personal popularity; just the kind of man who, without much dignity or personal character, yet amiable to the core, is always marked out for a nickname. Thus he was 'Handsome Tom Duncombe,' and 'Honest Tom Duncombe,' and 'Poor Tom Duncombe.' He was a man to be called and hailed by his Christian name. All his friends wrote to 'Dear Tom,' and his French friends to

'Cher Tomie.' To say the truth, we are by no means satisfied that he was a man whose biography it was worth while writing, or yet that his son has made the best use of his materials, or done what is best for his memory.* We have no clear portraiture of the manner of man Tom Duncombe was, such as gives to genuine biography its real interest and value. We are told that once he was the most fashionable of Guardsmen, and afterwards one of the most liberal and independent of Radical members; that he was obliged to sell off his paternal estate; that he owed a good deal of money, and particularly some thirty thousand pounds to Lord Chesterfield; that he was very much mixed up with the affairs of Madame Vestris; that he left a widow and a son, with whose existence we are not made acquainted till the last page of the work; and that eventually he had deserted his irregularities, or his irregularities had deserted him. There is a kind of interest in this, we allow, given to us rather in glimpses than narratives; but there is no genuine biography, and the interest is chiefly made to depend on notices of associates and contemporaries, and some casual letters from celebrated men.

Thus we have some stories, a little in Captain Gronow's way, of such men as Alvanley and 'King' Allen. Allen was a Londoner after Dr. Johnson's own heart, and when he could not sleep at a watering-place, Lord Alvanley sent him off 'like a top,' by engaging one man to drive a hackney coach constantly past his lodgings, and another to sing the hours in the tones of a London watchman. One Hughes spent his forty thousand a-year so lavishly that he was called 'The Golden Ball.' When ordinary means of gambling failed, he would play all night at pitch and toss or battle-dore and shuttlecock. He disappeared from society after marrying a *première danseuse* of the Italian Opera. Lord Yarmouth, from the

colour of his whiskers and from the place which gave his title, was known as 'Red Herrings,' Lord Durham so often opposed his colleagues in the cabinet, that he was called the 'Dissenting Minister.' We find it here represented that Lord Durham was 'done to death' by the Whigs; and the accusation receives weight from some indignant lines of Lord Lytton's in his 'King Arthur.' In his commonplace-book Duncombe himself says of the Whigs—a true Radical's estimate—'They have the voice of lions and the timidity of hares.' One nameless gentleman is mentioned who wrote a book against the use of salt. Duncombe visited him, and came to the conclusion that the gentleman was quite mad. A fortnight after the mad author destroyed himself. We are told that at one time he and Mr. Disraeli dined together; and, looking at the fact of the recent Reform Bill, Mr. Duncombe junior modestly opines, 'It would appear from this important result, that his private conferences with his talented friend at Grosvenor Gate were not without a purpose.' The following passage strikes us as being, to speak plainly, impudent: 'He had the honour of conversing frequently with the Princess Victoria, upon whose talent and amiability he was fond of dwelling in confidential communication with his friends. Had he ever entertained any dangerous notions, &c.' In the good old times the writer of such a paragraph would have made acquaintance with the thumb-screws, or have been wedded to the 'Scavenger's Daughter.'

Mr. Duncombe's only parliamentary feat of any permanent renown was his exposure of Sir James Graham causing Mazzini's letters to be opened at the Post-office. Under his haughty outward seeming, Sir James absolutely writhed beneath the attack. In no sense did he ever get over it, for it injured him both in his peace and his reputation. The readers of Mr. Torrens' recent 'Life of Sir James Graham,' will see how Tom Duncombe's swift arrows clung to his side. It is remarkable how, with so many great qualities,

* 'Life of Thomas Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury.' By his Son. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Sir James Graham conciliated so little real respect and regard for himself through his career. Among the letters which Mr. Duncombe's onslaugt elicited, was one bearing the signature of C. Von Bismark, which is sufficiently remarkable:— 'About eighteen months ago,' he writes, 'I had a long conversation with a French gentleman belonging to the party opposed to M. Guizot, about the sanctity of the seal, and the abominable institution of the *chambre noire*; when he assured me that this custom had been entirely abolished in France, but that it continued to be done in the London Post-office; nay, he asserted that, even at the time we were conversing, the letters of Lord Brougham were opened before being sent off to his place of residence in the south of France; and this by his own Conservative friends, who could not spare his services, with regard to all communications with Lord Brougham's intimate friend, M. Guizot.' Various of these letters have no interest at all beyond the signatures. Certainly, a note from Mr. Edwin James was hardly worth embalming. Notes with the signature of 'Palmerston' or 'Morny,' may promise to be interesting, but are not so when they consist only of a few lines, and merely relate to an invitation or some other trivial matter.

The most curious and least satisfactory part of the work is that which gives an account of Mr. Duncombe's transactions with the Emperor of the French and with the Duke of Brunswick. Mr. Duncombe was one of the very many persons who knew something of Louis Napoleon when in London, and who have formed inordinate expectations since his imperial elevation. Duncombe met him often at Count D'Orsay's, and once at Lord Lytton's, then Mr. Bulwer. We have a very strange story in these pages, which will either pass unnoticed, or will be noticed only to be contradicted. This remarkable statement is that Mr. Duncombe was really the person who contrived and effected the escape of Prince Louis Napoleon from his prison at Ham. It is as-

serted that Mr. Duncombe drew up a treaty between the Duke of B—— (Brunswick) and Prince Louis Napoleon, whereby the Duke should procure the means of escape, and the Prince should afterwards assist the Duke in his high political claims. 'Up to the present time,' says the biographer, 'the name of none of the real parties to the escape has been permitted to transpire.' We content ourselves with saying that this statement is of an extraordinary character. Less doubt exists on the subject of Mr. Duncombe's relations with the Duke of Brunswick, and we cannot say that they are altogether creditable to the character of a patriotic member of Parliament. All persons who know Paris know the Duke of Brunswick's fine mansion on the Rue Beignon, and have heard the marvellous stories about his diamonds, which almost surpass the now dispersed Esterhazy collection. The Duke is a great diamond merchant, and one of the most successful stock-jobbers in Europe. He claimed to have been deprived of his private fortune by his relative the King of Hanover, a British peer, and Mr. Duncombe brought his case before the House of Commons. It appears, however, that the Duke executed a will in favour of Mr. Duncombe, to whom he left the whole of his enormous property. It is difficult, on the face of the narrative, to believe that the Duke ever intended this as anything else than a brilliant lure to his political advocate. The Duke, who did a great deal of his travelling in balloons, appears to have been rather mad, but to have preserved method in his madness. It appears, however, that Mr. Duncombe, whose fortunes were broken, and who was anxious to make some acquisitions, was greatly wrapt up in this will-o'-the-wisp. A tribune of the people, advocating a man's cause with an eye to his inheritance, is not a very edifying sight. He did not, apparently, pause to consider that his own health rendered it hardly likely that this wonderful reversion would be profitable to himself. 'He tried physician after physician and re-

medy after remedy; but if with a favourable result, this was only transitory. Having exhausted the skill of Dr. Williams and Dr. Moore, he called in Halse and his galvanic apparatus; then Dr. Cronin and his dry cupping; after that a female mesmerist, Mdle. Julia de Bouroullec, who promised a cure, and failed. He tried vegetable diet, bread and milk, decoction of walnut leaves, and pills, potions, and plasters out of number.

They are hardly an example of *Mémoires édifiantes*. And so we pass away from him. Handsome Tom Duncombe! Honest Tom Duncombe! Poor Tom Duncombe! He was certainly the oddest mixture of fashionable exquisite and Radical declaimer that our modern society has known. Much more might be said about Mr. Duncombe, both in his public and his private capacity, than has found its way into this biography. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we will own, that both in his public and in his private life, he appears to us to be a detestable character.

WITH MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

'Baron' von Alvensleben's book, entitled 'With Maximilian in Mexico,'* appears to us to be something of a misnomer, as it does not appear on the face of things that he ever had the slightest intercourse with the late Emperor. He tells us more of the foes whom he sabred and pistolled than is quite in accordance with good taste or the habits of military men. The book is really a short military novel, written much in the rollicking style and that old spice of adventure and intrigue with which the public is so familiar in the early romances of Mr. Lever. The arts of fiction are so nicely imitated that we find it difficult to believe that we are not perusing a real work of imagination. However, with unreasoning good faith we accept the volume as a veritable recital of actual adventures. The Baron appears to be one of those people who, as the Irishman said,

'With Maximilian in Mexico.' By the Baron von Alvensleben. Longman.

are never at peace except they are fighting. When his fighting vocation came to an end in America our hero carried his sword and title into Mexico. He was accompanied by a friend who, at the very outset, turns his thoughts from making war to making love. At a wayside inn they encounter a young Mexican lady and her father, an old Don. 'Were you blind to those brilliant eyes, with the long drooping lashes and the delicately-pencilled brows; to the pouting little mouth, with the cherry lips and the clusters of pearls within; to the delicate tint of her complexion, with the hue of the rose upon her cheek? Did you fail to observe the graceful contour of her lissom form—the artistic beauty of her tiny hands and feet?' The intelligent reader is tolerably acquainted with this style of thing in contemporary romance, and it is a style which will hardly impress him as being that of authentic history. In a day or two the young adventurer disappears with his Mexican friends, and a few chapters further on he turns up in a *palazzo*, with the *houri* as his wife, all cold-hearted inquiries as to family and means being evidently considered superfluous in that land of the sun. The Baron himself passes through almost as many adventures as an Othello could relate to a Desdemona. The Desdemona in this case is a certain Clara, the daughter of an *alcalde*, at whose house he stayed for some months, officiating in the stable and helping the fair *señora* at the washing-tub. On the strength of a little sketch-book containing a rough sketch of Escobedo, he managed to wander among the *Manutas*, as on a secret mission, with a daily hazard of the nearest tree or an immediate shooting party. The general portraiture of Mexico differs in nothing from the approved style of Mexican romances. We have searched carefully for passages relating to Maximilian which have such an air of verisimilitude that an historian might accept it as an authentic authority, but in vain. But that so valorous a gentleman should receive fair play, we will quote a brief passage which—for once—appears to be seriously



[From a Photograph by Di-derf]

SKETCHES FROM THE STAGE.

Mlle. Schneider as 'The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein'

and deliberately written. It brings out the indescribable loss which Mexico has sustained in the assassination of its high-minded Emperor.

'Everywhere in Mexico the observer finds among the people the consciousness of brand-new civilization grafted upon an important but forgotten past. They have nothing to tell but a few exaggerated stories of Spanish times; they know the names, and are familiar with the exploits, of a few who have distinguished themselves; and that is all.

'At Vera Cruz I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mexico as it really is. The progress and trade that had begun since the establishment of the Empire were plainly visible. All the improvements for the prosperity and welfare of the people showed that the Emperor Maximilian in every respect understood the wants and political desires of the great body of the nation. The plainness of his external appearance, the strictness of his morals, and his unobtrusive bravery, had gained him universal esteem among the Mexicans favourable to the Empire; and that was further increased by the undeviating impartiality he displayed towards all classes. His kindness of heart and chivalrous politeness ameliorated the severity of the decrees and sentences issued by Marshal Bazaine against the Juarists—those very men who afterwards murdered him upon that especial pretext. He took indescribable pains to bring the discordant elements into agreement.'

We are threatened with a whole literature respecting Maximilian and Mexico, arising from the desire to create literary capital from a great political tragedy. We are to have the various compositions of the Emperor, respecting which we will only say that it is hardly likely that they will have anything beyond an autobiographical value, and hardly deserve to be published as any distinct contribution to intellectual progress. Then we shall have the whole history of his life and times. Furthermore, we shall have books on Mexico and its people. Two works

have just been put forth as light contributions towards these two latter objects Mr. Felton's book,* in its random, sketchy character, is very much like the redoubtable Baron's. We shall have others like it, but the Baron's will suffice. *Ab uno disce omnes.* Countess Kollonitz's book† not only gives some interesting details respecting Maximilian, but as she was attached to the person of the Empress Charlotte, she has also something to say respecting that royal lady in whom we all feel so deep an interest. The empress beguiled her sea passage much more sensibly than her attendant; for while the latter was moaning and complaining, the mistress was eagerly studying books and maps relating to her future country. As this book was written before the sad days of Queretaro, it is interesting to know that Maximilian embarked under a deep presentiment of evil. We do not yet know the whole story of Miramar, the pressure that was exercised on him in Austria, and of the evil which he suffered from France. But he burst into tears when a farewell address was presented to him at Trieste, and was deeply affected as the fatal steamer bore him away to Vera Cruz, where he was received without the slightest notice by the people on the shore. His last words to the Countess Kollonitz, when she returned home, were, 'Tell my mother that I do not undervalue the difficulties of my task, but that I have not for a single moment repented of my resolution.' This lady's notes will have their value for the future historian.

AMATEUR BARBARIANS.

Every now and then we find a man who voluntarily gives up what he considers the over-valued and exaggerated advantages of civilization, and considers it a blessed thing to live 'in a state of nature.' So far

* 'With the French in Mexico.' By J. Felton. Chapman and Hall.

† 'The Court of Mexico.' By the Countess Paula Kollonitz, Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress Charlotte. Translated by J. E. Ollivant M.A. Saunders and Otley.

as he can he will make himself a noble savage, and run wild in woods. There is something exceedingly genuine and stirring in this notion, something quite in accordance with human nature, especially with the English department of human nature. All boys who are worth anything are particularly fond of literature that deals with such subjects as these; and who of us is there who would not wish to have the healthy, natural instincts of a noble boy? I confess I am never so delighted as when I read about alligators and hippopotamuses and enormous herds of buffaloes; and a prairie on fire; and a boat nearly upset amid sharks; and great hauls of fish; and being on the trail, and out for nights in the forest; and quantities of everything you want from the wreck of your vessel when thrown on a 'dissolute' island; and stores of luscious fruits and game that surpass the details of the most happily-conceived picnic; and the abundant society of agreeable savages and savagesses. All boys—young boys or old boys—take greedily to such narratives as these. It is just the same kind of thing that keeps the Alpine Club in a state of healthy excitement. They are longing for new worlds to conquer; and they cannot do better than follow the example of their illustrious member, Mr. Whymper, who, after scaling the Matterhorn, has been adventuring in Greenland. Mr. Burton is another case in point—an illustrious traveller who has permanently fixed his residence at Fernando Po. The tide of fashion will one day turn, even more decisively than at present, in the direction of savage countries. We shall have shooting parties to the African lakes and Niger territory; explorers into the interior of Australia and Patagonia; and men will take their rifles, and hampers from Fortnum and Mason's, and model tents, and go out to some virgin island, and spend the Long Vacation in unlearning the less agreeable features of civilization, and once more breaking up society into its original elements.

In Tennyson's 'fine poem of 'Locksley Hall,' which is in parts

rather unintelligible, but is all the finer for that, the hero exclaims,

'I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.'

In the exquisite Bon Gaultier lyrics, the parodist makes his hero reproach his

'Spider-hearted cousin.

I'll take some savage woman; by Jove, I'll take a dozen.'

And, really and truly, poor Aytoun's fancy is on the way to be literally fulfilled. That anthropological young gentleman, Mr. Winwood Reade, even takes some credit to himself for having 'flirted with pretty savages.' There is certainly no accounting for taste. Some portions of Mr. Winwood Reade's travels, to use the language of the reporters, are 'unfit for publication.' Mr. Lamont mentions several occasions on which he took to himself a wife while in the Pacific Islands.* A gentleman who calls himself the Old Shekarry sojourned for a time among the cannibal Fan tribes on the African coast, and formed a similar tender alliance with a young woman whom he affectionately calls 'La Belle Cannibale.' Like Mr. Winwood Reade, he has a strong appreciation of nigger beauty. 'I never possessed a fetish strong enough to protect and preserve me scathless against a pretty woman's powerful charms.' English ladies will probably look upon this style of thing as rather disgusting, and agree with me in regarding such men as amateur barbarians.

There is a general hazy notion about Polynesia that the islands are now in a state of advanced Christianity and civilization. When Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands came over, I think it was in the 'Daily Telegraph' that a statement appeared that there were cab-stands in the island, and the streets were illuminated with gas. The present writer remembers mentioning this to Queen Emma, to the great amusement of that pleasant and excellent lady, who told him that they all went to bed as soon as it was dark. The 'Old Shekarry'

* 'Wild Life among the Pacific Islands,' Hurst and Blackett.

would still find considerable scope there for his barbaric proclivities. His book,* though it has scant literary merit, and is absolutely void of any scientific value, is thoroughly genuine so far as it goes—the unvarnished record of a man who has a considerable contempt for civilization, and believes that to be a mighty hunter is the sublimest of human distinctions. The 'Old Shekarry' had very good hunting in the Himalayas, after rogue elephants (i.e., dangerous elephants that seek human life), tigers, tiger-cats, and such-like wild deer; and in his excursion worked his way to the glacier which is the source of the Gauges, of which expedition he has given us a very interesting account. He hunted in Cashmere and fought in the Crimea; was an English consul on the Gold Coast; worked up the Niger and the Gaboon; caught a gorilla; and finished off his book with some capital sport near Ischl. Here, however, he is once more in civilized society, and the interest of his book, which interest decidedly lies in barbarism, terminates.

Another book of this kind is Mr. Lord's 'At Home in the Wilderness.'† Mr. Lord does not fail to make himself very much at home there. He is essentially a civilized man; but if we put the inquiry to him, he would probably own, in a spirit of fervent candour, that he gives a distinct suffrage in favour of barbarism. His object is to show how people may make themselves happy, and get plenty of sport and enjoyment out of the wilderness. This book is crowded with practical hints, full of importance to those whom it may concern. What he has to tell of his own pursuits is interesting enough, and we certainly envy him his good fortune when we read of the large game which he pulled down, and of his fishing in mountain torrents where the salmon are so numerous that it is impossible to fling a stone without hitting a fish.

But when we read how Mr. Lord had to ride for his life to escape a prairie fire raging behind him, and accidents of that kind, we reluctantly own that civilized life may, after all, have its advantages. Mr. Lord suffered tortures from insects. The sand-fly, which is much smaller than the mosquito, is perhaps a still more formidable foe. 'Its mouth is not attractive, being a bundle of sharp blades, the sheaths forming tubes through which the blood is sucked. As the barbed stilettoes do their work, there is instilled into the puncture an ichorous fluid, causing the most intense irritation.' It is not generally known that, in very hot weather, the mosquito is found on the most southerly part of the Devonshire coast. We observe that, in the present work, Mr. Lord makes use of materials which he has used already in his 'Naturalist in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia.' Our young men, with quantities of superfluous energies, can hardly do better than lasso a mustang in the wilderness, and, converting themselves into barbarians for a time, make themselves perfectly at home there.

But Abyssinia is, after all, one of the best countries for amateur barbarians. Travellers to Abyssinia are either missionaries or barbarians; and we are afraid that it is not altogether impossible to combine the two characters. Lord Stanley owned the other night that the original impression of Government was, that we have very little information about Abyssinia; whereas the real fact is, that we have very extensive information. The bibliography of Abyssinian travel, as may be seen from Mr. Hotten's* unpretending, but exhaustive and most careful compilation, extends over many pages. It is remarkable that Mr. Layard should have so exceedingly abused, in the House of Commons, the two most valuable writers who figure in that bibliography, Dr. Beke and Consul Plowden. It is remarkable how all

* 'The Forest and the Field.' By H. A. L., the 'Old Shekarry.' Saunders and Otley.

† 'At Home in the Wilderness.' By a Wanderer. Hardwicke.

* 'Abyssinia and the People; or, Life in the Land of Prester John.' Edited by J. C. Hotten. London, J. C. Hotten.

the writers go to corroborate Bruce, even in the item about the natives eating raw steaks from the cow. Another very interesting association about Abyssinia is, that Dr. Johnson's first literary effort consisted of a translation from Father Lobo's travels in that country. In the preface we find the Johnsonian style in full force, in all its sesquipedalian bloom. Our missionaries have not converted the Abyssinians, but we are not without the fear that the Abyssinians may convert us.

Bell, the Englishman, married the daughter of an Abyssinian chief, and settled down, to all intents and purposes, as a native Abyssinian. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns disdained both hats and boots, and was with difficulty recalled to the modern innovation of using a fork. Out of so large an expedition, it is not impossible that some will be struck with the charms of a primitive state of society, and lend an ear to the many sensible arguments which may be adduced in favour of barbarism.



Drawn by Alfred Croquis.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN *TO-MORROW*, AND THE MAN WHO BELIEVED
IN *TO-DAY*!

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT.

A New Year's Musing.

NO, my reader, I am not going to write anything sensational, although something very sensational might be written about 'Sounds in the Night.' I am a meditative man; and one of the names which the wise old Greeks gave to Night was *Euphronè*, meaning thereby the season for good meditation. Do you ever spend long wakeful hours at night—not in that chaotic state which is neither rest nor unrest, neither sleeping nor waking, but with the mind perfectly clear, each sense painfully acute? Perhaps you have been disturbing the proper balance between the mind and body. Incessant brain-work and little exercise, or incessant exercise and little brain-work, either extreme will do the mischief, and you will not sleep naturally until the inequality is redressed. You lie still, and, though you may call it an *Hibernicism*, you listen to the silence. You realize the line of the poet—

'A horrid stillness first invades the ear.'

It is the very dead of night, and you would think that no silence could be so absolute and profound. But it is curious how sounds gradually emerge out of the silence, sounds which in the daytime would be passed over and altogether neglected.

There may be something scenic, sensational, and fearful in the Sounds of Night, such as people subject to nervous fancies will evolve for themselves, or which may at some time or other have occurred to some of us. For instance, a scream in the middle of the night is a fearful sound, especially if it is preceded or followed by a pistol-shot. Neither is it agreeable to hear low voices on the lawn beneath your window, nor a stealthy footstep gliding along a long passage, nor the sharp clicking sound that tells you that a window is being broken or a door forced. Neither do you like to hear your honest watch-dog give a surly bark in the middle of the night; nor yet to hear one of the shutter-bells—

an institution greatly disliked by burglars—set off a-ringing. But burglars are not now what they once were, now that people send their plate to the banker's, and transact most of their money-business by cheques. I cannot say, either, that I like the sound of wheels in the middle of the night, rapidly gliding up the avenue, for news that travel that way are generally tidings of ill.

I lie quiet, marvelling and somewhat annoyed at this sleeplessness, and wondering whether I had not better strike a light and read. But it is a clear, lucid sleeplessness, void of fever and languor. One's waking hours are so greatly monopolized by talking and reading, that it may be as well to embrace this rare opportunity for carrying out that old Greek notion of *Euphronè*. I have nothing very particular to think about, so my thoughts may as well shape themselves of their own accord. The brain must continue thinking, we are told, but it shall have no help from me. There are many clever people who eagerly watch and chronicle the movements of their own minds, just as medical men will eagerly watch and chronicle the phenomena of the body. And it is wonderful to think how exceedingly little progress has been made in our knowledge, either of the human body or the human mind. Now I found that, on this occasion at least, my thoughts were governed by slight external incidents—that is, by Sounds of the Night. I ought perhaps to say that I live a little out of town, in a country-house girt with a belt of plantation, and not very far from me are two lines of railway, and all their sounds came with peculiar distinctness across the uplands in the still autumnal or wintry night. Listening attentively, I hear, clear and shrill, the scream of the railway-engine as it plunges beneath our tunnel. That tunnel goes straight beneath Jones's meadow, in front of his dining-room

window. The railway company had intended a cutting, but Jones threatened the most tremendous of actions if the company weakened his foundations and spoilt his landscape. Curious, to think of the pretty girls playing croquet while the trains are screaming and racing beneath their feet! 'That is the 2:35 A.M. up express,' I mentally say to myself. 'Ah me! I remember going up express from Edinburgh to London, sleeping all the way, and arriving fresh as a daisy,—such sound, dreamless sleep—and in this comfortable chamber, with thick curtains drawn over the window, and the low fire burning in the grate, and my household gods about me, the capricious power visits not my eyelids. Let me see! Why, that is the train Sir Barnaby told me he was going up to town by, for his 'Parliamentary duties.' How disgusted he must be with the November session, just as this cold weather has brought him such a lot of woodcocks,—and woodcocks are not game either, and every snob in his neighbourhood will be having a shot. I think Sir Barnaby would be very glad to change places with me, and be warm between the sheets. The train will be stopping to show tickets at the station now. How odd to think of the light, activity, and bustle at this unearthly hour *there*, and all still and motionless here at home. How strange the stories which some travellers by the night express could tell! There is the great Dr. W—, returning home from seeing his patient at the watering-place. He will get his sixty guineas for his night's work: let us hope he will have done some good. Ah! this is the very train which Evelina eloped by years ago. I remember it as if it were but yesterday. When they thought that Evelina was sleeping soundly, she was half-way to London, and married to that worthless army scamp before her elopement had transpired. Then came the advertisements in the second column of 'The Times,' and the investigations of the Private Inquiry Office. Poor girl! any little romance which she thought that nocturnal adventure might

have involved must have vanished when I saw her this year, weary and faded, on the pier at Boulogne, watching the steamers gliding by, and wishing that she might once again be returning to her English home. Then, again, there is the express traveller who has been summoned up by electric telegraph on some important business. Perhaps, poor fellow, he is in a hurry to be at the death-bedside of some relative or friend, and how sad a journey will this be to him! Or he may be a fugitive flying from justice, and that fair smooth face may gradually be altered into a swarthy complexion, with bushy moustache and beard. I have noticed in my time one or two curious events in railway carriages.

How loud my watch ticks! That throbbing pulsation is almost too much for me, and I shall put it in my drawer. Now, in the daytime I should never notice that monotonous tick. I remember a good old lady telling me that on such a night and on such an hour as this she suddenly caught up her favourite watch, as by a sudden impulse, from a table, and put it beneath her pillow, little thinking that a scientific burglar was beneath her bed at the time, who would presently rise up and make a complete clearance of valuables. Think of the occasions in which minutes rise to the value of hours and days: while a race takes place, and the last second represents at the least a thousand pounds: while the train is staying for a minute or two at the station, and there are those who have come long miles for the chance of those few minutes: while you measure a pulse, and in the single revolution of a minute-hand gather up a story of life and death. So much may be included in minutes, that it may even appear a very tedious and prolonged period of time. And now the clock strikes *three*. How the vibrations wave and throb! I almost thought the windows were slightly shaken. Even now the last waves of sound are lingering on my sharpened tympanum. What a lot of fine things the poets and moralists have said about a clock striking!

'As if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound.'

That comes from 'Young's Night Thoughts.' I wonder if Young really did have those thoughts by night, just as I lie awake at night, thinking, or if he composed them in the clear fresh morning, after a good night's rest. It would be easy to moralize after the Shakespearean mode: thus, an hour ago and it was two o'clock, and an hour hence and it will be four o'clock; and so moralize how time is going very quickly, and you are growing old very fast. With a boom on the startled air, the same iron truth is told by the iron tongue of the belfry clock, as if to reinforce the moral by a thundering eloquence. I like better to hear soft chimes, that in musical carillon will sing the hour, sweetly and soothingly, as if to tell you to look on the past without regret and on the future without terror. Presently we shall 'shoot the rapids of life,' the truest Niagara of all Niagaras physical and metaphysical. Well, we must learn the lesson of watching that unwavering flight of time, unheating, unresting, with firm and equal hearts. Only I like the gentle teaching of the chimes better than the hard, stern, expository, hortatory tone of the church clock. I wish there was a watchman beneath my window, proclaiming in cheery tones, as he did to my grandfather, that it was past four o'clock and a clear cold morning. I remember, too, that in French towns I have listened to the chimes from the *beffroi*, often quite separate from any other edifice, with a sense of security, from the knowledge that there was a watcher all through the night in the *beffroi*, to watch for fire, or any other indication of alarm; but I should much prefer the beloved chimes which I know in one of our own dim cathedral cities, which rock to sleep those who have slept for many years in their audience, just as the sound of falling water has soothed to sleep those who have been beyond the influence of all human medicaments, or as those who live by the seaside are soothed by the sound of waves falling and breaking on the beach.

I defy you to be awake for half an hour on your bed without hearing distinct sounds and noises which to many nervous people will appear to give, when magnified by imagination, legitimate cause for terror. The animals of your household will be inconsiderate enough to give a contingent of noises after their kind; the terrier on your door-mat will shake himself and give a slight growl as he dreams of water-rats; the household cat will alternately purr and prowl; the harmless mice in the wainscoting will even thoughtlessly hold some maddening revel. And then the cock crows! That is maddening, if you like; and you darkly think of opening your window and seeing if you cannot take a shot at him. That cock is a perfect lunatic of a bird! Tennyson says—

'Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock;
The shadows flitter to and fro,
The cricket chirps, the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.'

Yes, a morbid, ill-conditioned cock will awake, even before twelve o'clock, under the absurd hallucination that it is time to get up; but I have great hopes that my chanticler, having turned the matter over in his own mind, will go to roost again. But now listen! Yes, positively I hear a footfall! There can be no mistake about it. You may hear sounds which you believe to be footsteps, but they are not; but when you hear a veritable footstep, there is no doubt. Certainly that is a step on the stone flagging between my garden and the gate leading to the plantation. Now a nervous old lady would be in absolute terror. Some men would rise up and silently adjust the caps on their pistols. A languid little friend of mine says he would do nothing of the sort. 'My dear fellow,' he would say to the burglar in possession, 'cannot we comfortably arrange this little affair on mutual terms? You are welcome to the plate and stray coins, but let me keep any articles which I particularly value; and on my part I will enter into an honourable engagement not to appear against you on any future occasion.' I quietly listen, certainly not expecting that

there will be anything particular. I believe statistics show that house-breaking does not take place so near the dawn. Perhaps some poor cottager intends a raid upon my coal, under the open shed. I am not going to disturb myself for so small a matter as fifteen-pence. Some truant lad is going to trap a rabbit in my plantation. He is quite welcome to it, in reward for his early rising. I remember that through my grounds lies the shortest cut to the dense woods of my neighbour the Earl. Probably some poacher is just returning from his night's work, and would not condescend to waste a thought on my thin plantation. Let me be thankful that I am not vexing my heart and spending my means in keeping such gentry in full employment. As that mendacious and felonious footfall steals off, I recognize the sounds of honest labour. It is the sound of the early market-cart. There is some statute-fair near here to-morrow. The dwellers in the suburbs well know the early sounds of the market wheels. Those honest folk must rise up in the very dead of night, so as to have their necessary arrangements complete by early dawn. But I suppose they go to bed betimes; and these nocturnal sons of labour have, after all, more of the day than of the night about them in their fresh ruddy faces and their 'free and independent' bearing.

A gentle sound, whether of snow or soft rain. Of course it is the rain. I distinguish it pelting on that stone flagging of which I just spoke, but I can hardly distinguish it as it falls on mould or grass. I recognize also the drippings of the eaves. The pure and delicate snow-flakes would cover up the flower-beds and drape roof and gables, and I should be none the wiser until I withdrew the curtains in the morning; unlike that self-asserting hail which would rattle obstreperously against the window, and even force its way down the chimney, to be deservedly quenched in the drooping embers. The wind is gently rising, with a soft and soul-like motion, fitful as an *Æolian* harp. The pattering rain, and the refrain of rising and falling airs

must have hushed me to sleep; for what I am next conscious of is, that the wind is blowing with fierce and vehement rage, and the groaning trees are helplessly tossing to and fro their withered arms; and hark! there goes a slate, which I hope may not harm the glass roof of the conservatory. Did you ever accurately distinguish the first presages, the earliest movements of storm or hurricane? Two years ago, on such a night, a fearful hurricane blew across our southern coast, only inferior to that dreadful hurricane which has just devastated Tortola. The rocks and sands of Torbay were strewn with some seventy or eighty wrecks. I was talking to an old and experienced Brixham mariner on the subject. He told me that before turning in at night he walked on the pier, and it was as calm and beautiful a winter's night as he had ever seen. There was hardly a breath of air. Two or three hours later he was awoken by a raging gale, and the morning showed the saddest sight that the Devonian fishermen had ever seen. Ah! these winds hold their spectral race about the house, work and do their violent wills unchecked in the open sea; and mothers' hearts, thinking of the sailor son, throb with terror and are raised in prayer, while the sailor lad—not to quote at length Shakspeare's fine lines which he puts on the lips of his sleepless king—is rocked to sleep by the elemental roar.

Another sound! Some one is moving in the room at the end of the passage. It is our invalid's room, and the nurse is lightly making up the fire. Our invalid is happily in a convalescent state, and there is no cause for fear or anxiety there. And now some birds begin to twitter, notably the robin red-breast, in tones inviting or responsive to its mate. Now when these birds begin, I know there will be other twitterings soon. I shall hear presently the prattle of infantine voices and the patter of little feet. All over the world, the children and the birds awake very nearly at the same time. Somehow, by an easy association of ideas, my

mind travels back to my own childish days. Now, as then, I hear the twittering birds. Now, as then, I listen to the solemn clock on the stairs. I wait for the church clock to strike, and am anxiously listening for the first sound, to tell me that those who died in the tranquil sleep of last night have awoke to the resurrection of a new-made morning. I do not wonder that metaphysicians have dwelt so carefully on the subtle laws of association. How a casual sound awakens a mental association, and at the touch of this association the burial-places of memory give up their dead. The sleepless hour is indeed the time for memory. The wheels of time are reversed; its onward stream flows upward once again. With a marvellous vividness the old dear faces loom visibly through the darkness; the very light in the eye, the very smile on the lip, as in years before the years were vacancy. It is a wonder to us that the forgotten image is viewed with such startling distinctness; we know that in the waking, working world, it will be utterly impossible for us to revive that evanescent impression. These sounds of night, familiar sounds as in the days of childhood, are keys to all the associations, keys that unlock all the far-off, vacant, and half-forgotten chambers of the mind. For the moment it seems odd that all is so completely changed; that there is now one's own household, one's own cares and responsibilities, that urge their present claims; that tell us not to give more than this hour's musing to the past, but to look to the things which are before. My poor blessing on the inmates of each chamber; and may the children now awakening be now gathering up happy associations for future memorial hours.

I know some men to whom this sleeplessness would be in the highest degree restless and annoying. They only live in society. They cannot bear a lonely evening or a solitary walk. They get on, it is to be hoped, in society, for they must needs own that they are exceedingly bad company to themselves. The horror

of the wakeful hour of night, to the repentant, or guilty, or remorseful, has often been energetically dwelt upon. Contrast with such feelings that of the midnight devotee, who punctually rises to chant a hymn and offer a prayer. We all know Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymn, but his Midnight Hymn is essentially the hymn for the sleepless. We all know something, my friends, of the anxious, brooding, remorseful midnight hour; and we ought also to know something of the sweetness, and cheerfulness, and security that ought to attend such a time; something of the meaning of the words, 'Who giveth songs in the night;' 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' Now, speaking psychologically, I think you will find that it is the tendency of such distinct lines of thought as those suggested by passing sounds, the watch, the clock or chime, the railway whistle, distant wheels, the fall of rain or snow, a passing footfall, the rising or lowering wind, and even the chance sounds of a household, to become gradually but undistinguishably confused; that they become a riotous, tumultuous mob, which you can with difficulty arrange in order, or restrain. If among them there is some predominant impression, which is altogether grotesque, unreal, and made up of contradictions, I nourish that impression, because experience has shown me that in my own case it is a harbinger of repose. Otherwise, the sleeplessness, instead of being a mere interlude of the night, which may be made up for by a little additional slumber, becomes wearisome to the last degree; and, to use the common and pathetic expression, you never close your eyes or have a single wink for the rest of the night. How true is that line—

'Slowly the casement grows a glimmering pane.'

to those who with weary eyes watch for the light, and long for the morning. You must call in the mental police to disperse that mental mob of vague notions; repeat, perhaps, by heart some favourite passage; and some have found that to count away *ad infinitum* is a useful

recipe. Sir Benjamin Brodie told a lady, who was conversing with him on the subject at a dinner party, that air and exercise were the only real remedies; and woful indeed is the state of that brain which can only rely on drugs. I knew a worthy man, whose great pallor and the deep sunken rim beneath his eye proclaimed him to belong to the restless company of the sleepless. When he was told of some man's unhappy condition, he merely said, 'Tell me of such sad cases, for I cannot sleep at night, and I then

spend my time in praying for those who may need my prayers.' It was perhaps that man's mission to stand between the destroying angel and the people; and what holy results may have been achieved in the oratory of that sleepless chamber. Of all sounds in the night, the sounds of prayer and praise are the sweetest to man and most acceptable to Him who slumbers not nor sleeps. Evermore abiding under That protection, in the night season we creep closer beneath the shadow of His wings,

F. A.

LONG VACATION.

A SKETCH, BY WAT BRADWOOD.

No. I.—'Father Thames.'

IT was the morning after Henley Regatta. I awoke to feelings of utter relief and satisfaction. The race was over, the Grand Challenge Cup ours; the toil and trouble, the strain and self-denial of weeks of training and stern discipline had been brought to a climax in a short eight minutes of indescribable excitement and exertion. Neck and neck for a mile had we struggled with the indomitable St. Benedict's crew; a bare half length, aided by the turn of the fatal poplar, had given us the victory on the post.

I lay back and contemplated: the contrast of the present *otium cum dignitate*—as I sprawled under the covering of a solitary sheet, and listened through the open windows to the ripples of the Thames, as they plashed against the bridge—with the reminiscences in detail of the past four weeks, was a fair approximation, so far as apolaustic luxury can be well appreciated, to the *βίος θεωρητικός* that my coach had badgered me about just before our last collections. I called to mind how contemptuously sundry critics had condemned our chances when, at the commencement of term, we first plodded forth in our 'tub,' rough, yet ready, swing at a discount, time like a peal of bells, objugation wholesale from our coach.

We were, there's no denying it, a raw crew—tyros; six of us just promoted from the 'torpid.' But we were all the more willing to learn, more facile to teach: we had only to be taught, not to be untaught, as a preliminary. And soon we fell together to young Cresswell's stroke, while Lea, gorgeous in broad blue and the prestige of two victories over Cambridge, well backed him at 7, and inculcated much of that steadiness to which we owed future successes. Waife, who, but for a virulent fever in autumn past, and the doctor's fan concomitant thereto, might have been linked in glory with Lea on Putney waters, was the backbone of the boat at 5; and the rest of us were, as I have said, to say the least, *very rough*.

One pull we had over a majority of other crews—a good 'coach.' The best and most scientific men of other Eights could not be spared from the oar; but we were blessed with one who, a fair class oar, though lightweight, had done service for St. Jude's in the year past, and but for the stern necessities of schools, and ambition (eventually crowned) of a 'first,' would have been with us again this time. Perhaps it was as well for all of us that he stayed where he was. Gifted with fair experience on the water, a clear head to grasp

theory, and patience to inculcate it, he did more than anything to make us what we were. Strength we had in plenty without him; the aid of his arm, though a gain, would have been small compared to the infinite value of having some one who could teach us to use our strength at the right time and in the right place. I believe I am right in this view of it, though simultaneously there arises a feeling of mistrust that, if he had joined the boat, I at least might not have had the tale of four bumps and the G. C. C. to tell.

By the last week before College races, while sedulous drudges were studiously and perspiringly taking 'times' of each Eight as it nightly spurted from the 'white willow,' the knowing ones began to find out what we, in the natural egotism of successful torpid oarsmen, had believed long ago, that 'though rum uns to look at, we were good to go,' and when we had made our four bumps, and raced the head boat to within a few feet of their stern-post for the last four nights, the college and ourselves, in the final ecstasy of a bump supper, decided to send the Eight to the *ultima thule* of Henley.

What boots it to tell of the delicious excitement of that final week at the Red Lion? How day by day more crews came down to put the finishing touch at the scene of action—the time-honoured Hellespontines, the powerful stockbroking fraternity of Metropolitans, the more exclusive up-country association of Queensburgh, and the great St. Benedict's of the Cam! How we swam in the morning, fed like young lions, basked at mid-day, timed each other, and tried our own powers over the course towards sundown! How the *expectata dies* *aderat*, bells chimed, flags fluttered, beves of beauties glistened, and sunshine smiled through showers!

Soon came our trial heat; inaction tripled the terrors of suspense; it was positive relief to launch our boat and paddle down to the island.

With dread I contemplated the massive swing and sweep of St. Benedict's, and groaned at our ill fate to be drawn at the outset against the best of all our opponents. Lea

chuckled at the hope of future victory or sudden death: to win this heat would be a passport for the final—nor was he wrong. What suspense was mine as we turned and backed to stations! How awful the tension of mind and muscle as we stretched 'forward all' for the signal; and our coach's last ob-jurgatory, yet entreating, warning, 'Keep it long, and keep your eyes in the boat!' If we had not obeyed that, where should we have been? Describe the race!

How can I? It was enough to do to look at No. 4's back. Perhaps you expect a flowery account 'by the line,' such as swells the columns of 'Bell's Life,' of 'Corsair' and 'Ariel' pairs, or 'West London' junior sculls; how 'Blue dashed to the front,' was 'speedily collared by Red,' and 'White, rowing with indomitable gameness,' came up 'after a hard race' (of 150 yards), and 'going by in splendid style, won a magnificent victory,' etc., *ad lib.*, or *ad nauseam*. I wonder sometimes what an exalted opinion, if his comparisons are based upon perusal of flashy reports in sporting papers, a foreigner or colonist must hold of these wretched little small-fry clubs, whose name is unknown at Henley and even at the most meagre regattas, while the club races of the Universities and far greater societies are content to record their results in a few curt and simple lines.

Well, while this tirade has been going on, the race has been lost and won; of its details I know nothing but what I have said, collated by hearsay. I could feel Cresswell pile on spurt after spurt; could hear the yell of St. Benedict's coxswain as he called on his crew; could feel myself fast approaching a state of collapse; could see No. 4's shoulders more and more misty each second; could guess we had reached the 'poplar,' as the stroke came faster, and the hurly-burly grew fiercer and fiercer in the last tug of war, and my own name, *seriatim* with the rest, was roared audibly above the din of battle by our omnipresent coach, standing ankle-deep in water but two feet from my blade—then came

an instinctive lull, a consciousness that we were winning, as 50 yards before the goal we slacked, and paddled in with a half-length's lead; St. Benedict's rowed to a stand-still, and ourselves thoroughly glad of the respite of even the last half-dozen strokes.

After this, all was comparatively plain sailing. The Ladies' Plate was comparatively an easy prey, for St. Benedict's were too 'dead-beat' to come to scratch in anything like form the same day, and our second victory over them was won farther and easier. In our final heat for the G. C. C., on the following day, none of the crews gave us anything like the work that we had experienced in our first essay, and we too were becoming comparatively steady veterans after our continual contests.

And so all was past—suspense, victory, ovation, hurly-burly, orgie: dull reality, with no especial object in view, supervened.

The door opened with a kick, and No. 4, bloodshot and dishevelled, sauntered in to summon me to bathe. Along the towing-path, as in mornings past, we strolled, and soon a header and swirl in Thames cooled and purified the fevered coppers of mixed liquors overnight. Breakfast to follow, not as on previous days a gregarious meal, of one *régime* of diet for all, but a helter-skelter scramble, as each turned out of bed, and felt inclined to order anything not in training—chops and steaks especially barred. Then came preparation, packing, and departure. One by one the crew broke away; cordially we shook hands, and pre-planned réunions in town, at Lord's, in the Highlands, and elsewhere. Till the last minute we had seemed almost bored with the monotony of each other's presence, and the unbroken daily *régime*: not till the parting hour came in reality did we feel how strong the bond of union was between us; how closely we had been united, even when least we dreamt it; how our self-imposed adversities and privations had drawn us to each other in fellow-feeling, because toil and trouble had been one for all,

and hopes, and aims, and ends had been all in one. But the end came, and the midday train went, and with it the larger flight. When at 1:30, Lea, Cresswell, and myself sat down, the sole remnants of the band of conquering heroes, to play with lunch, we could not deny, with all our glory and elation, a feeling of melancholy. Out of doors, from the windows, the scene was most dispiriting. Stands were dismantled, flags drooping and tattered, flowers dishevelled, benches awry, scraps of timber and paper littered about the road; no crush, no galaxy, no music; the river glancing and dreaming on its way, as if nothing had ever disturbed it before, or would in future, quiet and impassive.

‘Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.’

The only excitement out of doors consisted in some dozen cads and gipsies, not a sober one among them, lynching a fellow-rough, who had drawn a knife on one of his mates, by summarily plunging him into the river. After his third submersion the only local policeman who had joined the audience, fearing a coroner's inquest, interfered with the prerogative of mercy. He was hooked out with a muckrake, and left to shake and dry himself upon the gravel path. The rabble dispersed, and the last item of outdoor interest went with them: dull vacuity supervened, lunch was a dead letter, and conversation hung fire.

Whither bound, and for what object? was the query of each to each. 'To Lord's for the match.' 'To the July meeting.' 'Home for a few days, &c. 'I want to kill time till the 12th,' quoth Lea; 'why shouldn't we three set out for a bit of fishing or hill-climbing in Wales? We shall have no one to contradict us, and can cultivate our tastes for the romantic.'

'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated Cresswell with all due fervour. 'Wales and the romantic! you might as well try an ascent of St. Paul's, or a ramble on the house-tops in Whitechapel. Scenery! why the whole place is reeking with cock-

neys and the offscourings of Liverpool and Manchester warehouses; the smell of the shop pervades the whole place; the roads are perfectly dangerous with odds and ends of Queen's English and h's scattered broadcast. Beddgelert is greasy with sandwich papers, and Snowdon slippery with orange-peel! Ugh! and he sank back for breath in his indignation.

Scotch and English lakes were tabooed for parallel causes. Killybegs would be as bad as any a fortnight later; besides, Lea wished to be within call of home, without the barrier of the Channel. He, the untiring Hercules, leant his head out of the window, and as he contemplated the dreamy Thames, suggested in solemn earnestness that we should hire a gig and row down in stages to London.

'Row!' shrieked Cresswell and I in a breath, and in the mere tone of our horror coked once for all Lea's animal energy; while we expressed ourselves ready to do anything in a small or even great way to oblige our worthy captain; but with the memories of the past and delicious indolence of the present enthralling us, vowed a summary proviso against further oarhandling and grumbling for the rest of the 'Long.'

'Well, rot it!' said the enthusiast, 'I ain't particular, so long as we do something or go somewhere; let's sail down from Oxford instead, if you're so lazy. We can start this afternoon; there are plenty of "centre boards" vacant, and you can loaf and lounge all day to your heart's content.'

Cresswell's eyes met mine. Each knew what the other suspected, that Lea after all was only laying a trap to entice us into active exertion; but the plan sounded so plausible, yet simple, and would be so soon completed, leaving ample space for other designs, that we simultaneously acquiesced, and prepared to follow our leader. Lea rose and shook himself like a retriever; the G. W. R. time-table on the wall showed us that we had but half an hour before the next down train, and we skedaddled to the intricate operation of packing.

Our hostess bade us farewell as we came in full panoply down stairs; five minutes more saw us *en route* for the City of Spire, and the next two hours saw us *seriatim* baking on Twyford platform, dawdling at Reading, shunting at Wallingford Road for the benefit of a fast train, till, finally, we droned into our destination an honest half-hour behind time. We made a rush to charter the solitary hansom that, under the stagnation of vacation traffic, condescended to meet our arrival. Myself bodkin, we rattled up the stones into the town. The 'Long' had settled down in all its full severity of dreariness; cads and broken-down stablemen were loafing idly at Carfax, scouts and counter-skipppers lording it as the reigning stars, and swaggering down the High. Salter's boat-yard was half deserted, and, as a matter of course, we preceded the careful telegram which had been concocted to announce our advent, and prepare a boat for us. So much for precocious telegraph clerks. The result was a good half-hour's delay, while the craft was overhauled, ropes rove, bilge bailed, and cushions dusted; and it was near six P.M. when we spread canvas from below the Cherwell, and glided on before a gentle W.N.W. breeze. Locomotion was none too rapid; the liberal donations of the City sewers, since the abolition of the cesspool system, had so fertilized the bed of the stream, that our navigation lay through a perfect cabbage garden off Saunders' Bridge. Slowly we passed the Willows and Gut, and with utter disregard for 'shop,' fought the battles of the Eights over again at each point of the course. By Harvey's Barge water was deeper and the course clearer, and a very few minutes brought us to Ifley lock, of course open the wrong way, giving us some minutes to cool ourselves and our patience. By the time we cleared the obstruction we were feeling the benefit of hunger, and unanimously agreed to bivouac at Sandford ferry. We anathematized the new yet indifferent specimen of railway architecture that breaks the sweep of

Kennington reach, and compelled us to drop sail and lower mast ere we could clear it; and glad we were to drop canvas once more and run to bank as we reached Sandford, and after a plunge in the Radley bathing place, sat down to a heavy feed of eels and lamb chops, the former one of the staple home-products of most Thames hostleries.

Our ship went through lock while we dined: after a social meal we again set to work to drift down to Abingdon. Our locomotion deserved no better name, for banks were high, wind failing, and weeds worse than ever. By the time we reached Nuneham Island the sun had set: although a night breeze freshened up a little, it was in our teeth, and but feeble at the best. One or two tacks convinced us of the want both of air and sea room, and the toss of 'odd man out,' left it my lot to tumble out and tow. We did not bless the 'little lasher' for changing the towpath from one side to the other of the river; and by the time we reached Abingdon lock we were feeling damp with dew and 'peckish' again. Leaving our boat in care of the lock-keeper, with orders to take her to the bridge half a mile off by seven A.M. next day, we sought the Castle Inn, and fell to work at supper.

'More eating! what gormandisers!' some votary of half-hour constitutionals will exclaim. 'Well!' I reply, 'you go into training for six weeks, if your inside will stand it, and see if your appetite does not quadruple itself under honest work and open-air life. Nor will it fade in a hurry, even after the more violent work has been dropped, so long as open-air exercise is supplied in plenty. If a labourer is worthy of his hire, surely a rowing man is worthy of his dinner!'

No need to weary you with detail of how we ate, smoked, and slept. Our good intentions failed us; so far from 7 A.M., we were not under weigh till 8, breakfastless, and postponing ablutions till we could find a place handy for a swim. No wind, and, when it did get up, in our teeth for the first mile: another bridge to bother us and our mast, and

then a nice piece of clear, open water, round about which we tacked and took headers, one in turn taking the tiller and sheet.

I had forgotten two important items of our company. Two tykes: Fan, a very old black and tan smooth terrier, and Joe, a cunning and curious Skye. Both were good-tempered (to those whom they knew); each was good at rats, fairish at cats (especially Fan), had an average antipathy to cads and roughs, and none to cold water. Fan, who was my property, didn't love parsons; why, I do not know. I think our country curate caught her a whack with his umbrella years ago, in puppyhood, when she flew at his legs; she had only her milk teeth, and could not have hurt him, but the rebuff soured her temper towards the whole breed of the church, and she had subsequently, on the sly, succeeded in tearing the trousers, if not the skin, of more than one of the fraternity.

Culham cutting necessitated towing rope, the old woman in charge of the rickety lock gates tried our patience to the utmost, and then as we spun along before a good breeze, the G.W.R. called on us again to lower mast and sail. It was past ten, and we were nearly starved when we got into the public at Clifton Hampden for our breakfast.

The wind rose, as is usual in the Thames valley, with the sun, and was blowing a stiff breeze down to Day's lock, when next we got under weigh. The little ten-foot boat ran clean away from us; the tiller jammed hard to port; the swell surging behind and her bows burying so ominously under water, that we began to think that, though we and the tykes could swim, our portmanteaus might find difficulty in following suit, and accordingly slacked balyards, ran to bank, and took in a reef. Day's and Benson's locks did not keep us long, and we got to Wallingford Bridge in time for a two o'clock feed at the Lamb and Flag. The breeze was so fresh that we wasted no time, and soon after four o'clock we shot Moulsoford Railway Bridge, even allowing that the wind had been rather adverse

in that reach. Half a mile lower the curve to the left put us nearly before the wind. We had a rattling run down to Pangbourne, but from thence sheltering trees and entangling weeds delayed us much till within a mile of Caversham, where in more open water we made way, picked our passage through the nondescript bridge, and reached the lock in approaching twilight. Our next stage was a clean one *quâ* navigation, but the drains by the lock and at Kennetmouth stunk ominously for the filtering labours of Chelsea water-works even sixty miles lower down stream. Sonning was our destination, and the neat little inn, by the bridge, never looked more cheery than to us after upwards of seven hours' fast. So far as the breeze went we might have sailed on all night, but the next stretch, to Shiplake, being one of the most intricate on the river, we preferred a certain night's rest to the off chance of swimming.

We nearly got into disgrace with our landlord on the outset, for Joe and Fan went straight at the tabby tom the instant of landing, while we were encumbered with portmantaux. A small yew tree offered a temporary refuge for the fugitive, but its twigs and ramifications were so numerous that Fan was at once proceeding to take it by escalade, climbing in a manner worthy of Leotard, with teeth, paws, and tail especially combined, while Joe, open-mouthed at bottom, awaited the sortie. The baying and yelps of exultation, coupled with the awful spitting and swearing from aloft, created such an uproar that I came to the rescue, just in time to anticipate the dame with a broomstick, and securing Fan by the tail, and Joe by the 'scruff of his neck,' carried them into the parlour to wait till the chop bones were picked and ready for them.

We were afloat by seven o'clock next day: although few of our age break out in raptures at the picturesque, we could not deny the charm of early sunshine, balmy air, that only early risers can attain, rustling breeze just sufficient to hold steerage way, winding chan-

nels, and whispering osier beds. And fully did we luxuriate in our matutinal plunge half a mile above Shiplake lock. A deep fringe of forget-me-nots that dripped and tinkled as the water ran down, made this 'pound' the most picturesque that we had hitherto passed. We punted with a paddle through the timber railway arch below, and ran down full sail to the cheery little red-brick public at Wargrave, half a mile below. Breakfast took a good hour, and the wind in the winding reaches above Marsh lock was foul, and necessitated much going about. It was getting on for midday when we shot Henley bridge, and getting up sail opposite the lawn, ran down the big reach before a sneezing breeze. The boat, as on the day before, ran clean away from us, but the 'pace was too good' to stop; we finished the regatta course (fighting our battles over again as we surged along) in about a dozen minutes. Then, as we essayed to pass on the Bucks side of the island, whether it was the current of air in the divided channel, whether I, gazing up the reach, lost in reminiscences of triumphs past, had slacked my hold upon the tiller, I know not, but the sheet slackened, the sail shivered, then gibed viciously over our heads; and while I, aware of the mischief I had wrought, ducked my head in time to avoid the blow, the boom carried with it Lea's broad blue straw, and catching in the small of the back the unconscious Cresswell, who, solaced with cutty in teeth, set him on the gunwale as ballast, spilt him in a twinkling overboard, while the boat, regardless of rudder, jammed starboard to port, rushed up into the wind and a willow tree, crashing into the boughs, bending the mast like a whip, and strangling me with a forked bough that pinned me tight across the windpipe.

Lea, who was generally good-tempered, began to swear as he lay at the bottom of the boat, and the dogs took advantage of the distraction to hop ashore and give chase to a white duck that was luxuriating in the reeds. After due deliberation Lea picked himself up among the mass of twigs and boughs

that blocked the boat, and alternately swearing and laughing in his wrath, as he contemplated Cresswell sputtering and struggling to shore, proceeded to push back the boat clear of its entanglements. I gasped out an attempted explanation that I was getting short of wind, and incommoded by the forked stick, but beyond a grunt and inarticulate 'All right!' obtained no recognition till a violent push tore us into open water, dragging with us a bushel of twigs in the halyards, but leaving my garotte behind us. The wind of course ran us back to shore a dozen yards lower down, this time in open space, and Cresswell having by this time joined us, we set to work to recount grievances and repair damages. Lea's hat was a loss, the identical one that had done duty at Putney, and not to be idly sacrificed. Cresswell didn't seem to see swimming after it, and the dogs were too intent upon the duck to pay heed to orders to retrieve lost property, so all we could do was to take in two reefs, for the wind blew stiffer every moment, and follow the hat down stream. This took some five minutes, and by the time we punted off, and got under way, the white duck was getting a rough time of it. The dogs were by no means in good training, but the duck was very plethoric. She was the slower swimmer, but took to short flights of twenty yards whenever a muzzle came in dangerous proximity, and so turned her in her course. By this means the sternmost dog, lying in wait for her, cut her off and recommenced the race, and so the game went on, each in turn giving chase, while the other waited, like an old greyhound biding for the 'wrench.' A judicious turn of the rudder enabled Lea to nail Fan by the ear and to secure his hat a few yards lower down; Joe evaded us, but he could do no harm alone, and giving up the chase before long, he rejoined us at Hambledon lock, a mile below.

We passed Medmenham Abbey, the former rendezvous of the original Hell-fire Club, while Cresswell invested in dry apparel, and getting clear of Temple and Hurley

locks, found ourselves very fit for a late lunch at Marlow. The breeze was too good for a long rest, and within half-an-hour we were clearing Bysham woods, and running on for Cookham. This stretch was our fastest piece of sailing, and we must have run eight miles an hour in many places; no bad score for a ship ten feet long by six feet beam. After Cookham lock, the scenery was gorgeous, but the hanging woods were incompatible with a good gale, and we were glad to shake out our spare reefs and reach Boulter's lock at about 5 P.M. We had little wind but plenty of stream down to Maidenhead bridge; after that we made way, but the best of the gale was gone, and it was getting on past six when we got through Bray lock to Franklin's, and though the evening was not far spent, the faded breeze and old school associations of ducks and green peas tempted us to pass the night there.

The waves of Boveney weir fizzed like soda water round our heads, for we paused at the lock for a bathe, on our voyage next morning; and a note overnight had brought half a dozen Etonians from my Dame's to breakfast with us at the White Hart at Windsor. We had a very social hour of it, and there were other old friends to look up before we set sail from Goodman's. The royal park boasted the debouchure of a drain that for savour and volume put to shame the olfactory reminiscences of Reading, and was painfully suggestive of the necessities of a river pollution commission. Yet even this evil showed its modicum of good, *quantum valeat*, when we saw two elderly Waltonians, anchored in their punt above the 'swim' in the eddy of this tributary, hauling in roach and dace as fast as they could throw their lines. Evidently the fish and captors appreciated the lack of sanitary law, whatever might be the views of outsiders.

We had no great variety as we passed Datchet, Bell Weir, and Penton Hook. The breeze, though not equal to that of yesterday, was com-
plaisant and from a good westerly

quarter, but our lunch was overdue before we got it at a Chertsey public. There was a short stage to Shepperton lock, and at Halliford, a mile below, we halted for the evening, there being no good accommodation in the suburban ranges below, unless we could reach Richmond, which would have necessitated a starlight cruise.

However, an early start next day took us under Walton bridge, *redivivus*, past Sunbury, Moulsey, and Teddington locks, into the tide-way to Richmond, in time for a white-bait lunch. We had been very rude to an old fogey and his crew, practising patience in a punt at the tail of Sunbury race. Lea vowed, from a stern-view of his figure-head as we bore down upon him, his identity with one to whom he had long owed a grudge, for suffering him, without hail or remonstrance, to shatter ten pounds' worth of a sculling-boat under his very nose against a punt, comparatively solid timbers, in that identical barbel 'pitch' the summer previous. He had carefully bottled his revenge, and the wind dead down stream favoured his plan of action. Unheard, unseen, from the rear, he coasted down the tow-path shore till within range, then, judiciously calculating for the drift of the current, shot across stream close

behind them, parallel to the line of the punt, and letting the sheet fly at the right moment, swept hats and napkins from the heads of all sitters, and dragged overboard one chair—fortunately a vacant one—that caught in the bolt-ropes at the end of the boom. There was a roar of execration as we shot clear, gibed, and ran down river seven miles an hour. 'I had a telegram for you, old boy,' quoth Lea, taking a weed out of his teeth, 'but I can't find it just now. There's a whale coming down for you, post paid, by the next train, if you like to go and fetch it,'—and so we shot out of hearing and range of volleys of ground bait and clay balls with which the party, so soon as they had recovered from astonishment, assailed us ineffectually. It was a most unjustifiable assault, but we laughed none the less at it; and Lea, whether right or wrong in his identification, chuckled at the gratification of a stolid hatred and contempt for the whole fraternity of punt-fishers.

From Richmond wind and tide were strong and favourable, and by five P.M. we reached our destination, the Feathers, Wandsworth, and taking train thence, within forty minutes were adorning ourselves at Long's, for a crusading lounge in the park before dinner.



TABLE TALK, AND ANECDOTES OF SOCIETY.*

Few things surprised me more at Paris than the manner in which the Duke (then Marquis) of Wellington was received on the first evening of his arrival there, coming, as he did, from Toulouse, where he had fought and won the last battle of the war. He had dined with Lord and Lady Castlereagh, and afterwards went to the Grand Opera with Lady Castlereagh, myself, and Mr. Planta. The Duke was in plain clothes, without any decoration to attract notice, and sat in the back of the box; but he was almost immediately recognized by some one in the pit, and a voice cried out, '*Tellington!*' The cry was taken up by others, and at last the whole pit rose, and turning to the box, called out, '*Prince Tellington!*' nor would they be satisfied till he stood up and bowed to them, when he was cheered and applauded. At the end of the performance, on opening the door of the box, we found the passage crammed, and my poor aunt was nervous and frightened, and shrank back, but the Duke, in his short way, said, 'Come along,' and drew her on, Mr. Planta and I following. While doing so, I heard one man say to another, '*Mais pourquoi l'applaudissez-vous tant? il nous a toujours battus!*' This was very true, and a very natural question; but the answer was charming, and carried one back to the time of the preux chevaliers—'*Oui, mais il nous a battus en gentleman.*'

It was at the dinners given by Lord Castlereagh that I chiefly saw and had leisure to observe those persons who had become famous by their exploits, their talents, their virtues, and their crimes. One of these dinners I shall never forget. There were present at it Prince Henry and Prince William of Prussia—brothers of the King (the latter handed me); and at the same table were seated the conquerors and the conquered—a Wellington, a Schwartzberg, and a Blücher, by a Marmont, a Mortier, and a Ney. There also were the upright and high-minded minister and the crafty politician; the loyal subject and the cold-blooded regicide; a Stadion and a Talleyrand; a Hardenberg and a Fouché! To see men so discordant in their actions, their feelings, and their principles, meeting in apparent amity, and meeting, too, at Paris, in an English Minister's house, was most curious—so curious that I could scarcely believe it a reality, and that my senses did not deceive me. Of all those thus collected, Talleyrand and Fouché were the only two from whom I felt myself recoil. They were seated opposite to me on each side of Lord Aberdeen, and during a long dinner I had time to examine their countenances. The former's revolting person and face in some respects did him injustice, for the bad qualities were evident; but his half-closed eyes and heavy countenance gave no indication of his talents and his wit. Fouché was totally different, being small in stature and spare in make, with a narrow pinched face, and when unknown, might have passed unnoticed; on further observation, however, there was an expression of shrewd and decided cold-blooded good sense and reflection, without a ray of warmth of feeling, not even the enthusiasm of that (miscalled) patriotism of the dreadful days of the Revolution, which slurred over the atrocious acts of cruelty that were attributed to him; and I could fancy him giving his vote, '*mort sans phrase*,' against the unfortunate Louis XVI. with as much *sang froid* as he ordered his carriage to take him to dinner. Besides these dinners, which occurred frequently, Lady Castle-

reagh received, and had *des petits soupers* every night, to which all those she knew, both English and foreign, could come without invitation, and these with whom she was not previously acquainted were introduced. Madame de Stael was a constant guest, and it was an intellectual treat to listen to her brilliant conversation. Many of the Princes assembled at Paris used to bring themselves to these pleasant little parties, and amongst others came often Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, who little foresaw his future destiny! One evening early, when only a few persons were assembled, there entered three ladies we had never seen before, and who proved to be La Duchesse de Courlande (*d'un certain âge*), very ladylike in her appearance; her eldest daughter, La Duchesse de Sagan, good-looking, with a pale complexion, and simply dressed; and another daughter, Madame de Périgord, dark, with magnificent eyes, highly rouged, and gaily dressed in a pink gown, and roses on her head. As the Duchesse de Sagan came in, Prince Louis de Rohan nudged Lady Castlereagh with his elbow, and said, '*C'était autrefois ma femme*,' which was rather a startling announcement to English ears. The Duchesse de Courlande, *de son côté*, imparted to us that '*Ma pauvre fille (Madame de Périgord*) est bien triste, elle vient de perdre son enfant!*' Why she should have thought it necessary to bring her rouge, her pink dress, her roses, and her *tristesse*, to call on Lady Castlereagh, was not obvious, and I doubt whether Lady Castlereagh was properly grateful to these ladies for their visit, for when they were gone, she said, 'Emma, I am afraid we live in very bad company.' Too true! but we could not help ourselves, and got used to it. At a dinner at Prince Talleyrand's we became acquainted with the Princess, whose antecedents would not bear very close inquiry. She was, I believe, either English or Scotch by birth, and had been known in India as Mrs. Grant. Where Prince Talleyrand fell in with her I never heard; but she must have been very handsome. She was also very silly, so silly that Napoleon asked Prince Talleyrand how he could marry her; to which he replied, '*Ma foi, sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête.*' With her his mind was in complete repose. When I saw her she still showed remains of beauty, and was a quiet-mannered, respectable-looking *pâle de femme*. The party was a mixed one, composed of French, Austrians, Russians, and English. I sat by a Russian, General Ouveroff, who was said to have been implicated in the assassination of the Emperor Paul. Another of the guests was an old, one-eyed lady, Princess Tyskowitz, sister to Prince Poniatowski, (drowned in the Elster at the retreat from Leipzig), and, therefore, niece of the last King of Poland. She was remarkable for her literary attainments, which caused her society to be appreciated by Prince Talleyrand, whose house she frequented most evenings. We dined, besides, at only one other French house, that of General Dupont, *le ministre de la guerre*, where we met a number of marshals and their wives, amongst whom was Marshal Augereau, (Duc de Castiglione), an old, ugly, peculiarly disagreeable and ill-looking man, but whose wife was many years younger, and quite beautiful.

* Wife of a nephew of Prince Talleyrand, and afterwards well known in London, when, as Duchesse de Dino, she accompanied Prince Talleyrand, then ambassador from Louis-Philippe, and did the honours of his house.

* 'Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian, from 1802 to 1815.' By Countess Brownlow. London, John Murray.



Drawn by J. D. Watson.]

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Old Year.

'A HAPPY NEW YEAR!'

FIVE minutes to Midnight! And thousands are keeping,
 With hearts filled with hopes, and with memories dear,
 With hearts half divided, 'twixt smiling and weeping,
 Their vigils, to watch for the birth of the year!

Four minutes to Midnight! How many reflections
 Are crowded at once into moments of space;
 Soft regrets unavailing, and fond recollections
 Of many a dead, and a dearly-loved face!

Three minutes to Midnight! And hushed are our voices,
 And full are our bosoms, and silent our tread;
 Not an elder now weeps, not a younger rejoices,
 'Tis a moment half-poised between Life and the Dead.

Two minutes to Midnight! The clock with its breathing
 Alone breaks the silence that reigneth around;
 And our minds, and our souls, are all-tenderly wreathing
 Their flowers of fancy, and hope at the sound.

One minute to Midnight! Our hearts are quick beating,
 How sad is the joy, yet how joyful the pain!
 One minute to Midnight! The moments are fleeting,
 Ah, who can recal them to being again?

Midnight! And the joy-bells peal forth from each steeple
 Their jubilant chimes on the ear of the night:
 From the Queen on her throne, to the least of her people,
 May the Past be still cherished, the Future still bright!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.



NO LAMPS!

A Vehicular Tragedy of the Nineteenth Century.

(Tuesday, December 3rd, 1867.)



MY harp now bring, and I will sing
 To all you smart pedestrians,
 You swells and snobs on screws or cobs,
 Who pass for gay equestrians;
 And ye so fair with golden hair,
 Bewildering young Thalestrians,
 Whose eyes beam ever bright!
 List! grave M.P.'s who sit at ease
 On clever cobs so serious,
 And country girls with flowing curls,
 Whose faces never weary us;
 Attend! ye counts on seedy mounts
 Who ever look mysterious—
 I sing the cabless night!

In any street you cannot meet
With anything vehicular ;
A Hansom cab you cannot nab
By shouts or signs gesticular,
A 'growler,' too, is not in view,
So if you are particular
You'll find a barrow there.
The people, too, don't care for you,
Although you get vociferous,
The boys all grin, don't care a pin,
There laughter is pestiferous ;
The cabs are gone, won't show till dawn.
E'en yellow coin auriferous
Won't pass to pay the fare.

Now at the rail you will not fail
To witness what I sing about,
For you may wait till very late,
Your boxes you may fling about ;
No cabs appear, you won't, I fear,
That consummation bring about
Though streets you wildly roam.
To do your best, it is confest,
You long have to be pondering,
Through slime and slush you're forced to rush
As thro' the streets you're wandering ;
Whilst silver crowns and frequent 'browns'
On ragged boys you're squandering,
If you'd get safely home.

Then Paterfam., he says I am
Disgusted with this jobbery :
No cabs ? No lamps ? The lazy scamps—
It's nothing short of robbery ;
Sir Richard Mayne I'll see again,
And then kick up a bobbery.—
I'll try what I can do.
There's Mrs. Brown has come to town—
I'm sure she does not 'old with it :'
The porters rash, her box they smash,
And won't do what they're told with it ;
They scratch the paint, it makes her faint,
The 'hegg-cup,' something cold with it
She takes to bring her to.

If on that night you've an invite
To some suburban dinner, then
You'll have to walk, if knife and fork
You wish to be a winner, then ;
You're forced to tramp, though roads are damp—
As true as you're a sinner, then,
You'll find that you are sold !
You tell your tale, it won't avail,
The hostess looks satirical,
And make excuse, it is no use,
You're thought to be empirical :
The servants stare when you get there,
'Tis only by a miracle
That dinner is not cold

No lamps! No lamps!! That night of damps,
 Thank goodness, has departed now,
 The 'men of rank' from Strand to Bank
 Their vehicles have started now:
 In coster's truck, 'midst mud and muck,
 We never shall be carted now
 Through fog and sleet and rain!
 Now as once more I'm thinking o'er
 That fearful night asthmatical
 I walked so far! my bad catarrh
 And racking pains rheumatich!
 I stop my lay, and this I say
 With joyful voice ecstasich,
 The cabs are back again!

J. A. S.

THUMBNAIL STUDIES.

GETTING UP A PANTOMIME.



ARLEQUIN, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown! There is an agreeable magic in these words, although they carry us back to the most miserable period of our existence—early childhood. They stand out in our recollection vividly and distinctly, for they are associated with one of the very few real enjoyments permitted to us at that grim stage of our development. It is a poetic fashion to look back with sentimental regret upon the days of early childhood, and to contrast the advantages of immaturity with the disadvantages of complete mental and physical efflorescence; but, like many other fashions—especially many poetic fashions—it lacks a solid substratum of common sense. The happiness of infancy lies in its total irresponsibility, its incapacity to distinguish between right and wrong, its general helplessness, its inability to argue rationally, and its having nothing

whatever upon its half-born little mind,—privileges which are equally the property of an idiot in a lunatic asylum. In point of fact, a new-born baby is an absolute idiot; and as it reaches maturity by successive stages, so, by successive stages does its intelligence increase, until (somewhere about forty or fifty years after birth) it shakes off the attributes of the idiot altogether. It is really much more poetical, as well as much more accurate, to believe that we advance in happiness as our intellectual powers expand. It is true that maturity brings with it troubles to which infancy is a stranger; but, on the other hand, infancy has pains of its own which are probably as hard to bear as the ordinary disappointments of responsible men.

'Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon!' Yes, they awaken, in my mind at all events, the only recollection of unmixed pleasure associated with early childhood. Those night expeditions to a mystic building, where incomprehensible beings of all descriptions held astounding revels, under circumstances which I never endeavoured to account for, were, to my infant

mind, absolute realizations of a fairy mythology which I had almost incorporated with my religious faith. I had no idea, at that early age, of a Harlequin who spent the day hours in a pair of trousers and a bad hat; I had not attempted to realize a Clown with an ordinary complexion, and walking inoffensively down Bow Street in a cheap suit. I had not tried to grasp the possibility of a Pantaloon being actually a mild but slangy youth of two-and-twenty; nor had I a notion that a Columbine must pay her rent like an ordinary lodger, or take the matter-of-fact consequences of pecuniary unpunctuality. I believed in their existence, as I did in that of the Enchanter Humgruffin, Prince Poppet, King Hurly Burly, and Princess Prettitoes, and I looked upon the final metempsychosis of these individuals as a proper and legitimate reward for their several virtues and vices. To be a Harlequin or Columbine was the summit of earthly happiness to which a worthy man or woman could aspire; while the condition of Clown or Pantaloon was a fitting purgatory in which to expiate the guilty deeds of a life mispent. But as I grew older, I am afraid that I came to look upon the relative merits of these mystic personages in a different light. I came to regard the Clown as a good fellow, whom it would be an honour to claim as an intimate companion; while the Harlequin degenerated into a rather tiresome muff, who delayed the fun while he danced in a meaningless way with a plain, stoutish person of mature age. As Christmases rolled by, I came to know some Clowns personally, and it interfered with my belief in them to find that they were not the inaccessible personages I had formerly supposed them to be. I was disgusted to find that they were, as a body, a humble and deferential class of men, who called me 'sir,' and accepted eleemosynary brandy and water with civil thanks: and when, at length, I was taken to a rehearsal of some 'Comic Scenes,' and found out how it was all done, my dim belief in the mystic nature of Pantomimists vanished altogether, and

the recollection of what they had once been to me was the only agreeable association that I retained in connection with their professional existence.

But although familiarity with the inner life of a pantomime may breed a certain contempt for the organized orgies of the 'Comic Scenes,' it cannot have the effect of rendering one indifferent to the curious people to whose combined exertion the institution owes its existence. They are, in many ways, a remarkable class of men and women, utterly distinct from the outside public in appearance, ways of thought, and habits of life. A fourth- or fifth-rate actor's conversation is perhaps more purely 'shoppy' than that of any other professional man; his manner is more artificial, his dialogue more inflated, his metaphors more professional, and his appearance more eccentric. At the same time he is not necessarily more immoral or more improvident than his neighbours; and in acts of genuine, unaffected charity, he often sets an example that a bishop might imitate. There are good and bad people in every condition of life; and, if you are in a position to strike an average, you will probably find that the theatrical profession has its due share of both classes. Now for our Thumbnail Sketches.

The two poor old gentlemen who appear on the next page are 'supers' of the legitimate school. They are not of the class of 'butterfly-supers,' who take to the business at pantomime time, as a species of remunerative relaxation; they are at it, and they have been at it all the year round since their early boyhood. Their race is dying out now, for the degenerate taste of modern audiences insists on epicene crowds, and armies with back-hair and earrings. There was a goodly show of fine old regulation 'supers' at Astley's while 'Mazeppa' was being played a few weeks since; and I confess that the sight of the curious old banner-bearers in that extraordinary drama, had more interest for me than the developed charms of the 'beauteous Menkin.' The deportment of a legitimate 'super,'

under circumstances of thrilling excitement, is a rich, and, I am sorry to add, a rare study. Nothing moves him: his bosom is insensate alike to the dying throes of a miscreant and the agonized appeal of oppressed virtue; and he accepts the rather startling circumstance of a gentleman being bound for life to a

maddened steed, as an ordinary incident of every-day occurrence—which, in point of fact, it is to him. He is a man of few—very few—words, and he gives unhesitating adherence to the most desperately perilous schemes with a simple 'We will!'—taking upon himself to answer for his companions, pro-



bably in consequence of a long familiarity with their acquiescent disposition. He is, in his way, an artist; he knows that an actor, however insignificant, should be close-shaved, and he has a poor opinion of any leading professional who

sports an impertinent moustache. Mr. Macready was for years the god of his idolatry; and now that he is gone, Mr. Phelps reigns in his stead.

These two young ladies are to embody the hero and heroine of the piece. The taller one is Prince



Poppet; the shorter, Princess Prettitoes. The Prince will be redundant in back-hair, and exuberant in figure (for a prince); but he will realize many important advantages on his transformation to Harlequin, and a modification in the matters of figure and back-hair may count among the most important. 'Prince Poppet' is a bright, intelligent girl, and is always sure of a decent income. She sings a little, and dances a great

deal, and can give a pun with proper point. Her manner is perhaps just a trifle slangy, and her costume just a trifle showy, but her character is irreproachable. She is a good-humoured, hard-working, half-educated, lively girl, who gives trouble to no one. She is always 'perfect' in her words and 'business,' and being fond of her profession, she is not above 'acting at rehearsal,' a peculiarity which makes her an im-

manse favourite with authors and stage-managers. The young lady, 'Princess Prettitoes,' who is talking to her, is simply a showy fool, intensely self-satisfied, extremely impertinent, and utterly incompetent. However, as a set-off to these drawbacks, she must be an admirable domestic economist, for she contrives to drive her brougham, and live *en princesse*, in a showy little cottage *ornée*, on three pounds a week. These young ladies are the curse of the stage. Their presence on it does not much matter, so long as they confine their theatrical

talents to pantomime princesses; but they don't always stop there. They have a way of ingratiating themselves with managers and influential authors, and so it happens that they are not unfrequently to be found in prominent 'business' at leading theatres. They are the people who bring the actress's profession into contempt; who are quoted by virtuous but unwary outsiders as fair specimens of the ladies who people the stage. If these virtuous, but unwary outsiders, knew the bitter feeling of contempt with which these flaunting butterflies are regarded by



the quiet, respectable girls who are forced into association with them, they would learn how little these people had in common with the average run of London actresses.

These two poor dismal, shivering women are 'extra ladies'—girls who are tagged on to the stock ballet of the theatre during the run of a 'heavy' piece. It is their duty while on the stage to keep themselves as much out of sight as they conveniently can, and generally to attract as little notice as possible until the 'transformation,' when they will hang from the 'flies' in wires, or rise from the 'mazarin' through the stage, or be pushed on from the wings, in such a flood of lime-light that their physical deficiencies will pass unheeded in the

general blaze. I believe it has never been satisfactorily determined how these poor girls earn their living during the nine months of non-pantomime. Some of them, of course, get engagements in the ballets of country theatres, but the large majority of them appear to have no connection with the stage except at pantomime time. An immense crowd of these poor women spring up about a month or six weeks before Christmas, and besiege the managers of pantomime theatres with engagements that will, at best, provide them with ten or twelve shillings a week for two or three months; and out of this slender pay they have to find a variety of expensive stage necessities. Many of them do needlework in the day-time,

and during the 'waits' at night; but they can follow no other regular occupation, for their days are often required for morning performances. They are, as a body, a heavy, dull, civil, dirty set of girls, with plenty of good feeling for each other, and an overwhelming respect for the ballet-master.

This smart, confident, but discontented-looking man, with the air of a successful music-hall singer, is no less a personage than the Clown. His position is not altogether an enviable one, as pantomimes go, now-a-days. It is true that he has the 'comic scenes' under his entire control; but comic scenes are no

longer the important element in the evening's entertainment that they once were; and he is snubbed by the manager, ignored by the author, and inconsiderately pooh-poohed by the stage-manager. His scenes are pushed into a corner, and he and they are regarded as annoying and unremunerative impertinences, to be cut off altogether as soon as the 'business' wanes. He undergoes the nightly annoyance of seeing the stalls rise and go out long before he has got through his first scene. The attraction of a pantomime ends with the 'transformation,' and the scenes that follow are merely apologies for those that go



before. The modern Clown is a dull and uninventive person: his attempts at innovation and improvement are limited to the introduction of dancing dogs, or a musical solo on an unlikely instrument. As far as the business proper of a Clown is concerned he treads feebly in the footsteps of his predecessors; and he fondly believes that the old, old tricks and the old, old catchwords have a perennial vitality of their own that can never fail. He is a dancer, a violinist, a stilt-walker, a posturist, a happy family exhibitor—anything but the rough-and-tumble Clown he ought to be. There are one or two exceptions to this rule—Mr. Boleno is one—but, as a rule, Clown is but a talking Harlequin.

This eccentric person on the chair is the Harlequin and ballet-master. He is superintending the developing powers of his ballet, addressing them individually, as they go wrong, with a curious combination of flowers of speech, collecting terms of endearment and expressions of abuse into an oratorical bouquet, which is quite unique in its kind. He has the short, stubby moustache which seems to be almost peculiar to harlequins, and his cheeks have the hollowness of unhealthy exertion. He wears a practising dress, in order that he may be in a position to illustrate his instructions with greater precision, and also because he has been rehearsing the 'trips,' leaps, and tricks which he has to execute

in the comic scenes. His life is not an easy one, for all the carpenters in the establishment are united in a conspiracy to let him break his neck in his leaps if he does not fee them

liberally. He earns his living during the off-season by arranging ballets, teaching stage dancing, and, perhaps, by taking a music-hall engagement.



The gentleman in the initial is the Manager, who probably looks upon the pantomime he is about to produce as the only source of

important profit that the year will bring him. Its duty is to recoup him for the losses attendant upon two or three trashy sensation plays,



a feeble comedy, and a heavy Shakspearian revival; and if he only spends money enough upon its production, and particularly upon advertising it, he will probably find

it will do all this, and leave him with a comfortable balance in hand on its withdrawal. He is a stern critic in his way, and his criticisms are based upon a strictly practical

foundation—the question whether or not an actor or actress draws. He has a belief that champagne is the only wine that a gentleman may drink, and he drinks it all day long. He smokes very excellent cigars, wears heavy jewellery, drives a phaeton and pair, and is extremely popular with all the ladies on his establishment. He generally 'goes through the court' once a year, and the approach of this event is generally shadowed forth by an increased indulgence on his part in more than usually expensive brands of his favourite wine. He has no difficulty in getting credit; and he is surrounded by a troop of affable swells whom he generally addresses as dear old boys.

The preceding sketch represents the 'property man'—an ingenious

person whose duty it is to imitate everything in nature with a roll of canvas, a bundle of osiers, and half a dozen paint-pots. It is a peculiarity of most property men that they themselves look more like ingenious 'properties' than actual human beings; they are a silent, contemplative, pasty race, with so artificial an air about them that you would be hardly surprised to find that they admitted of being readily decapitated or bisected without suffering any material injury. A property man whose soul is in his business looks upon everything he comes across from his professional point of view; his only idea is—how it can best be imitated. He is an artist in his way; and if he has any genuine imitative talent about him he has plenty of opportunities of making it known.



This is the Author. I have kept him until the last, as he is by far the most unimportant of all his *collaborateurs*. He writes simply to order, and his dialogue is framed upon the principle of telling as much as possible in the very fewest words. He is ready to bring in a 'front scene' wherever it may be wanted, and to find an excuse at the last moment for the introduction of any novelty in the shape of an 'effect' which any ingenious person may think fit to submit to the notice of the manager. From a literary point

of view his work is hardly worth criticism, but he ought, nevertheless, to possess many important qualifications if it is to be properly done. It is not at all necessary that he should be familiar with the guiding rules of prosody or rhyme; nor is it required of him that he shall be a punster, or even a neat hand at a parody; but he must be quick at weaving a tale that shall involve a great many 'breeches parts.' He must be intimately acquainted with the details of stage mechanism, and of the general re-

sources of the theatre for which he is writing. He must know all the catchy songs of the day, and he must exercise a judicious discrimination in selecting them. He must set aside anything in the shape of parental pride in his work, and he must be prepared to see it cut up and hacked about by the stage-manager without caring to expostulate. He must 'write-up' this part and cut down that part at a moment's notice; and if one song won't do, he must be able to extemporize another at the prompter's table; in short, he

must be prepared to give himself up, body and soul, for the time being, to manager, orchestra leader, ballet-master, stage-manager, scenic artist, machinist, costumier, and property-master—to do everything that he is told to do by all or any of these functionaries, and, finally, to be prepared to find his story characterized in the leading journals as of the usual incomprehensible description, and his dialogue as even inferior to the ordinary run of such productions.

MARGATE IN DECEMBER.

' The black North-Easter
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward—round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee;
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come, and strong within us,
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ALSO was a Viking
A thousand years ago,
And still the blood within me
Stirs to the tempest's blow.
Come on, thou black North-Easter,
Rolling from sea to land;
I boldly on the Jetty
All thy force withstand.

Pricking brain and sinew
As with Vikings' spears—
Heart may hurl defiance,
Eyes must smart to tears.
Piercing stout pea-jackets
As with Viking's arrow;
Shrivelling every fibre;
Drying blood and marrow!

Turning from the Jetty
Seek the sheltered Pier—
I'll defy with laughter
The windy chaos there.
Blow on, black North-Easter;
Waters, break and roll—
Break! yes—a breaking billow
Wets me to the soul.

Shall I gird on armour
 'Gainst a troubled sea?
 I'll air a bold discretion
 Upon the Battery.
 Coils of wind electric
 Supine lay me flat;
 Breaks the strap I trusted,
 Ballooning goes my hat.

Methinks the street is safer;
Ergal, I'll try the street—
 Safer, but all deserted,
 Not a soul I meet.
 Meet!—in what direction
 Is it that I go?
 Eddies box the compass
 With me to and fro.

Lo! the shades of evening
 Fortify the blast—
 Reeling to my roadstead,
 Let me anchor cast.
 Quaffing reeking tumblers,
 Other draughts I take—
 Draughts rheumatic, doubtless,
 Bones so thoroughly ache.

Alas! what place of places,
 Ere I'm quite 'gone dead,'
 Is there to count on comfort?—
 By Jove! I'm off to bed.
 Once there, the black North-Easter
 May rave, and spoil, and sweep;
 A fico for its fury!
 I'll face it—in my sleep.

Sleep—oh, those rattling windows!
 Sleep—oh, that creaking door!
 I vow, thou black North-Easter,
 Thou ne'er shalt brace me more;
 Or, if thou still wilt brace me,
 Scourge of sea and land,
 To-morrow thou shalt brace me
 In town, and in the Strand!

S. ST. M.



OLD LONDON HOSTELRIES AND THE MEN WHO FREQUENTED THEM.

No. I.—*St. Belle Sauvage and Rumpstead Heath.*

TO write of ancient hostelries is to discourse of departed joys; to retouch faint historical pictures with more or less of colour; to catch a fleeting glance, and arrest the swift shadow of a mental photograph of half-forgotten customs and bygone fashions; to call the names of departed wits, beaux, statesmen, soldiers, who are no longer in the muster-roll of Time: is, in fact, to turn on the lime-light, uncover the lens, and cast life-like shadows on the wall—life-like, but not living! For the ancient hostelries are disappearing, as the men who frequented them have disappeared—as if there had been some sort of subtle connexion between the guests and the place which, though it knows them no more, suffered a change when they ceased to haunt it in the flesh; a change indefinable, but yet sure and real; a change that pales the colour on the walls, and dims the light, and makes the very furniture and appointments of a room dwindle and grow shabby like a man left without relations and with few friends: a change that might come of being haunted still by ghostly company. It is better that those quaint old places should finally disappear, than that they should be patched and altered—modernized to suit the times, only to find that the decay that set in when the men who loved them died, had left a blight upon them which cannot be built out; and being built in, mildews all promise of their future success. Let them change, but make no attempt to alter them. Watch the stages that lead by slow degrees to ruin; and then, cast away the body—the mere bricks and timbers from which the soul has gone—and let the dead make room for the living. How many of these ancient hostelries, where once the brisk ringing of bells, the calls for drawers to bring flagons, and tankards, and bottles; the loud voices

of impatient guests, the clinking of glasses, the clash and rattle of swords even sometimes resounded through their wainscot passages—how many of them have been left to die forgotten, to fall from one degree of poverty to another, till they became warehouses, carriers' booking-offices, or even, in one instance at least, have been shored up with timbers and let in tenements to Irish cobblers, costermongers, and people who hang clothes-lines on the antique oaken galleries, or hack down the remains of carved chimney-pieces to boil a pot of potatoes for a starving brood of sickly children. This last indignity has been spared one ancient building, which was nevertheless forgotten by the thousands who passed its entrance daily. It was a fine old specimen of the real old English hostelry, too; with its archway near which Grinling Gibbons lived and carved fruit and flowers for ornament, which shook and quivered as the waggons and coaches rattled over the stones of the inn-yard. A queer, dingy-galleried, wainscotted, smoke-dried, dim-windowed, jolly old place, with suggestions of rare wine hidden in deep cellarage, and the suspicion of rare doings, once upon a time, in some of the quaint old rooms, afterwards so commonplace and falling into the dreary decay already spoken of: a place which deserved better of London Society than to be left to survive its own bar, and with its sacred grove of lemons and liqueurs swept ruthlessly away, to be made a receiving-house for parcels; its recollections profaned by impious carmen and the ruthless drivers of railway-vans.

It is some relief to know that this is at an end; that new buildings occupy its site, and that its last days may yet be forgotten, while its earlier history is remembered. This is as it should be. Hostelries, like women, must never grow old. They

must renew their youth by their very connection with the past, and so link one generation to another: once failing in this, they can win no regard, and had best come to an honoured end before they lose this last glory of their age. Better to speak of them as dead, than to recognize them as being altogether lost to youth and beauty. It is for this reason that we are glad to speak in the past tense of *La Belle Sauvage*—the Bell Savage, or, as we believe it to have been, *La Bel Sauvage*.

In the humorous letter in the 'Spectator,' on the subject of sign-posts, Addison says: 'As for the Belly Savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage.' This 'piece of philology,' as the humorist goes on to call it, if it was not in the nature of what is now known as 'a sell,' certainly had the effect of confusing the meaning, and obscuring the origin of a very plain and obvious sign. The lesser wits followed their big leader; and 'Belle Sauvage' superseded Bell, or Belly Savage, as the title of an inn, the sign of which, a Savage and a Bell, meant no more than a score of similar rebusses, where names were pictorially represented. To go back to the earliest records of the place, however, it is pretty clear that, in the reign of Henry VI., the spot where this hostelry stood was known as Savage's Inn, otherwise the Bell on the Hoop; and as the hostelry itself probably bore the sign of the Bell, the junction of Bell and Savage may have been adopted as a distinction between that and other Bells in the vicinity.

A curious complication occurs in the history of this Savage inn, however, for we learn that a grant of the house was made to the Cutlers' Company by Isabella Savage; and, once admitting that the hostelry

was named after this lady, we have at once an explanation of the y in the old sign, and of a probable punning change in the pictorial rebus which appeared on the landlord's tokens in 1650, or thereabout, as an Indian woman holding a bow-and-arrow.

Nothing seems more likely than that some of the actors who performed plays in this inn should have invented this play upon words, and so have turned (*Isa*) bella Savage into *La Bel Sauvage*. For the great inn-yard answered the purpose of a theatre, as was customary in others of those ancient hostelries, where the building itself formed a square, and the three sides opposite the entrance archway were furnished with outer galleries on each story. Alas! for these old inns; they are fast disappearing before modern innovations. The corridors are abolished; broad flights of stone and iron steps have superseded the dingy wooden staircases, and the stable yards are out of sight and smell and hearing. But we have no plays performed in the inn-yard now-a-days—not even the successors to Richardson's booth would condescend to that; and yet the 'galleries' made very excellent private boxes, and a stage was conveniently erected in the paved square. 'Many of our ancient dramatic pieces,' says Malone, 'were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage. The form of these temporary playhouses seems to be preserved in our modern theatre. The galleries in both are ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries answer to our present boxes; and it is observable that these, even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions, still retained their old name, and were frequently called "rooms" by our ancient writers. The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use. We may suppose the stage to have been

raised in this arena, on the fourth side, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus in fine weather, a playhouse, not incommensurable, might have been formed.' There is, perhaps, no hope that these piping times will ever come again. Fancy the Adelphi company playing (by the kind permission of Mr. Benjamin Webster) at the last of the ancient hosteleries!—but we may seriously recommend to the next 'promoter' of a Hotel Company, the consideration of reviving the old plan of building, and engaging a 'dramatic' staff, who might perform indifferently the duties of waiting on and amusing the customers.

These, however, are palmy days for players, and they need never go to inn yards to find their audience. Even the proprietor of a learned horse would scarcely degrade 'the profession' by exhibiting it so near a stable; but it was for the pranks of Morocco, the trick-pony, that the Belle Sauvage owed some of its early popularity.

'How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you,' says Moth to Armado, in 'Love's Labour Lost,' so that Shakspeare had been a guest at the old hostelry—a guest, if not a player—and had seen Bankes and his performing steed. He was a Scotchman, this Bankes, and his horse Morocco was a lively young chesnut, who had been taught some of those performances which are no longer considered very wonderful amidst our more elaborate scenes of the circus. His accomplishments consisted of dancing on his hind legs to a sort of figure, carrying a glove or handkerchief to any person in the company, such as 'the gentleman in the large ruff,' or 'the lady with the green mantle,' tell the numbers of a throw of the dice by rapping his foot, picking out the gentleman who was in love, and so on, of course in obedience to signals from his master which were unobserved by the company. A pamphlet, embellished with a woodcut representing the performance of this

wonderful steed in the inn yard, was published in 1595, under the title of 'Maroccus Exstaticus; or, Bankes Bay Horse in a Traunce: a discourse set down in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beast . . . intituled to Mine Host of the Belle Sauvage, and all his honest guests.' The dancing horse made a great sensation in those days, and performed not only in England, but in Scotland and in France, where there was some suspicion of diablerie; and it was for some time rumoured that Bankes and his nag had been burned by order of the Pope. This report was unfounded, however; for whatever may have become of Morocco, his master lived probably to be a frequent guest at the Belle Sauvage, since we hear of him last in the reign of Charles, when he had taken the business of a vintner in Cheap-side; noted for his jollity, and doubtless for a score of amusing stories picked up in his travels.

Probably the first regular notice of the house in connection with any public event was in the account of the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, at the time of the projected marriage between Queen Mary and Philip. Sir Thomas having begun his desperate enterprise, led on the insurgents up the Strand and Fleet Street, after having sustained an attack in the rear. It would appear that he expected to obtain an entrance into the City, for, says Stowe, 'Wyat, with his men, marched still forward all along to Temple Barre, and so through Fleet Streete till he came to Bell Savage, an inn nigh unto Ludgate. Some of Wyat's men, some say it was Wyat himself, came even to Ludgate and knocked, calling to come in, saying there was Wyat, whom the queen had granted to have their requests; but the Lord William Howard stood at the gate and said, "Avaunt, traitor; thou shalt not come in here." Wyat awhile stayed and rested him awhile upon a stall over against the Bell Savage Gate, and at the last, seeing he could not get into the City, and being deceived of the aide he hoped for, returned back again in array towards Charing Cross.' Surely this is one of the most melancholy

pictures in the memories of that old inn. The picture of a lost cause, and the end of a desperate attempt: the picture of the son of the poet, friend of the Earl of Surrey, sitting on the wooden bench outside the inn gate, and perhaps in fancy seeing a vision of that black platform, where, with the block and the headsman, he was so soon to be the principal figure.

One may well imagine what were the feelings of the short-faced gentleman in the 'Spectator,' on coming from Sir Roger de Coverley's country mansion into all the clatter and bustle of the more congenial Fleet Street. 'God made the country and man the town;' and yet we somehow get at a knowledge of God as much from the works and ways of men as from the operations of nature: so might the 'Spectator' have written after that wonderful journey of his by the stage-coach, whereon the Quaker gentleman so effectually rebuked the freedom of the soldier. It must have been in some sort a relief to the haunter of coffeehouses and bookstalls to clatter into the cobble-stoned causeway leading to *La Belle Sauvage*, after his few days' immurement amidst the fields and hedgerows: his taciturn soul must have inwardly rejoiced at being once more amidst the bustling haunts of men, from which he could at times retire by the Hampstead coach to the farthest verge of civilization, or even beyond it, to the doubtful excitement of possible footpads and highwaymen—that is to say, to the neighbourhood of the Spaniards; of the Flask Tavern, and the tea-drinking house called *New Georgia*, where the company were diverted by waterworks. Then there were Hampstead wells, strongly impregnated with iron, and offering advantages not to be attained from the consumption of claret or tea: for Hampstead was a place of fashion in those days, with a long room for the drinkers and promenaders; a room, too, where public breakfasts were held until, roads improved, travelling increased, 'the waters' were deserted for more attractive springs elsewhere, when the scene of former fashionable

gaieties was converted into a chapel of ease. There was rare company in those days, however; that is to say, in the days when Sir Richard Steele retired from the roar and bustle of Fleet Street and the coffee-houses, to the semi-rural quietude of Haverstock Hill, where he rented the house only pulled down the other day, and in which the witty and profligate Sir Charles Sedley died; and when, with a laudable desire to appear pastoral, the Kit-Cat Club held its summer meetings at the Upper Flask, on Hampstead Heath, to which rendezvous Pope used to convey Steele, when Sir Richard needed consolation in the midst of his fashionable state. As to Booth and Cibber, they had a regular summer retreat, where, aided by Wilks, they planned the winter campaigns of the dramatic seasons. A great resort of the visitors was the Chicken House, said to have been a hunting seat of James II., and containing in a window several small portraits of James I. in stained glass. One of the most celebrated spots in this district, however, was the locality still known as Belsize, now a neighbourhood of fashionable villa residences. This very estate, then called Belseys, was the seat of Sir Armigal Wood, clerk of the council to Henry VIII., the first Englishman who made discoveries in America. Here he died in 1568, and was buried at the parish church; and his successor, Sir William Wood, was Elizabeth's ambassador to Spain. In 1720 Belsize House was opened as a place of public entertainment by an individual named Howell, who seems to have been the representative of our present music-hall humour, and was known by the name of the Welsh Ambassador. A variety of amusements was provided for visitors, and the evenings were devoted to concerts, which were attended by all sorts and conditions of men, and gradually became the opportunity for a scene of dissipation which (if a satirical poem, called 'Belsize House,' and published in 1722, can be believed) very far exceeded in this respect even the worst of London music halls at the present day.

The concerts at the 'Long Rooms,' the raffles at the Wells, the races on the heath, and the 'entertainments' at Belsize were perhaps scarcely more interesting to the belles and wits of Queen Anne's day than the private marriages at Sion Chapel, which were quite a feature of the Hampstead retreat, when even as early as 1698 the waters (which, by the way, was a simple carbonated chalybeate of about 47° temperature) were in great repute, and were bottled for consumption in town when the season was over. The list of the frequenters of the Flask, the Spaniards, and Belsize, and, in later days, of Jack Straw's Castle, would comprise most of the men who were companions and successors of Sir Richard Steele, and it was to the Upper Flask that Clarissa fled for refuge after her escape from Lovelace, in Richardson's novel. It was here, when it became a private house, that George Steevens (the Shakspeare Steevens) lived and died; while in the house on the left, at the entrance to Hampstead, and once the residence of Sir Harry Vane, Dr. Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham, and author of 'the Analogy,' dwelt long enough to ornament almost every window with stained glass. The windows of the Chicken House were afterwards removed to Branch Hill Lodge, the seat of Sir Thomas Neave, Bart.

Gay, Akenside, Sewall, and, indeed, a great assembly of authors, artists, and poets, were at one time to be found about Hampstead; and who does not remember Hogarth's excursions to the Spaniards, and his hearty, honest account of the festivity; the punch and ale, and the mingling of town and country pleasures, which made these journeys so pleasant to the painter, who knew so well how to represent London,

and yet had a healthy liking for a holiday jaunt?

It is not very easy to find any connection between the present pleasant old-fashioned but not ancient hostelry and the rebellion which gave it its name. Jack Straw, who was second in command to Wat Tyler, was probably entrusted with the insurgent division which immortalized itself by burning the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, thence striking off to Highbury, where they destroyed the house of Sir Robert Hales, and afterwards encamping on Hampstead heights. Jack Straw, whose castle consisted of a mere hovel, or a hole in the hill-side, was to have been king of one of the English counties—probably of Middlesex—and his name alone of all the rioters associated itself with a local habitation, as his celebrated confession showed the rude but still not unorganized intentions of the insurgents to seize the king, and, having him amongst them, to raise the entire country. There is little in the quiet tea-gardens, the dim, shadowy rooms, the last-century furniture, and the rather tea-and-shrimpy appearance of the present hostelry to revive those associations, but it is at least a link between the present and the past; and, sitting there on a quiet summer evening, one may dream, if not of Tyler and Straw and Walworth, at least of Gay and Addison, Steele and Hogarth, of Sedley and Richardson, and imagine that beyond the belt of trees the beauties of a past age are on their way to the Georgia, or that a pretty quarrel is in progress between Lovelace and his rival, only to be settled at daylight to-morrow by a duel on the waste land there, under the trees by Chalk Farm.



TICKETS FOR SOUP.



A FINE BRACING MORNING!

'BITTER cold,' inasmuch as the term bitter is equally expressive of vigour as of rigour, is by no means the sort of cold that is most dreaded by the utterly destitute. During snow-fall it is 'bitter cold;' so it is when the icy rain of January, keen almost as splinters of steel, comes so spitefully spitting against the window-pane; so it is when the surly north wind is abroad, growling in the chimney, and shrieking at the keyhole. Bitter cold! As we note the wintry signs—the drifting snow or the blinding rain—conjure up pictures of the forlorn ones—the threadbare and empty-bellied, wearily and aimlessly bedraggling through the mire, wet through to their innermost rag, their poor stockingless feet sopped and chilled by the water and mud, which gains admission at a dozen leak holes, their hair lank and hanging in dabbly wisps, and

with inky tricklets coursing down their wan cheeks and beside their pinched noses, the result of inconstant hat-dye in the first place, and weak hat-brim in the next: viewing this picture from our cosy chamber-window; or, the sensibilities being delicate and unequal to a sight so shocking, conjuring it (the process is wonderfully easy) from the depths of our ruddy, high-crowned fire, we sigh for the poverty-stricken, and devoutly hope that the weather may change, since worse cannot be.

Bad indeed; but when we say no worse could happen, we betray either our ignorance or our selfishness. From *our* point of view, no sort of weather is less desirable than that which is made up of chilly rain, and mud, and gloom. Thanks to our tailors, and hosiers, and glovers, we may render ourselves weatherproof as a rule; but the rule, like all others,

has its exceptions, and the dreary sort of weather just described forms the chief. It is detestable. Despite the thickest muffler, it takes you by the nose, and condemns you to the torture of the damp handkerchief. It seizes you by the throat with the ferocity of a garotter, inflicting on you such injuries as a week's nursing may fail to cure; it penetrates the stoutest woollen casings, and lodges all manner of pains and aches in your bones. Still, it might be worse,—that is, as regards the empty-bellied and threadbare ones, on whose account it is that you declare the bitter weather to be the very worst that could happen.

Without doubt, weather of the sort above described is very hard for the poverty-stricken to struggle against; but it is just for the simple reason that it *may* be struggled against that makes it preferable to another sort, of which mention will presently be made. The pelting rain and the fast-falling snow-flakes are tangibly opposed to the threadbare one's bread-getting. As he forges his way through the mire, his enemies confront and buffet him, and conspire to drive him from his purpose. They ridicule his tatters, and discover hidden rents in his garments; they make sport of his battered hat, to the end that his cold hands may find employment in holding it on, instead of enjoying the little warmth his pockets afford; they flout the flimsiness of his trouser stuff, and cruelly tug at the already over-strained button-holes of his jacket; they dart their arrows at his lean face, and prick his unprotected ears till they tingle again. But do they vanquish him? Does he shrink before such overwhelming odds, and take refuge beneath gateways till he can muster courage to turn out and run home? Not he. No matter the business he has in hand—a job at portage or message-carrying, or even though he has virtually no business at all in hand, but is merely 'after a job,'—he faces his assailants like a man and a Briton. He is after his job all the more determinedly because he does it against opposition. It is an opportunity for the display of his native

pluck and obstinate tenacity; and rather than hurry, he abates from his ordinary fair-weather pace, and goes sturdily stumping through the rain with an assumption of ease and indifference, as though, of the two, he liked being pelted and wetted through; and he sets his face against the impotent elements (if his mouth is adorned with a dirty little pipe at full blast, the effect is considerably heightened), and turns his nose up at them, and blinks his eyes contemptuously at them. 'Blow away, my pippins!' says he to himself, 'it ain't the first time I've been let in for a ducking. Whew! keep it going! I ain't neither salt nor sugar; you won't hurt me!' Bitter cold, in shape of wind and rain, and hail and snow, may bring heavy discomfort to the struggler; it may for a time flich the butter from his bread, and delve a gulf impassable between him and meat and beer; but he will fight against it till his last breath, or until he is tripped by the heels and helplessly hobbled with fever or rheumatism.

The sort of weather that beats him is *dead cold* weather. In great-coat and muffler circles, and in bountiful breakfast circles,—in all circles, indeed, at which the butcher and the baker, and the coal-merchant and the draper, and all the other domestic ministers readily combine to make matters cosy and comfortable,—it is known as 'fine bracing weather,' 'capital weather, sir! charmingly seasonable. Ha! ha! why, would you believe it, I found my bath sponge this morning as hard as a brickfield clinker!'

But how fares it with the threadbare one this morning? *He* had no need to consult his sponge, or his coarse towel, or his knot of horse-hair (extensively patronized by the poor and grimy, and valued equally as a healthful scrubber and an economizer of soap), or any other of his toilet appliances to discover what had happened since last night-fall. Stealthy as was the approach of the dead cold, coming as it did, and as it does invariably, under cover of the night, it had not quite caught *him* unaware, as from its cruel nature it might have desired.

He had an inkling of its coming before he went to bed, which accounts for the unusual sight of his flannel jacket spread over the scanty little bed in the corner, on the bolster of which repose four young, though thickly-thatched heads. In the night he knew that it was come, for, awaking about two o'clock with a sensation of benumbing, and a perfect conviction that little Joe (whose nose has been recently put out of joint, and who sleeps on the off-side) has been indulging in his common habit of kicking the clothes off, he is astonished to find the counterpane smooth and unruffled; and then, that he may not be afflicted with the self-reproach of having roused for nothing, he reaches out of bed for the water-jug, and lo! though by its heaviness it is full, he tilts it in vain! The water has turned to ice, which crackles sharply under pressure of his heavy finger. It is an uncommon sound, and his wife (albeit a sleepy-headed woman, and warm cuddling her baby) partly hears it, and drowsily exclaims, 'Eh! what say, Tom?' But Tom says nothing; he slips down noiselessly, and for the remainder of the night lies broad awake, mazed in frosty reflection.

Rising in the morning, the poor out-o'-work does not seem the same man as yesterday. He is *not* the same man. The man of yesterday had blood in his veins, and hope was alive in him. He was a man of plots, and plans, and schemes, the biggest of which might have been covered by a half-crown, probably, but still of sufficient magnitude to set him bustling,—to make him particular in blacking his boots and shaving himself to a nicety. To hear him fuming about the misplaced clothes-brush, and the insufficiency of starch in his neckerchief, you would think that he was going to work at five, or even five-and-sixpence a day. His scanty breakfast was despatched with the celerity of a man with business before him; and then off he set.

The man of to-day is a very different fellow. He has breathed the still, deathly air, and is full of it. It has got into his head, into his

heart, into his blood, clogging and benumbing his faculties entirely, and making a coward of him. Blankly he gazes through the frost-dulled window on the blankness without—on the 'bracing' morning, on the bleak pavement, on the black road, on the grim gutter that edges the road,—all braced and bound in ice as hard as iron. He has no energy, no schemes, no hope; he swallows his meagre breakfast in bitter discontent, and, were it not for the shame of the thing, would sit the livelong day cowering over the fire.

'Exactly!' exclaims the fat relieving overseer of St. Grudge-a-bone. 'Precisely so! and this is the skulking, idle ruffian whom we are expected to relieve! This is he who comes knocking at our gate, cadging for bread to fatten his lazy carcass. *He* says he can't work; *you*, my friend, have hit the mark; he won't work; he won't look for it; it's too cold for my delicate gentleman! He's got a constitution that won't stand frost! We must lay in a stock of those thingumbobs that they wear over the month to screen rough weather through! We'll keep rump-steaks frizzling for him by the time he calls, and have port negus hot on the hob!'

Very comical, O worthy overseer! and enough to set any parochial board in England in a roar. The worst of it is, that as regards the pivot on which the joke turns, it is no less comical than true. It is too cold for 'my delicate gentleman.' The biting frost to him is what gout is to you as regards the body, what overmuch gin and water is to you as regards the mind: it stagnates his impoverished blood, and benumbs and enfeebles him. Hang the 'thingumbobs'; but, as regards the steak and the drop of something warm, let the joke be carried out by all means.

But the joke will *not* be carried out, and I shall have helped poor Tom not at all, if I carry his case no further. Yet I should like to give the poor fellow a lift. He is by no means an unworthy member of society. He is very modest in his aspirations; while he can work he

will, and he will turn his hand to anything for such remuneration as will provide his family with daily bread and weekly butcher's meat. But the hard weather has knocked him over. He wouldn't have accosted you if you hadn't accosted him (for he has not come to begging in the streets yet); but since you so kindly asked, he *would* be glad of a warm meal—jolly glad; this weather does nip a chap up so, that he ain't got the heart to look about him for anything. The warm meal I offer poor Tom consists of soup. I don't carry it about with me; thanks to the charitable promoters of the soup kitchen, I am enabled to adopt a much more convenient method. I am provided with a pocketful of small tickets, which cost me one shilling a dozen, and each of which entitles the holder to a quart of strong wholesome soup. Poor Tom comes in for six of the little tickets, but, being ignorant of their nature, he receives them with some show of suspicion.

'There you are, my friend. There's a good meal of soup for you, and for half a dozen children besides, if you have as many. Send your biggest boy for it.'

'Oh! Soup! Thanky.' And then, with the tickets still held uncomfortably between his brawny finger and thumb, he hesitatingly asks—

'Workus?'

'Oh no. At the kitchen where it is made to be sold; where hundreds of gallons are made and sold every day.'

Instantly his ridiculous qualms vanish. 'I'm very much obliged to you, sir,' he says, heartily; and putting the tickets carefully into his pocket, he turns contrary to the way he was pursuing when I at first addressed him, leading me to suppose he was going home to commission his biggest boy at once.

It is one of the weaknesses of human nature that, highly as we approve the Christian precept, 'Cast your bread upon the waters,' we are slow towards its practical adoption. Not so much that we grudge the bread, as that we like to see—and be seen by—the fish we feed. It is

not enough that we know that our bounty will not be abused—that whether the charitable crust at once sinks to depths unfathomable, or floats off and far away, the fish will certainly get it; we like to stand high and dry on the bridge, and see the hungry ones availing themselves of our benevolence—rising at it, nibbling at it, and carrying off their share with grateful tail-wagging.

From a strictly moral point of view this weakness is indefensible; and the man who hopes to cover his multitude of sins through such charity—a charity which leads him to seek worth for his money (more than worth, or he would abide by the grocer's gratification)—may as well attempt to climb the steps of a water-mill. It is palliated, however, by the known existence of sharks, and is good, in as far as the hungry fry are not shy, and perhaps get rather more than less satisfaction out of the meal eaten under the eye of the donor, on the score that the donor is 'taking it out' that way, which puts the matter on quite an independent footing. I can speak for myself (perhaps it would have been better had I done so from the beginning), that all the good I ever did 'by stealth' in the way of almsgiving is very unlikely to bring me fame enough to raise a blush a twentieth so intense as that which a sense of my shortcomings demands. Still I would humbly submit that in matters of so-called charity, I am not a greedy person—a penny for my penny is all I ask, and I disdain profit.

Otherwise I might have made it over that sixpenny worth of soup tickets. 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you,' said poor Tom, as he put them in his pocket. That, and the grateful look which accompanied the speech, was as well worth sixpence as are six penny pieces; but I might have got more for my money. I might have followed poor Tom home, and kept watch on his street door till his boy came out with the pitcher, looking with consummate artfulness up the street and down the street (old Tom has to answer for this, mind you) as though seeking a water-plug in these frozen-out

times. Truly the lad must possess the instinct of the dromedary of the desert, for, though no water is in sight, he presently darts off with the speed of the wind, until he reaches the corner, where he meets another boy, to whom, with a confiding which would have cost his parent a perspiration of agony had he wit-

nessed it, he imparts the true purport of his mission, and with a series of gambols perilous to the pitcher they scamper off together. Would not such a sight, combined with the knowledge that it was all *my* doing—that, but for me and my sixpence, the pitcher would have remained a melancholy water pitcher



in the corner, untouched by the dinnerless ones till some remote 'by-and-by,' when it would assist at filling the tea-kettle, that the quarter of an ounce of cheap congou might be scalded to death, and its feeble spirit poured out as a sacrifice to the wolf, that he may be soothed, and not keep the children from sleep with his whinings and complainings; would not such reflections, I

say, be worth twopence over and above the sixpen'orth yielded by my sixpence in the first instance? There's interest! Twopence in sixpence! Thirty-three per cent. for your money, and no man daring to call you usurer—nay, with the world smiling, and heartily wishing you joy of your bargain.

Nor is this the summit of the 'rise' I may get out of my six-

pen'orth of soup tickets. I can see yet another twopen'orth of satisfaction to be got out of them, and even yet a further—well, say three-ha'porth at the end of that. I might follow poor Tom's boy to the soup kitchen; and there, as I gazed on the can, and bottle, and jug, and pannikin-bearing throng trooping to and from the unpretentious little edifice; there, as I crossed the threshold, and smelt the delicious smell, and saw the long rows of tramps, and beggars, and out-o'-works seated on the forms, with their basin on their knees, growing brighter and better-looking with every spoonful they imbibed, till, when their spoon scooped the vessel's bare bottom, they quite lost their dreariness, and stepped off with the air of men bent on business; when I saw this, and reflected that my sixpence had helped to fill the pot with good things and to make it boil; that my mite of silver had aided in brightening the faces of the tramps and out-o'-works, and sending them hopeful into the world, though only for an hour, hopeful to 'try once more,' and perhaps to succeed; strong to ward off that last straw, the weight of which breaks the backs of men as well as of camels—breaks their backs and spoils their uprightness, leaving them to grovel as thieves, or worse, and spend their lives in roaming in and out of gaol. That such a spectacle will afford at least two-

pen'orth of satisfaction needs no argument.

Finally I might accompany Tom's boy home with the pitcher (the other youth, his companion, having received his discharge, in the shadow of a doorway, with a present of a bit of meat and two bits of carrot, fished out of the soup by means of a pocket knife), and with the condescension that distinguishes certain modern Samaritans, enter poor Tom's parlour, and, a-straddle on his hearthrug, look down benignly on the grateful soup-eaters. I might improve the occasion by giving poor Tom a lecture on the improvidence of his ways, and demonstrate to Mrs. Tom the impossibility of poor folks thriving when, instead of availing themselves of the local savings bank in busy seasons, they invested their spare sixpences in such gimcrack rubbish as adorned her walls and her mantelshelf. This should be worth twopence halfpenny if it is worth anything; so there, you see, I get sixpence halfpenny interest on my sixpence.

But I am content to forego this enormous profit, not feeling quite sure that it is worth collecting. My original sixpen'orth for my sixpence is enough for me, as I am quite sure it will be for any kind lady or gentleman who will charitably invest their spare sixpences at this inclement season in soup tickets for poor Tom and his brethren.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

BUCK-SHOOTING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IF the gentle reader has been 'doing bills,' or has committed any other more or less venial sin which suggests the necessity of a temporary absence from London, the safest thing he can do is to make the best of his way to Ullapool, in Cromarty. There he may bid defiance to the myrmidons of the law, and laugh to scorn all the private-inquiry researches of the mysterious foreigners who advertise in the 'Times' for impossibly-dressed young women of the Lady Audley cast of countenance. Life in Ullapool may be 'remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;' but at least no bailiffs dare follow you thither. If a creditor should be sufficiently foolhardy to make

a voyage beyond the confines of the civilised world, should you actually be confronted by such an unhappy wretch, you meet him on equal terms, and may bid him retire swiftly, as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh recommended to the grisly ruffian whom he met in the Arctic zone. It is perhaps ungracious to suggest such possibilities at this season; but, after all, it is better to be forearmed.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse; but really it was no necessity of this kind which led me to spend the New Year's Day of 1865 in Ullapool. I was then living in the north of Scotland; the Scotch do not keep Christmas, but celebrate what they call 'Nerdy;' and as Smith of Ullapool

was the nearest Englishman I knew, I gladly accepted his invitation for the annual dinner. Smith and I looked forward to the little celebration with a strange delight. For one afternoon at least we should shut out this savage region of rain and mist, and by the subtle link of roast turkey and plum-pudding connect ourselves with our brethren in the south. Strangers in a strange land, we would sing the songs of our home and lighten our involuntary captivity. Accordingly I betook myself to Ullapool on the night preceding New Year's Day, and found Smith radiant.

'There,' said he, 'is a message from The MacFadyen.'

'The who?'

'The MacFadyen of Mac Fadyen Castle in Glen Skerrach. He wants us to form a shooting-party to-morrow, and hints that he will return with us to dinner. You must go. He has all the forest from Ben Skerrach along the glen down to Slodale Falls, and they say there are not less than eight hundred roe-deer there.'

'He is a great chieftain, then, The Mac—what?'

'The MacFadyen. Yes; a gorgeous fellow, six feet three in height, with a great red beard and moustache. He keeps up all the traditional customs, you know. He will himself hold your horse till you alight; he won't allow you to enter the house until you drink a horn-full of old claret which he will offer you; he has twenty-four gillies standing in the room while you are at meals, and two bagpipers playing in the passage outside; he drinks deeply at dinner, and believes he can in no way better mark his esteem for you than by inviting you to a duel with broadswords. When he gets into that state, his servants have orders to carry him to bed, and he has nearly murdered one or two in the operation.'

'How many people does he kill, on an average, in a year's shooting?'

'Oh! he can shoot very well. You may ask the head keeper, who is below; though I'm afraid you won't understand his English.'

The keeper was sent for, and made his appearance at the door. He was a small, broad-shouldered, wiry-looking man, rough and unkempt, with clothes of a grey home-spun cloth, and with huge leather gaiters that covered the half of his person, and were tightly strapped round his legs.

'Come in and take a glass, Donald,' said Smith.

Donald lifted the glass in his hand and eyed the liquor.

'*Deoch-slainge!*' said he, sucking over the strong, raw whisky without moving a muscle of his face.

'Give my compliments to The Mac Fadyen, Donald, and say we shall not fail to be in time to-morrow.'

'Fery goot, sir.'

'By the way, my friend wants to know if your master is a good shot.'

Donald turned to me with a sharp, inquiring glance, and then he said cautiously, with a little twinkle in his eye—

'*The more said the less the peltier.*' with which he took his leave, convinced that he had impressed us with his sagacity, his probity, and, above all, his idiomatic English.

At six o'clock the next morning we rode over to MacFadyen Castle, an extraordinary, whitewashed building, with three peaks and a square tower, placed at the foot of Ben Skerrach, fronting the river Skerrach, which tumbled and rushed from one brown pool to another over boulders of dull grey. I certainly did not expect to meet the highland chieftain of the time of Waverley whom Smith had described; but as little did I expect to meet a half-mad Glasgow merchant—soap-boiling had been Mac Fadyen's business, but in Glasgow every shopkeeper is a 'merchant'—who had a very red face, weak knees, and a habit of sprinkling snuff over his shirt-front. He was very hospitable, doubtless; and while he gave directions in a shrill, querulous voice to his men, to get out the dogs and prepare for the journey, he insisted on Smith and myself entering the 'Castle' and drinking some rum and water to keep out the cold.

'Mild?' he said, when we declined; 'mild weather? Do ye ca' this a mild mornin'? I thought you Englishers kenned naething aboot cauld; and I ca' this jist an especial cauld mornin'.'

Wherewith The MacFadyen fortified himself with some of his favourite beverage, and in a few moments we started. The chieftain bestrode a tough little 'Sheltie,' and seemed not to be very comfortable in the saddle, although he had wisely given his gun, cartridge-belt, &c., to the gillies, who followed us in a straggling cluster.

'There,' said he, pointing to the side of a hill which was dimly visible through the thick morning mist; 'my bit o' forest begins there. Though I say it wha shouldna say it, there are no mony men in Scotland have got the roe-shootin' I have; and I can say that I earned it wi' my ain money. Your English lords come up here, and crouse because they can rent the side o' a hill wi' money that was focht for and

wen twa or three hunner years afore they were born; but me—I began life without a penny, and I hae bought a' that ye can see frae here down to Sledale Falls wi' my ain hard-won money. Was't no a gude use to put it to?

Now the most dangerous man in the world to go out shooting with is the man who has begun life without a penny and has made a large fortune. Such men never shoot through a season without killing a couple of dogs and wounding one of their companions. I resolved to avoid The MacFadyen.

Donald now came forward to lead his master's pony, for we had left the main road, and were progressing warily by a small path which ran along the side of the Skerlach. The morning had grown somewhat lighter, but a damp, mild mist still hung around the hill-sides and lingered over the black stretches of fir. We were, as Donald explained in very amusing English, passing on to the end of The MacFadyen's shooting, so as to get the roes to windward of us.

'If you have the smell of you go to the roe,' added Donald, 'he will catch it from a long way far off, and in a moment ago he will be away.'

Arrived at the end of our journey, our ponies were given over to the keeping of a boy, and our guns and ammunition recovered from the gillies. The MacFadyen, who had prudently provided himself with a breech-loader, slung his cartridge-belt round his neck, and drew up in a majestic manner his round, fat shoulders. But Donald seemed puzzled: either the wind had entirely ceased or altered its direction.

'Come here, Tuncan Ogilvie,' he said to one of the gillies; 'come here and tell me which way the wind was going to blow.'

Duncan came up, turned his head sagaciously round once or twice, and then said, solemnly—

'The Lord knows, Tonal'd.'

Donald was evidently disgusted with the imbecility of his companion.

'The Lord knows and you know,' he said, savagely; 'put I know pest.'

Without another word he gathered the beaters around him, men and boys, and gave them their directions. They then began to steal away up the hill, over the spongy, marshy ground, the leashed dogs with them, and finally were lost to sight behind the firs.

Donald now dived into the forest, and we followed. The larches were not so wet as I had expected, and the ground began to lose its spongy character. We advanced cautiously, for at this time in the morning, when many of the roe are

feeding, it is sometimes possible to get an excellent shot at them. However, we saw no sign of life the further we wandered on in the half-twilight of the trees, and at length Donald paused.

'You will stand here,' he said to his master, pointing to a small clump of young spruce-trees, behind which the soap-boller could conveniently hide his somewhat bulky figure.

'And you here,' said he to me, when we had advanced another forty yards.

'Oh, no,' said I. 'No, Donald; The MacFadyen and I are too near each other.'

Donald growled something in Gaelic and gave me a station further on. Finally, he posted Mr. Smith, and then, having disappeared, we shortly afterwards heard a shrill whistle, which was doubtless the signal from the head keeper to the beaters to begin their work.

I kept my eye on The MacFadyen. Hitherto I had not paid him much attention; now he became a very important person. I saw him put the cartridges into the barrels of his gun, and began to wonder what might be the effect of a few buckshot on a human being at fifty yards.

The noise of the beaters was now distinctly heard—their cries and their striking with sticks on the trunks of the trees. Once or twice a dog gave tongue and then relapsed into silence; but the steady approach of the beaters continued to be apparent. Then one of the dwarf harriers sent up a yelping bark, which seemed to come nearer and more near The MacFadyen. That venerable sportsman quickly put his gun up to his shoulder, and held it there, while he looked up and down in front of him for the advent of the deer, betraying, in the quick rotatory movement of his head, the agitation of his mind. The MacFadyen at this moment was not a picturesque figure. His bulky shoulders were rounded so as to support the gun, his body was stooping forward, his head bent down to the barrel, and moving, to enable him to scan with his eyes the long stretch of brushwood in front of him.

A buck leaped out! a beautiful young creature with his winter coat strong and glossy upon him. Bang! went The MacFadyen's right barrel; and the buck, terrified and untouched, sprang onward and passed me like a flash of brown lightning. I fired, and missed abominably; for, after all, buck-shooting does not come by nature.

Up came MacFadyen, scarlet with rage.

'Why did you fire?' he said. 'Did

ye no' see that I wounded him? The dowgs 'll have him in three minutes.'

'My dear sir,' I observed, 'neither of us touched a hair of his coat; and all the dogs in the world—'

I did not finish the sentence. Another buck sprang lightly out from the young trees—a handsome fellow, with a splendid carriage, and a head that kept his horns well up in the air. For an instant he paused, caught sight of us, and then darted off through the trees.

I fired—there was a shrill scream—the buck leapt three feet into the air, fell forward, struggled to his knees again, and finally stumbled down among the brackens, and lay there motionless. All this had occurred in a moment; and when I withdrew my eyes from the deer, I found that The MacFadyen was also lying on the moist grass. The fact was that, from the course taken by the buck, I was obliged to fire over my neighbour's shoulder; and, knowing that the report could only have stunned and frightened him, I simply dragged him to his feet—no easy job. He put up his hand to his right ear, looked bewildered for a moment, and then began to pour forth a torrent of shrill recrimination, expostulation, and complaint, which I was glad to find only half-intelligible.

'Ye might hae tell'd a body afore ye fired in that way.'

'But the buck would have escaped.'

'D—— the buck! What's the buck compared wi' my life?'

'But your life was in no danger.'

'Ma freen, may-be ye've been in the habit o' splittin' hairs wi' a chaige o' buck-shot; but dinna try it on the hairs o' my neck, if ye please. And dootless ye missed the buck, eh?'

'He lies among the brackens down there beyond the large fir-tree.'

I think he would have forgiven me if I had missed the buck.

The drive being now over, the gillies came up to inquire what had been the result of their labours. They were at once ordered to unleash a fine greyhound, in order to recover the buck which The MacFadyen declared he had wounded; an effort which was of course attended with no result.

'And what have ye seen, Mr. Smith?' asked our mutual friend.

'Three does. Two of them I could have shot.'

'Very well, Mr. Smith,' replied The MacFadyen, patronizingly; 'I give ye leeberty to shoot what does ye see. Your freen here 'll kill plenty without does, even if he should na' bag a man or two afore the day's over.'

The soap-boiler's sarcasm seemed rather incomprehensible to Mr. Smith; but at this moment my friend's attention was drawn to the buck, round which the gillies were now standing, while one of their number performed the malodorous operation of 'gralloching.' A discussion was also being conducted in voluble Gaelic as to the age of the buck, the authorities being divided as to whether three points in the horns signified three years or four years. In truth, the horns looked rather shabby when one thought of the magnificent antlers of the red deer; but, after all, as Mr. Smith profoundly remarked, 'all animals are not alike; and it may require more skill to shoot a swiftly-running roe, with an ordinary Joe Manton or breech-loader, than to kill a motionless stag with a rifle.'

The buck, now disembowelled, was dragged off by a tall Highland lad, who was told to carry it as he best might to the spot where the ponies were stationed. We then set out in quest of our next drive, a gleam of wintry sunshine now shimmering yellowly through the close trees.

This beat was much larger than the preceding, and it was some considerable time before the beaters began their work. The MacFadyen was again stationed next me; and I was not without some fear that his displeasure might take the form of sending a stray charge in my direction. I had scarcely thought of this possibility, when I heard a rattling noise by my side, and at the same moment heard the report of a gun. I knew that the shot had lodged in a tree not four yards from me; and when I turned to The MacFadyen I could see him standing with his gun in his hand, and with his face of a ghastly paleness, while the smoke ascending from one of the barrels told too surely whence the shot had been fired. He threw down the gun, and came running up to me.

'You're no' hurt? You're no' hurt? I got a maist awfu' fright; but ye ken it was an accident—an unfortunate accident. I wasma' quite sure that the trigger was working right, and I—I—but I'm awfu' glad ye're no hurt.'

'It's all right, Mr. MacFadyen,' said I; 'but for goodness' sake keep your barrels pointed in front of you.'

He returned to his post, and about the same time we began to hear the sound of the beaters. MacFadyen, having replaced the exploded cartridge, again put up his gun to his shoulder and remained in the ridiculous posture I have already described. We were scarcely expecting to see anything, when a beau-



[Drawn by H. H. G. 1884]

BUCK-SHOOTING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

tiful, full-grown doe appeared right in front of him. For a moment the graceful creature stood and contemplated my neighbour. He fired one barrel without touching her, and then she bounded back into the forest. I suppose she must there have met one of the dogs, for immediately afterwards we heard the harsh yelping which told of a close pursuit, and then the doe burst out of the thicket about forty yards from where Smith stood. He fired his first barrel at her, and missed. The poor creature seemed stunned for a moment; then bounded forward in a straight line, apparently with the hope of escaping both the dog and Mr. Smith. But she had only run a few yards, when my friend's left barrel caught her, and she fell heavily on the mossy ground.

A buck now came out by the same path, and cantered lightly across, almost over the body of the slain doe. Smith, firing with a muzzle-loader, had not time to reload, and the buck escaped without smiffing powder. Another buck and another doe passed The MacFadyen, who again blazed away without doing any damage. At the conclusion of the drive, also, the beaters related that two bucks and several does had fairly turned and broken through their lines; so that this section of 'the forest was very far from being a blank.

'So you've killed a doe?' said Mac Fadyen, coming up to Mr. Smith. 'Weel, sir, ye ken, I gied ye leeberty; and yet I'm thinking that in your place I wouldna' hae killed the bonnie bit craythur.'

'Why, sir,' said I, 'you fired at it yourself, and missed.'

'Me? Me?—I fired at a buck!' said The MacFadyen, with an angry face.

'Perhaps you did,' I said, 'but I thought it was a doe you missed, *after you missed me.*'

From that moment I resolved that nothing on earth would tempt me to remain within gunshot of the soap-boiler; and accordingly, in the next drive, I secured for Mr. Smith that dangerous post which I had hitherto occupied. Towards the close of the drive, and when we fancied that this part of the forest was likely to prove a blank, two bucks simultaneously made their appearance. On this occasion we were stationed among tall firs, where there was very little underwood, and we could see both of the roebucks when they were as yet considerably beyond shot. Apparently, however, they had been greatly startled by the beaters, and in their anxiety to escape from the horrible din behind them, took no precautions to

guard against any danger which might lie in front. We could just catch the twinkling of their ruddy hides as they passed quickly through the trees, occasionally crossing a bar of thin, cold sunlight; and so far as I could make out, one buck was coming straight towards me, while the other was bearing down upon Mr. Smith, who stood between me and The MacFadyen.

The latter buck, however, seemed to have changed its course, as I afterwards heard that it ran straight towards The MacFadyen, who fired, and of course missed. My attention at this moment was concentrated upon the first buck, which was cantering rapidly and lightly over the soft moss, in a direction which promised me an easy shot. And so it proved. I saw that he must pass behind a certain clump of larches; and as he again came within sight, I fired. He did not leap forward, as most killed deer do; he simply rolled over on his side, and lay perfectly motionless on the soft sward. I turned just in time to see the other buck, which The MacFadyen had missed, fall to the gun of Mr. Smith, who killed him very cleverly when he was running at full speed.

'You was in good luck the day,' said Donald, as he came up. 'And The MacFadyen, has he not got something at all, at all?'

'Donald,' said The MacFadyen, making his appearance, 'you'll tak the buck I shot over to Mr. Colwinnock o' Glen Shelagh, as a Nardy-gift. But first, ye ken, ye maun tak the horns and hae them mounted.'

'Where is the buck you shot, Mac Fadyen?' asked Smith.

'There,' he said, pointing to the one lying at our feet.

'I shot that buck,' said Smith, wonderingly.

The MacFadyen replied, with a contemptuous smile—

'I'll no deny, ma freen, that you shot at it; but ye ken brawlys that it was jist going to drop wi' the doe I gave it down there. May-be you made it fa' a bit the sooner; but it was a dead buck when you fired at it.'

'I don't believe you shot within half a mile of it,' said Smith, warmly, for he did not want to be cheated out of his pair of horns. 'I saw you fire, and I know you could not have struck him.'

'Mr. Smith,' said The MacFadyen, haughtily, 'you're an Englishman, but you're a gentleman. I believe ye think ye shot the buck; but as I'm positveef I killed him wi' my first shot, I'll leave it to the judgment o' your freen here.'

'And so shall I, willingly,' said Smith.

There was no doubt about the verdict.

'I did not see The MacFadyen shoot; but when I saw the buck coming towards Mr. Smith, he was evidently quite unharmed, running lightly and well; and when Mr. Smith shot, he at once fell dead.'

MacFadyen turned away, muttering I know not what incoherent blasphemies.

'Donald,' he cried, 'we'll shoot no more the day. On in the beaters, and have the roe taken down to the pownies. We'll be able to gang hame on foot.'

And on foot, accordingly, we proceeded to MacFadyen Castle, where, having waited for the return of the ponies, we once more got into the saddle and returned to Ullapool, MacFadyen accompanying us. With us, also, we carried the horns of the bucks that had been shot, these having been sawn out in a few minutes by the gillies.

Our 'Nerdy' dinner that day was lively enough; for MacFadyen did not cease to hurl his ponderous sarcasm at the two sportsmen who, as he informed Mrs. Smith, had stolen from him the credit of having brought down at least two of the bucks. As dinner proceeded, Mr. Smith's excellent Roederer seemed to have the opposite of its usual effect on the temper of The MacFadyen; and very soon his vein of heavily funny satire was changed into one of morose aversion and indignation.

'English or no English, I like fair play,' he muttered. 'I wouldna like to gang back to England wi' the horns o' a buck that anither man had killed. No; never! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Smith, for having broken this glass; but, if ye please, I'll jist tak a drappie o' something stronger than this shaumpaigne. It's a wishy-washy drink, fit only for Englishers and poor crayturs that canna shoot a roe when it stares them in the face. No offence to you, mem; none in the least; if ye had a gun yersel, ye would mak' better use o't than some gomerils I ken. Shootin'! I ken folk that can no more shoot than a biled lobster can sing.'

Mr. Smith knew perfectly how to treat his friend at this stage; he had conducted the operation several times with success. He not only produced the 'something stronger,' but plied The MacFadyen with it, until the latter became furiously patriotic. He began to sing—

'Cope sent a letter to Dunbar,
Saying, "Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll teach ye the arts o' war,
See early in the morning!"'

At a given signal, two of Mr. Smith's servants entered, quietly took hold of The MacFadyen under the arm-pits, and he, accustomed to the attention and quite complainant, allowed himself to be half-carried to bed. By the time he had reached his room he had grown sentimental; and we could hear him complaining in a pathetic manner to the servants that he had been robbed of two bucks that he had shot. Then there was deep silence.

Mrs. Smith now brought her children into the drawing-room. The unhappy youngsters had been compelled, owing to The MacFadyen's shullience, to leave the dinner-table before they had at all satisfied their natural appetite for sweets; and so their mamma resolved by every possible indulgence to compensate for the privation.

'Charles, dear,' she said to her husband, 'I hope Mr. MacFadyen won't come down again and interrupt us.'

'No fear of that,' said Smith; 'did you ever hear of his doing it before? He'll get up about three o'clock in the morning, wake up Colin, get out his pony, and be off for MacFadyen Castle before any one can see him.'

'I'm sure I wish he would stay there.'

At this moment Mrs. Smith had just prepared a large dish of snapdragon; and as she set fire to it, her husband removed the lamps to the passage outside. Of course the children screamed with delight, and clustered round the table like so many plump little demons with ghostly blue-and-white faces. They had survived the effects of the preceding Christmas, and were quite ready to riak the results of further indulgence.

A figure appeared at the door; and as we all turned, the pale flames of the burning brandy lit up the heavy features of The MacFadyen.

'I must go,' he said, much more steadily than one would have anticipated. 'I can't stay in the hoose o' a man that has stolen twa o' my bucks. Mr. Smith, tell Colin to get my powny.'

'With pleasure,' said Mr. Smith, hustling his guest into the passage.

In a few minutes both Colin and MacFadyen were mounted and on their way to MacFadyen Castle. We were left to enjoy our New Year's Day evening in peace; and the interrupted snapdragon was revived and prolonged until every child in the house had received his or her due share of indigestion. I never saw The MacFadyen again; but the horns of the two bucks look very well, now that they are mounted and nailed up in my library.

W. B.

MISS SOPHY'S CRUTCH.

CHAPTER I.

OUR establishment is not large; Susan, the cook; Jane, the housemaid; Hooper, the groom; Tartar, the horse; Snap, my wife's Skye; and Nero, my half-bred terrier, make up the sum of those for whose actions we hold ourselves liable.

I need not describe Susan. When I say she nursed my wife, is at once as tyrannical as if she were her mother, and as obedient as if she were her slave, I have sufficiently indicated that faithful old friend, who requires, to keep her in good-humour, at least forty-eight hours' notice if one person is expected to dinner, especially if that one person is, as she phrases it, 'one of master's City gents;' and is of opinion that all visitors should be out of the house by half-past nine, 'so that she may get her supper things washed and her kitchen cleared up, ready for breakfast in the morning.'

Jane is—Jane. I do not, at this moment, even know what is the colour of her hair. I think she is tall, but, though she has been in the house these six months, I cannot, without ringing the bell to call her in, give any further description.

She is one of those persons who make no impression on the mind at all; I am sure that in the street, or at a friend's house, I should fail to recognize her. My wife says she has a temper—it is possible, but I have never witnessed its exhibition. Speaking after the manner of photographers, I should say I only focus her, I never take her; or if I do, I forget to develop the picture on my mental plates, and it fades immediately.

Of Tartar, Snap, and Nero, I can only say I believe there are other dogs and horses in the world that bear some resemblance to them, though my wife distinctly affirms that Snap is unique in every respect; but then, as I never argue with my wife, I admit it tacitly to her, and retain my own opinion.

Hooper, our remaining aid and Tartar's attendant, is in no way re-

markable; but his predecessor, Garret, was, in his time, the most remarkable person in the establishment. Until I heard his story, I thought him about forty. Let me pause and narrate here how Garret became my groom, and how I heard his story.

When Caroline and myself first set up a partnership for life, under the title of Mrs. Charles Clarkson and husband, we decided on keeping a one-horse vehicle of the hooded-phæton pattern, in which I might drive to town and back, and save the omnibus fare. The economy of this measure was sufficiently evident, inasmuch as the fare, at sixpence per passage, for the 313 days in the year on which I went to business, would amount to 15*l.* 13*s.*, while the keep of the horse and man, repairs to chaise, interest of first cost, &c., would cost only about 13*o*.** per year, which was a clear gain of something like 11*5*.** to one side or the other: at least such were my wife's notions on the subject. I have reason to think that she has experienced a change in her opinions during the two years we have been a firm; but as she does not give expression to her new opinion, I still keep Tartar, drive cheaply into town, and, on my way, reprove mildly those of my friends who are guilty of the extravagance of diurnal omnibus-rides to the City and back.

The existence of Tartar, of course, called into requisition the services of one of that most peculiar class of individuals called grooms. I had during two years, at the lowest estimate, about eleven of this class domesticated with me for longer or shorter periods. As to the number I have seen, in answer to advertisements, I should like to say five hundred, but I know it cannot be true. I am not prepared to swear it is over three hundred, but, in short, it is a great many. How many is a great many? I decline to answer. To describe these men is needless. Let any of my readers look at the sketch of our lamented friend, John Lecch, of 'Mr.

Briggs is in want of a young man to look after his horse,' and he will gain my experience at a glance.

For some reason number ten had left, and it was on the occasion of the departure of the eleventh that I made the acquaintance of my last groom—Garret. Number eleven—I forget his name—was to go, but he would not go unrevenged. He drove me to town one morning, as usual, and on my return, per omnibus, in the afternoon, I found my wife, Susan, and Jane, standing on the step, with that peculiar expression which the female face assumes under the combined influence of the desire to communicate some painful information and the conviction of the inadequacy of language fully to express the feelings.

'Oh! Charles, dear,' said my wife, 'John has——'

'And he's tearing up and down the street like mad,' said Susan.

'I think he's took the gravy spoon, sir,' said Jane.

I was aghast,—I was not prepared, on arriving at my peaceful dwelling, to hear such revelations as these. I pictured to myself John tearing up and down the street like mad, flourishing the gravy spoon.

By dint of securing the silence of two out of the three talkers, I learned that John, before taking his departure, had left the stable door and the front gate open, and that Tartar, having no halter on, had quietly walked out into the high road, and been chevied up and down by the boys for the last quarter of an hour. I scarcely understood the nature of things before a series of yells and the rattle of hoofs told me I should see Tartar; and very pleased indeed I was to see, pass the door, a band of young ruffians in full chase of a horse, who, with streaming mane, came tearing down the road in a condition that quite justified Susan's statement. Of course I ran after my property, and, of course, failed to come near it, and was forced to return home, not a little blown, without it. I comforted myself with the reflection that the animal must stop some time, and then a few pounds would bring him to my stable again. I therefore partook of dinner, amid the lamen-

tations of the household, including the barking and whining of Snap, who, seeing my wife cry for 'poor dear old Tartar' (I had had him just two years, but then he met us at the station when we came home from our tour), kept up an uninterrupted bark and howl of the loudest sympathy. I had finished my dinner, and sat over a cup of coffee, when Jane rushed in.

'Oh, sir! here's Tartar come back.'

I will confess I was not displeased, though I affected to treat his arrival as a matter of course. I went down to the stable and there I found Tartar fondling, with his nose at the head and breast of one of the most singular men it had been my lot to meet—a grey head and thin face, with not a trace of whisker or beard, and eyes which had at once the cunning of a fox's and the sadness of a seal's.

'Good evening, sir! I've brought him home, you see.'

'Yes, I see. Where did you find him?'

'In the road, sir. They chevied him till he was spent, and fell down, stunned like; so I got the Bobby to drive off the boys, while I sat by his head a bit, and when he came to, I says—"Tartar, my boy!" and he pricked up his ears all alive again.'

'How did you know his name?'

'Why, you see, sir, I thought I know'd him when I see him with the boys; but it was getting a bit dark, so I couldn't be sure; but as soon as I touched him I knew it was Tartar—he's got a little kernel, like, at the back of his off ear, and there's an old mark of a spur on the near side. I know'd him at once, and he knew me, too. He's got a funny trick of biting the leather off the shaft-end on the right side, ain't he, sir? I know him. He was one of my old master's stud, sir, he was, and a very useful little beast—he'll follow me anywhere.'

'Now,' I thought, 'this is a chance not to be lost sight of. If this man and my horse are old friends, it is possible that I may get a good servant for the horse's sake.' Besides, I am not clever at littering down, or fond of it, and I had no groom for the night. I put his last boast to the test.



Drawn by J. Gordon Thomson.

SOPHY'S CRUTCH.

[See the Story.]

"Follow you anywhere," will he?
I doubt it.

'Do yer, sir?—look here, then. Tartar, my boy,' said he, and then stepping into the yard, the old man was followed by the horse like a lap-dog.

Other things being suitable, this was the man.

I took him into the kitchen, for beer, &c., and then had him sent up.

'Well, my man, what do I owe you for your trouble?'

'Nothing, sir; nothing. I've had a good drop of good beer. I'm paid, unless maybe—'

'Well, go on.'

'I was going to say, sir, was you suited? Wages ain't so much a object, to me, sir, as a comfortable place; and Tartar and me's good friends already, you see.'

'Can you have a character?'

'Not exactly, sir.'

'Ah! you've been in trouble, as they say.'

'Not a bit on it, sir. Never was in trouble of that sort since I got a hiding for stealing some of Farmer Garner's apples.'

'Why can't you get a character, then? You look as if you'd had to do with horses all your life. You're lame, too, I see.'

'Yes, sir. I've had a good deal to do with horses, and I can ride with my game legs as well as here and there a one. It ain't want of experience; but you see you want a name if you have a character, and I ain't got none just now.'

'No name!'

'No, sir.'

'How's that? When did you lose it? Men don't lose their names every day.'

'Tuesday three weeks, sir, I lost it.'

The man was as serious as the dog that was looking at him, and as simple.

'You're a curious fellow. You've no name and no character?'

'Well, sir, you see I can't help it. I was druv to do it.'

'Do what?'

'Die, sir.'

'Die! You're mad!'

'No, sir; I died last Tuesday three weeks; and that's the reason I ain't got no name nor character.'

There was something quite new, not to say startling, about a man of this kind.

'And so you're dead, are you?'

'Yes, I'm dead—since last Tuesday three weeks.'

'And how did you come here?'

'Tramped it, most part, and got a lift now and then.'

'What did you die of?'

'Apoplexy in the head—quite sudden, like, at the last: warn't time for a doctor, even.'

'And how did you feel?'

'Rather dry—like as if I'd been up two or three nights.'

'You were buried?'

'Yes, sir, in—but I'd best not tell about that, sir.'

'And you've nothing to tell about—about the other world?'

'Lord, sir, I never went there. I meant that I'm supposed to be dead. I thought you understood that.'

'Ah, well! my man; perhaps I did. But, however, it's getting lateish now; so if you like to stop here to-night, and look after Tartar, we can talk of this matter to-morrow. By-the-bye, by what name will you like me to call you?'

'Don't care, sir, at all; it's all one to me.'

'Well, good-night. You'll find a bed in the garret: one of the girls will show you where.'

I need scarcely say the managing partner was duly apprized of the extraordinary adventures of our new groom, and reference made to that authority for a name.

'Where is he now, my dear?'

'In the garret,' I replied.

'Call him "Garret," then,' said the chief; and 'Garret' he became, and so remained during the time he was with us.

CHAPTER II.

Days of festival are a shade heavy for some folks—folks, for instance, who dine at three, and don't dance. We were not a dancing party on the second anniversary of our wedding-day—a festival which followed two days after the settlement of Garret in our stable and attic; consequently, after dinner, and dessert, and coffee, we—some six or eight persons—were a little dull.

Music, when you know what every one will sing and play, and they know that you know it, is not very enlivening after the first two hours; and we were too many for whist and too old for a round game. We were getting dull, terribly dull; a middle-aged party with the clouds of indigestion darkening the mental sky. What was to be done? A brilliant idea struck me. I spoke to my wife.

'Yes, my dear, if you like; but mind, Charles, that he wipes his feet.'

I retired, with my wife's sanction, to carry out my brilliant idea. I returned with the man so recently named Garret.

'My dear friends,' I began.

'Don't, don't. No speeches. It's not dinner now, Clarkson.'

'I was only going to say that, as we seemed rather dull, I've persuaded my man Garret to come and tell us his story. The little I've heard makes me curious to hear more. I'll wait till it's ended, to see if you think it as well worth hearing as I fancy I shall.'

'Garret, my man, let me offer you a glass of wine, and ask you to tell us your story.'

'You see, ladies and gentlemen,' began Garret, 'I'm not given to this kind of thing, and I don't want to get anybody into trouble; so I mustn't give the true names of people, and I must ask you not to try to find them out.'

'Certainly not,' said I, rashly taking upon myself the responsibility of complete silence for four married ladies.

'Well, then, sir, you must know that when I was a young man I was down in Berkshire (it wasn't Berkshire, you know; but call it so), and was groom to Sir John—'

'Say Jones,' suggested I.

'Thank you, sir. Now his wife had a kind of lady's-maid, who had been brought up by some ladies who kept school, and when they died she (that's Lucy as was) was thrown upon the world, not knowing enough to be a governess, and knowing too much, almost, to be a servant. Well, Lady Jones, she took to her, and when they came home from France she came with them.

I was not a bad-looking fellow then, sir, and could back anything with four legs, and so I somehow fell in with Miss Lucy, as she was called, and after two years we was married. She was too good for me, people said, and she'd better have had our head gardener, who was more of a school-man than I was, only he was a Scotchman, and about ten years older, so I suppose that told in my favour. We were very happy, sir, and when we had a little girl, I don't think there were two happier people in the world. Poor little Sally! she died; and then my wife took to reading and writing, and was at her books half the day. She and the Squire's wife was like two sisters, only my wife never went there on company days. You see it wouldn't have done, my being only second groom there. After that we had two more children, boys, too; and they died, too. It nearly broke our hearts to see them lie so cold and still in the little blue boxes; and Lucy and I used to stop after church to look at their graves in the old churchyard, and put flowers there. After that we had another little girl, and, thank God, she's alive still.'

The speaker was here interrupted by a fit of coughing, which I noticed affected his eyes considerably more than his throat.'

'She was a beauty, she was; straight as a dart and strong as a colt! Just when she was one year old, Lady Jones had a little girl; but she wasn't so lucky as we were; the child, little Miss Sophy, was sickly and peevish; and one day, as if things had spited the poor thing, the nurse let it fall and broke its hip-joint, so that it was a lamester for life. My wife didn't dare take our Lucy near the house for months afterwards, for Lady Jones couldn't bear the sight of her. They got over it at last; but the little girl was a cripple, and had to use a crutch for a long time, and then a stick, and was as peevish and troublesome as a child could be.

'Well, one day Lucy took our little girl, about four years old then, up to the hall, and her ladyship saw her, and took her into the nursery, and put the two children

together, and cried as if her heart would break; my wife told me afterwards about it. "Oh, Lucy!" she says, "why did God so disappoint me? So many years I waited, and now, she's lame for life, and so sickly, I fear to lose her every day; whilst yours is as straight and well—"

"We lost three children, my lady," said my wife, "and that's more dreadful still."

"True, Lucy, so it is. I am very wicked; but it's a sore trial."

"The two children had been playing together, when all of a sudden little Miss Sophy cried—

"Oh, mamma! I can walk without my stick!" And so she could, for she was leaning on little Lucy's arm.

"Oh, lor, sir! it all came from that! all the trouble we had came out of that day.

"From that day the child cried and wailed so after Lucy and her arm, that there was no peace; so at last my wife and I went to live up at the house, so that little Lucy might play with the little lady, and after that my little girl got the name of Miss Sophy's crutch.

"Miss Sophy soon got well when she had some one to play with, and there was scarcely a minute in the day that they were not together. Down in the drawing-room, amongst company, it was just the same; they were like sisters, in fact. Lucy was a good little girl, and very strong, and the other troublesome and weak, so our fellow-servants liked our little one for saving them trouble.

"Well, things went on, year after year, just the same, till my own old Lucy died."

Symptoms of cough here returned. I prescribed a glass of port, drunk like medicine. Our port is not considered to be highly brandied, but its effects were certainly those of the very strongest spirit upon Mr. Garret's eyes, and made them water more than ever. After a time he resumed—

"When she was dead, of course I went out of the house, and, being head-groom then, I lived down at the stables, and after that they were still more like sisters. Sophy would eat nothing, drink nothing, see no-

thing, do nothing, learn nothing, unless Lucy was her companion.

"It was very bad for Lucy, because she was only the groom's daughter after all, and yet she lived like the heiress; and, worse than that, she was learning of the same governess and the same masters. Sir John and my lady tried all they could, but it was no use; Miss Sophy had been spoiled all her life, and would have her own way. She had an answer for everything. She was fourteen now, and as bad as ever in her legs.

"It's no use my trying, papa," she would say; "I can't learn my lessons when I have to do them all by myself!"

"But, my dear, think of poor Lucy; she's only a groom's daughter, and she's receiving the education of a lady."

"Why, papa! now I heard you say to Mr. Wilkinson, the curate, when he asked you to get his boy into the school, 'You're right, sir; a first-rate education is the best gift a man can give his son, be his station what it may.'"

"That was his son, my dear."

"Oh! what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, as old nurse would say."

"My dear, you mustn't say vulgar things."

"Well, then, why do you want to make Lucy say nothing but vulgar things, which she would do if she were down at the stables?"

"And so Miss Sophy, having a desperately hard mouth, had the best of it.

"Now and then there used to be a terrible uproar in the house. Once it was when it was time for Miss Sophy to learn singing. The master said he was only engaged for one pupil, so Miss Sophy said to him—

"That is, you were to teach me for an hour at a time."

"Exactly so."

"Well, then, teach me half an hour, and Lucy half an hour."

"I cannot do that; half an hour is useless; wasting my time, and yours, and the young lady's."

"So Miss Sophy called for her stick. Now when she did that, every one knew there was mischief brewing; for at other times Lucy was

her. Down she went to Sir John, and says—

"Papa, I've been a very good girl lately; haven't I, now?"

"Very good indeed, my dear."

"Well then, papa, I want you to grant me a favour."

"What is it?—a new collar for Caliban?"

"Caliban was a mastiff I'd given her when he was a pup; he was big enough to eat a man then."

"No, papa; I can buy that with my pocket-money."

"What is it then?"

"Papa, I want Lucy to learn singing; she's got such a beautiful voice; like an angel's, papa. Now, you will?"

"My dear Sophy, it's ridiculous of you. Why, it costs me a guinea the lesson to give you the best master I can, and you want my groom's daughter to put me to the same expense. She ought to know better."

"She!—she doesn't know a word of what I'm asking you: not a word."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Then you won't let Lucy learn, papa?"

"No, my dear; I cannot, in justice to her and myself."

"But if I pay the master out of my pocket-money?"

"No, my dear, I cannot."

"Very well, papa." And she went back and told the master she would not learn at all. At last, after waiting a month, Sir John agreed to it, and after that there was nothing to disturb the house.

"To see the girls together you would think they were sisters, only that Sophy had all the jewellery, for Lucy wouldn't wear any, only the brooch her mother gave her. I'm getting long-winded, I'm afraid," said Garret.

"Not at all; go on my friend, your style is exceedingly dramatic; I quite see Miss Sophy and her friend Lucy. Go on."

"One day the head gardener came to my room, and we had some talk about it. Says he—

"Joseph, my boy, you remember when poor Lucy died she made you and me promise to be friends, and look after her child. Now I think she

knew that, though you loved the child, your head was not so long as mine."

"No more it is," says I; for you see, sir, he was head gardener, and came next to the steward, after the butler, and was learned to a pitch I never could be. He could talk to Mr. Wilkinson, the curate, about geography, and meat-an-physics, I think he called it, which of course I couldn't. So says he—

"I feel that I ought to do something about what's going on up at the house, but I shouldn't like to, without your consent."

"Alick," says I, "I leave it to you. I don't know what's for the best; only I know that when she comes down here, dressed like a lady in her silks and satins, I don't feel as if it was my own daughter, and I can't think but something bad must come of it. It's a breaking my heart," says I.

"Well, he knew 'twas no use talking to master or my lady; so he watched his opportunity, and one day he makes up a nosegay—"booky," he called it, I think; it warn't so big as that, though,—of regular tip-top flowers out of the greenhouse—roses, and carmelians, and everything else,—and right in the middle he puts a little forget-me-not; and when Miss Sophy comes into the greenhouse he gives it her. She looked at it, and then said to him—

"Mr. Malcolm, look here; here's a weed in here," and she pinched off the stalk with her nail and threw it away.

"Do you know why I put it in, Miss Sophy?"

"An accident, I should think; it doesn't do at all with these flowers."

"No, Miss; I did it on purpose."

"And pray, what for?"

"To teach you a lesson, Miss Sophy."

"Mr. Malcolm!" said she.

"Don't be angry, Miss Sophy. If you'll sit down here, and Miss Lucy will walk down the garden a bit, I'll tell you what I mean." So she sat down, he told me, with her eyes flashing, for she had temper, bad Miss Sophy, and then he told her what he meant.

"Miss Sophy," says he, "I've served your father and your father's father going on for forty years. I came here a lad, and I'm now getting an old man, and we never had so much as a word. There isn't a better man than Sir John, nor a better woman than your mother in the world.

"But I can't forget, Miss Sophy, that there's a cruel thing being done up at the house by you. You've taken and put a little, pretty forget-me-not in a wrong place; you've done all you can, but it's a forget-me-not still, in one sense, and to some eyes.

"You've kept my Lucy, for she's my Lucy as much as if she was my own daughter, out of her proper sphere; and you've taken her into yours, and taught her the manners and habits of a lady; and what's to become of her? Your father and mother will die, and you, please God, get married; and then what's to become of Lucy, with her beauty and her refinement? You've done wrong, Miss Sophy, and it's not too late now to undo it. If she's sent to a plain school for a few years, away from here, she'll get broken in to hardship, and not feel it so much when you must leave her to herself. She'll be only fit for a gentleman's wife if she stops here, and that she can't be, for she's only the daughter of your father's groom. And some day, when you and she are together among a lot of people of your rank, people who don't see beauty, or mind, or anything but rank, she'll be taken and nipped, just as you've nipped that little flower and thrown it away, and she'll break her heart, and all through you."

"I see it all, I see it," said Miss Sophy. "I have been very cruel, and wicked, and selfish; I will try and do without her;" and she cried. Alick said, so bitterly, that he cried himself.

"Well, it ended in their sending Lucy, then about fifteen, away to school, to rough it, and train for governess.

"But it was no use. Miss Sophy begun to be off her feed directly. No life, no energy; you couldn't get a smile out of her. They wrote to each other every day, and oftener,

and yet she got worse. They sent for doctors from London, and they did no good, and things went from bad to worse. At last the doctors plainly said that it was all on the mind, and that she was suffering from a violent self-constraint, which her body had not strength enough to bear. And one day she told her mother all about how she knew she was doing Lucy harm, and had allowed her to be sent away, and struggled, all she could, to do without her, but it was breaking her heart, indeed it was. She could not live if Lucy was not with her; she never moved a step or did a thing for years without Lucy; and now there was no one, only Caliban, and she should die if Lucy did not come back. Couldn't papa, who was rich, arrange something for Lucy? Mr. Malcolm only feared Lucy's coming to pain and want; would her mamma try and help?

"What could they do? They sent for Lucy, and settled roof a year on her. She would have no more, and Malcolm would have no less.

"After Lucy was settled at the hall again, another difficulty arose. There was a Mr. Joliffe, who had property close to Sir John's. He came a courting Miss Sophy, and he being rather a good-looking fellow, though he was too jowly, to my thinking, to show good blood, she rather took to him; but, Lord bless you, sir, his was quite a different game. He wanted old Sir John's money; he never cared a rap for Miss Sophy; it was the money. Of course no one knew this till afterwards.

"Well, he'd been coming, off and on, for about two months, when one day Lucy had gone into the garden a few minutes before Miss Sophy, and she met this Mr. Joliffe coming up the path, so she tells him that Miss Sophy is coming directly, and she turns round and says she'll walk and meet her; and they talk a bit, and presently he begins to tell her of his house in town, and operas, and balls, and so on, and at last he makes her a kind of offer. She hardly knew what he meant, and was hesitating and wondering, when he caught her round the waist and tried to kiss her, and said, "I

knew you would come, my darling Lucy."

"She pushed him away and screamed, and just then Miss Sophy came in sight.

"Lucy ran to her and said, 'Sophy, dear! He's insulted me horribly; he asked me to be his wife, and tried to kiss me! What have I done, that he should dare to do this?'"

"Miss Sophy, she was in a rage, and when he came up she said to him—

"Am I to understand, Mr. Joliffe, that you have done this? that you have made my friend an offer, and tried to kiss her?"

"I certainly tried to kiss your coachman's daughter, miss; but as for offering to make her my *wife*, that's the last thing I should think of."

"My dear Sophy, it's false. He said distinctly we should go to Paris when I left here, and anywhere else I liked; and then, when I was so confused, I did not know what to think, he tried to kiss me."

"He seemed to lower his head then, and get into a passion.

"Tut, girl! Couldn't you go to Paris with me without being my wife?"

"What?" cried Miss Sophy. "You said this to my Lucy—to my sister! If my father wasn't an old man, sir, he should horse-whip you for this. Go, sir; you're a coward and a villain!"

"He began to storm, and talk about a 'paltry affair,' a 'coachman's daughter;'" though you see, sir, I wasn't coachman, but head groom, then, till Miss Sophy says to him—

"Mr. Joliffe—you base coward! If you don't leave the garden at once, I'll let the dog drive you out, you——"

"He wouldn't go, but kept coming nearer, and blurring about the letters of hers he'd got; she was in his power—and so on. You see he was a regular coward. Then she lost patience, and told Caliban he was to go.

"Jim Mudkin, he was helper in the garden, had heard the voices, and looked through between the lilac bushes, and he says it was a

queer thing to see Mr. Joliffe standing there; Miss Sophy leaning against a tree, as pale as death, panting dreadfully; and Lucy, sitting down on a garden seat, crying as if her heart would break; but directly Miss Sophy told the dog, Caliban went straight up to him, growled, and sniffed at him.

"Make him go, Caliban," says Miss Sophy; and then he began to show his teeth, and Mr. Joliffe lifted his whip to strike him.

"Caliban raised himself and seized his arm, just above the wrist, and as he shifted the whip to the other hand, Jim ran and called out—

"Don't hit him, sir, don't hit him, for God's sake: he'll be the death of you."

"He was just in time, for Mr. Joliffe thought better of it, and walked away slowly, with the dog following close and growling terribly.

"Jim expected every minute to see him down, with Caliban's teeth in his throat. Joliffe got out of the gate safe at last, and Caliban and Jim came back, and there were the two girls crying dreadfully; so he nips round and tells Mr. Malcolm all about it, and Alick comes up; and when he hears that Lucy has been insulted, he's for running off after Mr. Joliffe and horsewhipping him himself; but Lucy wouldn't let him, for she'd heard him speak about the letters, you see, and didn't know how much there might be in them.

"It was hushed up; but I heard, through the butler, that Sir John and my lady both said it was very bad for Miss Sophy to have such a pretty, graceful girl always beside her; she'd never get married as long as Lucy was there."

"And what became of Lucy at last?" said I, seeing one or two decently-suppressed yawns among the auditors.

"I was coming to that, sir. You see, things went on till my girl was about twenty-two, and then came my great misfortune.

"Master had got a nice three-year old training down in Yorkshire, and one day a telegram came to say there was some game up about the horse; he'd gone lame, and would

have to be struck out of the lists. Now, master was very heavy on that colt; he'd got a power of money on him; and if he was all right it was safe money, for there wasn't such another colt on any card in the kingdom.

'Master, of course, was naturally anxious about this, and it was arranged that I should go down and look to it.

'It was a longer job than we expected; he'd kicked the wall, barked his near fetlock, and sprained the leaders; he was as lame as Miss Sophy. I was down two months afore the first race he ran in came off; and, thanks to my nursing, he did it beautifully.

'That was Blink Bonny's year at the great Chester Handicap. I met master afterwards on the course, and he shoves a fifty into my hand.

"All right, Joe," says he. "He'll take anything now; you can get home as soon as you like."

'When I got home I found there was a visitor, and, singular enough, he'd come the very day I'd left. His name was Captain Robertson, and he was a kind of cousin of the family, and was as much at home as if he had been there all his life.

'We were very friendly, and often had a talk together. Well, one day he came in, and he were smoking a cigar in the saddle-room, and I was talking about my daughter Lucy.

"Ah!" says he. "Where is she, Mr. Harris?" (I'll call myself Harris, sir.) "Where do you hide her?" says he.

"Hide her, sir; I don't hide her. She's up at the Hall."

"Nonsense! I know every one up at the Hall, and there's no Lucy amongst the girls. There's Mary and Susan, and the French girl, but no Lucy, I'll take my oath."

"My daughter's with Miss Sophy, sir."

"Then she's dreadfully ugly, and you must have been a father at fourteen, or thereabouts, for Miss Sophy's maid's forty, if she's a day."

"Miss Sophy's maid, sir! My daughter's Miss Sophy's companion. Miss Harris, they call her!"

"Ten thousand devils! Man, you

lie! Miss Harris your daughter!—My Lucy your daughter! You're raving—you're drunk!"

'Now you know, sir, this kind of treatment isn't pleasant; so I was going to speak up, when I looked at him, and he was as pale as a ghost, and laid down his head on the cleaning table, groaning, "Oh my God! Oh my God! It must be so."

'So I hardly knew what to do, and got my brandy flask, and put a little brandy in the cup, and made him take it.

"All right, Mr. Harris," says he, "I'm better now; but I'm subject to these attacks. You'll excuse what I said just now."

"Of course, sir," I says. "Illness is an excuse for anything; 'tain't no use lashing a horse with the stagers; that's what you felt like, I should think."

'So he goes to the house, and next morning at four o'clock, before anybody was up, William drives him over to the station in the dog-cart.

'When Sir John comes down, expecting to see his cousin, he finds a letter, stating that unforeseen business connected with his commission takes him to London, and he will not be able to come back for some time.

'Now, I noticed soon after this, that Lucy began to droop a bit, lost flesh and gloss, fell in about the eyes, and so on; so I told her she must have the doctor. She wouldn't hear of it, and said it would soon be over; but it wasn't, for she got paler and paler every week.

'I was rather cut up about it, and next time Miss Sophy came down to the stables I asked her about it; and she said, "I know all about it. Mr. Harris, don't you say a word—she will be all right presently."

'So I let things go.

'Two or three days after this Alick came down and asked me if I'd any old papers, or letters, or books of my wife's or my own. I had got a lot of both, and he asked me to let him have the box; and so, as we were like father and son, or two brothers as it were, I handed them over to Alick.

(To be continued.)

LONDON LYRICS.

No. I.—~~The~~ Politician.

NOW that Tom Dunstan's cold,
 Our shop is duller :
 Scarce a story is told !
 And our chat has lost the old
 Red republican colour !
 'Though he was sickly and thin
 He gladden'd us with his face—
 How, warming at rich men's sin,
 With bang of the fist, and chin
 Thrust out, he argued the case !
 He prophesied folk should be free,
 And the money-bags be bled—
 'She's coming, she's coming !' said he ;
 ' Courage, boys ! wait and see !
 Freedom's ahead !'

All day we sat in the heat,
 Like spiders spinning,
 Stitching full fine and fleet,
 While the old Jew on his seat
 Sat greasily grinning ;
 And there Tom said his say,
 And prophesied Tyranny's death,
 And the tallow burnt all day,
 And we stitch'd and stitch'd away
 In the thick smoke of our breath,
 Wearily, wearily,
 With hearts as heavy as lead.—
 But ' Patience, she's coming !' said he ;
 ' Courage, boys ! wait and see !
 Freedom's ahead !'

And at night, when we took here
 The pause allowed to us,
 The paper came with the beer,
 And Tom read, sharp and clear,
 The news out loud to us ;
 And then, in his witty way,
 He threw the jest about—

The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and the gay!
How he turn'd them inside out!
And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said—
'She's coming, she's coming!' says he;
'Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!'

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter, 'Master!
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step here
A little faster!'
Then was fine to see Tom flame,
And argue and prove and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame,
Or a fit of coughing came
O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see,
When Tyranny should be sped;
'She's coming, she's coming!' said he;
'Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!'

But Tom was little and weak,
The hard hours shook him;
Hollower grew his cheek,
And when he began to speak
The coughing took him.
Ere long the cheery sound
Of his chat among us ceased,
And we made a purse all round,
That he might not starve, at least:
His pain was sorry to see,
Yet there, on his poor sick bed,
'She's coming, in spite of me!
Courage, and wait!' cried he,
'Freedom's ahead!'

A little before he died,
To see his passion!
'Bring me a paper!' he cried,
And then to study it tried
In his old sharp fashion;
And with eyeballs glittering
His look on me he bent,

And said that savage thing
 Of the lords of the parliament.
 Then, darkening, smiling on me,
 'What matter if one be dead?
 She's coming, at least!' said he;
 'Courage, boy! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!'

Aye, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
 The shop feels duller:
 Scarce a story is told!
 Our talk has lost the old
 Red-republican colour.
 But we see a figure gray,
 And we hear a voice of death,
 And the tallow burns all day,
 And we stitch and stitch away!
 In the thick smoke of our breath;
 Ay, here in the dark sit we,
 While wearily, wearily,
 We hear him call from the dead—
 'She's coming, she's coming!' says he;
 'Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!'

How long, O Lord, how long
 Doth thy handmaid linger?
 She who shall right the wrong?
 Make the oppressed strong?—
 Sweet morrow, bring her!
 Hasten her over the sea,
 O Lord, ere hope be fled—
 Bring her to men and to me!
 O slave, pray still on thy knee—
 'Freedom's ahead!'

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



POLICE MYSTERIES.

POLICE literature, if not edifying, is at least instructive; and even the readable portion of it is tolerably voluminous, not to mention the collections of documents and reports which require sifting to separate the grain from the chaff. Of English Police Literature we say nothing at present; the curious inquirer has it under his thumb; he has only to open its pages and read. French books and booklets on the subject are numerous; if the reader care for a list, he can easily have it. There is also much to be learned incidentally from works like Robert Houdin's amusing volumes. The publication of some of these writings has been attended with singular circumstances. Thus, after Canler's *Memoirs* had been out several weeks, it was seized and converted into contraband! One would say that it might as well have been let alone; the mischief—if mischief it could do—being done already. The latest (in three volumes, without author's name) is '*Les Mystères de la Police*,' published by M. Lebigre-Duquesne, a member of the Trade, who gives to the world nothing but what is most saleable and popular in literature. It stops discreetly, however, at '48, and tells us nothing whatever about the police under the present ruler of France.

It is not of much importance, however, that the police revelations give us pictures of the persons and practices of yesterday rather than of to-day. Setting aside the grave consideration that, for all human records of events, to-day, and even to-morrow, so very soon becomes yesterday—disclosures, relating to the actual hour, might inconvenience their authors a great deal more than the want of such latest intelligence is likely to inconvenience us. And police life is still police life, whether dated '67, '48, '30, or '16; whether under the Second Empire, the ephemeral Republic, the Orleans Monarchy, or the Restoration. In each case,

though the costumes and scenery may be renovated, the plot of the piece, the cast of parts, the by-play and business remain the same—and the spectacle is equally entertaining to us.

There is the same kind of flickering and unsteady resemblance between the police institutions and practices of different times and countries as there is between clouds, chameleons, mirages, or anything else that is incessantly variable. They are alike in their general features and functions, alike in their slipperiness and shiftiness in respect to detail. If their ways and doings could be counted on, described, and predicated beforehand, they would not be what they are, and might even fail to effect the objects for which they exist. Take a firm wreath of smoke, and in it catch, if you can, the police of the minute. All we can say with certainty is, that it is sure to be uncertain, crafty, inventive, and subterranean in its ways.

The working of a police also varies greatly, according to the individual who happens to be at its head. The instrument is the same, but its effects are immensely modified by the manner in which it is handled. Give the same piece of music, say one of Beethoven's Sonatas, to half a dozen first-rate pianists, to be executed on the very same Broadwood or Erard, and it is, not probable, but absolutely certain, that you will have so many different interpretations. In the same way, in police concerted pieces, the taste and temperament of the principal performer will manifest itself throughout the whole. Here, you will recognize the decided touch of Canler; there, the theatrical surprises of Vidocq; you know by the muffled *cantabile religioso* that Delaveau is taking his turn; while strains of dulcet, almost treacley sweetness, tell you that Pasquier has the keyboard under his command.

But whoever he be, a master of

police must have his own private set of tools; and, if he be a clever workman, he will quarrel with them as little as possible. To avoid which, what a throat he must have to swallow innumerable repulsive morsels—and what a stomach to digest them! 'L'appetit vient en mangeant,' they say: 'Appetite comes in the course of eating.' And so police chiefs get almost to like, or at least to excuse the persons they employ. At any rate, they cannot do without their spies—the word is, perhaps, too crude and plain-spoken—without their 'secret agents,' and it would be harsh on our part to refuse to admit any hidden virtues which they can contrive to discover in those ladies and gentlemen.

Who are the persons who consent to act as secret agents of a police, and what are the motives that induce them to do so? M. Gisquet, Préfet de Police under the government of July, without exactly attempting in his Memoirs to raise secret agents to the level of respectable people—the public has formed too decided an opinion for that—urges that the persons who give information are not all equally deserving of scorn and contempt. On the contrary, the motives of some may be not only avowable but praiseworthy.

Monsieur P., although opposed to the Orleans dynasty, sought a private interview with M. Gisquet, in order to acquaint him that the republicans intended to make a barricade in front of his door, and that his house was designated as a point of defence. He feared, with good reason, that such a plan would cause the devastation of his property, and perhaps the massacre of his family. 'If the insurgents,' he said, 'turn my house into a battery, the soldiers sent to dislodge them will not scruple to enter by force; and, in the excitement and exasperation of the struggle, there is no knowing what excesses they may commit nor what misfortunes I may have to deplore.'

Monsieur P.'s apprehensions were not imaginary; the police agents found his indications to be perfectly

correct. They led to the discovery of a plot, the principal authors of which were arrested.

Can that gentleman be fairly looked upon in the light of an ordinary informer? or does he deserve to be shunned by his friends because he rendered a service to the police?

Again: Two young men hired a couple of rooms in a house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in which there were a number of other lodgers. Some of the latter happened to find out that the newcomers brought a good deal of gunpowder into their apartments, and that they were busily employed during the whole of the night. Alarmed at the risk of explosion to which they were thus exposed, they demanded the dismissal of the imprudent strangers: the latter, however, refused to stir until the time was up for which they had hired the rooms. Not knowing what to do, two inmates of the house in question communicated their fears to the Commissaire of Police attached to the Quarter; and this denunciation led to the seizure of gunpowder, projectiles, and seditious writings; and to the arrest of several conspirators.

The son of a gentleman of the highest respectability had already been compromised in republican intrigues. He again mixed himself up with a scheme of insurrection of which M. Gisquet had an imperfect knowledge. The gentleman, finding his son deaf to all remonstrance, and fearing the consequences that might happen to him, and which, if the plot broke out, might end in a sentence that would disgrace the family, went to the Préfet de Police with tears in his eyes, entreating him to order his son's arrest. M. Gisquet insisted on knowing the motives which induced him to take so strange a step. He told what he knew, adding that his object was to withdraw his son from all possibility of complicity in the affair, and to hinder him by a preventive confinement from taking any part in carrying out the plot.

In a company of friends, one of whom was a druggist's apprentice, the conversation was made to turn

on the extent of his chemical acquirements, and by piquing his vanity they contrived to draw from him a receipt for the making of gunpowder. The scrap of paper on which it was written, and to which nobody appeared to attach the slightest importance, was taken and preserved by one of the party.

Several months afterwards the incautious apprentice read in the newspapers an account of a seizure made by the police of an illicit manufactory of gunpowder and of documents compromising a considerable number of individuals. Remembering the formula he had written with his own hand, and his fears being further confirmed by ambiguous words let fall in his presence, he felt no doubt that his receipt had been made use of, and that it was amongst the number of the papers seized. He expected to be arrested as an accomplice, to be turned out of his situation, and to have all his future prospects blighted. To avoid such a serious misfortune, and justify his conduct, he went and explained to M. Gisquet how the case really stood. While so doing, he unintentionally gave information which led to the discovery of another secret powder-mill. The curious part of the story is that the apprehensive young druggist was absolutely unconnected with the first case, of which he had been so anxious to wash his hands, and that in so doing he revealed the existence of a much more important establishment which really had been set to work by means of his unintentional assistance.

There is quite a different class of informers who are utterly unconscions of what they are doing. A chief of police must take advantage of every possible mode of tracking the enemies of order. Often in society a chance conversation, a remark made by a person who is unaware of the full importance of what he is saying, will furnish a valuable clue. In this way many a man and woman have served the police without knowing it. Whatever people's position may be, or however reserved their usual conduct, they often will let drop a word

betraying the existence of some underhand proceeding. Perfectly unconscious indiscretions, heedless talk which, as the saying is, goes in at one ear and out at the other, will often prove fruitful to a sharp-witted listener.

What, for instance, is more common at a crowded party, amidst the torrents of words exchanged by different groups, than to hear a score of flying remarks such as the following? 'The fat German is sure to be fortunate at the Bourse. His luck is really quite absurd. You know the last riot caused a fall of two francs. He had sold out largely in the *Rentes*, and that same day he made a profit of a couple of hundred thousand francs!'

'The young men are dressing now in worse and worse taste every day. Last night I saw Saint-Mesmin at my sister-in-law's, and (would you believe it?) he wore a flame-coloured waistcoat edged with three green stripes. Whatever could put such a mixture of colours into his head? I suppose they are trying to make it the fashion, for there are several dandies here with the very same waistcoats. I never saw anything half so ridiculous.'

'Don't talk to me about your dear D'Avricourt. I have no patience with him. He grows more and more unsociable. I went to take him out for a drive this morning, and I found him up to his neck in figures. He was puzzling his brains over a foolscap sheet of paper all covered with numbers, and scribbling away at such a rate that I could hardly get him to answer me. Family accounts he said they were, which required to be settled without delay; and to judge from the look of them there has been no settlement since the days of his great-great-grandfather. He said he couldn't stir till after post-time, so I left him to continue his calculations.'

'You say I look pale, and well I may, to have my rest broken regularly three times a week; but as you have some influence with the owner of the house, perhaps you will help me to get rid of my noisy neighbours. What they do I cannot tell, nor why they don't do it in

the daytime. All I know is, that the disturbance they make is insufferable, and I cannot put up with it any longer.'

Fragments of drawing-room chat like these appear to have little connection with politics, and unlikely to give information to the police. A German who makes money at the Bourse, an eccentric waistcoat, a gentleman addicted to calculations, a lady complaining of broken slumbers, are not at first sight promising or suggestive topics on which to found any important discovery.

Nevertheless, these very instances *did* furnish valuable information. The speculator at the Bourse was known to receive the visits of several disturbers of the public peace. What interest could he have in their intrigues? The casual remark cited above afforded a clue. It was found to be a moral certainty that he had something to do with street disturbances, and *that* for the sake of affecting the public funds and taking advantage of the fluctuation. He was consequently requested to select some other country as the theatre of his financial operations. The green-bordered waistcoats were a rallying sign, which disclosed the names of several new members of a secret society. The deep calculator was a foreign spy, and the family accounts were his correspondence in cipher with the persons who employed him. In consequence of his friend's complaints of his unsocial habits, suspicion was converted into certainty, and the profound arithmetician was ordered to quit. The sleepless lady was requested to repeat her complaint. Any further disturbance of her rest was prevented by prohibiting certain enemies of the government to meet—a section of the Society for Advancing the Rights of Man.

But however frequent may be the cases in which chance, or accident turned to good account, may furnish the authorities with useful hints, it is indispensable, as has been already stated, that a police have secret agents for auxiliaries.

'But secret agents,' the reader may ask, 'what sort of personages are they?'

The definition is not easy, the description cannot be very precise. We may say that a secret agent is a person who, by social position or private relations, is more or less able to know and communicate to the police things which the police requires to know. The reasons which may induce a person to undertake so sad a task are both diverse and numerous. The first and most usual is want of money. The number of individuals of both sexes who are reduced by distress to offer their services to the police is doubtless greater than is generally supposed. Some of them may be in such a position as to render the odious step they take almost excusable in the eyes of persons who are willing to judge with charitable forbearance.

Suppose a father of a family, without employment, without resources. His children are dying of starvation, his wife is stricken down by illness, his clothing and furniture are already gone. If, under these circumstances, he by chance becomes acquainted with a fact of importance to public order or private interests—if the idea strikes him to communicate it to the police for the sake of obtaining a recompense which will save his wretched family—there may be found in his conduct urgent considerations of humanity which will at least extenuate the proceeding. Would he have done better to go and rob? or to put an end to his own and his family's existence? We may shrink from answering such searching questions; but we can at least understand, if we do not excuse, the conduct of an informer placed in such conditions. The first step will then have been made. We can comprehend that after a first, a second, or a third payment has been exhausted, the desire of obtaining further supplies, or gratitude for favours received, would draw forth a continuance of information, and the career of a secret agent would be fairly entered upon.

Many others, without being in a state of utter destitution, turn agents for want of employment and through incapacity to exercise some trade or

profession. Others enter into the service of the police as a means of acquiring a modest competence; others, more blameable in every way, men of violent passions, overwhelmed with debt, incorrigible gamblers, with neither credit nor character to lose, supply the *Préfecture de Police* with numerous recruits; whilst others again, sunk to the lowest depths, vile and abject instruments of immorality, consider it almost an honour, as well as a pecuniary advantage, to be inscribed on the lists of secret agents.

Moreover, many men whose political opinions had induced them to join the intrigues of factions, disenchanted by closer acquaintance and practical experience; enraged by the bad faith, the revolting language, and the murderous projects of their accomplices; indignant at the dishonest acts of which they have been made the victims, have found at once a profitable speculation and a means of revenge by making confidential communications. From this class of men are often drawn agents who render the greatest services.

Our account of secret agents would be incomplete if it omitted to mention a few individuals who occupy a distinguished place in society. It is supposed necessary to have a staff of 'observers' in every class of the population, not only in haunts of known malefactors, but in the brilliant assemblies of rank and fashion. These last auxiliaries constitute the aristocracy of agents of police. They are obtained with considerable difficulty, and often insist on their information being paid at a higher rate than it is really worth. But what rare qualities and conditions have to be united for the fulfilment of this thorny mission! What skill and tact are required to avoid suspicion! And suspicion, in such circles, soon entails discovery; while discovery immediately involves irremediable failure, disgrace, and ruin. The privileged (!) persons whose talents, tastes, and social position, render them adequate to the performance of this part, are—we are told, and are not sorry to believe—veritable exceptions, quite

out of the common way. It is curious that with a little less talent and a slight modification of their tastes, they might distinguish themselves as honest men; but pleasant it must be to acquire the certainty that your delightful friend, the pet of drawing-rooms, the glass of fashion—or your near connection, your brother-in-law or your sister-in-law, nay, even the wife of your bosom—belong to the aristocracy of secret agents!

A remarkable but also a rare variety of the species, is the man who turns police-agent out of patriotism. It is a romantic way of manifesting devotion to their country, by those who find the ordinary duties of life too dull and commonplace to satisfy their aspirations. We may also suspect that, for want of a better, it may be one way of gratifying their morbid vanity. There are persons who, if they cannot achieve celebrity, must attain notoriety or acquire importance.

One of M. Gisquet's very best agents was an individual belonging to this singular class. A series of quite ordinary events had made him acquainted with the secret correspondence between the Legitimists and the Duchesse de Berry. This man, unable to extricate himself without danger from the position which he occupied, and unwilling to co-operate in the success of a political party to which he was opposed in principle, requested an audience of the *Préfet de Police*, explained the peculiar circumstances of his situation, and enlarged on the advantages to be derived from it.

The *Préfet*, expecting that his would-be informant would stipulate for exorbitant remuneration, was utterly astonished to learn that the proposed service was to be gratuitous, for the sake of saving his country from civil war. Cooper's famous romance, 'The Spy,' had made a great impression on his mind; he was struck with admiration of its hero, and wanted to play, in France, the part which the novelist had assigned to Harvey Birch during the American war. His only condition was that no ri-

gorous measures should be taken in respect to several persons who had treated him kindly, and whom he mentioned.

Harvey Birch's conduct (he signed his reports with that name) was throughout straightforward and consistent. For the information which he supplied, he might have fairly demanded a liberal recompense; and when that special case was ended, he merely asked for a trifling place which barely furnished him with the necessities of life.

There is another set of individuals who are observers without knowing it. They are for the most part idle people with no great store of worldly wealth. They are ordinarily great talkers, busybodies who will take no repulse, Paul Pry's who insist on making everybody's acquaintance. Want of discretion is their innate quality; all they have seen or heard they cannot help telling; and police spies seek their intimacy, for the sake of catching the gossip that flows from them as water through a sieve. These gentry are eminently useful when it is wanted to know what passes in the family circle of any given house.

The police not unfrequently occupy the undignified position of the Biter Bit. They are peculiarly exposed to the tricks of swindlers, who have every chance not only of success but of impunity. There are many cases in which offers of important information *must* be accepted at any price; and legal proceedings cannot be taken against the sellers of false information, for fear of making the public acquainted with matters which are considered to be best kept quiet.

'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true;' but ladies figure conspicuously, though not exclusively, amongst the cheats who plunder the police of secret service money.

A certain Baronne, whose husband had been attached to the service of the elder royal branch, professed always and everywhere her complete devotion to the new Orleans dynasty. She regularly sent in to the Préfet of Police reports which, although remarkable for their grace of style, had little sub-

stance to recommend them. For these, notwithstanding their emptiness, she received a moderate cheque from time to time. At last, in consequence of the insignificance of her notes, she was informed there was no further need of her services. But this Baronne bold held on tight, and refused to relinquish the advantages belonging to the honourable part she had been playing. Besides frequent and troublesome visits, she overwhelmed the Préfecture with gossip taken from the newspapers or with stories of her own invention; for all which she duly claimed her reward. When M. Gisquet's patience was quite exhausted, she contrived a new mode of returning to the charge.

Towards the close of October, 1832, when the government knew that the Duchesse de Berry was concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood of Nantes, our Baronne positively affirmed, both verbally and in writing, that she knew the exact spot of Madame's retreat, but that she could not make up her mind to betray the secret without the promise of a handsome remuneration and the small sum of a thousand francs on account.

Although little confidence was placed in her veracity, her statements nevertheless were made with such assurance, the names of certain Legitimists from whom she professed to have learnt the Duchesse's movements were so adroitly chosen, and her former connections furnished her with so many means of obtaining information, that it was thought imprudent to let slip a chance of rendering the government an important service. The sum required was therefore handed to her, and the following day she announced that the Duchesse de Berry was concealed in a château near Arpaçon, under the name of Madame Bertin. Now it was positively known that the mother of Henry V. was hidden, either in Nantes itself, or within a very few leagues of that city. The bit of news communicated by the Baronne was, consequently, simply a lie, fabricated for the purpose of swindling her employers.

A score of Legitimist agents

played off the same trick before the Duchesse was actually arrested.

After Louis Philippe had been fired at on the 19th of November, 1832, an ex-agent, who had been discharged because his reports were full of falsehoods, composed and sent in the following letter:—

'MONSIEUR LE PRÉFET,

'For the last three months I have discontinued writing to you; you did not appreciate my value. Want of confidence has made you despise my warnings, and you have not treated me in the way you ought to treat a man who has better opportunities than anybody else of helping you.

'In spite of my just dissatisfaction, I am still in a position to enlighten you. The whole of your police are in search of the wretch who this morning dared to fire at the king. You will not find him. I, however, am perfectly acquainted with him. I spent part of yesterday in his company; I can tell you who he is, where he is, and give every proof of his criminality. But the unfair way in which I have been dealt with makes me distrustful in my turn. I have no intention of waiting in vain for a recompense which I well deserve.

'On your remitting, for me, fifteen hundred francs to the bearer, I am willing to tell what I know; otherwise you will remain in ignorance.

(Signed) 'P——.'

This letter was immediately communicated to M. Thiers, then Minister of the Interior. With his sanction, the *Sieur P——* was introduced into the *Préfet's* private room, and at the same time into M. Thiers' presence. They questioned the individual, who repeated his statement in the most formal manner, but absolutely refused to give any explanation before receiving the fifteen hundred francs. That sum was handed to him; he then declared that the two pistols found on the Pont Royale after the attempted assassination, which had been shown to him, belonged to a *Sieur Lambert*, who had lent them to a *Sieur*

Giroux, who had employed them for the wicked purpose in question. He mentioned five or six of *Lambert's* and *Giroux's* accomplices, declared that they had tried the pistols together; that *Giroux* had for some time been practising at a pasteboard target on which a full-sized portrait of the king was drawn. He named the place, the day, and the hour; nothing in his revelation was wanting—except half a grain of truth. The *Sieur P——'s* tale was a piece of imposture from beginning to end.

For some time before *Fieschi's* 'infernal machine' aroused the indignation of all honest men, it was vaguely known that evil deeds were hatching in Paris; *what* they were, could only be still more vaguely guessed. There was to be a grand review, at which it was expected an attempt would be made to assassinate King Louis Philippe. The day before the review, another scoundrel, as crafty and impudent as the above-named *P——*, sent in a written report, stating the existence of a plot to take the king's life; that eight republicans had met at his house to decide on the mode of putting it into execution; that the crime would be infallibly perpetrated during the course of the review; and that he offered to ensure the arrest of the guilty parties beforehand, if a certain sum of money were immediately paid down.

How was it possible for the police to neglect any means of protecting the king? What loyal subject would dare to incur the responsibility of refusing such a proposition? If by chance the informer told the truth, and if, in consequence of the *Préfet de Police's* incredulity, the threatened crime were consummated, to what terrible reproach he would be deservedly liable! The rascally spy was aware of all that, and calculated that the police authorities absolutely could not avoid taking precautions which would compel them to submit to his conditions. M. Thiers was still Minister of the Interior; and thinking it a hundred times better to be made the dupe of an impostor than to shut his ears to a useful warning, he authorised the payment of the sum demanded.

The informer then explained how the conspirators (one of whom only was known to him) were to meet again at his lodgings, very early in the morning of the 18th, to agree on the part each one was to play; and how they would then proceed together to the spot fixed on for the commission of the crime. He advised them to surround his house with policemen at an early hour, and to have every individual watched who left it. By means of these precautions, they were sure of being able to place all the conspirators in the hands of justice at the moment when they were preparing to act.

Fifteen inspectors, two peace officers, and a Commissaire de Police, were immediately posted round the dwelling. They passed the night there, but no conspirators appeared. Two men only (doubtless confederates in the trick) entered the rooms of their pretended accomplice. They remained there until the commencement of the review; and, on leaving, one of them went to Montmartre, the other to Charonne.

The worst of these swindles is, that they uselessly occupy numbers of the force whose time and attention are required elsewhere. The occurrence of similar facts is so frequent; the means employed to deceive the authorities are varied with such consummate cunning, that the most sharp-sighted Préfet, the most experienced official in distinguishing truth from falsehood, cannot always avoid being caught in the snares of this class of adventurers. To defy them is impossible; simply because he has not the right to do so, especially in cases of paramount importance.

That a Police cannot afford to despise any warning, is proved by circumstances of this very Fieschi conspiracy. The day before it broke out, a letter was received, of such shabby and insignificant appearance, that it was thrown on one side as unworthy of presentation to the Préfet. It came from Boireau, one of Fieschi's accomplices, and did actually indicate the persons, their mode of action, and the house in which the machine was installed.

It is clear that, if due attention had been paid to that letter, preventive measures might have been taken.

This document was not hunted up until some time afterwards. When Boireau was in prison, he appealed to it as a claim for a favourable consideration of his special case, and Louis Philippe spared his life in consequence.

Our final example of the art of cheating the police is one in which Madame la Comtesse de B—— enjoyed all the honour as well as all the profit. That lady, being well aware that the French Government was anxious to discover the retreat of the Republicans who escaped from the prison of Sainte-Pélagie in July, 1832, wrote to say that an extreme shortness of money compelled her to commit a detestable action. She would accept a few thousand francs for revealing the secret which she professed to know, offering to tell where several of the prisoners were concealed, and requesting a simple advance of a few thousand francs. The Minister of the Interior authorized the payment, and Madame de B—— announced that she was about to accompany as far as the frontier two of the principal prisoners, one of whom would pass for her husband, the other for her servant. She gave the name of the diligence by which they were to start, the day of their departure, and the real and assumed names of the fugitives. She did, in fact, set off in the diligence indicated; six police agents accompanied it and her. It may be supposed that adequate measures were taken to arrest her imaginary travelling-companions; but if the amiable Comtesse had several delinquents about her, their culpability was not of a nature to call for the jurisprudence of the Court of Peers. The fair dame, in short, made at the expense of the State a journey all whose pleasures fell to her share only.

Police archives contain not a few mysteries which are mysteries still, and will probably ever continue such. For instance, towards the close of 18—, a terrible denunciation was sent in to the Préfecture of

Police, the substance of which was nearly as follows:—

‘**MONSIEUR LE PRÉFET,**

‘On the 15th of December inst, the domestics belonging to the family of the Marquis de C—, who resides in Rue D—, being assembled at nine in the morning in the servants’ hall, which has a door and a window opening into the garden of the Hôtel, beheld a little dog, belonging to the head-cook, fetch in his mouth a shapeless and bloody mass, which he began gnawing in a corner of the garden.

‘The feeling of disgust caused by this sight was such that several of them rose to drive the animal away. A scullion-boy seized the object with a pair of tongs, and to their horror they recognized a portion of a human body—the foot and leg of a new-born babe. All present uttered an indignant cry; some of the women fainted. The men rushed into the garden, and after careful search discovered, in morsels, the body of the unfortunate creature, whose fate had probably been decided before it came into the world.

‘The domestics attached to the service of this household, born on their master’s family estate, regard him with the veneration of the olden time. Under these shocking circumstances, they unanimously agreed, by a solemn engagement, not to breathe, outside the Hôtel, a syllable of what had just occurred. They went even further, resolving not to make the slightest conjectures; and no one has failed to maintain his pledge. The maître d’hôtel, nevertheless, thought fit to mention what had happened to the Marquis de C—, the grandfather, who lived there, surrounded by his two sons, their wives, his three daughters, his sons-in-law, and a dozen young people of either sex, the issue of those marriages.

‘The gardener was an old man, who had been very many years in the service of the family. He had fought with his employers, in the royalist ranks, in all the campaigns of Poitou, Anjou, and Brittany. Two of his grandsons lived with him. The elder of these, Louis, a hand-

some young man, whose chivalrous devotion to the Duchesse de Berry, in 1832, raised him into a sort of hero, owed to this and to his personal qualities the favour of being treated as one of the family. The young gentlemen accepted him as their companion, while the young ladies regarded him almost as a brother. This position, acquired by tolerance rather than by right, could not be without its dangers.

‘Four days after the discovery of the still-born child, Louis, the good-looking favourite, mounted to the belvedere or look-out of the hotel, in company with Messieurs de C— and de R—, two consins-germain, to fix in its fastenings the lightning conductor, which a gust of wind had caused to sway to and fro. A terrible accident was the consequence. The unfortunate young man, leaning forward too far, in order to fix the conductor properly, overbalanced himself; and in spite of his companions’ efforts to retain him—which were witnessed by a workman repairing a neighbouring roof—fell into the stable-yard of the hotel, a height of a hundred and twenty feet. He was picked up in a dreadful state, with many bones broken, breathing his last, and quite incapable of expressing his gratitude to those who had exerted themselves to save him.

‘The following Sunday, the Marquis de C—’s second daughter, after attending mass at the Convent of —, in company with her mother, her aunts, her sisters, and her female cousins, requested to speak to the Supérieure. Once fairly inside the convent, she expressed her wish to remain there permanently; at least such is the statement of her family. The very same day, a young femme de chambre, with a liberal dowry, was betrothed to the gardener’s second grandson. The old man immediately set off in company with them, for their native home in Brittany, where they are to be settled in one of the marquis’s farms.

‘Such, monsieur, are the actual facts which have taken place in the above-named mansion. I presume they have had some mysterious cause,

and that an inquiry ought to be instituted. Public justice makes it a duty for you to clear up the dark deeds which I have indicated.

'I refrain from divulging who I am. The disclosure of my name would afford no assistance to the authorities, and might be a cause of danger to myself.'

* * * *

Attached to this report, but in a different handwriting, was—

'No notice to be taken of this report, which is evidently written out of spite. No dead body was found in the garden. The bit of flesh, brought in by the dog, belonged to the body of a still-born child dissected by a surgeon in the neighbourhood, as declared by the surgeon himself. It is solely to his servant's negligence that the untoward accident is to be attributed.

'As to the tragical end of the excellent young man who fell a victim to his own imprudent zeal, what is stated is perfectly correct. He was very near involving in the same fate the two friends who tried to save him. There are proofs that, for some time past, Mademoiselle de C— has manifested a desire to take conventual vows. The fearful end of her foster-brother served to hasten her decision. She was so struck with the uncertainty of life, that she determined to lose no time in executing her pious project. Before retiring from the world, it was her own express wish to marry her femme de chambre to her second foster-brother. The two families parted on the most friendly terms.'

To these two documents was fastened with a pin what seemed the report of a police agent, to the following purport:—

'I have talked with the upholsterer who works in the house, a relation of the deceased young man. He feels certain that crime has been committed in this affair. According to his account, Mademoiselle de C—, a romantic young person of hysterical temperament, was smitten with a foolish passion for her foster brother. Solitary walks in the garden, in which he was employed, gave them frequent opportunities of meeting. The femme de chambre, the second brother's sweetheart, both assisted the intrigue and helped to conceal its consequences. One of the cousins, who was in love with Mademoiselle de C—, determined on having a signal revenge. They decoyed Louis up to the belvedere, under pretence of mending the lightning conductor, and then treacherously launched him into open space. The young lady was placed within the Convent walls, whence there was no chance of her ever escaping. Nevertheless, Louis' brother and grandfather demanded of the family some atonement for his blood. A heavy sum of money and a productive farm appeased their anger, and at the same time removed the parties from Paris.'

In this strange affair, it will be seen, everything is contradictory. Successive statements demolish, or support, the honour of a noble family. Who can be sure that this same upholsterer was not actuated by some motive of interest, or vengeance, or perhaps, mere vanity, to give his explanation of occurrences which the first report simply stated without presuming to furnish a clue? With such a nice balance of probabilities, and such an imperfect knowledge of facts, who would venture to turn the scale either way?'



LONDON SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.



IT was a regular case of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire when I took that awful step in life which I shall allude to more particularly in due course. I thought I was avoiding the Charibdis which has dogged my very existence since childhood, and in I tumbled into Scylla, and once in its surging waves it seems impossible that I shall ever get out.

I have no hesitation in saying that the stage and its accessories, things dramatic, and tastes theatri-

cal have combined together to work my ruin. I might have been a great man had it not been for the fatal fascination of the footlights—there's a delightful alliteration—which disturbed the innocence of my childlike mind; stopped the progress of my boyish intellect, and marred the glory of my manhood's career.

I remember so well my first visit to the play. I was a budding blossom of some eight or nine summers, and was led astray from the paths

of rectitude by a mild young curate and an Oxford undergraduate. I was a mild-looking, innocent child, who didn't say much but thought a great deal; and as I stood meekly, as usual, undergoing those torturing operations which are necessary from the application of a broken comb to a flowing head of hair, I was told by the good creature who was conducting the said operation that I was to go to the play and see the 'Lady of Lyons.' My fanciful, and not geographical imagination pictured the scene at once. I thought that I was to see a female Van Amburgh lashing wild beasts into fury in an odoriferous den. I didn't think so much of the treat, for I had seen all this with my nurse every year at Bartholomew Fair. I wanted to see a realization of the penny plain and twopence coloured figures; a Brobdingnagian edition of my toy play-house, with the inevitable 'Miller and his Men,' and not a mere menagerie. The surprise was all the pleasanter.

They took me first of all, in order that the visit to the play might be done in an orthodox manner, to a quaint, out-of-the-way chop-house in the City, close to the Royal Exchange. I was to be prepared for my dramatic treat with a good dinner. This chop-house made a great impression on my juvenile imagination, for a queer ceremony took place on our entering its portals. In a glass larder, such as one sees in old inns, alongside of the bar, was arranged a series of raw chops and steaks, a tumbled mass of uncooked flesh. My friends, who were evidently old hands and understood the ceremony, seized up two pronged forks, and having each stabbed an inviting chop, bore their dinner off in triumph to the cook, who stood at a roaring fire in the centre of the room. I did the same. Before our eyes the chops were frizzled to perfection, the master of each looking on with the eye of a connoisseur; and I am bound to say that the pleasant memory of that first City chop lingers around me yet.

And oh! what a treat when I found out what the theatre was

really like, and what a feeling of astonishment and awe crept over me as I sat in the darkened house between my friends in the pit. Young fellows went to the pit in those days, and were not ashamed of it. The play did for me entirely, and I am proud to say that my dramatic tastes were so far developed that I preferred the play to the pantomime. Of the latter I have distinct recollections to this day. Its subject was 'Good Queen Bess and the Earl of Leicester;' and I remember a very funny scene in which Queen Elizabeth went through the mysteries of the toilette behind a screen, and was interrupted on every possible occasion by obtrusive courtiers whom she addressed over the top. Then there was a scene outside Kenilworth Castle, and the rakish Leicester returned home very late at night, and Amy Robsart addressed him in curl-papers from an upper window, and finally ended the discussion by throwing out the baby and shutting out poor Leicester.

From that moment Miss Thalia held me powerfully in her clutches. Regularly every holiday I sneaked off to the theatre on every available opportunity, and I had seen 'Hamlet' several times before I was twelve years old.

My ruling passion did not desert me in that unfortunate period of a human being's existence intervening between boyhood and manhood. I allude to that unhappy time when men despise one, boys chaff one, and women feel that we are no companions for them. My worthy parents knowing that I was terribly in the way at home, fondly imagined that they were paving the way for a grand intellectual career when they turned me out of the domestic nest, and urged my attendance at the excellent evening classes then first inaugurated at King's College in the Strand.

What did I do?

I spent the kindly pittance they bestowed upon me for the humble omnibus to and from home, in a ticket for the pit at the Strand and Olympic theatres. It is true that I had to walk instead of riding, but

to make up for that not too hard contingency, I watched Robson through his extraordinary career in the little theatre in Wych Street, and fell head over ears in love with Marie Wilton in her best burlesque days at the Strand.

My conduct was not strictly honest, but the temptation was very great. Perhaps my confession may act as an instructive warning.

From the old King's College days I have hardly missed seeing the first night's performances of any great dramatic novelty in London.

I thought I was really turning over a new leaf, when, tired of bachelorhood and loneliness, I meditated exchanging a shirt-buttonless existence for one of cosiness by the domestic hearth.

The old saying has it that 'we never know when we are well off.' It has been proved only too true in my case, for instead of leaving behind theatrical dissipations with club dinners and bachelor's smoking parties, it seems that married life has brought with it a renewal of dramatic joys.

I was on my honeymoon when it first struck me what a mistake I had made. I remember the time and the circumstance well. We were on Chippenham platform waiting for a down train, and there met our first mutual acquaintance since in a ring of blushing bridesmaids we had vowed all sorts of impossibilities in a nervous fever of trepidation. Charles Barry was an excellent fellow, and at any other time we would both have been delighted to see him, but just at that particular period we did not want to see any creature that we knew on earth. We felt somehow rather ashamed of ourselves, and when we had got rid of our congratulatory friend I opened my heart to Milly, and in the course of a sentimental rhapsody on the delights of solitude, and while planning our delicious future by the fireside in 'The Nest,' at Brompton, S.W., I asked her what treat of all she would like best during the coming winter months.

I own that I was weak enough to imagine that she would answer, looking tenderly up into my face,

that the best treat of all would be to see me lying Samson-like at her feet reading scraps of Tennyson or Tupper.

But I was wrong. She had evidently been waiting for the favourable opportunity, for she replied without a moment's hesitation—

'Let us go alone and see all the Christmas pantomimes and burlesques.'

'But I didn't know you liked theatres?'

'Fred, I adore the play!'

I was in for it. I felt it; I knew it; but I uttered no word of expostulation.

I kept my promise like a man, and on Boxing-night behold us like twin turtle-doves sitting meekly in those indescribably comfortable stalls at Covent Garden Theatre.

Milly insists upon my relating our experiences, and since up to this time I have never ventured to cross madame on one single point, I proceed to fulfil her peremptory injunctions. I must take care what I am about, for whilst I write she comes occasionally from the other side of the room, and looking over my shoulder corrects my facts, and not unfrequently cavils at my criticism.

There is certainly an air of opulence and magnificence in Covent Garden and all its surroundings. There are no hitches there. Everything works smoothly. All is harmonious, stately, and in order. The orchestra is on a large scale, and so is the scenery, and so are the ballet girls. The audience seemed afraid to behave like a Boxing-night audience. There was no whistling, no showers of orange-peel, no screams from the gallery for a popular air. The house was prettily-behaved, and did not descend to the vulgarity of familiarities, even on such a holiday as Boxing-night. Somehow or other as we sat there in those glorious stalls we could not dissociate Covent Garden from the Opera. We saw the pantomime, masks, and the foolery; the clown and the red-hot poker, and the sausages; but the pantomime at the big house impressed us more by its stateliness than by its fun.

Of the consummate taste and attention to art in its smallest details displayed in the getting-up of the pantomime there can be no question. In no other theatre in London have we seen such richness of costume and perfection of glitter as in that great scene in the 'Regions of the White Diamond' painted by Mr. Matt Morgan, the clever illustrator of 'The Tomahawk,' and arranged by Mr. Augustus Harris, the monarch of English stage managers. In no other theatre have we seen such a well-drilled and superb *corps de ballet*, moving like clock-work, gorgeous in gems, and beauty, and only too much painted as to their cheeks. That was the one fault; an error which no stage manager in the world has a chance of obviating.

This is a great scene, which, calling into requisition, as it does, all the kingly Covent Garden accessories, such as its band, its stage, its scenery, its *corps de ballet*, its dresses, its jewels, and its dancers, is quite unequalled in London. But the scene by which this year's Covent Garden pantomime will be remembered is the exquisite glade in Sherwood Forest, painted by Mr. Hawes Craven. Realism in landscape-painting has hardly ever gone further on the stage than in this charming picture. It is simplicity itself. One glorious oak spreads its mighty boughs right across the stage, while the details of greenery and underwood are truthful to Nature and in perfect taste. Here come Robin Hood's merry men, headed by Miss Amy Sheridan, most beautiful of women and most incompetent of actresses. The merry men are by no means flashily dressed. All their dresses are simple, but they are all made of good materials and they all fit. If managers only knew what critical eyes there are in every audience! The finale of the dance between the green-coated foresters and the red-petticoated villagers, framed as they are by Mr. Craven's delicious picture, makes up as tasteful a show as the stage has seen for some time past. If one thing of all others was wanted at Covent Garden, with all its heavy magnificence, it was a libretto with some sparkle in it.

Why, Offenbach's 'Grand Duchesse' was crushed by the weight of this great theatre; and what does Mr. Gilbert a'Beckett do to dissipate the gloom? Why, he provides a book on the combined stories of 'The Babes in the Wood and Robin Hood' so dull and dreary that not even the genuine fun of Mr. John Clarke and Mr. Stoyale, or the pantomime fooling of the Messrs. Payne, *père et fils*, can make any capital out of it. In four-and-twenty heavy pages we have but four songs. Here is a specimen of one of the lengthy, pointless speeches with which the libretto is freely interspersed—

ROBIN HOOD.	Ay, without delay,
My merry men, thus we must end our day.	
Some right, some left; seize every hedge and lane—	
And arm yourselves to have a tough campaign,	
With all the newest dodges on the cards,	
But hold there—don't apply to the Horse Guards.	
Put on your armour-plating quick, but hold—	
Though plated, prove yourselves as good as gold.	
Are we agreed? (all shout) you hear that bold reply;	
Each man of them is game to do or die.	
Too long this Baron with us has tampered,	
And now our very pic-nic he has hampered.	
Sherwood's a pleasant place, and yet each beau	
May find another rendezvous you know.	
The Baron's not too well quite fit to kill,	
So come, adjourn! try <i>Arrows-on-the-ill</i> .	

No wonder that folks yawn and get restless before the transformation scene is developed. Covent Garden is too grand for a pantomime; it is superb for a spectacle. The Paynes, as usual, make capital out of a bedroom scene, but every year it strikes one more and more that there is a vast amount of sameness in the Paynes' fun. They are funny, no doubt, but the constant repetition of that jiggy walk across the stage, unrelieved by a donkey or some novelty, is apt to grow wearisome.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the Nestor of pantomime-writers, is thoroughly skilled in his art, and is intimately acquainted with his audience at Drury Lane. We heard the ripple of the children's voices ringing through the theatre long before we had taken our seats; and once in the theatre it was easy enough to see that dear old Drury is of all other

houses the home of Christmas pantomime. Look at that row of fair-haired children straining over the velvet ledge of the dress-circle, and clapping their hands and shouting with delight at the huge pasteboard giants introduced into the very first scene. How they enjoy the fun! Pater and Materfamilias are behind with married daughters and marriageable sons; and if the truth were to be told there is little doubt that down below are cook and housemaid in the pit, and up above the page-boy in the gallery. Merriment and laughter flow freely and unchecked at Drury Lane. There is no restraint, no sombre sadness here. The house is brilliant with light and happy faces, and rings again and again with genuine mirth. It did our hearts good to look round the house; but this is not said in any disparagement to the pantomime, which is excellent.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard, wisely, as we thought, has chosen one popular subject, that of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' well known to children, and he has violated no traditions or conventionalities. We didn't want to see Jack the Giant Killer confounded with Valentine and Orson, or to be pained by finding that he was in love with Little Miss Muffet. Mr. Blanchard gave us our dear Jack as we knew him, with his hasty-pudding trick and his invisible coat and all his paraphernalia, and never once shocked us with anachronisms or poetical licenses. Unlike other pantomime-writers this year, Mr. Blanchard has combined in his book genuine fun with charming fancy. See how fanciful is our author:—

(*The Fruit Fairies assemble. NECTARINE advances to c.*)

NECTAR. Guardians of beauty, ministers of mirth,
Ye fairy forms that watch the fruits of earth!
Who deck with liberal hand the spreading stems,
And bending branches hang with clustering gems.
Bright have ye made the jewelled earth appear,
Rich with the produce of a fruitful year:
To you the peach its luscious flavour owes,
Through you, the melon into sweetness grows;
You guard the cherry, you protect the plum,
And your pink blossoms melting pears become.

Your care was needed ere the grape began,
In generous wine to cheer the heart of man.
And yours, ere dainty appetites could dream
Of—rare indulgence—strawberries and cream.
Let all your fruitful stores unfolded be,
You are ripe enough for anything, I see.

But he can be funny too, as is shown in the famous scene in the giant's castle, wherein the wearying and vulgar popular air is introduced for the first time with some sense and point.

GIANT *carefully closes door and locks it, whilst JACK and ADELGITHA, unobserved, delightedly interchange greetings. GIANT returns, eyes JACK suspiciously, but ultimately appears satisfied. Then producing a great key, he forces ADELGITHA back to larder, and coming back directly, shows JACK his bed.*

JACK. There's my bed, is it? Thank you.
Very good.

Good night.

FAW (*not looking*). Good night.

JACK (*taking log of wood*). In goes this log of wood—

That for my body will the giant mistake—
Asleep—not I! He'll find I'm wide awake.

JACK *puts block of wood under the bedclothes, and gets a large sugar-loaf night-cap with tassels, and places it on the carved end of the log, so as to produce the perfect resemblance to a sleeping person. Having accomplished this, he slips behind curtain and puts on the Invisible Coat, whilst the GIANT, fancying he must be asleep, as he hears JACK snore, takes his club, and glides stealthily across stage to melodramatic music, which changes to air of song.*

Song.—JACK.

AIR.—'Not for Joseph.'

The Giant Killer is my name,
Although you think I'm 'Joe,'
I guessed, my friend, your little game,
And played my own one so.
I should be green, indeed, to be
Thus taken in, I know,
Ah! you may try it on with me,
It will not do for Joe.
Not for Joe! Not for Joe!
If he knows it, not for Joseph.
No, no, no! There's a blow!
Not for Joseph; oh, dear, no!

(GIANT accompanies chorus with blows of club on the log.)

Ah! you may throw your club about,
I am safe out of its way;
You'll wonder how I tumble out
Alive at break of day.
I think a little dig I shall
Administer, and gain
Some interest on the principal;
The balance may remain.
That's for Joe. Don't you know
How he goes it? That's from Joseph.

(*Thrusting his sword into GIANT to tune.*)

GIANT. Oh, oh, oh!

JACK. Told you so.

Settle Joseph—oh, dear, no!

(Repeated.)

(GIANT, being sorely troubled by thrusts of sword, goes to table and takes from drawer a large case, labelled, 'Sticking Plaster,' which he is about to apply, when JACK throws off the Invisible Coat, and suddenly appears before him, to the GIANT'S surprise.)

The Drury Lane pantomime opening seemed to us just the right length, and in the course of two hours we had as much as we could wish of giants and dwarfs, and fairies, and elves, and drolls; songs, dances, pretty girls, and dazzle. Of course, in the matter of taste in arrangement and what not, there is a great contrast between this pantomime and that at Covent Garden. The colouring is gaudy at Drury Lane, harmonious at the Opera House; but on the whole the children's vote—and may they not have a voice in the matter?—would be in favour of Old Drury, where Mr. Irving, the representative of the redoubtable Jack, dances a clog-dance in the 'shoes of swiftness,' which is applauded to the echo; where little Percy Roselle, as Pigwiggin, the captain of the drolls, makes all the little ones envious of his powers; where Miss Poole sings as charmingly as ever, and makes us all forget that Time has turned his glass; and where the harlequinade, with a double set of pantomimists, is kept up with greater spirit and with better tricks than most other theatres.

To sum up, we considered this pantomime by no means the best as regards scenic display, but certainly inferior to none in those details of rollicking fun in which children delight, the children, indeed, for whom, we presume, the pantomime was written.

We went one evening, as in duty bound, to see the burlesque on the 'Brigand' at the Haymarket, and carried away with us very pleasant reminiscences of Miss Lone Burke, who sang to us with charming taste and effect the most popular Offenbachian airs, and played the brigand's wife with consummate delicacy and humour. After all, it is quite possible to give us burlesques without vulgarity and

music-hall foolery. There was no idiotic Tom-and-Jerry horse-play at the Haymarket. What was done was done well and in good taste—tasty dancing, tasty singing, tasty scenery. The burlesque was certainly unequal. It began remarkably well, but dwindled down to rather small beer after the first two scenes. One could hardly have thought that the same author composed the bright little book on the Brigand and that dreary libretto given us at Covent Garden, on which free comments have already been made. Mr. Gilbert a'Beckett can write well enough—he ought to be ashamed of his name if he cannot—when he likes. Here is a speech which is sure to go well with an audience—

MAR. Let's drop all this.

MAR. What? drop it?—when it's plain That Birnam wood has walked to Dunsinane! When London butchers cease to be intent On getting out of business cent. per cent., When British maids their own complexion wear,

And don their own, and not another's hair— When trashy novels cease to come to light And Babington has sworn that black is white— When foreign playwrights their just dues have earned—

When lent umbrellas promptly are returned— When comic songs no longer make one weep— When Tupper fails to lull the world to sleep— When Poor Law Guardians their course reverse,

Make charity a blessing, not a curse— When oysters, without ruin, may be had— And Bradshaw fails to drive its readers mad— When a new joke a comic writer finds— When Bismarck, and Napoleon speak their minds—

And Beales exists unchained to his M.A.— When Charing Cross has fountains that can play—

When Holborn Valley all its cost is worth— And Leicester Square's a paradise on earth— Then—ask me, if you like, a time to name, At which I'll drop for good my little game. You understand me now, sir?

And again:—

ALB. He's going to put you in the *Illustrated*.

MAR. This opportunity I must not lose. They've often tried to get me in the *recess*— Give me a lift before a set of gapers?

The lift I want's a good word in the papers.

ALB. You're short of them tip here, eh?

MAR.

Which we are.

MAR. Nonsense! each day he gets his *Morning Star*.

And early too—

Mrs. The middle of the night.
 She means that twinkling thing—
 Alx. Well, come, it's *Bright*.
 Theo. Your evening sheet?
 Mrs. What does he want with one?
 Mrs. That's true—All day I'm taking in
 the *Sun*.
 Ru. Ha! ha!
 Mrs. You hear that horrid ugly laugh,
 My danger signal—that's my *Telegraph*.
 My weekly drill of this impostor crew
 She calls—
 Mrs. Of course, your *Saturday Review*.
 And as we stop the mail each morn, we boast
 That we at least take in the *Morning Post*.
 Mrs. That's true enough, and I'm a con-
 stant reader—
 Last Tuesday I got kicked by the off-leader.
 Up here again we frequently run foul
 Of savage beasts who treat us to a *h-Owl*.
 And then with the police we've constant rubs,
 By which our heads give *Echoes from their*
Clubs.

Mr. Compton, who played Alessandro Massaroni, never looks at home in a burlesque. He doesn't seem to like it; but with Miss Fanny Wright to dance, Miss Ione Burke to sing, Mr. Kendal to do his best, and Mr. Clark to be funny, the little trifle seemed to go merrily enough. Milly preferred it to the ordinary burlesques of the period, and I was sensible of a very decided pinch at its conclusion, for I had dozed off to sleep, and it was time to go. Well, sleeping in one's stall is preferable to going out in the middle of the performance. The one is an insult; the other vulgar.

There was a little burletta, or burlesque, or piece of extravagance or what you will, which was brought out this year at the Olympic, and amused us as much as anything we saw in a small way. They called the trifle 'Petticoat Parliament,' and I found out that it was a revised version of a very old and favourite piece by Mr. Mark Lemon, called 'The House of Ladies.' The action is supposed to take place some hundred years hence, when the famous John Stuart Mill theory regarding womankind will be so far developed as to put women altogether in the ascendancy in all worldly matters, and keep men entirely in the background. These ladies, in the most fantastic and extravagant attire, visit Tattersall's, and bet; they organize boat-races among themselves on the Ser-

entine; women play billiards while men content themselves with the harmless pastime of croquet; and to wind up all this female extravagance, a special charter has been obtained whereby the House of Commons is composed exclusively of ladies, who discuss feminine topics with much warmth and freedom. This is just the kind of fun which is thoroughly enjoyed by clever girls; and as the chief weight of the piece falls on the shoulders of Miss Louisa Moore, and little Miss Farren, who, in boisterous humour, is quite unequalled on the stage, and whose flow of animal spirits never flags for an instant, it may easily be guessed what merriment is extracted from it. Indeed these two ladies enter so heart and soul into it, they 'nag' at one another with such admirable reality, and speechify at one another in such a genuine feminine *tu quoque* style, that one would almost imagine that they enjoyed the opportunity of 'playing the fool' as much as the audience. 'Petticoat Parliament' is the merest trifle, and, as far as plot or ingenuity is concerned, it hardly bears criticism; but no one can help laughing at the genuine humour of the two young ladies chiefly concerned in it. The house was in one long roar of laughter from beginning to end. The piece was charmingly dressed and mounted.

And now I think I have nearly come to the end of my dramatic diary. Let me see. What else did we see? Oh! we went to the Lyceum, where ever so many nursery stories have been mixed up together, 'Fortunatus,' and 'Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren,' and 'The Three Bears,' and 'The Little Man and the Little Maid,'—rather too many, in my humble opinion, for an intelligible pantomime opening. The consequence was that there appeared to be some foggiess in the story; and no doubt less through a desire on the part of the clever author of the book to mystify his audience than to the praiseworthy efforts of the lessee to give the public enough for their money. In the present case his liberality was far from being pru-

dent; for the trouble and confusion caused by double transformation scenes, and the absolute impossibility of a fair hearing being given to the numerous artists engaged, added to insufficient rehearsals and an inefficient band, rather threatened the success of the pantomime at one time. However, thanks to the terpsichorean feats of Miss Caroline Parkes, the charming singing of Miss Goodall, and the pretty grace of a French *danseuse*, one Finette, Mr. E. T. Smith's venture at the Lyceum was no doubt ultimately crowned with success. It is only fair to state, in justice to the author of the Lyceum pantomime, that he is not responsible for many of the idiotic songs given from the stage in the course of the pantomime. He is one of the few writers for the stage whose lines scan, whose rhymes are faultless, and whose songs are admirable. Would that the same praise could be given to all his *confrères*! Many of them seem to go on the principle that any doggerel is good enough for a pantomime. Some alarming feats of versification and rhyme have been attempted this year; and sensitive ears must frequently have been sorely tried.

I have now had my say on the principal Christmas novelties of 1867. Several times I asked myself whether pantomime would ever die out; or whether, unchangeable as the fixed laws of roast beef and plum pudding, they will last out my time, and a great while longer? It is not because I am older than in the 'Harlequin Good Queen Bess' days, which have been faithfully recorded above; or because I am *blasé*—which I am not—that I unhesitatingly affirm that pantomimes are not what they were years ago. I am not talking now for talking sake. Formerly the harlequinade

was the great feature of a Christmas pantomime; nowadays the house empties itself when the harlequinade commences, and very frequently barely a scene is devoted to it. How can it be otherwise? The opening of the Covent Garden pantomime lasted, this year, from eight o'clock to close upon eleven! Who has spirits after that for a harlequinade? Besides, the functions of Clown and Pantaloon are usurped by the pantomimists who play in the opening. The long comic scene in the burlesque steals from the 'motley crew' their legitimate weapons, such as red-hot pokers, sausages, cats, and what not. Unless some retrogression takes place, Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine may just as well pack up their traps and be off.

A pantomime is all very well in its way; but it is not the pantomime pure and simple that delights us. I shall go and see one every year, for the sake of the house. Ordinary audiences are dull at the best; but pantomime audiences do one's heart good. In pit and gallery, boxes and stalls the same good-fellowship and kindness seem to prevail. In the dress-circle and boxes the long, waving hair of the well-dressed children is tossed to and fro in their unrestrained merriment. In the pit we see little sparkling eyes of children, perched on their mothers' knees, peering through the heads, intent upon the glittering scene. Up in the gallery there are children, too. Some laugh, some sleep on their mothers' breasts. Into the gallery of a theatre at Christmas-time many a mother comes for warmth for herself and child! Ah! happy laughing children! Poor dear cold sleeping children! What does Tiny Tim say?—'God bless every one!'

CLARENCE CAPULET.



A MODERN VENDETTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BARBARA'S HISTORY.'

PART II.

THE new piece took immensely. We brought it out, first of all, at Reading, where we ran it for thirty nights without change of programme, and thence carried it through all the principal towns of the western and midland counties. Crowded audiences and a well-stocked exchequer accompanied each step of our progress. Jungla's engagement was renewed for another six months. The salaries of the entire establishment were raised, according to the manager's promise; whilst I, as author of the piece, received a gratification over and above my increase of weekly pay, in the shape of a cheque for ten guineas. In short, we were enjoying a run of unexampled success, and Davila was at the height of his prosperity.

Yet, strangely enough, he seemed none the happier for it. His temper, on the contrary, became gloomier as his prospects brightened. Month after month went by, the tide of success flowed on unchecked, and still he who profited most grew daily more solitary and morose. He looked like a man weighed down with secret care. The lines about his mouth grew fixed and rigid, his eyes restless, his gait slouching. He had never been a sociable man, but till now he had never been a misanthrope. That he should turn back in the streets at the sight of an acquaintance, answer at random when spoken to, now suffer the merest trifle to provoke him to storms of rage, now permit acts of the grossest negligence to pass unrebuked,—were traits of character which showed themselves for the first time. Knowing him to be a sullen-tempered man, we scarcely observed the change till it had become habitual. Once awake, however, to the fact, we talked of nothing else.

What was it? Why was it? Had he lost money in private specula-

tions? Had he done anything in which he feared to be discovered? Was his mind giving way, and were these the first symptoms of insanity? We might well be anxious—we might well discuss the subject; for on Davila's sagacity and energy the fortunes of the whole company depended.

I have already said that my duties were of the most heterogeneous kind, and included all those which are understood to devolve upon an acting manager. As acting manager, therefore, I was brought into almost daily contact with Davila and his family. Let him shun others as he would, he was obliged to see me. Had he not done so, we must ere long have come to a stand-still; for I could do nothing without his sanction. If, therefore, he avoided the theatre, unwelcome as I knew myself to be, I was forced to seek him at his lodgings. At these times he would sit with his face turned from me, scarcely listening to what I had to say; replying in monosyllables; often not replying at all; and sometimes, for no apparent cause, breaking into sudden fits of savage impatience. His wife seemed more afraid of him than ever. Even the child's presence irritated him. There were times when he seemed as if he could not bear the sight of her; when a stranger might almost have believed that he hated her. Knowing how the man used to idolize his little Lotta, this change struck me as the most ominous of all.

'It would be a satisfaction to know what is the matter with Davila,' said Jungla, meeting me one morning on my way to the manager's lodgings. 'He looks at me as if he would like to grind my bones to make his bread.'

'He looks at every one in the same way,' I replied.

'I think not. I believe he honours me with a special and peculiar aver-

sion. You should have seen the expression of his face last Saturday, when I went up to the treasury.'

'General ill-will, believe me. I am going to him now with yesterday's accounts, and he will treat me as if I were his worst enemy. There is little Lotta—you would fancy he abhorred her.'

The Lion King pulled vaguely at his moustache, and looked thoughtful.

'If anything goes wrong with Davila,' he said, presently—'I mean, if he goes mad, or, more likely still, commits suicide, what will become of that child? Mrs. Davila's not her mother, and, so far as I can see, cares little enough about her.'

'He has money,' I suggested.

'Who knows? It may be all muddled away in some limited or unlimited swindle. Then there is the wife to provide for; and the money, after all, was hers. By Jove! I think I should have to take little Lotta myself.'

Then seeing me repress a smile, he added, quickly:—

'Not but what that would be an intolerable bore, you know. Altogether out of my line. More in my way to adopt lions than children.'

With this he nodded, and left me. In another moment I was at the door of Davila's lodgings. We were staying at Leeds at the time, and the manager was in occupation of a first and second floor over a shop in the market-place. I ran up-stairs and found him at the window, with his back towards the door by which I entered.

'Well,' he said, without looking round, 'what is it?'

'Yesterday's accounts, Mr. Davila,' I replied, 'if you have leisure to go through them.'

He muttered something inaudible, but neither turned nor stirred.

'Mr. Flack, of Nottingham, has written,' I said, arranging my papers on the table. 'He wants to know when we are likely to be in that neighbourhood. Their great annual cattle fair comes off in about six weeks, and he thinks, if you could arrange to be there about that time—'

'I won't pledge myself,' interrupted Davila, impatiently.

'Shall I say that we will write again in a week or two?'

'I don't know. I can't tell.'

'By the way, Herr Jungla's engagement will expire in a little more than a fortnight.'

He made a sudden movement, but said nothing. Having paused a moment for his reply, I went on.

'Do you wish me to say anything about it?'

'About what?'

'About the renewal of his engagement.'

He turned at last, his face ablaze with anger.

'No,' he said, savagely; 'not a word.'

'Oh, very well,' I replied; 'I had far rather you did it yourself. I was only afraid you did not know how time was going.'

'I am not going to do it myself,' he said, with an oath. 'I don't choose to renew the engagement. Herr Jungla may go.'

'Herr Jungla may go?' I repeated. 'Impossible!'

'Why impossible?'

'Because he is our greatest attraction;—because we could not carry on the piece without him. Why, it's not many weeks since you entirely renewed all the dresses and decorations.'

'For all that,' he said, dropping into a chair, and drumming angrily upon the table with his knuckles, 'Herr Jungla may go, and you may tell him so.'

'I should be sorry to give that message,' I said, 'till you have thought it over.'

He laughed discordantly.

Just at that moment I heard the child's voice on the stairs, not prattling joyously, as happy children prattle, but timidly, as fearing rebuke or question. Then, as she came nearer, it sank to a whisper, and the little feet went stealing softly across the landing. I glanced from the door to the manager's face. I could not have told why I looked at him. The impulse was involuntary. But what a face it was! The angry flush was gone, and a dead, dull pallor had come there in its

place. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet, his lips pressed hard together, his brows knitted. He said nothing. He listened; and as the child crept by, I saw one large vein rise and throb upon his temple like an angry pulse. There was no passion in the face to make it terrible; nothing but an ominous, intense suppression of emotion. What was the nature of that emotion? A dim, half-intelligible suspicion flashed upon me. I remembered what Jungla had been saying as we came through the town. I could not have helped speaking, had it been to save my life.

'Your little girl has improved very much of late,' I said. 'I was quite surprised yesterday to find her reading one of the stories in "Sandford and Merton." She scarcely knew her letters six months ago.'

He looked up confusedly, as hearing, but not taking in the sense of my words.

'Were it only on her account,' I continued, 'you would scarcely wish, I should think, to lose Herr Jungla. It would break her little heart to be parted from him.'

He sprang to his feet like a madman; broke into a storm of incoherent curses; swore that Jungla should go, though it were to ruin him ten times over; then, exhausted by the force of his own fury, dropped back into his chair, laid his head down upon the table, and sobbed like a child.

'I'd give all I have,' he cried, 'never to have seen his face! We were happy enough once. I didn't want her to be clever; she was clever enough for me. I only wanted her to love me. And she did love me—I was all the world to her!'

I was deeply affected. I saw it all now, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. The man's whole being was rooted in the child, and he was enduring torments of jealousy. I tried to comfort him; but he would not be comforted.

'No, no!' he said; 'it is of no use. I know better. He has robbed me of my child. Oh, curse him! I hate him!—I hate him!'

I went from the house that morn-

ing more troubled than I would have cared to confess. What should I say to Jungla? That Davila did actually hate him I could no longer doubt. I felt that it was no mere figure of speech. He hated him with a Corsican's hatred—with a hatred that was eating away his own heart—that might end in madness—that must lead to ruin. I made no further effort to get Jungla's engagement renewed. I had an instinctive feeling that the sooner all business relations were over between them, the better for both. I knew, of course, that we could ill afford to lose the Lion King and his lions, or to withdraw 'The Prince of Cyprus' from our bills. But I also knew that the present state of things could not long go on except at the cost of absolute destruction, and that to bring Davila back to his former self was, at this moment, the one object of paramount importance. Acting, therefore, upon this unwelcome conviction, I gave Jungla to understand that he would be free, at the expiration of his term, to make whatever arrangements or engagements he pleased.

To say that he was not taken by surprise would be untrue. He knew his own value, and could pretty well estimate what Davila's loss would be on 'The Prince of Cyprus' alone. He smiled, however, shrugged his shoulders, and took it coolly enough.

'As Mr. Davila pleases,' he said. 'I told you that he honoured me with a special aversion, and here is proof positive of the same. Well, *chacun à son goût*. I rejoice to find that our friend can afford to indulge his little prejudices after so expensive a fashion.'

This was all the comment he made. He expressed no regret, betrayed no annoyance, said not one word of little Lotta. But I observed after this that he seemed as if he could scarcely let her out of his sight for ten minutes together.

At length, some three or four days having gone by, he announced his intention of running over to Glasgow to make arrangements for the hire of the theatre in Dunlop Street, where he purposed giving a series of

performances on his own responsibility. Now the journey from Leeds to Glasgow occupies rather more than eight hours each way, and we were playing the 'Prince of Cyprus' every night, except on Saturdays, when we gave a morning performance instead. Moreover, as all who have sojourned in North Britain know but too well, there is no midday travelling on Scottish lines on Sundays. So Jungla's only course was to start from Leeds immediately after the morning performance on Saturday, arriving in Glasgow between eleven and twelve at night; spending his Sunday in Glasgow; leaving again for Leeds at about a quarter to eleven on Monday morning, and just getting back in time to fling himself into a fly, drive at once to the theatre, and dress for the rising of the curtain at half-past seven.

'Look here, Skey,' he said, half whimsically, half pathetically, 'you'll have an eye to my young family now and then, while I'm away?'

'What—to the lions?'

'Yes, to the lions. Pratt is, of course, a thoroughly careful and trustworthy fellow; but I am a tender parent, you see, and it goes to my heart to leave the pretty dears to the care of a keeper.'

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but reminded him that my acquaintance with the manners and customs of lions was of the most limited description.

'Tell me what you wish done,' I said, 'and I will do it. Am I to see them fed?'

'Oh no. Pratt knows all about that. Five o'clock is their hour, and he knows just what they ought to have. You might, perhaps, see that he is punctual. I like them to be fed punctually—it spoils their tempers to be kept waiting over time. He will be punctual to-day, for it is just four now, and he is not likely to forget them an hour hence; however, I really don't want you to do anything in particular, my dear fellow. All I ask is that you will just let Pratt feel that somebody is looking after him. If you would kindly saunter in, you know, once or twice in the course of each day,

and say something, if it's only about the weather. You understand what I mean.'

'Perfectly. I will do my best, depend on it.'

'A thousand thanks. I wouldn't trouble you, only that it's a long time to be away—over fifty hours, you see. I never have left them for quite so long before. Good-bye—so much obliged—will do the same for you another day.'

This conversation took place on the Saturday afternoon, at the door of Jungla's dressing-room, as he was preparing to be gone by the 4.15 express immediately after the performance. The stage was not yet cleared. The lights were not yet all extinguished. The last fiddler was still putting up his music in the orchestra.

'Good-bye,' I said, as he snatched up his bag and ran towards the door. '*Bon voyage.*'

At that moment a wail of childish sorrow rang through the house, and little Lotta, still in her stage finery, darted after him, calling piteously upon his name.

'Oh, take me with you!' she cried. 'Don't—don't—don't go away! Oh, please take me with you!'

'My pet, don't cry,' said Jungla. He had turned back at the first sound of her voice, and had now taken her in his arms, and was kissing her tenderly. 'Don't cry, my little mädchen. I am coming back the day after to-morrow.'

'No—no—no! You are never coming back! They told me you were never coming back! Oh, why do you go away? What shall I do? Why don't you take me too?'

'My darling—my little pet,' said Jungla. 'I am coming back—ask Mr. Skey. Say something to comfort her, Skey, when I'm gone. God bless you, my pretty one. I wish I could take you—I wish it with all my heart.'

Saying this, he kissed her again, put her gently down, and ran away at full speed.

I tried to say something. I told her he was certainly coming back on Monday, and would play with her as usual in 'The Prince of Cyprus' on Monday night; for Lotta did

perform the infant Livia, and was rescued from the lions by Jungla every evening to thunders of applause.

'Is it quite certain?' she asked, looking up doubtfully.

I assured her that it was quite certain.

'And then will he never go away any more?'

At this question I hesitated.

'Do you love him so dearly that you would like him to stay with you always?' I asked, evasively.

The child's face glowed through her tears.

'I love him better than all the world beside,' she replied, eagerly.

What was it that I heard as she said this? It sounded like a groan. Was it one of the scene-shifters at work in the flies?

'Lotta! Lotta!' cried Mrs. Davila from her dressing-room at the other side of the stage. 'Aren't you coming to be undressed to-night?'

I took the child's hand, and led her back whence she had come. As I did so, I saw a man leaning up against the wall in a dark corner close behind where we had been standing. His face was buried in his hands; but I recognised him at a glance. It was Davila.

The next morning, before I had breakfasted, I went round, as I had promised, to see the lions. There were three cages of them—the lioness and cubs in one, and a lion and lioness in each of the others. They were kept in the same enclosure with Davila's menagerie, but divided from the other beasts by a slight partition. I found Jungla's keeper, Mr. Pratt, smoking his matutinal pipe outside in the sun, and the lions lying and walking about, as usual, in their cages. Having looked in, there was nothing for me to do but to exchange a civil word with Mr. Pratt and retire; which I did. It was Sunday. I had my day before me; no rehearsal to superintend, no accounts to make up, no managerial interview to go through. I went home to breakfast; after breakfast I went to church; after church put some biscuits in my pocket, and went for a long walk into the country. When I came back it was just four

o'clock, and I dropped in again at the menagerie on my way home. This time I found Mr. Pratt asleep on a bench close against the door. He sat up at the sound of my footsteps, and was wide awake directly.

'Lions all right, Pratt?' said I, peeping in and seeing them walking about as before.

'Yes, sir; of course they're all right, sir,' he replied, somewhat sulkily.

'Getting hungry, I suppose, Pratt. Near dinner-time, isn't it? You feed them at five, don't you?'

Mr. Pratt, evidently displeased by my interference, nodded, and stared up at the ceiling. At that moment one of the lions set up a tremendous roar, and I retreated precipitately, feeling that I had done my duty by Jungla's little family for that day.

The next morning, not without some misgivings as to my reception, I went round again. Mr. Pratt, cleaning a row of Jungla's boots in the passage outside, looked more hostile than ever. I wished him good-morning as I passed, but the beasts inside were roaring so furiously that I could not hear my own voice. I went in. The lioness and cubs were comfortably asleep; but the others were lashing their tails, pacing to and fro in their cages, rearing themselves up on their hind legs, tearing at the bars with their tremendous paws as if they would wrench them down, and breaking out every two or three moments into such prolonged and deafening roars that the floor vibrated again beneath my feet. Nor was this all. The beasts in Davila's menagerie, divided off by only a slight partition, seemed as if lashed to frenzy by the noise their neighbours were making. The monkeys were chattering, the bears growling, the cockatoos shrieking, the hyenas yelling. The hubbub, in short, was so appalling that I remained scarcely a moment inside the doors, but, beckoning to Mr. Pratt to follow me, went out into the little yard beyond.

I should observe, by the way, that we were in occupation of a temporary building which had been erected a few months before for the accommodation of botanic fêtes,

agricultural shows, and so forth; and which, enclosing as it did a spacious area, platform, and out-buildings, had been easily converted into a first-rate theatre and circus. The menagerie, which now formed a separate exhibition, occupied one of the out-buildings at the back, and was approached by a separate entrance. This out-building, however, communicated with the circus by means of a covered passage, along which Jungla's cages were wheeled every night into the arena.

'One would think the beasts were mad!' I exclaimed. 'Do they often make such a terrific row, Pratt?'

The keeper shook his head.

'I can't think what's come to them,' he said, 'unless it is that they miss the master. I never knew 'em so noisy before.'

'If they go on like this to-night,' said I, 'the audience won't hear a word of the play.'

Mr. Pratt scratched his ear, but made no reply.

'It's enough to make the horses quite unmanageable,' I added, with a glance towards the stables. 'Well, good-morning, Pratt. I'll look in again, by and by.'

'Beg pardon, sir,' said the keeper, surlily; 'but there's one thing I should wish to say before you go. I don't like the way I'm being treated, sir. Mr. Jungla knows me. He knows whether he can trust me, or whether he can't trust me. He knows whether I'm used to beasts, or whether I'm not used to beasts. I don't like being overlooked, sir. I don't like seeing my work taken out of my hands. I should be glad to know whether Mr. Jungla holds me responsible for these beasts, or not?'

'If you mean that my dropping in now and then has annoyed you, my good fellow,' I replied, 'I can only say that to my certain knowledge, Mr. Jungla places the highest confidence—'

'No, sir,' he interrupted, 'I don't mean you: I mean Mr. Davila.'

'Mr. Davila?' I repeated.

'Yes, sir. What call has he, or any one, to interfere with my duties? If Mr. Jungla couldn't trust the feeding of his beasts, or the keeping

of the keys to me, I think he might have told me so before he left.'

'The feeding of the beasts, and the keeping of the keys?' I echoed again. 'Do you mean to say that Mr. Davila—'

'Mr. Davila came to feed and see after his own beasts, sir, on Saturday afternoon, and again yesterday afternoon, after you had been round for the second time; and he claimed the keys of my cages. He said he was answerable for the safety of those lions while Mr. Jungla was away, and that nobody should feed them but himself. He as good as ordered me out of the place. You may be sure I didn't wait to be ordered a second time.'

'You left him here? You gave up the keys?'

'Mr. Davila said he was master here, sir, and that I could not deny. He said he was my master's master, and I couldn't deny that either. Same time, begging your pardon again, sir, it's treatment I've not been used to; and I wished to say that the next time Mr. Davila, or any one else, comes here interfering with my duties, I shall walk out of that door and go home. If Mr. Jungla wants me back again, he can fetch me.'

I knew not what to say. I could hardly tell what I feared; but I had a sort of vague suspicion that the manager might be capable of doing Jungla an ill turn if the opportunity came in his way. What if he were to poison the lions? Acting upon this thought, I went back and had another look at them. They were roaring and pacing about as before.

'There's nothing the matter with them, I suppose, Pratt?' I said, anxiously. 'They wouldn't be so lively if—they were not well?'

'Well? Bless you, sir, they're well enough. They'd be drooping and neglecting their food, if they were ill. I don't know what quantity they got either Saturday or yesterday; but they'd eaten it every bit when I came back—except a dry bone or two. They're only excited by the howling of the hyenas. There's nothing the matter with them.'

Satisfied that Pratt was right, but utterly puzzled by this sudden outbreak of activity on the part of the manager, I then went round to the theatrical department to attend to the thousand and one daily duties of my office. Here, to my surprise, I found Davila bustling to and fro, as prompt, as authoritative, as business-like as of old. He had just called a rehearsal of the riders—had ordered the stalls and orchestra to be swept out—was presently about to inspect the wardrobe—and when I first went in, was reprimanding the carpenters about the state of a practicable bridge in one of the set scenes. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears and eyes. He had suddenly thrown off all that apathy which was so alarming in him of late. There was even a feverish activity about him which made the contrast still more striking. His senses seemed over-alert, as it were. His eyes glittered with excitement. He talked fast and loudly. He went everywhere. He saw everything. He was never still or silent for a moment. It was like a resurrection from the dead.

At two o'clock, the morning's work being done, we dispersed, actors, musicians, scene-shifters, costers, dressers, supernumeraries of all kinds, and went our several ways. I, for one, went home to dinner, thinking over the incidents of the morning. That Davila's conduct was very strange, not only in the matter of the lions, but in the manner of his return to business, was undeniable. I could not keep from pondering over it, more or less, all that afternoon. Look upon it from what side I might, there still was something odd, and not altogether pleasant, about it.

Towards six I went round, as usual, to his lodgings. I always went to him about an hour before the doors opened, to know whether he had any special instructions respecting the evening's performance. This afternoon, for almost the first time in my remembrance, he was not at home. As I came back, however, about halfway between the market-place and the theatre, I came upon him, face to face. He

looked flushed, and I saw at a glance that he had been drinking.

'You are looking for me, Mr. Skey,' he said, hurriedly. 'I have nothing fresh to say to you. I am going home. I don't feel well; the day's work has been too much for me. Programme, of course, remains unaltered: the scenes of the circus first; then Herr Jungla's performance with the lions; then the comic ballet to end Part First. For Part Second, "The Prince of Cyprus," as usual. There is no fear, I suppose, of his missing the train?'

'None whatever, I should think,' I replied. 'He told me he should leave Glasgow by the 10:30 train, which reaches Leeds at 6:15. It is a tolerably punctual train, too, I believe; generally in to time, and never later than the half-hour.'

But before I had finished speaking, the manager had nodded and passed on.

I hurried to the theatre, expecting to find Jungla there before me. He had not yet arrived. I looked at my watch. It wanted only twenty minutes to seven. The train was surely in by now; but he was probably walking from the station, and the station was a good three-quarters of a mile distant. I then went round the house to see that all was in order, the check-taker at his post, the musicians in their places, the horses and riders ready for their entry. When I came back to the green-room the clock was just on the stroke of seven, and Herr Jungla had not yet come.

I became seriously uneasy. I delayed the opening of the doors till nearly five minutes past seven. We were then obliged to admit the audience. Ten minutes past seven—a quarter past—twenty minutes past—and still he did not come. At half-past we were bound to begin. I could now no longer doubt that he had missed the train. I sent for a Bradshaw, and found there was no other train in from Leeds before ten minutes past eleven.

I asked myself despairingly what was to be done? In an emergency of this kind everything devolved upon me; but how to meet the present difficulty I knew not. For the

first part of the programme it was not of so much importance: we could substitute some circus-business for Jungla's first appearance. He simply entered the cage, called the beasts up, one by one, according to their names; held their jaws open; lay down amongst them, and so forth. It lasted but five minutes at any time, and, to my thinking, somewhat impaired the effect of the lion scene in 'The Prince of Cyprus.' But what could I substitute for the second part of the programme? No one could play Ariobarzanes—no one could deal with the lions—save Jungla himself. In the midst of my distress, just as the overture was winding up to the last crash and the riders were ranging themselves for their grand entry, a telegram was put into my hand, containing words to this effect.

'Railway bridge fallen in between Bradford and Apperley. Trains all obliged to stop at Bradford. Thirteen miles by fly. Will be with you in time for drama.'

This message put an end to my anxieties. I went before the curtain with the telegram in my hand, explained the case to the audience, begged permission to substitute Signor Montanari's unrivalled feats of strength for Herr Jungla's first performance, and retired with two rounds of applause.

All went off well. The Lion King arrived at the stage-door just as the curtain fell at the close of Part the First, and was dressed and chatting with me at the wings long before it was time for him to go on as chief captive in the Triumph.

'Had a successful journey?' I asked.

'Thoroughly successful. I have taken the Glasgow house for a fortnight certain, with liberty to hold it for a month on the same terms; and I have made arrangements with a really good troupe of Christy's Minstrels to eke out the entertainment. My lions and I, you see, are hardly enough by ourselves. How is my little family, by the way? All right?'

'All right, and distressingly lively when I saw them last—roaring like volcanoes.'

'Pretty dears! and that best of men, Pratt?'

'The best of men is by no means in the best of tempers,' I replied, laughing. 'But stay—you are called. I will tell you more about it by and by.'

From this moment, however, Jungla was incessantly before the audience, and I had no opportunity of speaking to him again. During the five minutes, or less than five minutes' interval between the acts, he ran down to see the cage wheeled up from the menagerie, and was only back in time for the prison scene at the rising of the drop. Coming off from this scene, however, he passed me at the wings.

'Look here, Skey,' he said, hurriedly, 'I wish you'd get me a glass of wine. I'm confoundedly tired, and—and, somehow, I don't altogether like the look of the lions.'

'Not like the look of the lions!' I exclaimed. 'What do you mean?'

'I scarcely know myself. I can't think what the devil is the matter with them. I miss the recognition in their eyes, and—and, after all, I don't believe, with beasts of that sort, that the personal influence should be relaxed for even a single day.'

'But so tame as yours are——' I began. He interrupted me impatiently.

'No wild beast is ever really tamed,' he said. 'But for heaven's sake let us waste no words. Get me a glass of wine—or, better still, a glass of brandy.'

I ran round myself to the refreshment-room, and brought him a quarter of a pint of brandy in a tumbler. The amphitheatre scene was already on when I came back; the gladiators were combating in the arena; Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, as the Emperor and Empress, were seated on a throne to the right of the stage, while little Lotta, dressed in pink and silver as the infant Livia, was standing at the Empress's knee. Jungla was just about to go on when I put the tumbler into his hand. He emptied it to the last drop. At that moment the trumpets were sounded; the back of the scene was thrown open; the cage, propelled from behind, was pushed into



Drawn by John Gilbert.]

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

[See 'A Modern Vendetta'.

the middle of the stage; and Jungla, as the Prince of Cyprus, was led to the foot of the throne.

At sight of the lions, the house broke into three rounds of vociferous applause. I expected to hear the beasts return the compliment with one of their terrific choruses; but they contented themselves with a kind of long, low, continuous growl, which sounded, somehow, still more deadly, and came in with extraordinary effect.

And now began the great scene of the play. It would scarcely become me to praise the dialogue; but I think no one who had seen the piece as we performed it that season, and had heard the interruptions of applause which were certain to break out each night at particular points of the speeches, could have pronounced it other than a thoroughly legitimate success.

The captive prince being led in, the Emperor rose and bade him choose his fate. He must either sacrifice to the gods, or be given to the lions. Ariobarzanes, in sixteen lines of rhymed verse, rejects the alternative with scorn and declares himself ready to die for the true faith. The Emperor expostulates; but in vain. He then gives the fatal signal, addressing the prince in these lines:—

*'Thy fate, rash action of a royal line!
I leave thy choice. 'Tis thy decree—not mine.'*

The guards then advance—Ariobarzanes springs upon the steps of the throne, seizes the imperial infant in his arms, leaps into the arena, and stands at the door of the lions' cage, with his hand upon the bolt. The soldiers in waiting draw their swords; the Empress swoons; the guards are about to rush to the rescue.

'Hold!' cries Jungla, in a voice of thunder:—

*'Hail! but one jav'lin, let one arrow fly,
And by the God I worship, she shall die.'*

Then taking from his own neck a large cross suspended to a chain, he passes it over the child's head, and adds:—

*'Yet stay, idolaters! see where I place
This sacred symbol of eternal grace.
Thus arm'd, thus safe, thus shielded, now be-
hold
I draw the bolt. . . .'*

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He was interrupted by an awful cry—a cry of such intense, quivering agony as perhaps no ear in all that theatre had ever heard before—a cry like nothing human. At the same instant a man rushed past me where I was standing at the wings, and fell as he reached the stage.

'Stop!' he shrieked. *'For God's sake, stop! My child—the lions! the lions!'*

To place little Lotta in the arms of a bystander—to seize the fallen man by the collar and drag him up by main force, like a dog, was for Jungla the work of a moment.

'What of the lions?' he shouted. *'What of the lions?'*

'Is she safe?' cried Davila, wildly. *'Oh, mercy! is she safe? They've not been fed for three days!'*

A deadly look came into Jungla's face. He took his enemy by the throat, lifted him fairly off his feet, and made as if he would have hurled him over into the circus below. For one moment, he held him so—for one moment I thought we should have seen murder done before our eyes. Then the dangerous light went out of his face. He smiled bitterly; dropped the manager, a dead weight, at his feet; and, spurning him contemptuously with his foot, said—

'So, my friend, you calculated that I should have walked into that cage alone, an hour ago! I give you credit for your ingenuity. 'Sdeath! I half suspected foul play of some sort.'

My story, in so far as it may be called a story, is told. If you object that it points no particular moral, and comes to no particular end, I am bound to admit that it does neither; but then you will please to remember that I have been drawing upon my experience instead of upon my imagination, and that facts do not often round themselves off so neatly and conclusively as fictions. Peetic justice probably requires that Davila's infernal plot should either have recoiled upon his own head, or have been followed by some signal retribution; but when last I heard of the man he

was conducting a monster circus through the American states, and, if report spoke truly, prospering beyond all precedent. These incidents, however, which I have just related, were, indirectly, the cause of the breaking up of the old Davila company. Herr Jungla, it is true, forbore to prosecute; but the story was all over the country in less than a week, and articles headed, 'Murderous attempt on the part of a Provincial Manager,' 'A modern Corsican Vendetta,' and the like, figured conspicuously in every local newspaper throughout the kingdom. As for the company, it fell apart like an unbound sheaf. Montanari and St. Aubyn gave notice to quit in the course of the following week. The O'Learys left in about a fortnight. All who could obtain engagements elsewhere shook the dust of Davila's circus from their feet, and made haste to be gone. For myself, I stood not upon the order of going, but gave in my accounts the very next day, and went immediately.

Even in this there may, however, have been some flavour of retribution; for Davila held his head high, and valued reputation. It must have been bitter work for him to find himself shunned as if he were plague-stricken.

From Leeds I went with Herr Jungla to Glasgow, and thence, after a few weeks, accompanied him to Edinburgh. I liked the man, and, having no engagement, found it pleasant to travel with him. In Edinburgh we parted, and from that day to this I have never seen him or his lions again. I would give much to know who he was, whence he came, and what has become of him. Vague rumours that he had been seen with Garibaldi in Sicily, and in Secessia with Stonewall Jackson, have now and then reached my ears; but they came in such a questionable form that I have not ventured to place much reliance upon them. I have a presentiment, however, that we shall some day meet again.

THE END.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

A Strange Story.

PART I.

MY VALENTINE.

IT was a bright, clear morning. The sun sparkled on a thousand emerald buds, and the morning breeze wafted in a strong scent of violets. As I stood on the doorstep of my home in Devonshire, I looked on as fair a scene of flowers and sunshine as ever was given in these British isles to Valentine's Day. Such brilliant blossoms—wind-flowers, hepaticas, and crocuses—blue, purple, white, and cloth of gold. It was a thoroughly spring-like morning, and as I stood loitering on the step a youth of fifteen bounded through the hall, seized me by the arm, and cried, 'I ought to be your Valentine, but I can't. A man may not marry his grandmother, nor his maiden aunt! Oh dear me, what a pity! But never mind, Grace; come along;

we will go forth for adventures, and you shall meet your Valentine, if such a being exists.' I told Master Bertrand that he was a saucy schoolboy, but I started with him on a walk to the lodge, nevertheless.

And now I must explain a little.

I was at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's day I was sixteen years of age, and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage, and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor, he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand, Oliver, and Jack



Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

MY VALENTINE.

[See "Twenty-four Hours: A Strange Story"

with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the doorstep of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amid wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three, and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew: and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of a wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well, and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Bertie and I trod the way gaily, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear, frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing, in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

'You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!"—Eh! who's that?'

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge door, and walked in.

'Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you meet, not see. You are out of luck—you are—no!'

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked towards us quite as unwaveringly, and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole 'West Country.'

'All right!' said Bertie, in a low voice; 'don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again.'

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small impertinences, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

'Hold your tongue, Bertie!'

'Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!'

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly, by the stranger stopping close before us, and saying, 'Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge.' Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a moustache, but no whisker nor beard;—he was what anybody might call handsome, and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said, 'Miss Lawrence.' Then he went on, speaking to Bertie. 'Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?'

'Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week.'

'Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early "morning call" if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station.'

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us towards the house.

He soon said, 'Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?'

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. 'It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Grace met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly.'

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. 'I had never thought of it!' he said. 'Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even.'

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been through hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished, and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty, and twice married; with three

boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. 'Why, *my* life,' he said, 'has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean; at least, I hope so. After all,' he said, 'the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields, full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes,' he added, thoughtfully, 'and comes in some of men's best moments, I think.' I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most admirable sentiments. 'But I should not have liked to begin so early, though,' he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, 'There is something odd about him.' He kept on betraying the drollest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

'Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening,' said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'a party of friends; would you tell me all about them.'

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. 'Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!' and when he ended by saying with every mark of astonishment—'And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too,' I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our

new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

'Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do anything—everything—we will have charades!'

I asked, 'Did Major Deverel propose charades?'

'Oh, no; you can't get him to propose anything. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day,' he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others, they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle and were not the least spoiled by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

'Had he ever acted?' 'Hundreds of times, no doubt.' 'Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?' 'Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to everything—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word.'

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who

had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and, as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell ringing, more greetings, more tea! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. 'You are in that unreasonable state of agitation, that you will scarcely need to act anything, Gracey.' I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet, you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favourite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on, and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fireplaces. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimneypieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimneypiece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the further end of the stage our 'situations' were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. 'The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us, and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you,'—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

'Don't be frightened before the time,' he said. 'I won't arrange anything. Whatever you may do, I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you.'

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, 'Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat.' I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. 'Your father dressed me,' he said. 'I have not done anything myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me, that is all I am going to do.'

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our travelling carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding towards Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—

women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend, fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying 'Save us!'

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harbourage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, 'The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!'

'What is queer, and what is over?' I said—we were re-arranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, 'By-and-by—by-and-by.'

The word '*full*' was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags, they filled pockets, baskets, brown-paper parcels. It was made a very merry scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Everybody had 'felt

it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, 'I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before.'

PART II.

MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

When all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding, 'I am very glad we had you to do it.'

'So am I,' was the brief answer. 'But to me it was not acting. For one moment, I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fireplace, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment, when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!'

'Well now I am sure he *is* mad,' was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

'How strange!' she exclaimed. 'May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now.'

'If you please,' Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

'It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all "on leave" of one sort or other, and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine, as nearly

as I can recollect; English, French Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

'One day, I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterwards, I was told by a French friend of his, with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbour, and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing,—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practised necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision, any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two, I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favourite, with me. He was called O'Neil. I don't know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good, if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief whatever in these prophetic visions being true. O'Neil and I paid our visit to the "Wise Man" on Valentine's Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact just before nine o'clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was

going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, "Double that; you will require more than one vision." I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O'Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O'Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up-stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man's dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted, and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o'-pearl, in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burnt about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the "Wise Man" was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, "Ask for the moment you wish to see." I said, "This time next year." I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning; then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never seen him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I

looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: "You wish for another?" I said, "I don't know—wait." "Don't speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon."

'In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, "Did I die?"—or "Shall I die?" I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank, I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, "Will you see more?" I said, "Yes." "What moment shall it be?" The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, "This time five years." And it came.'

'What came?' asked my brother.

'Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm, and pointed my pistol at Bertie.'

'Did you see Bertie?'

'I saw only myself, and a woman, just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorcerer said, "You will see another?" But I answered, "No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you," and I came away.'

'And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?'

'Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine's Day.'

'And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?' asked Julia.

'Yes. That very day year, at the same hour. I was stationed at

Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian staunched it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of "black art" is practised still.

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamt of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

'About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine

when I was making inquiries at the lodge.'

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said, 'My sister and brother are late this morning.'

'Tired with my long story?' he said.

'Not very long, but very strange.' 'Let's make it as long as we can,' he said—'till death us do part?'

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

'Oh, Major Deverel, it is only twenty-four hours! "A soldier's wooing——"'

'I should like nothing so much in the world!' said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o'clock, I had said a sort of 'Yes,' but balanced by as many 'ifs' as I craftily thought would serve to make it 'No' whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those 'ifs' as I intended. He afterwards even denied that he had heard them at all.

G. P.

POLICE MYSTERIES.

II.

IN the memorable debate of the 5th of December last, which took place in the French Legislative Body, there occurred a passage which the 'Times' renders as follows:—

'M. Rouher. — Discouragement seemed to have seized on the revolutionists, and Garibaldi appeared to be on the point of abandoning his projects. A Peace Congress was then assembled at Geneva, where all the revolutionists met.'

'M. Garnier-Pagès.—There were secret agents to provoke excesses.'

'M. Rouher.—The Governments would not have exceeded their rights in sending agents to Geneva to watch the meetings of the revolutionists; but they were spared the trouble by the publication of the bulletins of the proceedings.'

M. Garnier-Pagès' actual words were '*Il y avait là des agents secrets, des agents provocateurs*,' thereby implying not only that 'provocative agents' are something more than 'secret agents,' but also that they do exist as part of the police-machinery of the Second Empire. M. Rouher, the Minister of State, admits the *agents*, but says nothing about the '*provocateurs*,' for the apparent reason that none were wanted. His observation that 'the Governments' (the Emperor's and the Pope's?) had no need to take the trouble of sending spies to Geneva, in consequence of the publication of the bulletins of the Congress, will be taken for what the reader may judge it to be worth.

The question 'What is an *agent provocateur*?' will be better answered

by illustration than by description. The circumstance that our illustrations are taken from previous reigns does not in the least diminish their value. Meanwhile be it stated that all right-minded persons draw a wide distinction between a loyal police and a disloyal police. 'A good police,' says Caussidière, for instance, 'is the best instrument of public security. It ought not to be made an agency of provocation, but an agency of foresight and prevention. A provocative police is immoral, and condemns to the hatred and contempt of a nation both the government who employs it and the persons who take part in it. A preventive police ought to stifle plots in their birth, either by persuasive or by repressive means. It ought not to "feed" or encourage an affair in order to catch in its nets a greater number of conspirators. The proceeding is sometimes even dangerous.' It will appear from the above that 'provocatives' mix themselves up mainly with *political* offences.

We are assured, indeed, that under the *ancien régime* there were no such beings as agents provocateurs; there were plenty of them, nevertheless, both under the First Empire and the Restoration. In this respect England resembles the classical rustics who had no conception how happy they were. We have our troubles, but we know nothing now of the evils connected with the disputes of rival dynasties. We have, thank heaven, no Orleanists waiting to trip up Bonapartists; no Legitimists watching their turn to give Orleanists the go-by; no Republicans—for Fenianism will never come to *that*—hoping to send all the others adrift for a brief interregnum. We can drink to the king 'over the water'; we can eat calf's head on the thirtieth of January; we may sport an oak-leaf, if we can get it, on the twenty-ninth of May; we may sing 'Charlie is my darling,' or that still wicked song 'The Piper came to our toon'; we may wear either a violet or a lily in our buttonhole; we may deck our drawing-rooms, if we list, with full-length portraits of Napoleon I., Charles X.,

the Comte de Paris, Henri V., General Cavaignac, Oliver Cromwell, the Pretender, Fum the Fourth, Jefferson Davis, General Lee, Joe Smith, and Brigham Young, without fear of getting into trouble with the police. God save Queen Victoria! Long live the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and all the Royal Family!

Disputed possession of, or succession to, thrones imperil all who are connected with them during the turns of the wheel of Fortune. No man can serve two masters, but there are crises when it is difficult to know exactly who is master, or who will be master next week or next month. On such occasions, nothing can be more likely than for a man to feel uncertainty to whom his allegiance is really and conscientiously due. The dilemma, or the individual's want of decision, gives rise to what may be called artificial or conventional criminality. It is the circumstances, rather than the act, which make the guilt.

Many of our readers may have seen, in Byron's verse, the name of Labédoyère, without knowing Labédoyère's story. Its conclusion only regards our present topic; he was a noble prey who fell into the fangs of an *agent provocateur*.

Colonel Labédoyère was one of the First Napoleon's heroes, whose imagination was filled with his leader's glory; but when that leader was sent to Elba, his legal masters were the restored Bourbons. In spite of which, when Boney broke loose from his island, Labédoyère was the first colonel to join his flag. Had Boney succeeded in holding his own, it would have been devotion and fidelity on the soldier's part, to be rewarded by honours, grand crosses, and perhaps a marshal's baton; but as Waterloo checked the career of triumph, it was desertion, treason, treachery.

When events began to run in what seemed a permanent channel, the possessors of power remembered Labédoyère. Although there was no fear of Napoleon's returning from St. Helena, such an example must be made an example of. He was then far away from Paris, and

might have easily escaped to a foreign country. His wife, lately delivered of a son, was in the capital. She could have joined him when he had placed himself out of the reach of danger; but an *agent provocateur* was sent to lure him into the mistake of going to fetch his wife and child, inducing him to do so by false information, political and private, which was communicated to the public at the time.

Once in Paris, Labédoyère was watched from hour to hour. There was a fellow named Dabasse who had been in the service of the family, by whom he had been loaded with benefits, and who still had free access to the house. To this wretch, now inspector of police, was confided the surveillance of the guilty colonel. No suspicion was attached to his frequent presence, and he knew the most trifling events that passed in the house. Of course Labédoyère enjoyed an extraordinary amount of liberty. As Dabasse had him constantly under his thumb, there was no possibility of his escape whenever he was wanted. There was an object, too, in allowing him to indulge in this sense of security, namely, the hope of discovering his friends and connections, so as to involve other victims in his exemplary punishment.

At last it was resolved to strike the blow. Labédoyère was arrested. Dabasse presided at the operation, but without taking any active part or appearing in it. He guided the emissaries of the police and showed them their victim, himself unseen. Labédoyère was taken first to the Préfecture de Police, thence to the General commanding the First Military Division, and thence to the prison de l'Abbaye.

Dabasse, unsuspected by those whom he had betrayed, still continued his surveillance. He paid frequent visits to the colonel's wife, who resided in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain. He contrived to gain the confidence of her cook. The simple woman, seeing in him nothing more than a sincere and zealous friend of her employers, trusted him completely, and even listened when he talked to her of

love! She thought it was useless to make a mystery of anything that concerned the colonel's welfare. She mentioned that they had great expectations of gaining the keeper of the prison, and that she was going, that very evening, to take him ten thousand francs (400*l.*) as the price of his complaisance in allowing Labédoyère to escape.

Dabasse informed his chief, Foudras, of this promising project, and then took up his station at the prison gate backed by a couple of other agents. The imprudent cook-maid came; he dropped his mask, showing himself for what he really was. He arrested the girl, who was thunderstruck at finding in her adorer her chief accuser.

On examination she did not deny the mission she had undertaken, adding that Dabasse had promised to help her and secure the execution of the scheme. They took the money of which she was the bearer and kept her in confinement for a considerable period. It was currently reported at the time that Dabasse pocketed the ten thousand francs as a recompense for his share in the transaction.

On the twenty-ninth of August, 1815, Labédoyère appeared before the Second Council of War of the First Military Division. After hearing the witnesses for the prosecution, the Council, declaring that the case was clear, refused to allow the witnesses for the defence to appear. Labédoyère was repeatedly interrupted in his address; his advocate was not permitted to speak. His own explanations and protestations were unavailing; he was condemned to death, and the sentence was executed that very same twenty-ninth of August, 1815. At six o'clock in the evening he was shot.

By a codicil to his will dated Longwood, 24th April, 1821, Art. 15, Napoleon left 50,000 francs (2000*l.*) to Labédoyère's children.

A month after Labédoyère's death Dabasse (who although accomplished in perfidy was so ignorant as scarcely to be able to sign his name) was appointed a peace-officer at the Préfecture de Police. It was a recompense, in addition to the ten

thousand francs, for having betrayed and led to the slaughter his former master and benefactor.

In this sad case the action of the agent provocateur who induced Labédoyère to return to Paris instead of immediately crossing the frontier remains obscure and ill-defined. A clearer view of the parts played by those gentry will be given by instances of a less tragic nature.

In the month of January, 1824, the agent Vonix called on a turner of wood named Vincent, living at No. 10, Rue du Roule, and ordered three hundred box-wood egg-cups; but it was indispensable that Bonaparte's likeness should be carved upon them, so that you could not use them to eat a soft-boiled egg, without incurring the charge of sedition and conspiracy.

The price was agreed upon, on condition that the articles should be supplied with the least delay possible. The egg-cups were intended for a foreign customer. The vessel by which they were to go had been lading at Havre, and only waited for them to complete her cargo. The slightest unpunctuality in the delivery would be productive of serious loss.

Vincent promised that in the course of four days the three hundred egg-cups should be sent to the address in the Rue Saint-Antoine given by M. Vonix, self-styled merchant. He set to work at once; he did not lose a minute, and on the 15th of January his task was completed. He begged his mother to accompany the porter who carried the egg-cups, he gave her the bill receipted, and they went their way, suspecting no harm.

On reaching the Place de Grève, Madame Vincent and the porter were arrested by one Deslauriers, a head of a police brigade. They were taken before the Commissaire of Police; the crime, if it was one, could not be denied. Vincent's house was consequently searched, and he was condemned to pay a heavy fine.

It is clear that all this was the work of the police. Vonix was the provocator, and Deslauriers, posted on the path of their dupes, was the

executor of the Préfecture's iniquitous act.

This anecdote, with several others of the kind, is supplied by 'The Police of the Restoration Unveiled,' by Frémont. It is remarkable that, although no one has a word to say respecting the police of any reigning dynasty, the moment a dynasty has fairly fallen, there are plenty to reveal the misdeeds that were done under, or in spite of, its authority. For it has occurred more than once in France that a police has struggled hard to be the master and manager of a government.

The restored Bourbons appear to have had a morbid terror of anything that bore the effigy or could be regarded as a souvenir of any member of the Bonaparte family. Those who possessed such articles concealed them carefully; for if they did not, they were seized and destroyed, if no worse consequences ensued. In the room in which this paper is written, there hangs a coloured stipple-engraving, found amongst the writer's grandfather's papers. It is lettered 'Violettes du 20 Mars, 1815.' It is, in fact, a bunch of violets with their leaves, and the great majority of observers would discover nothing more. But the hint once given, you discover in it the profile of Napoleon, a folded leaf forming the historical cocked hat, while flowers define the facial line. Marie-Louise's profile is traced by the twisted petals of other flowers, and the poor little King of Rome is snugly concealed in the back of a bud. What adventures this print may have had the writer knows not; but during several years in France, the knowledge by the police of its existence would have been, to say the least, inconvenient to its owner.

In 1822, the Préfet de Police received a report informing him that walking-sticks were manufactured in Paris, having the bust of Bonaparte for their handle. The agent Chignard (of whom more anon) was ordered to find out who were the makers. He ran all over Paris, and as he could find none (which was not to be wondered at, seeing that he was the writer of the report and

the inventor of the offence alleged to be committed) he thought the best plan would be to order some himself. Consequently, taking the name of Jackson and transferring his birthplace to America, he presented himself at M. Laforge's shop, dealer in and maker of walking-sticks and canes, No. 177, Rue Saint Martin. He gave a large order and a false address, carrying away with him patterns of the different kinds of walking-sticks. At the Préfecture of Police, they were highly pleased at the steps taken by Chignard and the information he brought.

M. Laforge, it appears, made inquiries after the American Jackson's address. Not being able to find it, he conceived suspicions and declined to supply the walking-sticks required. Chignard, furious at his victim's escape, wrote him a letter signed—

'I have the honour to salute you,
'JACKSON,'

and offering to pay for the sample of walking-sticks, and requesting a receipt for the same to be returned by the bearer, adding, 'I am sorry for the expense my order has put you to; but I protest, *upon my honour*, that it has always been my intention to pay you. You will therefore lay all the fault on those who have spoken of me unfavourably to you.'

Although M. Laforge had not complied with Jackson-Chignard's insidious request, the police nevertheless made a search and a seizure on his premises. His complete innocence did not screen him from the consequences of his doors having been darkened by so vile a wretch.

This same Chignard contrived to obtain an audience of M. Bonneau, Minister of Police. He vaunted his own devotion, his antecedents, his zeal, his talents for discovering whatever existed, and even for producing what did not exist. Chignard seemed a valuable recruit, and M. Bonneau determined to employ him, allowing him to do his best for the interest and glory of the police.

Chignard was lavish of his thanks, and promised that something should

be forthcoming before very long. He started on a voyage of discovery, and a few days afterwards announced to his patron that there were several considerable dépôts of muskets in Paris; that the enemies of the government might seize them; that the liberal party perhaps entertained criminal intentions. To prevent grave misfortunes, in his opinion, every possible means ought to be employed to discover where the muskets were stored, and to obtain possession of them at any price. They would thus insure the double advantage of crippling the resources of the enemies of France and of enriching the arsenals with a large number of weapons.

Chignard's advice was considered excellent. He was complimented on his good and laudable intentions, and received *carte blanche* for the pursuit of his investigations. He hunted Paris through to find a dépôt of fire-arms. On his way along the Quai de la Ferraille or de la Mégèsserie, observing that one Madame Jamain had muskets for sale displayed in her shop, 'Here's my dépôt at last!' he chuckled to himself. 'I want thirty thousand guns with their bayonets; if they are anywhere they must be there. Chignard, my boy, your bread is buttered! you have only to introduce yourself properly.'

'Let us see, then; I had better drop Chignard. Yes; I am Captain Brown, sent by the Liberator Bolivar, from Columbia, to purchase five-and-twenty or thirty thousand muskets, for the recruits with whom he is going to increase his army. No one will suspect me, with my gipsy complexion. I must have a captain's commission, a written order to buy the arms, and letters of credit on London; those I can fabricate. References in Paris I can easily find, by giving them a slight interest in the affair. There are plenty of honest fellows who will oblige me in that. I must have a lodging outside the Barrière—suppose we say at the Maison Blanche; I must engage carters to take the guns and carry them away—they can board and lodge at the

inn; that will help to swell my bill; and, not to look like an adventurer, a cab will be indispensable. Decidedly, an envoy from the Liberator of Columbia cannot tramp about Paris on foot. Of tact and impudence I have a sufficient dose; I can lie to perfection, upon occasion; *allons*, Chignard! success is certain.'

Captain Brown, of the Columbian Republic's service, on alighting from his cab at the Maison Blanche, did not fail to give himself airs of importance. However often they get bitten, Paris people judge by outside appearances; experience does not teach them wisdom. Chignard was taken for a rich South American, quite *comme il faut*. When his horse had eaten a feed of corn, he started for Paris, saying that he should be back that evening, and that he should probably send some carters to lodge there, who were in his service. The carters were easy enough to find, but he took care not to let them into the secret, merely telling them that they were to wait for a cargo of merchandise—with which they and their horses were perfectly satisfied.

Next day, Captain Brown drove to Madame Jamain's door; they entered the back parlour, each took a chair, and the Captain fully explained his mission, adding, 'It was the merest chance which led me to stroll past your house, and I make you the first offer, in case you can supply me with what I want.'

Madame Jamain, who had suffered seizures in 1815 and 1816 for the sale of muskets, was distrustful and suspicious, and only gave evasive answers. The Columbian envoy, perceiving it, produced his captain's commission, his written orders from his government, and his letters of credit forged in Paris, but which nevertheless bore the Calais postmark. These documents appeased the lady's fears. She sent to the Maison Blanche to make inquiries respecting her American customer. The replies were satisfactory—as were those of the carters. Chignard-Brown gave her the address of Messieurs Baron and Boivin,

bankers as he called them, residing in the Rue d'Artois. Madame sent a trusty messenger there, who returned with an answer which removed all hesitation. The transaction was as safe as if she were dealing with a Rothschild.

At a subsequent interview, the lady, grown more confident, and delighted to effect so large a sale, avowed to Captain Brown that she *could* furnish the number of muskets he required; that those which he saw in her warehouses mostly belonged to National Guards, who had sent them there for repair. But, if his intentions remained the same, she would contrive to procure him the quantity demanded, on condition of his paying ready money at the moment of delivery. If that suited, she expected to see him to dinner the next day at five precisely; she would then show him different patterns of French, English, and Prussian muskets. Chignard-Brown accepted all; he had not really the right to raise objections. He kept the appointment punctually, he found no fault with what was shown him, and did not bargain too sharply about the price. The Dame Jamain promised to deliver the first consignment of goods in the course of three days; and the last before the end of the week. They dined; and both, feeling their appetite sharpened by success, did honour to the dishes set before them.

Madame Jamain indeed was so well pleased that, at dessert, she presented Columbia's envoy with a box-wood snuffbox lined with silver gilt, and a superb pair of pistols, to testify her grateful sense of the preference accorded to her!

M. Bonneau, informed of all these details, took his measures accordingly. The day fixed for the first delivery arrived. According to M. Bonneau's orders (who soon came himself), Chignard-Brown proceeded to the Café de la Place du Châtelet, where they were joined by the Commissaire de Police, Dénoyer, and by Deaulauriers, chief of a brigade under the Inspector Bonneau, disguised as a porter. Two peace-officers and several agents of the

central police were also there. One of them went up to Brown, to give him Inspector Bonneau's orders.

At the appointed hour, Brown went to Madame Jamain's house. He left it at ten o'clock in company with a young man who was either a partner or had an interest in the business. The Dame Jamain went out alone, each one going their own way, to avoid any unpleasant encounter. The young man led Brown up and down several streets and through different quarters of the town, in order to throw any one who might be following them off the scent. At last he took him to the Rue St. Denis, and made him enter a waggon-office, where they found Dame Jamain already arrived. Commissaire Dénoyer, the agents, and peace-officers, who had tracked their heels, hid themselves close to the waggon-office.

Brown, who was requested to pay for the muskets before their delivery, insisted on first seeing them, in order to make sure that they were properly packed. Upon which, the young man who accompanied him took him to a hayloft at the back of the building, and throwing aside a few trusses of hay, showed him several boxes containing muskets of French manufacture, together with their bayonets. At that moment, the Commissaire de Police, with the rest of his agents, made their appearance and effected the seizure. Chignard-Brown took advantage of the confusion that followed to slip away unobserved.

The seizure enriched the government arsenals with five-and-twenty or thirty thousand muskets for which the Dame Jamain was never paid a sou. She was even very glad to compromise with the Préfecture de Police respecting the fine which they could have inflicted on her. As to the carters, they were obliged to pocket their loss of time. The police had nothing to say to them; and they ought to have considered themselves fortunate in having to complain of no worse misfortune.

A government besieged outside its walls by hungry rival dynasties ready to tear it to pieces, is naturally

anxious to forestall their attacks and to frustrate every move that can be possibly meant as an aggression. Hence it listens to, and leans on the support of its police, sometimes almost becoming its slave. It was in consequence of fears of danger from without that there existed in London, from 1816 to 1822, a French police which was scarcely a secret. At the head of it was the Comte de Brivasac-Beaumont, having under his orders sundry French agents, two of whom were named Curiat and Troupelière. They kept an eye on the French refugees, and Brivasac-Beaumont, in consequence, had frequent communications with Copper, the head of the Alien Office. It was in consequence of his solicitations that General Gourgard was obliged to leave London without being allowed the time even to put his private affairs in order.

Brivasac had a handsome stipend; but as his habits were likewise expensive, he was twice arrested for debt, and lost consideration in consequence. He then debased himself to accept the pay of any foreign ambassador. He mixed himself up with so many intrigues that he ended by setting them all by the ears together. At last, M. Decazes recalled him, at the request of the ambassador of France.

Brivasac-Beaumont, reduced to distress, was only too glad to turn his back on England. Not being possessed of sufficient tact to conceal completely the part he was playing, people discovered what sort of animal was hidden beneath the false sleek skin. They tormented him with scoffs and jeers which, as he understood English but imperfectly, he did not always understand and could never retort. Although many spared him for the sake of his employers, he had to submit to occasional insult. A nobleman, into whose snuffbox he had taken the liberty of thrusting his fingers unasked, thought proper to feel offended at the circumstance, and put the box aside as if polluted and unserviceable. At this, the world indulged in its joke, by dubbing the offender, the Count of the Snuffbox,

whenever he ventured to appear in society. On his return to Paris, M. Franchel sent him off to the environs of Bordeaux, with orders never to show himself in the metropolis, under pain of losing the money allowance made him.

The French ambassador at London, in 1825, still maintained a Secret Police, for the surveillance of French refugees. One of M. de Polignac's principal agents was named Després, but there were several others in the pay of the embassy. They carefully watched the arrival and departure of French travellers, giving notice of the same to the authorities at home. Their reports were addressed to M. de Carrière, then Minister of the Interior, and were preserved in the French Home Office, together with other official papers.

The violation of the secrecy of letters, so common a practice with the police of the Empire, was equally familiar to the police of the Restoration, who scarcely made a mystery of their proceedings.

A general, appointed soon after the first Restoration to command one of the fortresses in the Département du Nord, took possession of his post; but as he had still some business unsettled in Paris, he left an officer there charged with the task of superintending it. They kept up an active correspondence together, but quite unconnected with public affairs.

It would seem that an order must have been given to stop and open all letters coming from the frontier; for every one which the officer received had been subjected to that inspection, and the inspectors had not given themselves the trouble even to seal up the letters again. He received two in this state without making any complaint; but at the third he betook himself to the post-office. He asked for the head of the receiving department, and quietly remarked that he had no objection to their reading his letters whenever they thought it desirable to do so; but he begged them to have the goodness to close them again, to prevent the porter of his house from becoming acquainted

with their contents. The official stammered out a few unmeaning phrases, without attempting either to deny the fact or to excuse it. He simply promised that the oversight should not occur again; and in fact, from that time, they did re-seal the letters opened.

The first public avowal of the practice was made at the trial of Madame de Lavalette and of Messieurs Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, for the escape of M. de Lavalette, when the odious custom was treated as almost legal. The charges against the English officers rested entirely on the contents of a letter intercepted and opened at the post. The defendants protested with just indignation against the violation of their correspondence; but such was the force of party spirit that not one single magistrate raised his voice to disavow the base act of which the police took care to proclaim them accomplices. They did not refuse to entertain an accusation based on a manœuvre which deserved their severity even more than the charge supported by it.

During several years there existed at the Prefecture of Police a service organized to obtain cognizance of the correspondence of the English ambassador with the British Government. The plan and execution of this work of darkness is due to one *Sieur Boudras*, who had the title of Inspector-General of Police. Having at his disposal very large sums of money, he contrived to corrupt in several of the foreign legations the individuals who had to receive and deliver the ambassador's correspondence with their respective Courts. The English affair was managed thus:

The packets and letters which arrived at or were sent off from the English embassy, were handed by the factotum of the legation to a police agent. He (the factotum) for several years had indulged in playing this lucrative game, which brought him in three or four hundred francs (12*l.* or 16*l.*) per month, according to circumstances. On the fourteenth of October, 1822, he received for his half-month one hundred and fifty francs, which were

brought to him by the subordinate of the principal agent. Very early every Monday and Friday morning, just before the arrival of the English mail, which always happened in the course of the Sunday or the Thursday night, the employé of the embassy himself delivered to the individual in the service of the agent of police, the correspondence received by that night's mail. He (the individual) took it to his principal, who purposely resided (close to the English embassy) in the Rue de Surène, No. 8, on the second floor, over the entresol.

The letters were then opened. Copies were taken of what seemed important, and then, after restoring them to their original state, they were sent to the embassy under cover, or simply put into the post, as it might be. In the evening, the same manoeuvres were repeated with the packets and letters that were to leave by the mail.

At the outset, the trick was clumsily played; they neglected to take sufficient precautions. In consequence therefore of suspicions expressed by their victims, they proceeded with greater circumspection and improved their mode of manipulation. They removed traces of handling with an ironing-box. They had used, for imitating seals, a paste so soft that the re-impression lost all its sharpness. This difficulty was overcome by a young man named Lenoir, who was specially employed to open and re-seal letters. He discovered the secret of a metallic composition which, after receiving the impression of a seal, became extremely hard. By means of this, they soon possessed perfect fac-similes of the seals, not only of the ambassadors' correspondents, but of the ambassadors themselves.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding this signal service, Lenoir was subsequently dismissed without their taking the precaution to purchase his silence, whether they thought he would be discreet for his own sake, or whether they defied public opinion to such an extent as to be indifferent about the disclosures he might make. He himself, glad to escape from so questionable

a career, established himself in an honourable profession at a distance from the capital.

The inspection of the correspondence sent away from Paris necessarily made it late for the post. To silence complaints, and to denote what it was, this tardy packet was always addressed, in English, to *M. Joseph Planta, one of the Under Secretaries of State, Foreign Office, London.* This precaution was taken because the post-office was often full of people as the time for closing the bags approached. If any one asked where the packet came from—a question which was sometimes put with complaints at the lateness of its arrival—the answer serving as a password was, 'It is sent on the part of M. Robert.'

Whenever extraordinary couriers arrived, attempts were made to turn them to account; but in consequence of the changes after M. Anglès's retirement little use could be made of that opportunity, although they were well aware what treasures of information might be thence obtained. Under the preceding administration, however, they sometimes employed four translators and as many manipulators to get at the contents of the despatches addressed to the English ministry, Lord Castlereagh especially. Whole nights were spent in this creditable labour, the translators were kept in constant employment, and were rewarded with liberal salaries. M. Pasquier, then Préfet de Police, allowed M. Fondras five or six hundred francs a month for the payment of his interpreters.

The French police first took form under lieutenants-general, respecting whom we have room for only one short anecdote. This occurred before the First Revolution, when manners were different to what they are now.

Signs were then not confined to inns, almost every shop displaying its own. A milliner chose for hers (quite artistically painted) an ecclesiastic in full canonicals selecting women's caps and making love to the girls in the shop. Under this sign was written '*A l'Abbé coquet,*' 'the coquettish abbé.' The lieu-

tenant-general, Hérault, a bigoted and narrow-minded person, thought the picture highly improper, scandalous, libellous, all that was bad. As soon as he got home he ordered one of his officers to fetch the 'Abbé coquet' and bring him there forthwith. The officer, accustomed to orders of this sort, went to the lodgings of an abbé named Coquet, compelled him to get out of bed and accompany him to the lieutenant-general's hôtel.

'Monseigneur,' he announced to his chief, 'the Abbé Coquet is here.'

'Very well; put him into the attic.'

So said, so done. The wretched abbé, dying of hunger and cold, protested loudly.

'Monseigneur,' the policeman asked next day, 'what are we to do with this Abbé Coquet whom you told us to shut up in the attic? He is in our way, and gives a deal of trouble.'

'Burn him, if you like,' was the offhand reply.

An explanation ensued and the mistake was rectified. The abbé was obliged to content himself with an apology and an invitation to dinner.

All records of criminal police, English or foreign, tend to confirm our homely proverb that 'murder will out.' If the unknown perpetrator of a crime is often discovered by the ingenuity and sagacity of clever police agents, there are also instances in which apparent chance or some quite unlooked-for revelation gives the clue to a mystery on which the police had been unable to throw a ray of light. Such was the case with a crime now famous in judicial annals—the murder in the Rue Vaugirard.

The widow Houet, seventy years of age, and possessed of a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand francs (6000*l.*), lived, in 1821, at No. 21, Rue St. Jacques. She had two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was married to an ex-wineshop-keeper, named Robert, who was not always on friendly terms with his mother-in-law. The son, a tall and strong young man, but of weak and narrow intellect,

resided with his mother, working in a shop for two francs a day as *homme de peine*, or bearer of burdens—poor pay for the son of so rich a mother.

But although the old lady was thus comparatively wealthy in respect to her habits and her condition in life, she had no other servant than a journey-woman who came every morning to arrange her apartment and go on her errands. On the 13th of September, 1821, this charwoman having arrived later than usual, the widow Houet scolded her severely and then sent her to fetch things from a considerable distance. After her departure some person, who remained unknown, came to see the old lady, and they left the house in company. Where did that person take her to? They could not find out, for she never came back.

In consequence of the ill-will subsisting between the widow and the son-in-law, public opinion accused the latter. At her death he would inherit half her fortune. Robert was arrested in consequence, together with one of his friends named Bastien, also an *ex-marchand de vins* but then a master carpenter. An investigation took place, but as it led to nothing they were discharged at the end of several months.

Three years afterwards, in 1824, the authorities believing they had surer evidence, Robert and Bastien were again taken into custody, closely interrogated, and again set at liberty.

Nearly ten years elapsed after this second legal proceeding. A few months more and the decennial prescription would cover the case with its protective mantle and allow the crime to go unpunished. Public curiosity had cooled down long ago. The widow Houet's disappearance was forgotten by many and never known by most people, when in the month of March, 1833, one C—, who had suffered former convictions, but who then was a sort of man of business and Bastien's dear friend and counsellor, made advances to another liberated gaol-bird (formerly an agent in Vidocq's brigade, and retained in the Service de Sû-

reté as 'indicator'), and told him in confidence that, if the police would give him five hundred francs, he would tell them *who* had murdered the widow Houet, and would enable them to find the body of the victim.

The proposition, communicated to the chief of the Service de Sûreté, was at once accepted. C—— began by stating that Robert had been the instigator of the crime; that Bastien had been induced to commit it only by repeated promises of money, which promises had not been fulfilled; for the Civil Tribunal having only allowed the widow Houet's daughter (Robert's wife) an annual income of fifteen hundred francs (60*l.*) until the expiration of the time fixed by the law for succeeding to the entire property of persons who have disappeared, Robert, in consequence of this straitened allowance, the smallness of which he had not foreseen, at first eluded his promises and then seemed to forget them, ignoring the fact that the hand held out in demand of payment was still stained with the blood of their victim.

'Bastien lately told me,' added C——, 'that this time he expected Robert would pay him the money that had been promised so long; that he had written to him at Villeneuve-le-Roi (where he and his wife were leading a very retired life); and that his letter, besides other threats, contained these words: *Remember the garden belonging to No. 81, Rue de Vaugirard . . . you know, at fifteen feet from the back wall and fourteen feet from the side wall . . . the dead perhaps might reappear.*'

The horrible drama was accomplished thus. In the beginning of

September, 1821, Robert, after making sure of Bastien's complicity, hired in the Rue Vaugirard an isolated house with a garden, in which he installed Bastien. That individual dug a deep hole, bought a rope and a quantity of quicklime. After which, one Sunday morning, he called on the widow Houet and told her that her daughter and her son-in-law were expecting her in their new house to *déjeuner*. The old lady, knowing Bastien to be intimate with her children, and consequently suspecting nothing wrong, did not hesitate to get into a hackney coach and drive with him to the Rue de Vaugirard.

Now several houses in that street bore the No. 81. They got out of the coach to see which was theirs. Bastien sent the coachman away to prevent him from noticing where they entered. On reaching the garden Bastien twisted the rope round the old woman's neck and in half a minute she was strangled. He then pushed the body into the hole, covered it with a thick layer of quicklime, carefully levelling the earth over all. That done, he went and enjoyed the *déjeuner*, which had been prepared as a bait for the widow Houet in case of need.

All these facts were proved in evidence. The body was found precisely at the spot marked on a plan found in Bastien's portfolio. The tender-hearted jury, nevertheless, gave Robert and Bastien the benefit of extenuating circumstances! They were therefore only sentenced to *travaux forcés à perpétuité*, hard labour for life, of which they had already cheated justice out of ten years by remaining at large.



THUMBNAIL STUDIES.

Sitting at a Play.



AMONG the multifarious duties which fall to the lot of the Thumbnail Sketcher (who may be said to have sold himself for life to a printer's devil) that of visiting theatres on first nights for the purpose of supplying disinterested notices of new pieces for a certain critical journal is, perhaps, the least remunerative. He does not confine the practice of speaking his mind, such as it is, to the monthly periodical in which these papers appear: he is in the habit of indulging in that luxury whenever he is called upon to express a printed opinion on matters of public interest. But the consequences of recording an unbiassed opinion on any theatrical question are of a peculiarly unpleasant description, if that unbiassed opinion happens to be of an unfavourable nature, for they subject the audacious critic to the undisguised sneers of ponderous tragedians, dismal

comic men, and self-satisfied managers—in addition to the necessity of paying for his stall whenever he has occasion to visit a theatre for critical purposes. The sneers amuse him, but he is free to confess that he is annoyed at having to pay for his admission; and the consequence is that whenever he takes his place in a theatre he does go under a sense of injury which might possibly have the effect of unintentionally warping his critical faculties, such as they are, were it not that to speak the bare truth of a theatrical performance, is to avenge one's six shillings to the uttermost farthing. But although the Thumbnail Sketcher feels that he meets a manager on even terms, he can with difficulty compose himself to regard an audience with feelings of anything like equanimity. Their behaviour during the progress of the representation of a new piece, on its first night, irritates him beyond endurance. In the first place, there is almost always a party who hiss, without any reference to the merits or demerits of the piece. It is a curious fact that in England hisses are seldom heard save on 'first nights'; and of the fifty or sixty new pieces that have been produced at West End London theatres during the past twelve months, hardly a dozen have altogether escaped hissing on the occasion of their first performance. 'Caste' was not hissed, neither was the 'Doge of Venice,' nor the Haymarket 'Romeo and Juliet,' nor 'A Wife Well Won'; but these pieces form the principal exceptions to the rule. But it is not so much of indiscriminate hissing, as of indiscriminate applause that the Thumbnail Sketcher complains. A clap-trap sentiment, a burlesque 'break-down,' a music-hall parody, a comic man coming down a chimney, an indelicate joke, a black eye, a red nose, a pair of trousers with a patch behind, a live baby, a real cab, a smash of crockery, a pun in a 'comedy,' an allusion, however clumsy, to any topic of the day, a piece of costermonger's slang, or any strongly-marked tailoring eccentricity, is quite sure of a rapturous reception whenever it is presented to an audience. Then I take objection to people who crack nuts—to people who eat oranges and peppermint drops—to people who go out between all the acts, without reference to the inconvenience they occasion to their neighbours. I take objection to people who know the plot, and tell it, aloud, to

their friends—to people who don't know the plot but guess at the *dénouement*—to people who borrow playbills and opera-glasses—to donkeys who talk of actresses by their christian names—and, above all, to those unmitigated nuisances who explain all the jokes to friends of slow understanding. The Thumbnail Sketcher, being about to treat of people he meets in theatres, thinks it is only fair to admit this prepossession against them, in order that it may be distinctly understood that as he cannot pledge himself to look at them in an unprejudiced light, everything that he may have to say of them may be taken *cum grano*.

There was a time when to go to a theatre was, in the Thumbnail Sketcher's mind, the very highest enjoyment to which a mortal could legitimately aspire in this world. There was nothing in any way comparable to it, and all other forms of amusement resolved themselves into mere vexatious vanities when placed

in juxtaposition with the exquisite embodiment of human happiness. At that period he was accustomed to regard the signs of weariness exhibited during the last farce, by relations who had him in charge, as a piece of affectation of the most transparent description, assumed for the purpose of demonstrating that their matured tastes could have nothing in common with those of a little boy of six or seven years of age, and further to overwhelm him with a sense of the martyrdom which they were undergoing on his account. But a long course of enforced theatre-going has modified his views on this point; and it is some years since he awoke to the fact that the last farce is often a trying thing to sit out—to say nothing of the five-act legitimate comedy, or the three-act domestic drama that frequently precedes it. He has learnt that human happiness is finite, and that even farces pall after the fifteenth time of seeing them.



This Mephistophelian gentleman is a disappointed dramatist, and an appointed critic to a very small, but very thundering local journal published somewhere in the wilds of South London. He has a very poor opinion of the modern drama, and is very severe indeed upon every piece that is produced generally,

for no better reason than that the author is still alive. He has formed certain canons of dramatic faith, derived from a careful study of his own rejected dramas, and he is in the habit of applying them to all new productions, and if they stand the test (which they usually do not) they are qualified to take their

place as a portion of the dramatic literature of the country. He has a withering contempt for all adapters, and particularly for Mr. Tom Taylor, who is, and has been for years, the butt of obscure and illiterate critics. He is in the habit of alluding to himself in the third person as 'the Press,' and when you hear him say that 'the Press don't like this,' or 'the Press won't stand that,' and that you have only to wait and see what 'the Press' have to say about it to-morrow, you are to understand that he is referring simply to his own opinion, which, no doubt, from a characteristic modesty and a laudable desire to avoid anything like an appearance of egotism, he veils under that convenient generality.

The lady in the initial is intended as a representative of that extensive element in most dress-circles which finds its way into theatres by the means of free admissions. It is a curious feature in theatrical management—and a feature which doesn't seem to exist in any other form of commercial enterprise—that if you can't get people to pay for admission, you must admit them for nothing. Nobody ever heard of a butcher scattering steaks broad-

cast among the multitude because his customers fall off, neither is there any instance on record of a banker volunteering to oblige penniless strangers with an agreeable balance. Railway companies do not send free passes for general distribution at eel-pie shops, nor does a baker place his friends on his free-list. But it is a standing rule at most theatres that their managers must get people to pay to come in, if possible, but at all events they must get people to come in. A poorly-filled house acts not only as a discouragement to the actors, but it depresses the audience, and sends them away with evil accounts of the unpopularity of the entertainment. The people who find their way into a theatre under the 'admit two to dress-circle' system, hail, usually, from the suburbs, but not unfrequently from the lodging-letting districts about Russell Square. They usually walk to the theatres, and, consequently, represent an important source of income to the stout shabby ladies who preside over the bonnet and cloak departments. They may often be recognised by the persistency with which they devour acidulated drops during the performance.



This heavy gentleman with the tawny beard is one of that numerous class of profitable playgoers

who do not venture to exercise any critical faculties of their own, but go about endorsing popular opinions

because they are popular, without any reference to their abstract title to popularity. A gentleman of this class will yawn through 'King John,' and come away delighted: he will sleep through 'Mazeppa,' and come away enraptured. Nothing pleases him more than a burlesque 'break-down,' except, perhaps, the 'Hunchback,' and if there is one thing that he prefers to the 'Iron Chest' it is a ballet. He is delighted in a sleepy general way with everything that is applauded. Applause

is his test of excellence, and if a piece doesn't go well, it is 'awful bosh!' He is enraptured with the Parisian stage (although his knowledge of the language is fractional), because in Paris all pieces go well; and the sight of a compact mass of enthusiasts in the centre of a Parisian pit is sufficient to justify him in any amount of solemn eulogy. His presence is much courted by managers, for if he never applauds, he never hisses, and always pays.

This highly-respectable old gen-



tleman is a strict and unwavering patron of the old school of dramatic literature. A five-act piece even by a modern author will always attract him, and every Shakespearian revival is sure of his countenance and support. He reads his Shakespeare as he reads his Bible—with a solemn reverential belief in its infallibility. He won't hear of 'new readings,' and even looks upon any departure from the traditional 'business' as a dangerous innovation smacking of dramatic heresy and literary schism. The 'Honeymoon' commands him—so do the works of the elder and younger Morton; so does 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Sheridan is always sure of him, and Lord Lytton may generally reckon on his support. His taste in dramatic matters is irreproachable, as far as it goes, but it is based upon tra-

dition, and he pays little attention to pieces that are not old enough to have become traditional.

The young gentleman on the next page is one of those intolerable nuisances, who, having a reputation for waggery within a select circle of admirers, find, in the production of every piece in which pathetic interest is an important feature, an opportunity for displaying a knowledge of the hollowness of the whole thing, and the general absurdity of allowing oneself to be led away by mere stage clap-trap. He will remind you, as Juliet is weeping over her dead Romeo, that a petition for a divorce, filed by the Romeo against the Juliet, and in which the comfortable Friar is included as co-respondent, is high up in the Judge Ordinary's list. He will sometimes affect to be bathed in tears, when

there is no excuse for any demonstration of the kind, and he will interrupt a scene of deep pathos with a 'Ha! ha!' audible all over the house. He is very angry at any-

thing in the shape of a vigorous denunciation, or a pathetic appeal of any kind; and he indulges in a musing exclamational commentary of 'Oh! I say, you know!' 'Come,



come.' 'So ho! gently there!' 'St-st-st,' and 'Really, I say—by Jove!' which meets with much admiration from his believing friends,

and general indignation from others in his immediate neighbourhood who have not the advantage of his acquaintance.



FROM THE FRONT ROW OF THE PIT.

'BONES AND I;' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

GOURDS.

'SO Jonah was exceeding glad of the Gourd.' I can understand his feelings perfectly. Does it not happen to most of us, at least once in a lifetime, thus to be 'exceeding glad of the Gourd,' and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred with the same result? '*Nil violentum ex perpetuum.*' So surely as it comes up in a night, so surely must it wither in a day. You have been in a hot climate? I don't intend any disagreeable allusion, I mean the tropics, I give you my honour! Do you not remember the delight of getting out of your tent or, 'booth' as we still call them at our village merry-makings, to sit under anything like a tree or shrub, where, shaded from the sun, you could catch the welcome breath of every breeze that blew? The French officers in the Crimea used to build for themselves trellised out-houses of branches interlaced, swearing volubly the while, and appearing to derive from these bowers no small comfort and refreshment. I can imagine the astonishment of '*mon lieutenant*' when, on waking in his tent, he should have discovered, like 'Jack and the Bean-stalk,' that one of these had sprung up for him, unsolicited, in a night. How he would have stared, and shrugged, and gesticulated, and cursed his star with less asperity, and been 'exceeding glad of the Gourd!'

They are of many kinds, these excrescences that grow up with such marvellous celerity to afford us an intense and illusive delight, but they all resemble their prototype at Nineveh, in so far that, ere the seed has yet germinated, the worm is already prepared which shall smite the gourd, and cause it to wither away. There were hundreds of them shot to gigantic dimensions and exploded with the South Sea bubble of the last century. Thousands owed their birth and disap-

pearance to the railway fever of five-and-twenty years ago. Not a few were called into existence by a blockade of the Southern ports, during the late war of opinion in the United States, and destroyed by its suspension at the peace. It seems to be a law in the moral as in the physical world that the endurance of things must be in proportion to the length of time required to bring them to maturity. The oak is said to be three hundred years in arriving at its prime, and that its vigour is still unimpaired after a thousand changes of foliage we have ocular demonstration in many parts of England; while the mustard-and-cress, which can be raised in twenty minutes on a square of flannel dipped in hot water, wastes and withers away in an hour.

The same in the animal creation. Like Minerva from the brain of Jove, the butterfly springs into its sunny existence, winged, armed, and clothed in gorgeous apparel, all at once, but when the night-breeze shakes the perfume from your garden-flowers, and the evening-bank of clouds is coming up from the west, you look for that ephemeral masterpiece in vain. Now the elephant only attains his majority, so to speak, when between forty and fifty years of age; therefore he has hardly become an 'old rogue' at two hundred, and the identical proboscis that saluted Clyde, or curled round the crushed remains of Tip-poo Sahib's victims is to-day lowered in honour of our own *jeunesse dorée*, with whom a run through British India is considered little more of an expedition than a jaunt into Welsh Wales.

Cornaro, if I remember right, fixes the normal duration of life, in the Mammalia, at a term of five times the number of years required to reach their prime. Thus a dog,

he says, comes to maturity at two, and lives till ten; a horse at five, and lives till five-and-twenty; and arguing by analogy, a man, who only attains his full strength at twenty-three or four, should not, therefore, if he led a natural and rational life, succumb till he had arrived at a hundred and fifteen or twenty years.

Forbid it, Atropos! for their sakes as well as ours. Think of the old fogies, now sufficiently numerous, who would overflow the clubs! Think, when it came to our own turn, of the numbers of Gourds we should have raised, outlived, buried, but, alas! not forgotten.

'A fine old man, sir!' said one of the best judges of human nature that ever fathered a proverb. 'There's no such thing. If his head or his heart had been worth anything, they would have worn him out years ago.'

'You have got off the subject as usual,' objected Bones, 'and are trenching on a topic of which you are far less qualified to speak than myself. What do you know about the duration of life, the ceaseless wear-and-tear, the gradual decay, the last flickers of the candle, leaping up, time after time, with delusive strength, until it goes out once for all? You can tell where Noah was, but do you know where the candle went to when it left the great sea-captain in the dark? Not you! Never mind, don't fret, you will find out some day sure enough, and be as wise as "Tullus, Ancus, good Eneas," and the rest of us! In the meantime stick to your text. The morbid spirit possesses you, and well I know it will only come out of the man with much talking. If it does you any good, never mind me—fire away! Tell us something more about the Gourd, and the worm that smote it. That is what you are driving at, I feel sure.'

"Morbid!" I repeated, somewhat indignantly. 'And why *morbid*, I should like to know? A man takes his stand, as you and I do, outside of, and apart from, the circling, shifting mass of his fellow-creatures, and makes his own observations, uninfluenced by their clamour, their

customs, their ridiculous prejudices and opinions, confiding those observations unreservedly to one who should, *ex-officio* indeed, be entirely free from the earthly trammels that cumber liberal discussion in general society, and he is to be called *morbid*, forsooth! It was only one of your ghastly jests, was it? Enough! I am satisfied. There can be no bone of contention—I mean no subject of dispute between you and me—we have not the ghost of a reason—I mean the shadow of a cause for disagreement. I confess my weakness: I own to a fatal tendency to digression. One thought leads to another, and they follow in a string, like wild geese, or heirs of entail, "*velut undu supervenit undam.*" By the way, this very subject, the association of ideas, opens up a boundless field for speculation. But I refrain—I return to my Gourd—I am back in Nineveh with the prophet once more. Nineveh, in its imperial splendour, gorgeous in Eastern colouring, sublime with Eastern magnificence, glittering with Eastern decorations—solemn, gloomy, and gigantic; grand in the massive dignity of size, winged bulls hewn from the solid rock guard the long perspective of a thousand avenues, leading to palaces that rise, tier upon tier, into the glowing sky. Lavish profusion—marble, and bronze, and gold—gleams and dazzles and flashes in the streets. The palm-tree bends her graceful head earthward; the aloë aims her angry spikes at heaven; the camel, with meek appealing eyes, seems to protest against the bales of costly merchandize with which its back is piled; the white elephant in scarlet trappings, stolid and sagacious, stands patient, waiting for its lord; throngs of dusky, half-naked Asiatics pass to and fro along the baking causeways; loud bleatings of sheep, lowings of oxen, cries of parched, thirsty animals resound in the suburbs; while over all a Southern sun blazes down with scorching fury, and an east wind off the Desert comes blustering in, hot and stifling, like a blast from hell.

'So the prophet is "exceeding glad of his Gourd." He will rest in

its shade; he will look pitifully on the broiling passers-by; he will hug himself in that sense of comfort which human nature, alas! is too apt to experience from the very fact that others are in a worse condition than its own; but even while he thus rejoices, the worm has done its work—the Gourd is withered up, the sirocco suffocates his lungs, the sun beats on his head, and, like the rest of us when we lose that which we choose to consider the one thing essential to our happiness, he shows the white feather on the spot, and says, "It is better for me to die than to live."

'Death never seems to come for those who wish it—though perhaps if the Great Liberator felt bound to appear every time he was invoked, the cry might not be raised quite so often. Who is there that has not bowed his head in misery, and wondered whether he could be so wretched anywhere else as here, in the mocking sunlight, with his Gourd withered before his face? It is gone—gone. See! There is the very spot on which it stood but yesterday, so green, so fresh, so full of life, so rich in promise! And to-day—a blank! It seems impossible! Ay, that is perhaps the worst of the suffering—that numbed stupefied state, which refuses for a time to grasp the extent of its affliction—that perverse and cowardly instinct which clings to a thread that it yet knows is wholly severed—which turns even Hope to a curse, because it makes her a bar to resignation. Few of us can boast more courage than Jonah when the Gourd is fairly withered away.

'For one it has been riches, perhaps, comprising luxury, position, variety—all the advantages that spring from an abundance of worldly goods. Some fine morning, Fortune, "*ludem insolentem ludere pertinax*," gives her wings a shake, spreads them, and flits away; leaving in her place, haggard Want, gaunt Ruin, bailiffs in the drawing-room, furniture ticketed for sale up-stairs. The children's rocking-horse, the wife's pianoforte, all the well-known trifles of daily use and ornament, must be cast into the chasm, as the Romans

threw their effects into that awkward rent in the Forum. And the master of the household is fortunate if he be not compelled, like Curtius, to leap in after his goods. His friends are astonished, and bless themselves. His relations had predicted the catastrophe long ago. These, of course, turn their backs on him, incontinently, from motives of self-respect, no doubt, but a few of the former, such as had professed to love him least, lend a helping hand. Nevertheless, the Gourd is withered, and the man, faint and sick unto death, only wishes his hour was come and he might lie down to be at rest.

'Or it has been a child—God forbid it should have been an only one! Some golden-headed darling that used to pater downstairs with you every morning to breakfast, and stand at your elbow every night after dinner. Whose dancing eyes never met your own but with the merry, saucy, confiding glances that seldom outlast a fifth birthday, and to whom you could no more have said an unkind word than you could cut off your right hand. Yesterday it was chasing butterflies across the lawn, and you carried it yourself with laughing triumph, rosy, happy, and hungry, in to tea. But the worm had begun its work, even then. This morning you missed the glad little voice at breakfast, and looking at the jam on the table a sad misgiving, stifled as soon as born, shot through you like a knife. It was pitiful to watch all day, in the nursery, by the little bed,—to see the golden head lying so listless, the chubby hands so waxen and still, the heavy lids drooping so wearily over the blue eyes that yet shone with a light you never saw in them before. There rose a mist to dim your own when the patient little voice asked, gently, "Is that papa?"—and noticing two or three neglected playthings on the counterpane, you walked to the window and wept.

'So the afternoon wore on, and the doctor came, and there was cruel hope and torturing suspense, and a wrench that so stupefied you, it is difficult to remember anything

clearly afterwards, though you have a dim perception of a pair of scissors severing some golden curls, while nurse went down on her knees to pray.

'And at sundown you walk out into your garden along the very path that brought you both home yesterday, but you walk like a man in a dream, for ringing in your ears is the wail that was heard of old in Ramah, and you know your darling is with the angels, wondering feebly why that knowledge cannot console you more.

'Or perhaps your Gourd was "only a woman's love!"—not a growth, certainly, however exuberant, on which a wise man should place so much dependence as on *lignum vitæ*, for instance, or heart-of-oak. But, so far as I can see, either wise men do not fall in love, or they allow wisdom to slip out of their grasp in the very act of making that fatal stumble. So, in defiance of all theory, warning, and practical experience, you may have congratulated yourself with insane vehemence on the upspringing of this delicate exotic, and looked forward to the passing of many happy hours under its shade. You shut your eyes wilfully, of course, to the obvious fact that you never *are* happy, even when in full accomplishment of your wishes you stretch your lazy length at the feet of your Gourd. There is sure to be an insect that stings, or a sunbeam that dazzles, or a cold wind in the nape of your neck. Nevertheless, the vegetable, so long as it exists, is not only the delight of your heart, but the very sustenance of your brain. That is the fatal part of the disease. Your Gourd connects itself with everything you think, or do, or say, spreading her roots, as it were, over every foot of land you possess, shutting out earth's horizon with her slender stem, and, worse than all, poking her dainty head between you and heaven.

'Then, when she withers up—a disappointment which, to do her justice, she is capable of inflicting in the loveliest weather, and at the shortest notice—you find, to your dismay that, with her, all the fair

side of creation has withered too. There is no more freshness in the meadows, no more promise in the smile of spring. The scent is gone from the garden-flowers, the music from the song of birds. Summer's vivid glow has faded, and the russet of autumn is no longer edged with gold. Hope's rosy hues have ceased to tinge the morning, and the glory has departed from noonday.

'Like Jonah, you "do well to be angry!" and it is well for you if you can be very angry indeed. That stimulant will do more to heal your wound over than any other remedy I can think of, except the planting of a fresh seedling to await another failure; but God help you if yours is a nature less susceptible of wrath than of sorrow! If you are brave, generous, forgiving, confiding, "*Je vous en fais mon compliment!*" There is no more to be said. Where your Gourd grew, nothing green will ever spring up again! What say you, Bones? I think you and I are well out of the whole thing!'

He waved his fleshless hand gently with the gesture of one who puts from him some dim and distant recollection.

'There is a bitter flavour,' said he, 'about that remark which I should hardly have expected, and which is by no means to my taste. You and I can surely afford to look at these things from a comprehensive, philosophical, and indulgent point of view. No more Gourds are likely to grow for either of us; and although your style of figure is, perhaps, less entitled to defy the worm than mine, yet I think you have but little to fear from the kind which caused such an outbreak of temper in the disgraced prophet. The whole story of the Gourd, I need not point out to you, is a lesson. It was intended as a lesson for Jonah, it is intended as a lesson for ourselves. Forgive me for observing that you seem to have entirely lost the point of it, and, as usual in our discussions, you have sacrificed argument to declamation. It is weak, of course, to be too much delighted with the Gourd, it is cowardly to be too much afraid of the worm, but——'

'There is one kind of worm I am horribly afraid of,' I interrupted, for I admit I was a little nettled and out of temper.

'And that?' he asked, with the courtesy which distinguishes his manner under all circumstances.

'Is the borer-worm?' I replied, brutally enough, and I am afraid he was a little hurt, for he rose at once and went into his cupboard, while I walked off moodily to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

A VAMPIRE.

Leaning idly against the chimney-piece the other night, contemplating my companion in his usual attitude, my elbow happened to brush off the slab a Turkish coin of small value and utterly illegible inscription. How strangely things come back to one! I fancied myself once more on the yellow wave of the broad Danube; once more threading those interminable green hills that fringe its banks; once more wondering whether the forest of Belgrade had been vouchsafed to Eastern Europe as a type of Infinity, while its massive fortress, with frowning rampart and lethargic Turkish sentries, was intended to represent the combination of courage and sloth, of recklessness and imperturbability, of apparent strength and real inefficiency which distinguishes most arrangements of the Ottoman Empire.

'Bakaloum' and 'Bismillah!' 'Take your chance!' and 'Don't care a d—n,' seem to be the watchwords of this improvident government. It lets the ship steer herself, and she makes, I believe, as bad weather of it as might be expected under such seamanship.

Engrossed far less, I admit, with political considerations, than with the picturesque appearance of a Servian population attending their market, I rather startled my friend with the abruptness of the following question.

'Do you believe there is such a thing as a Vampire?'

He rattled a little and almost rose to his feet, but re-seating himself, only rejoined,

'Why do you ask?'

'I was thinking,' I replied, 'of that romantic-looking peasantry I used to see thronging the marketplace of Belgrade. Of those tall, handsome men, with the scowl never off their brows, their hands never straying far from the belly-full of weapons they carried in their shawls. Of those swarthy wild-eyed women, with their shrill, rapid voices, their graceful, impatient gestures, carrying each of them the available capital of herself and family strung in coins about her raven hair, while on every tenth face at least, of both sexes, could not fail to be observed the wan traces of that wasting disease which seems to sap strength and vitality, gradually, and almost surely, as consumption itself. Yes, I think for every score of peasants I could have counted two of these "fever-faces," as the people themselves call their ague-ridden companions, though I ascertained after a while, when I came to know them better, that they attributed this decimation of their numbers, and faded appearance of the victims, rather to supernatural visitation than epidemic disease. They believe that in certain cases, where life has been unusually irregular, or the rites of religion reprehensibly neglected, the soul returns after death to its original tenement, and the corpse becomes revived under certain ghastly conditions of a periodical return to the tomb and a continual warfare against its kind. An intermittent existence is only to be preserved at the expense of others, for the compact, while it permits re-animation, withholds the blood, "which is the life thereof." The stream must therefore be drained from friends, neighbours, early companions, nay, is most nourishing and efficacious when abstracted from the veins of those heretofore best beloved. So the Vampire, as this weird being is called, must steal from its grave in the dead of night, to sit by some familiar bedside till the sleeper shall be steeped in the unconsciousness of complete repose, and then puncturing a minute orifice in the throat, will suck its fill till driven back to its resting-place by the crimson streaks of

day. Night after night the visits must be repeated; and so, week by week, the victim pines and droops and withers gradually away. There is no apparent illness, no ostensible injury, but the frame dwindles, the muscles fall, the limbs fail, the cheek fades, and the death-look, never to be mistaken, comes into the great haggard, hollow, wistful eyes. I have repeatedly asked the peasants whether they had ever met any of these supernatural visitants, for they spoke of them so confidently, one might have supposed the famished ghouls were flitting about the villages nightly; but though presumptive evidence was forthcoming in volumes, I was never fortunate enough to find an actual eye-witness. The sister of one had been frightened by them repeatedly, the cousin of another he had himself carried to her tomb, drained of her last life-drops by a relative buried some weeks before, and the grandmother of a third had not only met and talked with this inconvenient connexion, expostulating with it on its depraved appetites, and generally arguing the point on moral as well as sanitary grounds, but had induced it by her persuasions, and the power of a certain amulet she wore, to abstain from persecuting a damsel in the neighbouring village for the same ghastly purpose, or, at least, to put off its visits till the horrid craving should be no longer endurable. Still I could meet nobody who had actually seen one in person; and that is why I asked you just now if you believed there was such a thing as a Vampire?

He nodded gravely. 'They are rare,' said he, 'but I believe in such beings, because I have not only seen one, but had the advantage of its personal notice, and a very pretty, pleasing acquaintance it was! You would like to know something more? Well, it compromises nobody. You will not quote me, of course. Indeed I don't see how you can, for I still mention no real names. I don't mind telling you the story of a life, such as I knew it; a life that by some fatality seemed to drag down every other that came within the sphere of its attractions, to sorrow,

humiliation, and disgrace. I have no brain to swim, no pulses to leap, no heart to ache left, and yet the memory stirs me painfully even now.

'In early manhood,' he continued, bending down as though to scan his own fleshless proportions with an air of consciousness that was almost grotesque, 'I paid as much heed to my personal appearance and flourished it about in public places as persistently as others of like age and pursuits. Whether I should do so if I had my time to come again, is a different question, but we will let that pass. Being then young, tolerably good-looking, sufficiently conceited, and exceedingly well-dressed, I had betaken myself one evening to your Italian Opera, the best, and I may add the dearest, in Europe. I was fond of music and knew something about it, but I was fonder still of pretty women, though concerning these I enjoyed my full share of that ignorance which causes men so to exaggerate their qualities both good and bad; an ignorance it is worth while to preserve with as much care as in other matters we take to acquire knowledge, for there is no denying, alas! that those who know them best always seem to respect them least.

'I rose, therefore, from my stall at the first opportunity and turned round to survey the house. Ere I had inspected a quarter of it, my glasses were up, and I will tell you what they showed me—the most perfect face I ever saw. Straight nose, thin and delicately cut, large black eyes, regular eyebrows, faultless chin, terminating a complete oval, the whole set in a frame of jet-black hair. Even my next neighbour, who, from an observation he let fall to a friend, belonged apparently to the Household Troops, could not refrain from ejaculating "By Jove, she's a ripper!" the moment he caught sight of the object on which my gaze was fixed.

'I saw something else too. I saw that the lady by her side was a foreigner with whom I had long been acquainted; so edging my way into the passages, in two minutes I was tapping at their box-door like a man who felt pretty sure of being let in.

‘The foreigner introduced me to her friend, and as the second act of the opera was already in progress, told me to sit down and hold my tongue. We were four in the box. Another gentleman was placed close behind the lady who first attracted my attention. I had only eyes just then, however, for the wild, unearthly beauty of my new acquaintance.

‘I have seen hundreds of pretty women, and even in youth my heart, from temperament, perhaps, rather than reflection, was as hard as my ribs; but this face fascinated me—I can use no other word. My sensations were so strangely compounded of admiration, horror, interest, curiosity, attraction, and dislike. The eyes were deep and dark, yet with the glitter in them of a hawk’s, the cheek deadly pale, the lips bright red. She was different from anything I had ever seen, and yet so wonderfully beautiful! I longed to hear her speak. Presently she whispered a few words to the man behind her, and I felt my flesh creep. Low as they were modulated, there was in every syllable a tone of such utter hopelessness, such abiding sorrow, regret, even remorse, always present, always kept down, that I could have imagined her one of those lost spirits for whom is fixed the punishment of all most cruel, most intolerable, that they can never forget they are formed for better things. Her gestures, too, were in accordance with the sad, suggestive music of her voice—quiet, graceful, and somewhat listless in the repose, as it seemed, rather of unhappiness than of indolence. I tell you I was not susceptible, I don’t think boys generally are. In love, more than in any other extravagance, “there is no fool like an old one.”

‘I was as little given to romance as a ladies’ doctor, and yet, sitting in that box watching the turn of her beautiful head as she looked towards the stage, I said to myself “I’ll take good care she never gets the upper hand of me. If a man once allowed himself to like her at all, she is just the sort of woman who would blight his whole life for him, and hunt the poor devil down

to his grave!” Somebody else seemed to have no such misgivings, or to have arrived at a stage of infatuation when all personal considerations had gone by the board. If ever I saw a calf led to the slaughter it was Count V——, a calf, too, whose throat few women could have cut without compunction. Handsome, manly, rich, affectionate, and sincere, worshipping his deity with all the reckless devotion, all the unscrupulous generosity of his brave Hungarian heart, I saw his very lip quiver under its heavy moustache when she turned her glittering eyes on him with some allusion called up by the business of the stage, and the proud, manly face that had never quailed before an enemy grew white in the intensity of its emotion. What made me think of a stag I once found lying dead in a Styrian pass, and a golden eagle feasting on him with her talons buried in his heart?

‘The Gräfinn, to whom the box belonged, noticed my abstraction. “Don’t fall in love with her,” she whispered; “I can’t spare you just yet. Isn’t she beautiful?”

“You introduced me,” was my answer, “but you never told me her name.”

“How stupid!” said the Gräfinn. “At present she is a *Madame de St. Croix*, an Englishwoman nevertheless, and a widow, but not likely to remain so long.” And with a mischievous laugh she gave me her hand as I left the box, bowing to *Madame de St. Croix* and also to the Hungarian, who in his happy preoccupation was perfectly unconscious of my politeness.

‘I saw them again in the crush-room. The Gräfinn had picked up an *attaché* to some legation, who put her dutifully into her carriage. The Hungarian was still completely engrossed with *Madame de St. Croix*. I have not yet forgotten the look on his handsome face when she drove off with her friend. “He’s a fool,” I said to myself, “and yet a woman might well be proud to make a fool of such a man as that.”

‘I left London in the middle of the season and thought no more of *Madame de St. Croix*. I had seen a pretty picture, I had heard a strain

of sweet music, I had turned over the page of an amusing romance—there was an end of it.

'The following winter I happened to spend in Vienna. Of course I went to one of the masked balls of *The Redouten-Saal*. I had not been ten minutes in the room, when my ears thrilled to the low, seductive accents of that well-remembered voice. There she was again, masked of course, but it was impossible to mistake the slim, pliant figure, the graceful gestures, the turn of the beautiful head, and the quiet energy that betrayed itself, even in the small, gloved hand. She was talking to a well-known Russian magnate less remarkable for purity of morals than diplomatic celebrity, boundless extravagance, and devotion to the other sex. To be on terms of common friendship with such a man was at least compromising to any lady under sixty years of age; and it is needless to say that his society was courted and appreciated accordingly.

'Madame de St. Croix seemed well satisfied with her neighbour; and though in her outward manner the least demonstrative of women, I could detect through her mask the same cruel glitter in her dark eyes that had so fascinated me, six months before, in the Gräfinn's opera-box. The Russian talked volubly, and she leaned towards him, as those do who are willing to hear more. *Chateau qui parle* furls its banner, *femme qui écoute* droops her head. Directly opposite, looking very tall and fierce as he reared himself against the door-way, stood Count V—. The Hungarian was pale as death. On his face, so worn and haggard, so cruelly altered since I saw it last, was set the stamp of physical pain, and he gnawed the corner of his brown moustache with that tension of the muscles about the mouth which denotes a paroxysm, bravely kept down. As friends accosted him in passing, he bowed his head kindly and courteously while his whole face softened, but it was sad to see how soon the gleam passed away and the cloud came back, darker and heavier than before. The man's heart, you see, was generous, kindly, and full of trust—

such a heart as women like Madame de St. Croix find it an interesting amusement to break.

'I think he must have made her some kind of appeal; for later in the evening I observed them together, and he was talking earnestly in German, with a low pleading murmur, to which I thought few women could have listened unmoved. She answered in French; and I was sorry for him when she broke up the colloquy with a little scornful shrug of her shoulders, observing in a hard, unfeeling tone not like her usual voice, "*Que voulez-vous? Enfin, c'est plus fort que moi!*"

'The Russian put her into her sledge, for there was a foot of snow in the streets, and Count V— walked home through it, with a smile on his face and his head up, looking strangely elated, I thought, for a man, the last strand of whose moorings had lately parted and left him adrift.

'I had not then learned there is no temporary stimulant so powerful as despair, no tonic so reviving as a *parti pris*.

'Next day, lounging into the *Chancellerie* of the Embassy for my usual gossip, I found little Hughes, an unpaid *attache* (who earned, indeed, just as much as he received), holding forth with considerable spirit and energy.

"Curse him!" said this indomitable young Briton. "If it had been swords, I should like to have fought him myself. I hate him! I tell you. Everybody hates him. And V— was the best chap between here and Orsova. He was almost like an Englishman. Wouldn't he just have polished him off if they'd had swords. That old muff, Berghimer of the Cuirassiers, ought to be hanged. Do you think if I'd been his second, I'd have put him up with pistols against the best shot in Europe?—and at the barrier too! It's not like at home, you know. I never knew such a mull as they made of it amongst them. This cursed Calmuck gets the pull all through, and poor V—, who had lost his fortune already, loses his lady-love and his life. What a rum world it is!"

'Here the orator rolled and lit a cigarette, thus affording me a moment to inquire into the cause of his indignation. I then learned that, in consequence of a trifling dispute after last night's ball, a duel had been fought at daybreak, in the snow, between Count V—— and a Russian nobleman, in which the former was shot through the heart.

"Never got *one* in at all!" said Hughes, again waxing eloquent on his friend's wrongs. "I've seen both the seconds since. They were to walk up to a handkerchief, and the Russian potted him at forty yards the first step he made. They may say what they like about the row originating in politics—I know better. They quarrelled because *Madame de St. Croix* had left V—— and taken up with this snub-nosed Tartar. First, she ruined my poor friend. I know all about it. He hadn't a rap left; for if she'd asked him for the shirt off his back, he'd have stripped like beans! Then she broke his heart—the cheeriest, jolliest, kindest fellow in Europe—to finish up by leaving him for another man, who kills him before breakfast without a scruple; and if the devil don't get hold of *her* some fine day, why he's a disgrace to his appointment, that's all! and they ought to make him Secretary of Legation here, or pension him off somewhere and put him out of the way! Have another cigarette!"

'Ten years afterwards I was sitting in the gardens of the Tuileries, one fine morning towards the middle of May, wondering, as English people always do wonder, on a variety of subjects—why the cigars were so bad in Paris, and the air so exhilarating—why the tender green leaves quivering over those deep alleys should have a sunshine of their own besides that which they reflected from above—why the *bonnes* and nursery-maids wore clean caps every day—why the railings always looked as if they had been re-gilt the same morning, and why the sentry at the gate should think it part of his duty to leer at every woman who passed, like a satyr?

'Indeed I believe I was almost asleep, when I started in my chair,

and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not a dream. There, within ten paces of me, sat *Madame de St. Croix*, if I was still to call her so, apparently not an hour older than the first time we met. The face was even paler, the lips redder, the cruel eyes deeper and darker, but in that flickering light the woman looked more beautiful than ever. She was listening quietly and indolently, as of old, to a gentleman who sat with his back to me, telling his own story, whatever it might be, in a low, earnest, impressive voice. I raised my hat when I caught her eye, and she bowed in return politely enough, but obviously without recognition. The movement caused her companion to turn round, and in two strides he was by my chair, grasping me cordially by the hand. He was an old and intimate friend, a colonel in the French army, by whose side I had experienced more than one strange adventure, both in Eastern Europe and Asia-Minor—a man who had served with distinction, of middle-age, a widower, fond of society, field-sports, speculation, and travelling; essentially *bon camarade*, but thoroughly French in his reflections and opinions. The last man in the world, I should have thought, to be made a fool of by a woman. Well, there he was, her bounden slave! Absurdly happy if she smiled, miserable when she frowned, ready to fetch and carry like a poodle, perfectly childish about her, and utterly contemptible. If she had really cared for him, the temptation must have been irresistible, and she would have bullied him frightfully. But no, there was always the same repose of manner, the same careless kindness, the same melancholy, the same consciousness of an unquestionable superiority. One of his reasons, he soon confided to me, for being so fond of her was, that they never had an angry word! For a week or two I saw a good deal of them. Paris was already empty, and we did our plays, our *Opéra Comique*, and our little dinners pleasantly enough. She was always the same, and I found myself, day by day, becoming more conscious of that nameless charm about her,

which I should despair of being able to describe. Yet as often as I met the glance of those deep, dark, unearthly eyes, a shudder crept over me, such as chills you when you come face to face with a ghost in your dreams. The colonel, I have said, was devoted to her. He was rarely absent from her side, but if by chance alone with me, would talk of her by the hour.

'He had found, he declared, fortunately before he was too old to appreciate it, the one inestimable treasure the earth contained. He had cherished his fancies, committed his follies, of course, *tout comme un autre*, but he had never experienced anything like this. It was his haven, his anchorage, his resting-place, and he might glide down into old age and on to death, perfectly happy, because confident, that with *her* heart and *her* force of character, she would never change. He could not be jealous of her. Oh, no! She was so frank, so confiding, so sincere. She, too, *passé par là*, had told him so; unlike other women had confessed to him not only her last, but her many former attachments. He knew all about poor V—, who was shot in a duel, and the Russian general, banished to Siberia. How fortunate she had broken with him before his disgrace, because, in the loyalty of her nature, she would surely have followed him into exile, although she never cared for him in her heart, never! No, nor for any of the others; never had been fairly touched till now. Him, the colonel, she really *did* love. He had proved his devotion so thoroughly (I found out afterwards, though not from him, that my friend had been fool enough to sacrifice both fortune and profession for her sake), he was so reliable, she said, so kind, and so good. In short, he was perfectly happy, and could see no cloud in his horizon, look which way he would.

'When I left Paris they accompanied me to the railway station, and the last I saw of them was their two heads very close over a railway guide, projecting a trip into a lonely part of Switzerland, where they would have no society but their own.

'Six months afterwards "Galigani" informed me that my friend the colonel had been reinstated in the French army and appointed to a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique then serving in Algeria, where, before the Tuileries' Gardens were again green, I learned from the same source he had already solved the great problem in an affair of outposts with the Khabyles. Long years elapsed, and there were streaks of grey in my hair and whiskers ere I saw Madame de St. Croix again. I had heard of her, indeed, at intervals both in London and Paris. I am bound to say her name was always coupled with those who were distinguished by birth, talent, or success. She was very choice, I believe, in the selection of her victims, despising equally an easy conquest and one of which the ravages could be readily repaired. The women hated her, the men said she was charming. For my part I kept out of her way: we were destined to meet nevertheless. I had embarked in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer at Marseilles very much indisposed, and retiring at once to my berth never quitted it till we were entering the Straits of Buoni-faccio. Here I came on deck, weak, exhausted, but convalescent, drinking in the sunshine and the scenery with that thirst for the beautiful which becomes so fierce after the confinement of recent illness. I literally revelled in the Mediterranean air, and basked in the warmth of those bright colours so peculiar to the shores of that summer-sea. I was approaching middle-age, I had ventured body and mind freely enough in the great conflict, and yet, I thank heaven, had hitherto been spared the crushing sorrow that makes a mockery of the noblest and purest enjoyments of earth, causing a man to turn from all that is fairest in sight and sense and sound with the sickness of a dead hope curdling at his heart. But then I had kept clear of Madame de St. Croix.

'When my eyes were at last sated with the gaudy hues of the coast and the golden glitter of the water, I was a little surprised to see that

lady sitting within three paces of me reading a yellow-bound French novel. Great heaven! what was the woman's secret? She looked younger than ever! Even in the searching glare of a southern noon not a line could be detected on the pure, pale forehead, not a crease about the large, wistful, glittering eyes. That she was gifted with perennial youth I could see for myself; that she was dangerous even to the peace of a grey-haired man, I might have found out to my cost had our voyage been retarded by contrary winds or any such unavoidable delay, for she was good enough to recognise me on this occasion, and to give me a large share of her conversation and companionship. Thus it was I learned to own the spell under which so many had succumbed, to appreciate its power, not to understand, far less describe, its nature. Fortunately for me, ere its work could be completed, we arrived at Athens, and at Athens lay a trim, rakish-looking English yacht, with her ensign flying and her fore-topseil loosed, waiting only the steamer's arrival to spread her wings and bear off this seductive sorceress to some garden of paradise in the Egean Sea.

'The owner of the yacht I had often heard of. He was a man remarkable for his enterprise and unfailing success in commerce as for his liberality, and indeed extravagance, in expenditure. He chose to have houses, pictures, horses, plate, everything of the best, was justly popular in society, and enormously rich.

'I never asked and never knew the port to which that yacht was bound. When we steamed out of the harbour she was already hulledown in the wake of a crimson sunset that seemed to stain the waters with a broad track of blood; but I saw her sold within eighteen months at Southampton, for her late owner's name had appeared in the "Gazette," and the man himself, I was told, might be found looking very old and careworn, setting cabbages at Hanwell, watching eagerly for the arrival of a lady who never came.

'You may believe I thought more

than once of the woman whose strange destiny it had been thus to enslave generation after generation of fools, and to love whom seemed as fatal as to be a priest of Aricia or a favourite of Catherine II. Nevertheless, while time wore on, I gradually ceased to think of her beauty, her heartlessness, her mysterious youth, or her magic influence over mankind. Presently, amongst a thousand engrossing occupations and interests, I forgot her as if she had never been.

'I have driven a good many vehicles in my time, drags, phaetons, dogcarts, down to a basket-carriage drawn by a piebald pony with a hog-mane. Nay, I once steered a Hansom cab up Bond Street in the early morning, freighted with more subalterns than I should like to specify of her Majesty's Household Troops, but I never thought I should come to a Bath chair!

'Nevertheless, I found myself at last an inside passenger of one of these locomotive couches, enjoying the quiet and the air of the gardens at Hampton Court in complete and uninterrupted solitude. The man who dragged me to this pleasant spot having gone to "get his dinner," as he called it, and the nursery-maids, with their interesting charges, having retired from their morning, and not yet emerged for their afternoon, stroll, I lay back and thought of so many things—of the strength and manhood that had departed from me for ever; of the strange, dull calm that comes on with the evening of life and contents us so well we would not have its morning back if we could; of the *gradual clairvoyance* that shows us everything in its true colours and at its real value; of the days, and months, and years so cruelly wasted, but that their pleasures, their excitements, their sins, their sorrows, and their sufferings, were indispensable for the great lesson which teaches us *to see*. Of these things I thought, and through them still, as at all times, moved the pale presence of an unforgotten face, passing like a spirit, dim and distant, yet dear as ever, across the gulf of years—a presence that, for

good or evil, was to haunt me to the end.

'Something in the association of ideas reminded me of Madame de St. Croix, and I said to myself, "At last age must have overtaken that marvellous beauty, and time brought the indomitable spirit to remorse, repentance, perhaps even amendment. What can have made me think of her in a quiet, peaceful scene like this?"

'Just then a lady and gentleman crossed the gravel walk in front of me, and took their places on a seat under an old tree not a dozen yards off. It was a lovely day in early autumn; the flowers were still a-blaze with the gaudiest of their summer beauty, the sky was all dappled grey and gold, earth had put on the richest dress she wears throughout the year, but here and there a leaf fell noiseless on the sward, as if to testify that she too must shed all her glories in due season, and yield, like other beauties, her unwilling tribute to decay.

'But there was nothing of autumn in the pair who now sat opposite my couch, chatting, laughing, flirting, apparently either ignoring or disregarding my proximity. The man was in all the bloom and beauty of youth; the woman, though looking a few years older, did not yet seem to have attained her prime. I could scarcely believe my eyes! Yes, if ever I beheld Madame de St. Croix, there she sat with her fatal gaze turned on this infatuated boy, leading him gradually, steadily, surely to the edge of that chasm, into which those who plunged came to the surface nevermore. It was the old story over again. How well I remembered, even after such an interval, the tender droop of the head, the veiling eyelashes, the glance so quickly averted, yet like a snap-shot, telling with such deadly effect; the mournful smile, the gentle whisper, the quiet confiding gesture of the slender hand, all the by-play of the most accomplished and most unscrupulous of actresses. There was no more chance of escape for her companion than for a fisherman of the North Sea, whose skiff has been sucked

into the Mælstrohm, with mast unshipped and oars adrift half a mile astern. By sight, if not personally, I then knew most of the notabilities of the day. The boy, for such I might well call him in comparison with myself, seemed too good for his fate, and yet, I saw well enough it was inevitable. He had already made himself a name as a poet of no mean pretensions, and held besides the character of a high-spirited, agreeable, and unaffected member of society. Add to this, that he was manly, good-looking, and well-born; nothing more seemed wanting to render him a fit victim for the altar at which he was to be offered up. Like his predecessors, he was fascinated. The snake held him in her eye. The poor bird's wings were fluttering, its volition was gone, its doom sealed. Could nothing save it from the destroyer? I longed to have back, if only for a day, the powers which I had regretted so little half an hour ago. Weak, helpless, weary, and worn-out, I yet determined to make an effort, and save him if I could!

'They rose to go, but found the gate locked through which they had intended to pass. She had a way of affecting a pretty wilfulness in trifles, and sent him to fetch the key. Prompt to obey her lightest wish, he bounded off in search of it, and following slowly, she passed within two paces of my chair, bending on its helpless invalid a look that seemed to express far less pity for his condition than a grudging envy of his lot. I stopped her with a gesture, that in one more able-bodied would have been a bow, and, strange to say, she recognised me at once. There was not a moment to lose. I took courage from a certain wistful look that gave softness to her eyes, and I spoke out.

"We shall never meet again," I said; 'we have crossed each other's paths, at such long intervals, and on such strange occasions, but I know this is the last of them! Why time stands still for you is a secret I cannot fathom, but the end must come some day, put it off however

long you will. Do you not think that when you become as I am, a weary mortal, stumbling with half-shut eyes on the edge of an open grave, it would be well to have one good deed on which you could look back, to have reprieved one out of the many victims on whom you have inflicted mortal punishment for the offence of loving you so much better than you deserve? Far as it stretches behind you, every footstep in your track is marked with sorrow—more than one with blood. Show mercy now, as you may have to ask it hereafter. Life is all before this one, and it seems cruel thus to blast the sapling from its very roots. He is hopeful, trustful, and fresh-hearted—spare him and let him go."

"She was fitting the glove on her faultless little hand. Her brow seemed so calm, so soft and pure, that for a moment I thought I had conquered, but looking up from her feminine employment, I recognized the hungry glitter in those dark, merciless eyes, and I knew there was no hope.

"It is too late," she answered, "too late to persuade either him or me. It is no fault of mine. It is fate. For him—for the others—for all of us. Sometimes I wish it had not been so. Mine has been an unhappy life, and there seems to be no end, no resting-place. I can no more help myself than a drowning wretch, swept down by a torrent; but I am too proud to catch at the twigs and straws that would break off in my hand. I would change places with you willingly. Yes—you in that Bath-chair. I am so tired sometimes, and yet I dare not wish it was all over. Think of me as forbearingly as you can, for we shall not cross each other's path again."

"And this boy?" I asked, striving to detect something of compunction in the pitiless face that was yet so beautiful.

"He must take his chance with the rest," she said. "Here he comes—good-bye."

"They walked away arm-in-arm through the golden autumn weather, and a chill came into my very heart,

for I knew what that chance was worth.

"A few months, and the snow lay six inches deep over the grave of him whose opening manhood had been so full of promise, so rich in all that makes youth brightest, life most worth having; while a woman in deep mourning was praying there, under the wintry sky; but this woman was his mother, and her heart was broke for the love she bore her boy.

"His death had been very shocking, very sudden. People talked of a ruptured blood-vessel, a fall on his bed-room floor, a doctor not to be found when sent for; a series of fatalities that precluded the possibility of saving him; but those who pretended to know best affirmed that not all the doctors in Europe could have done any good, for when his servant went to call him in the morning he found his master lying stark and stiff, having been dead some hours. There was a pool of blood on his carpet; there were ashes of burnt letters in his fire-place; more, they whispered with meaning shrug and solemn awe-struck faces—

"There was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see."

"You can understand now that I believe in Vampires."

"What became of her?" I asked, rather eagerly, for I was interested in this *Madame de St. Croix*. I like a woman who goes into extremes, either for good or evil. Great recklessness, equally with great sensibility, has its charm for such a temperament as mine. I can understand, though I cannot explain, the influence possessed by very wicked women who never scruple to risk their own happiness as readily as their neighbours'. I wanted to know something more about *Madame de St. Croix*, but he was not listening; he paid no attention to my question. In a tone of abstraction that denoted his thoughts were many miles away, he only murmured,

"Insatiate—impenetrable—pitiless. The others were had enough in all conscience, but I think she might have spared the boy!"

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

A GREAT deal of interest belongs to Sir Henry Bulwer's 'Historical Characters.*' Years ago Lord Lytton dedicated a work to his brother Sir Henry Bulwer, 'proud to connect with services recognized by England a record of brotherly affection.' Sir Henry, in return, dedicates this work to Lord Lytton. 'My dear Edward,' he writes, 'the idea of this work, which I dedicate to you in testimony of the affection and friendship which have always united us, was conceived many years ago. I wished to give some general idea of modern history, from the period of the French Revolution of 1789 down to our own times, in a series of personal sketches.' Lord Lytton's is a household name; but when the history of our age is written, an historical importance will belong to the life of Sir Henry Bulwer which will hardly be accorded to his more famous brother. It is greatly to be lamented that the mistaken conduct and traditions of the Foreign Office have deprived us of the services of such a public servant. There is hardly a court in Europe, if we except St. Petersburg, to which Sir Henry has not been the accredited English minister. At Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Madrid, and elsewhere he has been our minister; and he and Lord Clarendon were selected for special encomium in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston. Interesting as these volumes are, we have hopes of one still more interesting on a future occasion, when Sir Henry proposes to discuss the life of Sir Robert Peel, and two or three of Peel's contemporaries. The Peel memoirs, under the editorship of Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, has been a disappointing work; and although its editors have promulgated a statement that

* 'Historical Characters: Talleyrand, Cobbett, Mackintosh, Canning.' By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. Bentley.

they have further materials in hand, we should rejoice to see the difficult subject of Sir Robert Peel's character, which will always be a political problem, treated with Sir Henry Bulwer's remarkable honesty and ability.

There is something about the work that betrays that his pen has fallen into the desuetude of which he speaks, something foreign in his idioms, something heavy and rhetorical in his style. But Sir Henry is emphatically a man who has seen history and lived history; a man whose judgment on diplomatic and political matters carries a weight far beyond any that can attach to mere literary merit, and all whose statements have an independent value and authority of their own. A great many of these pages consist of mere narrative, with which the public is already familiar in a variety of shapes, and we at times certainly grow impatient when we see them presented to us without the attraction of any peculiar literary merit. But every now and then we are rewarded by a sentence or a paragraph which only such a man as Sir Henry Bulwer could have written. The whole of the first volume is devoted to Talleyrand, and is concerned with matters on which Sir Henry must feel peculiarly at home. There is much in Sir Henry's writing which reminds us of the best style of British diplomacy—a frank, generous, chivalrous bearing, a contempt of the craft and chicanery with which diplomacy has been too often invested, at the same time a thorough knowledge of the world and of human nature.

He breaks ground which is more exclusively literary in his paper on Mackintosh, whom he describes as 'the man of promise.' 'The greater part of his time seems to have been employed in a restless longing after society, and a perpetual dawdling

ever books; during the seven years he was absent he speaks continually of his projected work as "always to be projected." But it is hardly fair to speak of Mackintosh merely as a man of promise. Some men's books are greater than themselves; that is to say, they put the best of themselves into books, and we afterwards wonder how such poor men should write such good books. But Mackintosh was infinitely greater than his books, which were only gigantic fragments, so to speak, fossilized remains of his own world of heart and mind. Sir Henry has especially done his bulky contribution on Canning *con amore*. His thorough appreciation of Canning's foreign policy is in striking accordance with his own character in diplomacy. Canning, who raised England to the highest position she has ever occupied since the days of the elder Chatham, found her humbled to the lowest degree when Lord Castlereagh expired. 'I had myself the opportunity of seeing this illustrated in a private and confidential correspondence between Prince Metternich and a distinguished person with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, and to whom he wrote without reserve; a correspondence in which the prince, when alluding to our great warrior who represented England at the congress of Verona, spoke of him "as the great baby," and alluded to the power and influence of England as a thing past and gone.' Canning, who was at first odious to George the Fourth, ended by quite winning the royal affections. 'The leader of the Houses of Commons had [we believe the practice still continues] peculiar modes of obtaining his Majesty's confidence and enjoying his intimacy. It was his arduous duty to send to the sovereign every night a written account of that night's proceedings in the assembly to which he belonged. . . . A minister of foreign affairs has also more opportunities than any other foreign minister of captivating the royal attention.' It is also just possible, it is to be said, that a foreign minister may also have peculiar facilities for losing royal favour. Sir Henry Bulwer

confirms the statement which has often been made, that George the Fourth had the hallucination of believing that he played a personal part in the great events of his reign. He really believed that he won the battle of Waterloo. 'Was it not so, Duke?' he said to the real conqueror. 'I have heard your Majesty often say so,' drily answered the Duke of Wellington. Sir Henry adds in a note, 'This story was related by Sir Roundell Palmer in his address to the jury, in the trial of Ryves v. the Attorney-General. I do not know whence Sir Roundell derived the anecdote; but I think it is well to say, in favour of its authenticity, that I heard it thirty years ago from a person who was present on the occasion, and that it has been recorded for twenty-six years in my MS.' Some of Canning's witticisms were little to his credit. He stayed at Lord Carrington's, who had recently been elevated to the peerage, and wrote in chalk on his host's door—

'One Bobby Smith lives here;
Billy Pitt made him a peer,
And took the pen from behind his ear.'

Lord Carrington never forgave this impertinence. Sir Robert Peel told Sir Henry Bulwer that Canning used to make a lounging tour of the House, gathering up the opinions of members before he would himself speak—the sort of way in which the leaders of the 'Times' are supposed to be written. As is well known, he died in the same room at Chiswick in which Fox had died, which 'has since become a place of pilgrimage. It is a small low chamber, once a kind of nursery, dark, and opening into a wing of the building, which gives it the appearance of looking into a courtyard. Nothing can be more simple than its furniture and decorations, for it was chosen by Mr. Canning, who had always the greatest horror of cold, on account of its warmth. On one side of the fireplace are a few bookshelves; opposite the foot of the bed is the low chimney-piece, and on it a small bronze clock.' We are rather surprised that Sir Henry makes no allusion to Mr.

Stapleton's life of Canning, and has confined his mention to Mr. Bell's.

There is an allusion to Lord Ponsonby, about which there arose some correspondence in the 'Times.' The question arose whether Lord Ponsonby owed an appointment to his own application on account of his limited income, or to the king's jealousy of him in respect to some fine lady. The point has not been definitely cleared up. But I remember one evening last summer a yacht lying off Plymouth, and a message came ashore toward the night that Lord Ponsonby in his yacht was dying. He had been cruising about the Mediterranean in search of health, but had returned within sight of the English shore to die—simply, peacefully, hopefully. His title became extinct.

Dr. Barry's memoir of the 'Life and Works of Sir Charles Barry,* is an imposing-looking book, but its interest is really of a very limited kind. Of late we have heard a great deal of the supposed claim of Mr. Pugin to the authorship of the architecture of the Houses of Parliament. Dr. Barry treats this claim somewhat cavalierly, not considering it worthy of a serious discussion, except in a separate pamphlet, and we are not prepared to say that he is wrong. He lingers especially with much admiration on his father's design for the Travellers' Club; and we can very well understand how Mr. E. M. Barry would rather restore it to its original state at his own cost than submit to its being spoilt. Sir Charles Barry was not a man of any especial genius, and to the last there was something wavering and tentative in the character of his work. He was a man who lived a quiet business-like life, devoted to his profession, never going far beyond his own circle, and for a man of his eminence and connections seeing remarkably little of the outside world. There is considerable ethical interest in Sir Charles' life, and he affords a noble example

in practical conduct. The most momentous epoch in his life was his three years' travelling as a very young man in Italy, Greece, and the East. Often as the advantages of foreign travel have been illustrated, its immense educational influence was never more remarkably illustrated than in the case of Barry.

He began his professional life in Ely Place because it was cheap, central, and quiet; and after the customary probation of early trials he worked himself up into steady ultimate success. He had a growing mind, a mind that flowered late, a mind which, so far from hardening into a rigid immobility, was always susceptible to intellectual influences. There is no doubt but this is the mental temper in the successful cultivation of which is found the highest union of the highest forms of intellectual and moral qualities. His mind abounded with grand ideas, but was also minutely scrupulous in the smallest points of detail. It was a mind which, within certain limits, worked with extraordinary fertility, and he also had a happy social art in balancing his hard work with recreation. 'In the theatrical entertainments he always took the greatest pleasure, and found in them, as I suppose most hardworked men do, the most complete relaxation and change of idea.' The biographer gives us many examples of his father's best works in this 'manner' and that 'manner,' from Greek to Gothic. We are at times disturbed with technicalities and specifications, at which the soul of the general reader revolts, but the illustrations make amends. In appreciating an architect's work, one has to consider the requirements which he has to meet and the limitations under which he acts. Thus, Barry always felt that his laying out of Trafalgar Square was unsatisfactory, though, with a parent's fondness for his work, he would plead that it was not so very unsatisfactory after all. The Nelson column marred his design, and a scarcity both of water and funds dwarfed his fountains. Some of his best works are to be found in great country mansions, such as Cliefden,

* 'The Life and Works of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., F.R.S.' By Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of Cheltenham College. John Murray.

with its unsurpassed view over the valley of the Thames, and his favourite Highclere, Lord Carnarvon's place in Berkshire. The Houses of Parliament of course claim the principal place in this volume; for this was the work in which his attention was well-nigh absorbed for the last twenty years of his life. There is an unhappy side to this transaction. Lord Coke truly said that a corporation had no soul; and their architect was treated by 'my lords' with a penuriousness and injustice which disappointed his just claims and eventually broke up his health and spirits. In erecting the palace he had to work on a low, irregular site, in a specified style, under the limitation of preserving and incorporating surrounding buildings. Overpraised, overblamed at first, the palace of the Legislature is now admitted to be the massive conception of a master mind; but at the same time we hear nothing of the smallness of the Commons' chamber, or the perishableness of the materials employed. It was desired that a monument to him should be placed in St. Stephen's Porch, the point which marks his achievement of utilizing of Westminster Hall as the grand entrance to the building by the splendid arch and staircase at the southern end. This was not allowed, but a less advantageous site was procured. But his monument, like Sir Christopher Wren's, whom he resembled in so many circumstances of his life and fortunes, is *circumspice*.

Lady Brownlow's 'Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian' have proved so popular, and been so largely quoted, that it would be superfluous to give any account of this work, the brevity of which is its chief fault. The 'Reminiscences' conclude with the year 1815, except for a very sketchy sketch of Lord Castlereagh. We trust Lord Carnarvon, who enticed the present work from Countess Brownlow, will use much gentle, or, if need be, much violent persuasion to extract further 'Reminiscences' for that ensuing decade,

* 'Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian, from 1802 to 1815.' By Emma Sophia, Countess Brownlow. Murray.

which is not too much illustrated by authentic *memoires à servir*. The 'Life of Sir Philip Francis' is perhaps chiefly interesting from its treatment by that accomplished scholar and writer Mr. Herman Merivale, who has not settled nor professed to settle the question of the authorship of Junius. The work, however, hardly comes within the range of Contemporary Biography. And so we unwillingly pass it by.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NOVELISTS.

It is one of Carlyle's forcible sayings that as the Gospel is a biography, so every true biography is a gospel. He means by this, as we understand, that every biography honestly and sincerely put forth will be fraught with lessons of sympathy, guidance, and consolation. The highest and most genuine form of biography is unquestionably the autobiography. Two autobiographies of matchless value will doubtless occur to the reader, written indeed by very different men, and from very different points of view, but both of them with a unique and absolute truthfulness. Of course we mean the Confessions of Augustine and the Confessions of Rousseau. We do not have such autobiographies now; and, indeed, the writer of an autobiography, like the writer of a diary, is under a temptation, unconscious, perhaps, but most powerful, to give his own colouring to his statements. To an age that delights in introspection, and has no greater literary satisfaction than seeing its own manners faithfully mirrored to its mental eye, a genuine autobiography of the Rousseau or the Augustine kind would be a source of great delight, and in many respects a positive gain. *Excoriare aliquis!*

The statement may appear paradoxical, but we think that in novels there are elements which would go far to make up genuine and veracious autobiography. We strongly hold to the opinion that it is possible in most fictions to disentangle from the general work a strong autobiographical element. In reality a novelist frequently goes into the confessional, bares his soul and tells

his secrets. Sometimes he wears his heart upon his sleeve, and a most careless eye may detect the outward varnish of disguise which is only thinly and partially laid on. At other times a literary detective is needed for a 'private inquiry' of this sort, to pierce through the manifold disguises that are laid on layer by layer. There are authors who so entirely project themselves into their created scenes and characters that the touches of their own individuality are faint and few. This, however, is not ordinarily the case, especially in an age like this, when most writers are morbidly given up to the analysis of their own idiosyncrasies.

Look, for instance, at traces of individuality in some of our most eminent novelists. What a comment are the battlements and turrets of Abbotsford, its armoury and painted glass, its fair domains and the adjacent ruins of Melrose Castle, on the heroic and mediæval genius of Sir Walter. How faithfully his works reflect that leaning to rank and lineage and territorial possessions which at times becomes excessive, and degenerates into a weakness that mars a broad and generous character. Again, take Thackeray. Into very questionable places must he have dived, and with very queer companions in the days of wild oats! In his hard cynical humour, his caustic wit, his disbelief in men and motives, in his identification of goodness and stupidity, we see a kind of literary Ishmaelite, with a kind of natural antagonism towards solvent respectability, neither asking or taking quarter, very sore himself, and not caring what sores he inflicts on others. And when his fortunate evening set in, like a latter summer, especially after his lucky American trip, and the sun of prosperity had melted the hard, glittering ice in which he had encased himself, how generous, courteous, and considerate he became; how willing to make allowances; how disposed to retract former asperities, and indulge in genial, hopeful views! Then take Lord Lytton. He really presents some curious examples in the way in which he

identifies himself with his hero. For instance, just as Lord Lytton grows old, so he makes his heroes grow old. Ernest Maltravers is a gorgeous youth; and, generally speaking, 'gilded youth' is the hero of the earlier Bulwer novels. But when we come to 'What will he do with it?' the hero is a middle-aged lawyer, surfeited with material success. Another still more curious example may be instanced. In the commencement of 'My Novel,' which in many points of view is Lord Lytton's ablest and most autobiographical novel, Audley Egerton is represented as a member of the government, of high consideration indeed, but still not admitted within the charmed circle of the cabinet. But while the story wound its way through many consecutive months, the author's political horizon enlarged, and he was himself, *in case* or *in posse*, a cabinet minister; and Lord Lytton, quite forgetting Audley Egerton's inferior position, ultimately makes him a great minister of state and a leading member of the cabinet. It is also believed that Lord Lytton's latest novel, 'A Strange Story,' really represents a variety of opinions he has formed on supernatural subjects. Mr. Disraeli was long known and spoken of as Vivian Grey. While he was a political cadet he used to write about cabinet ministers and ministerial movements; but when he became a cabinet minister and made political movements of his own he was obliged to leave off that kind of thing. Then as for Mr. Dickens, it is impossible without much wonderment, to contemplate his multitudinous array of London characters, and we may easily surmise some of his metropolitan experiences.

There is no novel, however worthless, which may not have a subjective value when it is regarded in the light of a personal confession. I do not for a moment say that the writer is to be identified with the hero, or that the incidents of the story are to be identified with the incidents of a biography. So far from this, I think that the novelist will generally create a set of circumstances as unlike his own as possible, so as to

take the reader off the scent, and skilfully disguise any substratum of personal facts. Nevertheless an autobiographical element is there, if you can only contrive to precipitate it by a process of intellectual analysis. Though this may be difficult or impossible in respect to facts, you may make pretty sure of your ground in reference to modes of thought. Yet even in reference to facts, if the scenery and personages of a tale are localized, and belong to a particular set, you will often have a set of real facts, though they may be presented in a glorified kind of way. If a man writes a story about college life, or the civil service, or the army or navy, and so on, you may be pretty certain that there are plenty of people who will identify the incidents, although they may strongly object to the fairness or accuracy of the way in which they are put.

But the confession made by the novelist as to his disposition and order of mind is of the most ample description. A set of interrogatories might be framed, to nearly all of which every novelist must yield some kind of answer. Is he earnest? is he sincere? does he love Nature? is he a man of thought and reading? has he really seen much of life? is he of pure and unselfish mind? does he possess an elevated range of thought? does he really know much?—these are inquiries respecting an author to which the author by his tale yields some kind of answer. Of course these inquiries are altogether irrespective of the critical worth of a story. A man might give most gratifying answers to any question, and yet be an execrable writer of fiction. Without mentioning names, I may say that great philosophers, and commentators on the Bible, and law lords have written novels—very second-rate and unsuccessful—which have perhaps very indistinctly shown their learning and ability, but which may curiously have revealed their inner character. But we are simply having regard to the self-revelations made by novelists; and here a bad novel will serve our turn just as well as a good novel, or indeed may have a stronger psycho-

logical interest. Very often, it may be added, a novel is written with the very purpose of making some sort of self-revelation. There are women who rush into fiction just as the meadows break up into daisies, and birds pour out their lives in song. They wish to assert themselves, to explain themselves, to have themselves comprehended, and win sympathy and appreciation, to revolt against the tyranny of the circumstances that surround them, to create for themselves the fancied circumstances in which their idealized characters would have full expansion; and these persons often make a full confession of the restlessness, tragedy, and unsatisfied longings of their lives.

How great is the difference between the very fast novel and the very quiet novel. It is like turning aside from the heat and glare and dust of a crowded street into some chapel, very still and quiet, dimly lighted through refulgent panes, and with a low, sweet music sounding. We recognise entirely different orders of mind, entirely different types of circumstances. I do not like to hear of authors—least of all of women authors—who are very 'realistic' about the details of seduction, and show profound research on the subject of Old Bailey trials for bigamy. Depend upon it, my friends, that kind of writer has not an over-clean kind of mind—nor, perhaps, an over-clean sort of life. Their minds are like the prophetic chambers of imagery, full of cruel and unclean things. Worse even than this, perhaps, is the constant spectacle of imbecility and little-mindedness displayed by many story-tellers in their unwitting confessions. What is the novelist's notion of poetic justice? what is the imagined paradise which he creates for his favourites? what the rule and law by which he measures the rightness of persons and things, and the deflections therefrom? We take up novel after novel, and we are interested or uninterested in plot and dialogue; but we ask ourselves, 'And this writer, on his own showing, what manner of man is he?' And too often it is all of the earth,

earthy, and amid all the glitter of romance he is only a vulgar idolater of wealth and ease.

LIGHT WINES AND HEAVY WINES.

In a debate in the House of Commons many years ago, Mr. Gladstone strenuously opposed a motion for the reduction of the duty on light wines, primarily, indeed, on financial grounds, but mainly on the social and national abstract point of view, that the English people were a port and sherry-drinking people, and not a claret-drinking people; and so the era of light wines was indefinitely postponed till the treaty with France. It is remarkable that our most brilliant and kaleidoscopic statesman has now inaugurated the era of the cheap Gladstone claret.* The consumption of light wines has quadrupled since the treaty, and there seems no reason why the rate of consumption should not be enormously increased. The nuisance is that you cannot get the cheap wine when and how you want it. Our heavy hotel system is unable to adjust itself to an altered state of things and our new requirements. The other day I went to a huge overgrown hotel in a country town. I wanted lunch, and was served with the traditional leg of cold mutton. My cook might reasonably anticipate an immediate dismissal if she had ventured to set such a dish before me. I paid as much as would have given me a very good dinner in London. I did not call for claret, for I knew that I could not expect to have that cheap Gladstone beverage under six or seven shillings a bottle. Indeed, in town you may almost count up on your fingers the places where you may get a really fair bottle of light wine at a really fair price. The middlemen who stand between the producer and the consumer impede the traffic, and will continue to do so until they are convinced that a large trade with a moderate profit may pay better than a small trade with a large profit.

As a rule, if you go to the proper

* Introduced by Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co. of Bishopsgate Street.

places, a better and cheaper light wine may be obtained in London than in Paris. In Paris you have the *octroi*, and the great expenses of land-carriage, whereas the water-carriage and the light duty make the same wines here really much less expensive. Moreover, at Bordeaux, the merchants would rather consign a pure wine to an English than a French market, where they really find their best customers. You may be pretty sure of a pure wine, for it is so cheap that it would not be worth one's while to adulterate it. A wine-grower in Burgundy told a friend of mine how much his wines really cost him; something ridiculously small, some three-halfpence a bottle. Capital hock, too, have I drunk in the villages of vineland for a few pence a bottle. When we consider the millions of acres which are under vine culture, we may be sure that there will always be a sufficient amount of wine to make it, as it was intended to be, the natural drink of man. Moreover, we constantly have new wine markets opened up to us, which indeed sometimes offend conservative prejudices on this subject; and perhaps many years will elapse before the ultimate value of these growths is definitely settled in the public mind. One likes to hear of the wines of Greece, recalling the palmy days of Chios and Lesbos, and recalling the old Homeric days, when most sweet it seemed to the travel-stained Ulysses to sit in the resounding hall and drink the flashing wine, and to listen to the song of the divine bard. Speaking from my own experience, the Hungarian wines, supplied by Max-Greger, of Mincing Lane, are those which I best like. The sparkling or still Hungarian wines seem to me to have much more body than the ordinary wines. Champagne is now freely ordered by doctors; but a medical man told me that in his practice he frequently ordered several ounces of brandy to be taken with the champagne for the sake of body. Now these Hungarian wines, either of the champagne or claret kind, have a satisfying body of their own, and I have witnessed their restorative effects in

cases of great debility. Medical men now constantly order sparkling wines as medicines, and they will probably vigorously inculcate the use of other light wines in preference to our heavy national drinks.

In a recent biography, a gentleman sends his friend some light wine, and says, 'I have great hopes it will be found for you highly beneficial, as it is invigorating without being stimulating, and as it possesses nothing in the shape of spirit but that of its own formation. I have not seen Picord, but in talking with a chemist, he says the reason why Spanish wines—or in fact any wines—prepared for the English taste and market are bad for invalids, is the amount of alcohol they contain; and therefore, instead of generously nourishing the blood, they inflame it, besides destroying altogether the digestive powers; and a pure wine, notwithstanding it may taste a little acid, aids the digestive powers; and, strange to say, the vegetable acid of the wine destroys, or rather counteracts, the animal acidity of the stomach, and reproduces healthy action.' Without guaranteeing the chemical part of the statement, the contrast here drawn between the light and heavy wines is, I believe, substantially correct.

English people require to be trained into the use of light wines. Ordinarily we do not take wine as a beverage, but as a stimulant. No one ever thinks of tossing off a foaming goblet of port or sherry, and such an act must in every case be condemned as an excess. Yet this sort of thing is done, both in romance and reality, in wine-growing countries. Beer drinkers take wine just as wine drinkers take cognac and curaçoa. What we want is a wine which can be taken with impunity, and in sufficient quantities to satisfy even extreme thirst. This is a much better drink than beer—more generous, more satisfying, and more natural. It will only be found unsatisfying by those who seek for stimulants. This brings us to the great moral advantages conferred by the Gladstone tariff, which gives us all an interest in the conflict between the light

wines and the heavy. Without any great leaning towards the temperance movement, and utterly rejecting the utter absurdity of total abstinence being a panacea for all physical and moral ills, it is impossible to exaggerate the frightful case exhibited by teetotallers of the mischief wrought by the illegitimate craving for stimulants. Even the wines of Spain and Portugal, strong as they naturally are, would be unsaleable unless they were doctored for the English market. Such at least is the testimony which comes to me from Spanish merchants. I hope the light wines will drive the heavy wines out of the market, and that those who take beer and brandy like sots will learn to take their wine like gentlemen.

PERIODICAL BOOKS.

The principle of periodicity is by no means confined to magazines and reviews, but also indefinitely extends to the promulgation of books. As our popular writers are a great deal too much in the habit of cutting up their minds into shavings for the periodicals, it is not to be regretted that many of them settle down into some special department of literature as the serious business of life. By constantly studying a subject a man eventually becomes an authority upon the subject, even though he may have commenced as a mere tyro. The story is told of Dr. Chalmers that when he was anxious to learn French he formed a class and announced his intention of teaching it. At the end of a year he handed over the class to a qualified Frenchman, who pronounced that the grammar and translations were pretty fair, but that the pronunciation was diabolical. We have no doubt but Chalmers himself had acquired a solid groundwork of French. Mr. Froude is an instance of this sort of thing. He began to write a history of England upon perhaps as inconveniently small a stock of historical knowledge as a public writer can possess. But in process of time Mr. Froude has enlarged the circle of his ideas, and gained access to authorities hitherto

hardly known, and has acquired a first-rate way of handling them.

Several works of a serial character might be named of which fresh volumes have been recently issued. We are now quite accustomed to fresh volumes of the 'Wellington Despatches.' We are assured that the present duke, from whom the faintest attempt at literary enterprise was hardly to be expected, has done very well in thus carrying on the series, which we hope he will complete as soon as possible. Then Mr. C. W. King has made himself an authority on the very pleasant and agreeable subject of gems and the precious metals. His pages on diamonds sparkle, as they ought. It is a well-known fact that of late years, owing to the increase of wealth, the value of jewels has risen in the market about one-third. The lucky possessors of quantities of these elegant trifles ought to be glad to know anything that is to be known about them. Then again such a writer as the Anglicized Max Müller, while employed on the great Indian work which Baron Bunsen obtained for him as the business of his life, flings off his 'Chips from a German Workshop' as incidental contributions to his main subjects, chips which may be sent flying from the block to any extent you please.

Mr. Smiles is one who may be called a periodical writer of books. His own subject is industrial biography. On this subject he is continually bringing forth treasures new and old, new books and new editions of former books. His last work on the Huguenots in England and Ireland is ably written, full of details, and very interesting.* He commences with a rapidly-sketched outline of general Huguenot history, and traces the successive immigrations consequent on renewed persecutions. The contributions which the Huguenots made to English manufactures were enormous, and in Spitalfields, at Canterbury, and elsewhere, we still possess historical memorials. His 'Life of Telford,' reissued, shows the gradual care with which each

successive edition is improved and the work advanced towards perfection. We only hope that Mr. Smiles is not rating industrialism (if that word may be distinguished from industry) too highly (if such a thing can be estimated too highly). What we mean is that if industrial pursuits are to overshadow and include all possible excellence, we can hardly see what room is left for such subjects as politics, or poetry, or abstruse speculation. Again, it is only an illusive prospect to hold up to a working man that by industry and care he can attain to the great successes of such men as Boulton and Telford. Mr. Smiles knows perfectly well that in a majority of instances, so vast that the exceptions can hardly be taken count of, no amount of industry and care will enable a man to attain splendid material success. But it is perfectly possible that any artisan may obtain for himself that amount of culture and discipline compared with which any amount of material success is poor indeed. We suspect that the tendency of Mr. Smiles' volumes is to produce a most undue glorification of merely material results.

Professor Rawlinson* has just brought to a conclusion a work of which he has produced four periodical volumes, taking about two years to a volume. It is, as the reader is aware, about the Five Great Monarchies (they used to be four, and why shouldn't they be half a dozen?); and having carefully perused all the four volumes, not, we confess, without some grief and pain consequent on so arduous an exertion, we are still glad that we have read them, and, above all, glad that we have finished with them. Those readers who are not much given to maps, and whose tastes do not run much in the way of a learning of a peculiarly heavy character, will be pleased with the many hundred capital illustrations with which Mr. Murray presents them, and with some portion of the letterpress, in which the Camden Professor at Oxford is pictorial and even eloquent.

* 'The Huguenots: their Settlements, Character, and Industries in England and Ireland.' By Samuel Smiles. Murray.

* 'Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World.' By George Rawlinson, M.A. Vol. IV. Murray.

It is creditable to Oxford, and to the cause of sound letters generally, that such a work should be produced and with such an encouraging amount of success. But after all that Professor Rawlinson has done in guessing at the meaning of cylinders, deciphering inscriptions, ransacking all possible meanings and inferences in ancient authors, collating the whole of the considerable modern literature which bears upon the ancient periods, we still see what large gaps are left in each successive subject, that our knowledge is little and that little not always secure, that we can do little more than detect the broad, general movements of the ancient races. The last volume just issued, namely, on Persia, is not so foreign and remote as previous volumes, and Mr. Rawlinson has here a large volume of illustration from Greek authorship. It is in fact not so much a history of Persia as a history of Persia in the special department of its relations with Greece. At times Professor Rawlinson corrects Mr. Grote, and we have no doubt but Mr. Grote would receive his corrections with respect, and even adopt them. Mr. Rawlinson is at times somewhat wavering and uncertain in his estimate; for instance, in his interpretation of the Behistun inscription. Parts which are peculiarly well done are those on Magian and Zoroastrianism, and the account of the satrapial organization of the Persian empire.

Another great work, of which we have just had a massive instalment of two volumes, is Mr. Motley's '*History of the United Netherlands.*' These new volumes have come out after an interval of seven years. Periodical books generally appear with all the regularity of recurring decimals. Mr. Motley threatens to become more periodical than ever. He has discarded his original idea of concluding his history with the Synod of Dort, and means to start from the starting-point of his present conclusion with a History of the Thirty Years' War. The subject is sufficiently dreary and melancholy; but considerable efforts of genius have already been made in

this direction, and an English history of the famous period terminated by the Peace of Westphalia will be worthily occupied by Mr. Motley. Much of the dramatic interest of the work terminates with the death of Philip II. at the end of the third volume. Mr. Motley's account of Philip is the most popular and successful part of the earlier volumes: the anxious, overworked clerk, diligently conning and annotating vast heaps of documents without any breadth of mind or least break of sympathy, and noiselessly issuing those multiplied commands of relentless cruelty which have caused more widespread misery than anything else in modern history. These new volumes have no such subjects of capital interest as in the earlier volumes are found in the siege of Antwerp and in the fitting out of the Armada. When Mr. Froude comes to write about the Armada he will find the ground pretty well cut up under his feet, and that somebody else has been before him busy with the archives of Simancas. Mr. Motley's work might still be improved in style, and it is burdensomely crowded with details. It is satisfactory to know, in the interests of literature and of posterity, that there is a band of men who are doing thorough work of their kind; but posterity and permanent literature present conditions hard to satisfy, and a work will not finally be accepted for its heavy bulk and its much margin. We will venture, however, to believe that Mr. Motley's work will always continue on the historic shelf as a permanent authority and reference.

Mr. Motley's work is indeed one of the most creditable exhibitions of American authorship, and we especially welcome the fact that it has been issued by our most eminent publisher. America has derived her best classics from England; it is right that England should obtain a work of classic value from America. He worthily maintains the great historic reputation of Ticknor, Prescott, and Bancroft, and his work will rank with the best of the remarkable historical writings issued

in France during the present century. Such men justify the brightest anticipations of a De Tocqueville; and though there is much to justify the harsher words of Mr. Jennings's recent work, as well as the Frenchman's forebodings, such men as Mr. Motley give us every encouragement. They show us that, amid all differences and misconceptions, there is a unity of language and literature, of thought and feel-

ing, between the best English and Americans which cannot but bear beneficent fruit. Our only regret is that men of Mr. Motley's stamp should give themselves up so much to the continent of Europe, and not aim at that sway in the national councils at home to which their own merits and the esteem of their thinking countrymen so well entitle them.

MISS SOPHY'S CRUTCH.

PART II.

ABOUT a month after this Captain Robertson came back, looking pale and ill, and out of condition altogether; and the next news I had astonished me not a little, for it was that my Lucy was going to be married to Captain Robertson.

'I heard the story from Alick. "You see," said Alick, "when Captain Robertson first came you were away, and were away more than two months. Now we all knew that Lucy was your daughter, and every one thought that every one else had told him so; but they hadn't. Sir John and my lady did not, because they disliked the subject; and Miss Sophy didn't, because she loved Lucy; and the servants didn't, because after so many years it was supposed to be a matter of course that every one knew who Miss Harris was.

"So things went on, till at last he won her heart, poor child, and he was desperately in love with her; and, though there was no positive engagement, they understood each other. She supposed that he knew who she was, and Miss Sophy, like every woman, a match-maker, was glad to see her adopted sister in love with her handsome soldier cousin.

"When you made that unfortunate revelation in the stable," continued Alick, "he went off next day. Neither Lucy nor he had said, written, or done a thing that was past recall. He went away and tried to forget her — she tried to forget him. Both found

it impossible, and he wrote to his cousin, Miss Sophy, imploring her to suggest some means by which he might marry Lucy and yet escape disinheritance by his father, who would undoubtedly cut him off with a shilling if he married any one without, as his father expressed it, a single drop of blood in their veins.

'Miss Sophy upon this taxed Lucy, who admitted that there was no sun in the world for her but the one that shone on Captain Robertson.

"Then," said Alick, "I struck in, because, you see, gardening isn't all raking and hoeing. Miss Sophy," said I; "this is a rose, this is a lily. They are different, it's true, but they are both the result of generations of roses and lilies, each carefully cultivated and cared for. Now when I see this rose anywhere I know it must be the result of at least ten years' care; no man can produce this rose in his first year, his second, or his third. He must labour ten years before he can get colour, and form, and smell like this; and so with human beings, Miss Sophy. If I see a low-browed, wide-faced, close-eyed fellow, with uneven teeth, and I look at his hands, and find the nails all stubbed and beginning at the ends of the fingers, I know that this is the result of the endurance of toil and misery for generations back of his forefathers; but if I see a girl like Lucy, whose every movement is grace itself and dignity itself; whose mind hasn't

a common or vulgar idea; who is more calm in being despised than the people who despise her—if I see all this, I know that there is the result of generations of ease, of leisure, and freedom from the mental and physical degradation of excessive labour.

"What then, Miss Sophy? Why, I know Lucy has good blood in her, though her father is your father's groom, as certain as I know that Mr. Joliffe hadn't a drop, though he owns more than half the next parish."

"Well, sir, Miss Sophy set her heart upon it, and she told Alick that if he would only trace Lucy's parentage for a few generations back she would be grateful to him all her life."

"So he came to me for the papers, and found out that my old Lucy's father was the son of Sir Miles Hastings, a man who was very high in the county in his day; but his son, my Lucy's father, took to spending his money on horse-racing, and was obliged, at last, to drive the Brighton coach for a living. So, you see, Lucy, as Malcolm said, was a lady, and granddaughter of a county gentleman."

"Now," says he to me, "what do you mean to do? You're the only obstacle to your daughter's happiness, to Miss Sophy's happiness, and to Captain Robertson's happiness—what are you going to do?"

"Do, Alick! What should I do? I can't hurt 'em. I'll never go near them. Only I must see my Lucy now and then."

"Do, my lad, do. Sacrifice or delay the happiness of all these people for yourself and your selfish pleasures."

"Well, Alick," says I, "what would you do? I wish I was dead, I do. I'm in everybody's way."

"Then," says Alick, "if I were you I'd die."

"No, Alick," says I; "it ain't right of you to say that," says I. "No man ought to kill himself on any account."

"Can you keep a secret, Joe?—If a man were to put his life in your hands, could you hold it?"

"I could," says I.

"Then," says Alick, "you must make these people happy by being

supposed to be dead. If you'll leave it to me, I'll manage it."

"Won't emigration do?" says I. "I don't half like it."

"Dead men," says Alick, "never crop up: people forget dead men. How would Captain Robertson like to hear somebody say, 'Oh, I met his wife's father. He was a groom, and he's living at—' It's the living that does it, Joe, my lad; so you must be dead, though you've got twenty good years in you yet."

"So I let him do as he liked. I took to my bed, and got weaker and weaker, for he gave me stuff; and one night he says, "She's coming to-night; they're all coming. It's the last night." So they came."

The old groom here fairly broke down; the managing partner was in tears; the gentlemen of the party got up and walked about; and the ladies sniffed at the scent-bottles.

"Well," said I, by way of encouragement, "you went to sleep with some stuff Malcolm had given you?"

"Yes, sir, and slept all next day. He did everything for me—got over the doctor somehow—and wouldn't let anybody else come near me. In the middle of the next night I woke up, and says he, "All right; get your things on;" and he put me into a regular gardener's suit, and gave me a lot of brandy and cayenne and something in it, and took me to his own place. "Now," says he, "you must stay here till after the funeral, and then I'll take you to London."

"Well, sir, you'll say it was a funny thing to do, but I looked through a hole in the shutters in his room, and saw my own funeral. I saw the person, and the grave-diggers, and all; and Captain Robertson was there, and Malcolm. That night my friend Alick browned my face, cut off all my hair, put me on a wig, and brought me to London; and here I am, sir, after three weeks' wandering about, in your house, sitting amongst your company, and all through a parcel of boys cheyving a horse up and down the street; and I wishes you good night, ma'am and ladies, sir and gentlemen." And Mr. Garret rose from his chair, and went out.

CHAPTER III.

'Well?' I said, as Garret left the room.

'It's a very singular story,' said a friend. 'I hardly know whether he's hoaxing you or not, Clarkson.'

'I think I do. The man's not capable of it in the way you mean.'

'You'll take some steps to find out?'

'Not I, indeed. So long as he behaves well he may remain and take care of Tartar, and I shall not say a word; and I must ask all of you, as a favour, not to speak too much about it; for things do get round, and I dislike the notion of causing great pain for the sake of a little tattle.'

Of course all would be discreet. Some three months after Mr. Garret's narrative—during which time the old man had scarcely said more than half a dozen words that did not relate to his stable duties—he came in one evening with a letter in his hand, and asked me to read it.

'You see, sir,' said he, 'I don't know what to do, exactly. You'll see what he says.'

I read the letter.

'Dear Joe,—I told you in my last how we were getting on. Captain Robertson and Miss Sophy have persuaded Lucy to be married the week after next. She came down and asked me about it; and I advised her to yield. I told her that had you been alive, you would have wished her to be happy; and that I thought that, apart from satisfying the world, she must not sacrifice the happiness of others to her own feelings of grief; and so, though she don't feel quite satisfied, she has agreed that it shall be as they all wish.'

'She says she remembers so vividly all the early days, when she used to be more with you than of late.'

'I'm quite sure you've done the right thing. Your living would have been a drawback to their happiness that could not have been got over. So remember that you must keep strong, and trust to hear all from me.—Yours faithfully,

'ALEXANDER MALCOLM.'

I read the letter, and then said, as I say always when asking questions, 'Well?'

'It's this day fortnight, sir.'

'The marriage?'

'Yes.'

'Well?'

'I should like to be there, sir.'

'Indeed!'

'It's the last time, sir. I give you my word, sir, I'll never set eyes on her again; but I should like to see her quite safe, like. You see, a father gives up his child to another man's keeping then, and he has the care of her till then, I may say, sir. I should like to see her safe; and though Alick's fond enough of her, he's not her father, sir.'

'Well?'

'Why, sir, I thought perhaps you'd think it natural, as I do.'

'I do.'

'I'm glad of that, sir, very glad; and you think I'd better go?'

'I didn't say that.'

'No, sir? I thought you did.'

'I said it was natural, nothing more.'

'You think I'd break out, perhaps?'

'I do.'

'On my word, sir, I won't. I'll go down, as I came up, in disguise, and not a soul will know me. I'd get in the pew in the corner by the font, and she'd never notice me at all. You'll let me go, sir?'

'Let you go, and welcome, my good fellow; but I think that you'd better not. If you break out, as you call it, you'll get yourself into trouble, and cause every one else intense pain.'

'But, sir, you'd go if it was yourself?'

'What could I say?'

'You'll let me come back, sir?'

'Certainly, at any time.'

The evening before that day fortnight Susan rushed in and said a brown-faced man, dressed like a gardener, had come out of the stable, and she was sure he had stolen something, he looked so shame-faced. Would I come and see?

I declined, told her to look, and let me know.

In a quarter of an hour she returned and told me that Garret was

not in, and that a man from the livery stables was at the gate.

'Tell him to look after Tartar, and give him some supper.'

'And about the strange man, sir?'

'Has he taken anything?'

'Not as I can see, sir.'

'Then let him be; it's too late to run after him now.'

So the strange man went, and Mr. Garret was missing from the muster-roll of the establishment.

With the trifling exceptions of being an execrable driver and a worse groom, the man from the livery stables answered very well, and things went on in that orderly manner which the managing partner prides herself on securing in her household.

Three days after the departure of the man with the brown face I had a letter from Mr. Malcolm, stating that Mr. Garret had been taken ill, and was not likely to come back for some time, and concluding with the said Mr. Garret's dutiful respects and regrets.

Discharging my livery-stable hand, I found another groom, and once more the stream of domestic life rolled on without a ripple or eddy for more than a month, when another letter arrived from Mr. Malcolm, stating that Mr. Garret, whose real name I now found was Paulton, had gradually grown worse, that his life was almost spent, and that he greatly desired to see me before he died.

After mature deliberation, it was decided that I should go, and I went. I arrived at the cottage in the evening, a little before sunset, and after waiting a short time was shown up into the invalid's chamber.

I found him stretched on a low trestle bedstead, pale and large-eyed almost beyond recognition, and so feeble that he could scarcely put out his hand. The only other person in the room was Malcolm, a square-jawed, straight-lipped, sandy-haired Scotchman.

'I'm right glad, sir, you've come; I thought you would, and I thought I should like to say good-bye, sir, before I go the long journey. I'm much obliged for all your kindness to me—and—I don't feel right about

all that I told you. Alick here knows it, and he agreed with me to get you to come and see me. I said you was such a reasonable gentleman, and so clear-headed, that perhaps you'd set us right.'

How sincerely I wished the managing partner could have heard, and shared, those sentiments.

'We—I may say we—Alick?'

'Certainly,' said the Scotchman.

'We don't feel right about—doctor says I've not more than two or three days at most, and we don't feel right about it.'

'About what?'

'About the sham, sir. You see I'm near the real thing now, and it don't look so right as it did. It's like dying with a lie in your mouth, sir, and we—I may say we, Alick, old man?'

'Certainly, certainly.'

'We want you to advise us, sir, and what you say we'll do—we'll do, Alick, eh?'

'We will, sir. I'm afraid I've been too short-sighted in this matter; perhaps it would have been better to have let things take their own way.'

'You did it for the best, Alick; you did it for Lucy and me, I know; and she's so happy now with her husband, that I don't know what to do. It'll kill her to think how I deceived her, poor child.'

It was not an easy or a pleasant thing I had to do. I had to decide in a matter that must involve a number of people in pain, and I hate deciding in painful difficulties.

'I can't advise you now,' I said, 'but I will let you know what I think, to-morrow.'

'To-morrow, sir! I suppose I shall last till to-morrow, Alick? Doctor said two or three days, and that was this morning, wasn't it?'

'Yes—this morning—you'll last, too, I feel—I've heard no death-watch yet.'

I went down with Malcolm and asked him how Garret, or rather Paulton, came to be in that state.

'You see, sir, when he left you he came down here and walked over from the station, and reached here about midnight, frightening me awfully by knocking at the shutter. I

got up and let him in, and he then told me he wanted to see her married in the morning. I implored him not to, but he was obstinate, and would go. I put him in the little pew by the font; he was all right till the service was done; not a soul knew him or took any notice of him. When they were married, and were coming out, they had to pass by that pew, and I saw that he was leaning against the pew-door, holding it by his hand a little way open, as if he meant to rush out as they passed. I went and put my foot against the door, to prevent his getting out and making a scene. Well, sir, they came up the aisle and passed the pew-door, and as they passed he made a movement to get out, and pushed the door, not seeing my foot. As he looked down to see what prevented the door opening, they turned the corner and her back was towards him, and then he dropped down on the floor like a man that's shot. People turned round at the noise, but I wouldn't let them open the door till I heard the carriage drive off, and then I had him brought here, and here he's been ever since. I told the neighbours he was a cousin of mine, and that he'd had a fit, and knowing me and my ways they inquired no further. But I do feel a great fear, sir, that I've done wrong, and I fear now to do more wrong and more harm by making public the wrong I've done. I'm distracted; I don't know what to do or who to trust. He said, sir, you'd always treated him so well that he'd trust you, and I like the look of you, and I will trust you too. What shall I do, sir?

Why did Tartar run away? But it was no use repining. I must act in this frightful responsibility that was thrust upon me.

'Is Captain Robertson at the Hall?'

'Yes, and Lucy too.'

'Miss Sophy?'

'Yes; they came home last week from abroad, and will be here now for good.'

'Do you know, Mr. Malcolm, I cannot act alone in this matter, involving so much responsibility as it

does. I must have some one to consult with and share the burden.'

'Who, sir? Who can we trust? I see the wrong, but who can we trust to set it right, and how? There's no one—'

'Yes, there is—Miss Sophy. I will act with her, if you like—I cannot act alone.'

And so it was agreed that Miss Sophy should be called in.

'She'd better come here; it will make less commotion than my going to the house.'

Mr. Malcolm agreed that it should be so, and undertook to bring Miss Sophy down.

I waited and had tea with the bachelor gardener, and about eight o'clock Miss Sophy came. I could hear the gravel crunched unevenly under her slowly moving feet, and hear the stones screech as the point of the stick, on which she leaned so heavily, displaced and forced them asunder, and then she came in—

A woman with a thin sallow face; the largest, clearest, keenest eyes I ever saw, that gave man-like searching glances, which made me feel I had to consult with no ordinary person: she could bear a great deal without fainting or hysterics.

'You wished to see me, Mr. Malcolm,' she said.

'I did, madam,' I said. 'Will you be seated?'

"Seated!" No, thank you; say on.'

'I fear my story is a long one.'

'Can't you tell it to the steward? I've nothing to do with the property, and to-night I have some friends.'

'It was about your friends I wanted to speak to you.'

'Well, I'll hear.'

'But would you allow me to offer you a seat?'

She was standing in the middle of the room, looking at me and leaning heavily on her stick.

'Yes, if you wish it.' And she took a chair near to the window, and sat with her back to the light.

'Now, sir?'

'Mr. Malcolm and myself are desirous of your opinion in a matter that nearly concerns the happiness of Mrs. Robertson.'



Drawn by J. Gordon Thomson.]

SOPHY'S CRUTCH.

[See the Story.]

"Happiness of Lucy!" Well, what? Make haste! What, I ask—what about Lucy?"

'You are aware that her father was the head groom?"

'Yes, of course—what then?"

'And that he is supposed to have died some months ago?"

"Supposed!" Supposed, sir! He did die—I saw his funeral. Why do you say supposed?"

'Because, unfortunately, madam, he did not.'

'Did not what, sir?"

'Did not die, madam.'

'You're not well, sir. Mr. Malcolm, I must trouble you not to ask me to hear this raving—your friend is out of his mind.' And she rose and limped to the door.

'Pray hear him, Miss Sophy—do, ma'am.'

I was quite calm now, and waited to see the result of his entreaties without a word. She sat down again, and then I told her the whole story, as I had heard it from Malcolm and the old man.

She heard me without making a sign of any kind.

'And this is all true?' she said, as I paused.

'Every word, Miss Sophy.'

'Then let me tell you, Mr. Malcolm, you've done the most foolish and wicked thing I ever heard of. There's poor Lucy, believing her father to be dead, has mourned months for him, and offended nearly every one by delaying her marriage through it—and he's not dead after all!'

'But he will be soon—he's now up-stairs, and the doctor says he can give no hope of his living beyond two or three days.'

'It's a base and wicked thing to have done, a cruel deception to have played upon every one.'

'I did it for the best, indeed, Miss Sophy—I thought that it was better for all parties that the marriage should take place. I did it for the best, as I thought.'

'You think so now, eh?"

'No, Miss Sophy, I do not. I am very much hurt and grieved at the result of my scheme.'

'So am I—more than I can tell—and she so happy now. It's a cruel thing.'

I said I thought that it might be possible to avoid the fuss and publicity that a knowledge of the affair would cause, if it could be confined strictly to the members of the family most interested, even if it were desirable to extend the knowledge at all. She answered—

'I do not know, I'm sure, whether to tell poor Lucy, or not. Where do you stay to-night?"

'I don't know. I made preparations to go back, but I must stay now.'

'Stay now!—of course. Who am I to talk to about it, if you go? Are you a judge of character? Of course you are—all men say they are. You must come up to the house, and see Lucy, and you'll then be able to judge whether she'd better be told or not. Mr. Malcolm, will you go up and tell Mrs. Jessop to have the Blue Room made ready for Mr. Clarkson?"

She turned to me as soon as he left.

'What shall we do? It's a dreadful responsibility. Who would think of such a hair-brained scheme being concocted by such a man as Malcolm? I can hardly believe it.'

'Mad, indeed! It was,' said I.

'Suppose,' said Miss Sophy, 'we find out what Paulton himself wishes—it would be some guide in this darkness. Can I see him?"

I went up-stairs to see if she could, and finding him awake, I asked him if he would see her, and he eagerly expressed his wish to do so. She came up the stairs with me, and said, as she leant heavily on my arm—

'You understand now why I love Lucy, and how much—'

Entering the room, she started at the terrible appearance of the old groom.

'You're very ill, Mr. Paulton.'

'I am so, Miss Sophy, very ill—I'm dying fast, Miss Sophy. You'll forgive me when I'm gone, won't you, miss. I nursed you when you were a little thing, Miss Sophy. You'll not think too hard of me—I did it for the best; we did it for the best, as Alick thought.'

'I forgive you! There's little to forgive on my account; but, how

could you be so cruel to Lucy? If you knew what she has suffered—and now to have to suffer again! Oh! it was very foolish and cruel, Mr. Paulton.'

'I know it was, Miss Sophy—I know it: I couldn't see it then, but I see it now. We didn't see it. You see, Alick said it was the best thing to do, and we did it, as I'd have done anything for Lucy's sake; and perhaps if I'd kept away it wouldn't have mattered, but I couldn't. We did it for Lucy's sake, Miss Sophy.'

She sat down in a chair, and putting the point of the stick on the toe of her lame foot that swung over the other, rocked herself to and fro.

"'Lucy's sake!'" What a miserably mistaken notion! You draw the attention of the whole county to the fact that it was most desirable to have forgotten for Lucy's sake.'

'But everybody needn't know, Miss Sophy.'

'Need not!—but they will.'

'No one but some friends of mine know anything of it at present, and I could—'

'Could what? — silence their tongues?'

'No, madam. I could, though greatly against my inclination, affect to take the whole thing as a hoax of Garret's—Paulton's, I should say.'

'Are you clever at acting lies?'

'Madam, I offered reluctantly to "act a lie," as you plainly term it, to save you and your friend pain.'

'I know it. Forgive me—but I am so grieved for Lucy.'

She held out her hand, as an impulsive, good-hearted man might have done. I took it, and said—

'I forgive you, madam, freely. The burden of life would be too great for most, but for these acted lies that must be carried out, that must bear their own punishment—a punishment less painful in some cases than that which follows a rigid adherence to the truth.'

'You are almost a Jesuit.'

'No, madam; simply a man whose experiences have been bitter, and who is wiser now than when he was a boy of twenty.'

'Even your friends are only one part of the question. If Lucy knows,

how will her grief be accounted for?'

'If she knows. She must go away if it is to be kept a secret. I say if it is to be kept a secret.'

'If it is to be kept a secret. You doubt the desirability of that?'

'I do, madam.'

'And so do I. The discovery will be painful, terrible to us all; but it is better it should be over and done with.'

'We agree exactly, madam; but I venture to suggest that we are not the persons most deeply interested in this matter. Captain Robertson—'

'True; Cousin William must decide. Let us go and see him.'

She rose, and went to the door.

'You'll forgive me, Miss Sophy?'

She limped across the room, and took the old man's hand.

'Forgive you, Paulton. Quite, and heartily. I will come again; and if Captain Robertson agrees, we will bring Lucy, if you think you'd like to see her.'

'Like to see her, Miss Sophy! I seem dying for it. I've never had one happy moment since I saw her that night you know of. Bring her, for God's sake, in time to forgive her poor old, silly father.' And he sank back exhausted.

We walked up to the house, and saw Captain Robertson; and in the presence of Miss Sophy I told him the whole story.

'Good God! What pitiable old fools!' he exclaimed, when I had finished. 'What will poor Lucy do?'

'She must know it, I suppose, William.'

'Know it; of course she must. Everybody must know it. A secret of this kind between a man and his wife is fatal to anything they might feel for each other. No secrets from Lucy, Sophy; and, as to the others, the man with a secret is the slave of every knave and fool who knows it. No; I'll have no secrets, please.'

'To think those two fond old fools should choose to show their affection that way. It's not my doing. I'm not ashamed of Sir Miles Hastings' granddaughter; and those who are can leave her house and mine.'

'But who will break it to her, William?'

'You must, dear. You've known her longest and best. I should kill her. I can't "break it," as you call it. I never saw her weep from my word of mine yet; and by God's help I never will. No, you must tell her, Sophy, dear; and you, sir, let me thank you with all my heart for your part in this painful affair. You acted, sir——'

'As I am sure you would have acted under like circumstances, Captain Robertson.'

'Better; ten times better, sir. I should have washed my hands of the whole affair. I'm very deeply indebted to you, sir.' And he shook my hand warmly. 'You must stop and see us out of it, and put us right with the papers. I can tell from your very talk that you can write a good letter. You'll stop and see us through, I know, sir—won't you?'

'I should have preferred——'

'Look here, sir. You've made some sacrifices now. Do stay. You don't know how much your judgment will serve us in this trial. Just stay.'

After this I could not do otherwise. Poor Lucy was told by Sophy, and it was arranged that on the next day she should see her father. She would have gone at once, but we dissuaded her from it on account of the excitement to which he had been subject during the evening. We all—Captain Robertson, Lucy, Miss Sophy, and myself—went down to the cottage in the morning. I found Malcolm sitting at the bedside of his friend.

'Better this morning?' I said to Malcolm, in a low voice.

'No, sir, I'm weaker and worse. I wander a little at times, but I know the sound of your voice, sir. You'll take care of Tartar, sir. He's a good little horse. A little playful, but a good little horse, sir.'

'I've come to see whether you can see Miss Sophy, and hear what she has to say about the matter we were talking about last night.'

'Last night? I give her the bran mash, sir.'

'He's so weak,' said the Scotch-

man. 'He's been like this all the morning.'

After a few minutes he looked up, saw me, and said, eagerly—

'Will she come? Have you told her? She'll forgive her poor old father, won't she, sir? She must. We did it for the best.'

'She will forgive you. Will you see her now?'

'Keep your hand lower, John,' he broke out. 'She won't bear it on the curb like that. Drop your hand, boy—drop it, I tell you. You'll pull her on to you in a minute; that's it. Keep your hand low and your heels down, and she'll go like a lamb. Mind, only three times round, with the clothes on, and then bring her in. She's a beauty, she is! I wish I'd a pot on her.' And he ceased muttering from sheer weakness.

I saw he was gradually sinking, and told them to come up. He knew none of them but his daughter, and, quite calmly, said—

'Well, Lucy. Brought the gruel, lass? What have ye done with the little 'un? Up to the house? Bless her! Is doctor coming, lass? He's late. He don't know what it is for me to lie "quiet," as he says. I suppose I must, lass, though, if I'm to get out again. We'll take little Lucy in the trap to the Beeches, the first day, won't we lass, eh? Give us a kiss, lass. I was afraid I'd never kiss you again when the grey fell on me. But I shall pull through, shan't I, lass, and put her at it again when I'm right, old girl?'

He had caught hold of his daughter's hand and drawn her face to his, evidently thinking it was his wife's.

'What are you crying for? Don't cry, lass, now. I'll be all right; and in a week we'll go to the Beeches with the little 'un and a basket, and make a second wedding-day this year, lass. Don't cry, now; don't cry. Kiss your old man, lass, and wipe your eyes, and read us a little of your book.'

I gave her the Bible, and she sat down on the bedside, with the book on her knees, still holding his hand in hers.

'Don't cry, lass; I'm not in pain; only weakish. Read us the bit

about—no, about Jacob and Rachel. I like that. I could have cried my heart out the first time I kissed you, lass. Read us that bit.'

She turned to it and read.

At the first sound of her voice he started, opened his dull eyes, and turned towards her; and as she read we could see his eyes brighten with a growing gleam of intelligence, until at last he started up and caught her to his breast, and cried—

'Lucy! Lucy! My child! My daughter! You'll forgive me, your poor, old, fond father? You'll forgive me? I did it for the best.'

'Forgive you, father! A thousand times! I am so happy to see you once more, when I thought I had lost you for ever. You must live now, and comfort me, and tell me you forgive me all the neglect I feel—'

'I have nothing to forgive, Lucy—nothing. I have done a cruel thing. Miss Sophy said so. I know it. And you'll forgive your poor old father; and you'll pray with him; won't you, now—now—the one your mother learnt you?'

She felt that the sudden alteration in his voice was not without warning.

We all left the room, and as we descended we heard the murmur of her voice, broken by sobs, breathing for her dying father the petition she had learned at her dead mother's knee.

We sat for some time silently waiting for a sign of the end, and then heard the door at the head of the stairs open, and heard her coming down.

She came in, her face pale, her eyes swollen, but not now weeping; and, going to her husband, said, with a quivering lip—

'It's all over, William, dear. I've only you in the world now.' And throwing her arms round him, she burst into the most terrible passion of grief.

Malcolm and I left the room, and as I passed the window I saw her folded in her weeping husband's arms, as he sat on the couch; while Sophy, seated at her feet, convulsively caressed and fondled her hand against her breast, as if it had been a child of which she feared to be deprived.

I stayed for some days after this, and wrote a letter to the county paper, explaining the facts of the case. I attended the funeral, and saw the old fellow buried in earnest under the inscription on the stone, which had been a mockery till then; and then went home to Clapham, not without a warm invitation to go again from all.

This invitation I did not mean to accept; but we found it impossible to refuse when, after several letters, Captain Robertson, Lucy, and Miss Sophy came one spring morning, and insisted that we should go back with them at once, or fix an early day in the week on which we would go.

We selected a day, and went. Those who know how a London couple can enjoy the country under any circumstances, may imagine how we enjoyed that visit, when, as the senior partner said, speaking of it afterwards, 'They treated us both as if we were at once people of title and had known them all our lives. As for Miss Sophy, she's a perfect angel!'

'Quite so, my dear,' said I. 'I agree with you entirely. I think we may also congratulate ourselves on knowing both Captain Robertson and "Miss Sophy's Crutch."'

FRANKINS.





THE COIN OF THE REALM OF LOVE.

[See the Venus.]

THE COIN OF THE REALM OF LOVE.

OH, for the days when that credulous banker,
 Honoured each draft on his name that I drew—
 Cupid, they call him—when, free from gold's canker,
 My feelings were fresh, and my years twenty-two!
 Oh, for the days when of stock, share, and Consol
 I was as innocent quite as a dove,
 When I believed that enough for my wants all
 Might be found in the coin of the Realm of Love!

Strange is Love's coinage: no bank in the City
 E'er would accept it as cash, I suspect;
 Curious Cupid! yet each coin but it he
 Each other currency straight will reject.
 Not all the sums that a Rothschild advances
 States well-nigh bankrupt will help you to move;
 Nay, you must deal in quite different finances,
 If you would trade in the kingdom of Love!

Words there must be full of tender devotion,
 Whisperings low in the pause of the dance;
 Eyes that can tell of the heart's deep emotion,
 Mute, yet all eloquent still with their glance.
 Then, when the battle is won and is over,
 Actions which show that, wherever you rove,
 One naught of change shall ever discover,—
 This is the coin of the Realm of Love.

Ah, happy coinage! ah, blessed season!
 Verily 'tis a delectable trade;
 Freely invest in it, not without reason,
 Whate'er you spend, you will amply be paid!
 Paid in true coin—she will never forget it,—
 Paid by a heart that all constant will prove,
 For your investment,—you ne'er shall regret it,
 Paid in the coin of the Realm of Love.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

- I. Bracelet.
- II. Exchange.
- III. Sunbeam.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

- I. Crossbow.
- II. Lighthouse.
- III. Primrose.
- IV. Bridegroom.

MEETING A VALENTINE.

NO leaves as yet, but on the trees,
 A tender flush of green,
 And, black in many a fork and branch,
 The last year's nests were seen :
 Bare half the boughs ; the stems were bare
 Save where, around them grown,
 The shining ivy-tangle wrought
 A verdure not their own.

The early violets were out,
 Their wafted fragrance blent
 With the rank taint of trodden leaves,
 As through the wood I went ;
 The hidden nooks the primrose lit,
 The snowdrop pure and cold,
 And in the clefts the crocus shot
 In points of living gold.

Deep down into the wood I went,
 The birds sang overhead—
 The thrush sang there a month ago,
 But else the woods were dead :
 Now every bird was back, as each
 The season could divine,
 And knew the day, and came like me
 To meet its Valentine.

The tender beauties of the wood
 Seemed of our joy a part,
 The happy birds sang on, and I
 Went singing in my heart.
 The dewy freshness of the dawn
 Sparkled on all around ;
 My step was lighter than a boy's,
 My footfall made no sound.

And ever as the winding path
 Before me rose and fell,
 With eager, flaming eyes I sought
 The face I loved so well :
 Only one face could haunt the wood,
 And that must needs be mine—
 So my heart prompted as I went
 To meet my Valentine.

Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue,
 Yet oft with glad surprise
 I saw her tresses gleaming gold,
 And violet her eyes ;
 As through each softly warming tint
 The honeysuckle glows,
 So glow'd her cheek ; but aye her mouth
 Was redder than the rose.

'The eyes deceive, the heart is true,'
This thought was in my breast,
'Love would discern her were she hid
Close in a leafy nest:
If this were June, and all the wood
Stood dense with rustling green,
She would be present to my heart,
Detected though unseen.

'The mystic sympathies of life
The wise ignore in vain;
When love unites our lives, it shapes
An interlinking chain—'
I ceased, and with a joyous cry
And quicken'd footsteps sped,
For through the trees, before my eyes,
A ribbon fluttered red!

Throbbing delight in every vein,
Pulses that thrill and beat!
For ecstasy I could have fallen
And worshipped at her feet;
I darted on, I cleared the trees,
The spell that instant broke—
It was the gipsy of the wood,
I knew her scarlet cloak!

'The eyes deceive, the heart is true,'
A mocking demon cried,
As from her knees the crone arose
And hobbled to my side.
'Go! go!' I shrieked in agony,
'Your face I dare not see—
Your face, or any other face,
Were worse than death to me!'

'My face or any other face?'
Her words were hard to speak;
'And yet—or else the stars deceive—
There is a face you seek:
A homely face, with brownish locks,
With grey and shrewish eyes—'
'Whatever star you trust,' I cried,
'It plays you false—it lies!'

I clasp'd my brow, my lips I bit,
My heart was like a stone;
A merry laugh rang through the wood,
I turned upon the crone:
'No other face'—her hood she dropped—
'No other face than mine!'
She threw the scarlet cloak away—
It was my Valentine!

WILLIAM SAWYER.



MORE DOGS OF NOTE.*

FOR many people horrors have an irresistible charm, and the more horrible the horrors are the better they like them, especially if founded on a groundwork of fact. Amongst these, the sale and serving of human flesh in unsuspected forms has ever been a favourite topic with the lovers of the hideous and the terrible. From the time of the Arabian Nights to the present date, many a listening ear has been fascinated by accounts of how monsters in human shape (a race of criminals, it is believed, now quite extinct) beguiled honest and healthy-appetited men into acts of unconscious cannibalism. It is a pleasure analogous to hearing the rain beat, and the tempest howl, while you are snugly ensconced in your chimney-corner. It is so utterly unlikely, so impossible, now, that you should be made, under any conceivable circumstances, to commit true and real anthropophagy, that it merely gives you a pleasing shudder, a delightful fright, when you hear of such things occurring in bygone times. They are legendary lore, you think, no more authentic than Bluebeard's biography; their actors are imaginary beings, as unsupported by fact as European ogres or oriental ghouls. Such legendary tales have, nevertheless, been almost always taken from history. In such cases, to arrive at the historical fact, it suffices to strip it of the details superadded by popular credulity.

Thus, many a child has been frightened by nurses' tales about butchers and pastrycooks selling human flesh in Paris. Those tales were doubtless greatly exaggerated; nay, we might utterly refuse to credit them, if such facts were not attested by authentic documents. In parchment records, several centuries old, it is stated that a butcher at Tournus, a small town in Burgundy, publicly sold human flesh, passing it off for veal. Another memorable instance occurred in the year of grace 1260, when Louis IX.,

* See the October Number, 1867, of 'London Society,' p. 297.

commonly called Saint Louis, was king of France.

At that time there dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Deux-Ermites, at the entrance of the Rue des Marmousets, a master barber, whose name was Olivier Galipaud. With the usual obsequiousness and gossip of his brethren, he handled the razor with unusual dexterity. His reputation, consequently, stood high, and his customers were well-to-do and numerous.

Master Galipaud's next-door neighbour was a pastrycook named Grimaldi, a native of Florence, who drove, in his way, as flourishing a business as his friend Galipaud. His shop was one of the best frequented in town. Certain little patties, made after a receipt of his own, were sought by epicures from every quarter. The patties, in fact, were prepared with considerable skill; they were better seasoned, and more delicately flavoured, than any to be had of other pastrycooks. He sold an enormous quantity every day. As a matter of course, he made a deal of money by them.

One Christmas Eve, as it was getting dark, a bellringer at the cathedral of Notre Dame named Lefèvre, as he was passing down the Rue des Marmousets, had the unlucky idea of getting shaved. He stepped into Galipaud's shop, accompanied by a little spaniel called Carpillon. At a sign from his master, the dog lay down in a corner of the shop near the door, while he himself went into the back shop, where the barber awaited him, napkin in hand.

A few minutes afterwards Carpillon suddenly heard a groan, immediately followed by a dull heavy sound, like that of a door shut firmly to. The dog pricked his ears, jumped on his feet, and rushed into the back shop, barking loudly. He searched for his master, but no master was to be found. The bellringer had disappeared. Something strange and horrible must have occurred, for the dog could not be made to cease from howling. Gali-

paud, in a rage, seized a thick stick, with the evident intention of knocking the dog on the head. Carpillon avoided the blow, and, becoming furious in turn, attacked the barber's legs, which he bit severely in several places. After wreaking this partial vengeance, he retreated under a heavy piece of furniture, where he recommenced his cries and yells.

While this was going on two of the bellringer's friends entered the barber's shop. Carpillon, recognising them at once, crept out of his retreat, ran towards them, and renewed his plaintive lamentations.

'Why, it's Carpillon!' one of them exclaimed. 'What is the matter, Carpillon? Where is your master?'

These words redoubled the dog's excitement. He rushed again upon the barber, and followed him to the further end of his back shop. The two men followed, thinking to calm him; but they stopped short, as if petrified, at beholding Galipaüd hastily pick up a bloody nightcap. The barber's fearful pallor, his haggard eyes, his strange embarrassment, were a complete revelation for these two witnesses. They turned pale, and trembled with horror themselves. 'Lefèvre has been murdered!' they involuntarily exclaimed.

The words struck Galipaüd like a thunderbolt. He saw that he was lost, and tried to escape. The bellringer's friends barred the passage, shouting for help. In a few minutes the shop was crowded. The legal authorities soon arrived. They then set about searching the premises, which speedily resulted in a frightful discovery.

Olivier Galipaüd was a practised assassin, and Grimaldi, the pastry-cook, was his accomplice.

In the barber's back shop they found a trap-door, swinging on a hinge, and opening into the cellar beneath. As soon as the wretch had cut a victim's throat, he threw him down backwards upon the trap-door, and the body immediately disappeared. At night, after the commission of every murder, Galipaüd went down into his cellar, and cut up the body into joints, exactly as a professional butcher would. The head and the bones were put into a

sack, to be thrown into the Seine at the first opportunity. The flesh was sold to his gossip Grimaldi; and it was with this meat that the wretch made the famous patties which all Paris enjoyed with so keen a relish. A small door, excavated in the foundation of the building, established a communication between the adjoining cellars occupied by this couple of cannibal accomplices.

The number of persons murdered by Galipaüd could never be precisely ascertained. When the officers of justice searched the cellar, they found, besides the Notre Dame bellringer's corpse, two heads separated from their bodies. They were still lying close to the butcher's block on which the monster used to cut up human flesh. Probably he had not had time during the preceding night to go and throw them into the river. A few days after their arrest, these atrocious villains received the chastisement due to their crimes by being burnt alive in the Place de Grève. The house where such deeds had been committed was demolished. A large square stone marked the accursed spot; and on the stone was sculptured the likeness of the faithful dog, who had avenged his master by denouncing the criminals to justice.

The dog of Montargis undoubtedly stands the very foremost on the list of canine accusers; but the story is too well known, too legendary, and too long, to allow of repetition here. My elder readers will remember the melodrama composed on this subject, and which, in their youth, made the tour of all the British provincial theatres. It first appeared in Paris, at the Ambigu Comique, with immense success; thence it travelled all over France, and was afterwards produced in London, Vienna, and other foreign capitals.

The performance of the dog of Montargis in Germany furnishes an anecdote which is very curious and little known. An actor, of the name of Kersten, was travelling about from town to town with the famous dog who had played in Paris the part of *The Dog*. The court of Saxe-Weimar invited him to go there. At that time Goethe, the author of

'Faust,' was minister and manager of the theatre at Weimar. He strenuously opposed the representation of this illegitimate drama, founding his resistance on the regulation which forbade the production of animals on the Weimar stage.

The court disregarded the poet's opposition, and was resolved on having its own way. At which Goethe set off in a rage for Jena, whence he wrote to the Grand Duke that his Transparency had to choose between him, Goethe, and the dog.

The dog obtained the preference, and Goethe's resignation was accepted.

Another Denunciating Dog, bearing the singular name of 'Bristol,' is recorded in the judicial annals of the south of France. It dates from the year 1778.

A Marseilles paper-merchant went to make purchases at Toulon. That done, he left Toulon to return to Marseilles. His wife and son, apprised of his departure, awaited his coming. For four long days they waited in vain, in a state of fearful and ever-increasing anxiety. On the morning of the fifth day, their dog, who had accompanied his master in his journey, arrived alone. The poor creature was in a pitiable state. Every sound of his voice, every movement he made, announced the deepest grief. He licked his mistress's hands, lay down at her feet, and began to howl.

'Misfortune has come to the house,' she said. 'A presentiment of evil chokes my breath. If your father should be dead! The Lord have pity on us!'

'If you wish, mother, I am ready to go in search of him.'

'Go, my boy; go by all means. Take Bristol with you. He will be sure to lead you to his master, alive or dead.'

Bristol, hearing what was said, rose to his feet and walked slowly towards the door. The young man saddled a good horse, and set off at once upon his mission. He did not return until the following day. During the whole time of his absence his mother had prayed and wept.

'You are alone,' she said; 'I

understand what that means. Your father is no more, and I am left a widow.'

He knelt by her side, and Bristol licked their hands while they wept together.

'What information have you obtained?' she asked.

'My father has been murdered in the forest of Cognion.'

For a whole month, the authorities on one hand, and the widow and her son on the other, made every effort to discover the murderer; but all in vain; they could not even find out any individual on whom they could fix a reasonable suspicion. Six months elapsed. The attention of the officers of justice being directed to more recent crimes, they thought no more of the paper-merchant. But those he had left still mourned his loss. Bristol had lost all his gaiety. He spent whole hours sorrowfully stretched on a little straw in the court-yard of the house.

One evening, while following his young master about the town, he entered with him into a café in which several strangers were assembled. The young man took his seat at a table beside a couple of acquaintances, and Bristol having nothing better to do, beguiled the time by walking up and down the room. Suddenly after uttering a low growl, he furiously flew at a tall thin man who was amusing himself with a game of draughts.

The man, in alarm, called out for help. The guests rose from their seats and crowded round him. They tried to keep the dog back; they beat him severely about the head and loins; but all to no purpose. It only redoubled Bristol's fury. He paid no attention to the persons who maltreated him; all his rage was directed against the man who was playing draughts. As soon as he was driven off, he attacked him again. He tore his clothes and bit his legs.

'This is insufferable, abominable!' shouted the bystanders, addressing Bristol's owner. 'Call off your dog, and take him out of the room.'

With some difficulty the young man succeeded in making the ex-

raged animal loose his hold, and could find no other means of calming him except by carrying him quite out of the café. But before they had set a hundred steps, Bristol left his master, returned to the café, and again attacked the tall thin stranger. Once more the young man was obliged to employ force to separate the dog from his enemy.

Amongst the witnesses of this

terrible scene there happened to be a commercial gentleman who had formerly been intimately acquainted with the paper-merchant. Pale and trembling with emotion, he approached the young man, and inquired in a whisper, 'When your father took his unfortunate journey to Toulon, had he this dog with him?'

'Yes,' replied the paper-mer-



chant's son. 'Bristol even reached our house before the disaster which has ruined us was known.'

During this secret conversation, Bristol, whom his master held in check by means of a rope tied round his neck, made extraordinary efforts to get loose.

'I may be mistaken,' the other continued, 'but it is just possible this man may be your father's murderer. Remain here while all these people are talking amongst themselves about what has happened; I will run to the Commissaire de

Police for a force sufficient to arrest the man.'

In a quarter of an hour he came back with a posse of men, who surrounded and filled the public-house. The suspected individual was at once arrested, and conducted forthwith to prison. On searching him, they found upon him the paper-merchant's watch and several other trinkets which were identified as having been his property. The possession of those articles was a strong presumption of the prisoner's guilt; but it was also proved that,

on the day of the murder, he had been met by a little girl as he came out of the forest of Cognion. Other corroborative evidence turned up. He was found guilty, and condemned to death. After strong and reiterated protestations of innocence, he avowed the crime to his confessor at the last moment, as he was mounting the very steps of the scaffold.

At the present day, dogs are not a whit the less capable of indicating who is the culprit. A grocer at Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, M. T——, found out that he had been robbed for some time past without being able to discover the offender. As it was during the night that his shop was entered, he had it guarded by his dog, an intelligent animal who usually slept in his private apartments.

One night (in February, 1867), being awakened by furious barking, he immediately rose, went down to the shop, found the street-door open, and searching in all directions, could find nobody. He therefore unchained his dog, who soon hit upon a scent, followed it into the street, and then, after stopping at a neighbouring house, came back to his master, gave a peculiar and significant growl, and then returned to track the same scent several times over. His whole behaviour seemed to indicate that the individual who had entered the shop had taken refuge in that house. This circumstance confirmed the suspicions M. T—— entertained respecting his nephew G——, who lodged in that house, whom he presumed to be the author of the various thefts.

Consequently, while acquainting the Commissaire de Police with the robbery, he at the same time communicated his suspicions. G—— was sent for and interrogated. He denied all knowledge of the matter, and was highly indignant at the accusation. There being no proof whatever against him, he was on the point of being dismissed, when the Commissaire had the ingenious idea of making an experiment which might help him to discover the truth. He requested several persons to come into his office, and

amongst them he placed the defendant G——. He then caused the grocer and his dog to enter. At a signal from the Commissaire, the grocer said to the dog one single word, 'Cherche!'—'Find!'

The clever creature went several times round the circle formed by the persons present. Each time he stopped in front of G——, giving the peculiar growl which he had uttered when he found the trace of the thief.

'You see,' said the Commissaire to G——, 'it is useless to deny it: the dog knows you again.'

Completely upset by this singular evidence, G—— avowed that he really was the guilty party, and was left to be dealt with by the law.

Poodle—for such was his name; and it is curious how fond foreigners are of giving English names to their dogs—Poodle was a dog of note in every sense of the word.

Frederick Schwartz, a merchant retired from business in Darmstadt, occupied his leisure hours, which were many, almost exclusively with music. His passion for the art acquired such an intensity that he required every one about him to fall in with his musical predilections by either vocal or instrumental co-operation. There was not a member of his household who could not take a part in the family concert. Even the maid of all work, in case of need, could make out one of Schubert's melodies or an opera cavatina. Poodle, the dog, was the only one unable to render any musical assistance.

As worthy Herr Schwartz felt the utter impossibility of making Poodle afford any practical aid, he determined to train him to fill the office of critic in his own harmonious community. He succeeded too, by an ingenious method. Whenever a note out of tune proceeded from a voice or an instrument; every time that a musical fault was committed by any member of the family—and such faults were committed purposely—the rod was applied to Poodle's back, and he naturally began to bark and howl. He was exactly in the position of the whipping boy, who pursued his studies

with the royal prince. Whenever the prince made a grammatical blunder, the whipping boy had to smart for it.

Before long, simple threats were substituted for smittings of his (Poodle's) back; afterwards a look sufficed to set the creature barking; and little by little Poodle familiarized himself with wrong notes and other musical atrocities, until at last a mistake could not be committed without his rebuking it either by a bark or a growl. He thus became, as far as music was concerned, the most impartial judge, the most conscientious critic in the whole grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Unfortunately, his appreciation of musical art was completely and solely negative. He bestowed no praise, but only blame. Sing with expression, perform with talent, the dog would remain impassive and cold; but at the slightest incorrectness of intonation he ground his teeth, lashed his tail, growled, yelped, and barked aloud. So long as he flourished—and he may flourish still—not a concert or an opera was rehearsed in Darmstadt without inviting Herr Frederick Schwartz and his dog—but more especially the dog. If the prima donna made the slightest slip, the dog looked at his master with an air of disapprobation. If the hautboys came in too late, Poodle pricked up his ears; if the clarinet hurried the movement, Poodle fidgeted on his bench; if the kettle-drummer broke the time, Poodle uttered audible murmurs. In fact, no piece was considered properly executed unless the canine connoisseur remained quiet on his seat.

Nor must it be supposed that Poodle's instinct was limited to forming a judgment of the execution only. His intelligence, trained by hearing classical works, seemed to have penetrated some of the secrets of composition. An abrupt modulation, a false resolution, would produce symptoms of doubt on Poodle's muzzle; consecutive fifths made him shudder, and a halting melody set his teeth on edge. Sometimes Herr Schwartz and his intimate friends, in the privacy of a

snug little quartett party, would amuse themselves by producing discordant sounds, for the sake of tormenting the sensitive animal. On such occasions Poodle lost all self-command; his hair stood on end, his eyes became bloodshot, and frightful howlings answered to the discord produced by the fiddles of the mystificators. Moreover, they were obliged to keep within certain bounds. Poodle possessed only a limited stock of forbearance. If the cacophony was too intense or too prolonged, Poodle, carrying out his sense of duty, upset everything. Music-stands, music-stools, and instruments, were strewn in confusion about the room.

Finally, negotiations are in progress for the engagement of Poodle—or, if he be superannuated and retired on half-pay, of one of his descendants—to attend the musical entertainments to be given in London during the current winter. We shall see to how many the four-footed critic will listen with placid and undisturbed attention.

Begging dogs are far from rare; we find them at every fair and every market; but they are beggars of low degree, and if not poor (probably often the contrary), at least professing poverty. Genteel beggar dogs being more uncommon, we produce a good specimen of the class.

Sandolet, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, after serving for nearly forty years under the greatest captains of the age of Louis XIV., found himself forced to hang up his sword upon a nail. 'Forced' unfortunately *was* the word; for he had grown old and feeble, without reckoning a score of wounds, the least of which, now, would procure his admission to the Invalides. One of his contemporaries has sketched his portrait: 'His wrinkled face is that of a mummified frog. He lost his nose at the battle of Fleurus; his right eye at the passage of the Rhine; an arm on the field of Steinkerque; the left thigh at Malplaquet; and his lower jaw, carried away by a ball at the siege of Valenciennes, has been replaced, more or less efficiently, by an artificial substitute.'

It would be difficult to find a chevalier of any order more completely dilapidated, and at the same time continuing to exist. It appears that, in spite of his defective jaw, Sandolet had an excellent appetite. Unfortunately, he had only a franc and a half, or fifteen pence, per day, to supply his wants. That moderate income was insufficient; and it often happened that he had neither roast meat in the cupboard, nor bread on the shelf, nor a sou in his purse to keep the devil out of it.

Nevertheless, Sandolet had a dog who answered to the name of Capucin. History not having recorded why this name was given him in preference to any other, we are obliged to do as history has done. Weary of fasting and of waiting for the larks to fall into his mouth ready roasted, Sandolet came to the logical conclusion that, since he had a dog, which dog helped him to consume his revenue, it was only fair that the said dog, for his part, should render some service in return. To the dog's collar he therefore fastened a leather purse, into which when he put a letter, Capucin carried it to its address. It was a petition for pecuniary assistance from some generous person of the old soldier's acquaintance.

When the cupboard was bare, Sandolet opened the door, and calling the dog, said to him, 'Come, Capucin, you see the hutch is empty. You must set to work, mon ami, and try what you can do.'

At which Capucin mournfully bowed his head, shook his ears, tucked his tail between his legs, and began to bark—a pantomime which, interpreted, said, 'I understand. Master is hungry, and so is his dog.'

The letter deposited in its receptacle, Sandolet said, 'Go to such or such a place.' The docile messenger obeyed, and presented himself to the party indicated with a humble and submissive air. He then raised his head to show the letter. Often, while waiting for the answer, Capucin, to beguile the time, found his way to the kitchen, where they rarely refused him a morsel of meat. When at last he got the answer, always inclosing a piece of money,

he returned to his master as fast as his legs could carry him, and would contrive to make ten or twelve such visits in the course of a morning. The collection ended, the master and the dog embraced each other.

Sandolet then made a grand display upon the table of six, twelve, and twenty-four-sou pieces, and sometimes even of three and six-franc crowns—all of which now are obsolete—Capucin looking on with an approving air. The veteran, slapping his wooden leg with his only hand, would exclaim, 'Bravo, Capucin! bravo, my dog! You have brought me Balm of Gilead this morning.'

The rack was stored and the manger filled with provisions for several days to come.

But dogs will cater for friends of their own species as well as for human *protégés*.

A butcher and grazier, named Drouhin, residing at Semur, is the owner of a capital setter called Blaireau, i. e., badger. Blaireau, very handsome and thorough-bred, would make a first-rate sporting dog; but his master prefers to entrust him with the custody of beasts which he turns out to grass and afterwards sells in the environs of Paris. At a sign from his master he sets off alone for the pasture where the bullocks are grazing. On arriving, he first runs quite round the meadow, then stops, looks at the cattle, and seems to count them. That done, he lies down at some distance from them, but always in such a way as to keep them in sight. At dusk, Blaireau quits the pasture and leisurely trots home again.

One day he found along the road another dog, of about his own size, who lay behind a bush uttering plaintive cries. Whether through curiosity or a more benevolent motive, Blaireau halted and examined the stranger, whom he found quite worn out and frightfully thin, and who had, moreover, a large wound in his thigh, which appeared to have been made by the blade of a scythe. The wound had ceased to bleed, but it was covered with clotted blood and caked over with dirt and dust. It had been inflicted three or four

days ago, and, according to all appearance, the poor creature during that time had taken no nourishment whatever. He evidently suffered quite as much from fatigue and exhaustion as from the effects of the wound.

On seeing another dog approach him, the invalid appeared to take courage and revive. He probably had dragged himself to that spot in order to die behind the thicket; and

now, when he believed himself completely abandoned, there arrived a friend, perhaps a saviour! He fixed on Blaireau a supplicating look, and then, with a groan, presented his wounded limb, as much as to say, 'Only see what a pitiable state I am in. Try what you can do to help me, there's a good fellow.'

Blaireau in his way responded to the appeal. He first smelt at the patient's wound, and then set to



work to lick it. The operation finished, he tried to lead his friend away. The poor creature could just manage to stand, but walking was quite out of the question. After trying to set a step or two he fell back on the grass with a stifled groan. What was to be done now? Blaireau seemed to reflect for a moment, and then set off for the town as hard as he could go.

His first care on reaching his master's house was to visit the spot where the remains left after meals

were set apart for his use. That day there happened to be nothing, which was not enough, and Blaireau was not the dog to be satisfied with that. He therefore boldly entered the shop where the butcher and his man were cutting up the meat for to-morrow's sale.

He had formed his plan; to carry it out he began by treating his master to an extra allowance of extra-fond caresses; and as soon as he judged the moment propitious, he placed his two fore-feet upon the

stall, selected a piece of meat, and took possession of it.

'Blaireau, sir! you rascally fellow!' said the butcher. 'Will you please to leave that meat alone?'

The dog, instead of running away like an ordinary thief, humbly approached his master, wagging his tail, and still holding the meat in his mouth, seemed to be asking his permission to keep it.

'You are not squeamish, *ma foi*!' said the butcher, laughing, 'to take a slice of beefsteak that weighs five or six pounds.'

The dog kept looking at his master, but without loosing his hold of the meat. The butcher then took it out of his mouth, and returned it to its place upon the stall. Blaireau gave a look of despair and turned to the door with a melancholy howl.

'There is something strange in this,' said the butcher to himself. 'It is the first time he has ever touched a scrap of meat in the shop. He must have a reason for doing it: I should like to find out.' He recalled the dog and gave him the meat in question.

Blaireau jumped round the shop for joy, and then bolted headlong into the street. The butcher followed him with his eyes until he disappeared in a narrow lane that led out of the town. Blaireau, like the good Samaritan, was soon at the wounded wayfarer's side, inviting him to partake of the supply, to which the other did not require much pressing. He ate, or rather devoured, three-quarters of the beef, although underdone, after which Blaireau finished what was left. The two dogs spent the night together, sleeping side by side.

Early the next morning Blaireau returned to the house, accompanied by a dog that limped on three legs, and whom he invited to take possession of his kennel. He then collected bones and scraps in the shop, after which the friends enjoyed their breakfast together, one lying inside the kennel, the other without. Nevertheless, Blaireau's care of his patient did not make him neglect his duty; he watched the beasts in the pasture as usual, only he returned three or four times in the

course of the day to make sure that the invalid wanted for nothing, and that he was not turned out of his resting-place.

In a week the patient was nearly cured. It is right to mention that the good-natured butcher hastened his recovery by washing the wound. The first visit the companions paid to the pasture was a scene of irrepressible frolic and gambol: Blaireau was the happiest dog in the world.

The rest of the story is very soon told. One dog could not live without the other, and the butcher did not care to separate them. Observing that they had abandoned the kennel because there was not room enough for them both to sleep in it, he had a larger one made for their accommodation; and it was in this that M. Drouhin showed M. Richebourg the canine inseparables sleeping side by side.

Our last anecdote is only a twelve-month old. Monsieur De S—— and Monsieur P——, country gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, are great sportsmen and great friends. The first has two dogs, the latter only one; and as dogs soon fall into their masters' ways, they also are intimate acquaintances and passionately addicted to the chase.

One day they came to the understanding that they would have a little hunt all to themselves, for their own particular pleasure and profit. They started a wild rabbit, which ran to burrow, as the most prudent move it could make. One of M. De S——'s dogs followed it so far that he could not get out again. There he remained, stuck in the hole, unable to move either backwards or forwards.

After scratching in vain to get him out, his two companions returned home overwhelmed with grief. They were depressed in spirits, dead beat with fatigue; perhaps also their consciences pricked them a little. Their masters remarked their wretched plight, but had no means of accounting for it.

The next day the two dogs disappeared afresh. At night each returned to his respective domicile, worn out, with bleeding feet, their

coats covered with earth and sand, and completely off their appetite. The same thing continued day after day. M. De S——, uneasy at the absence of his first dog, and surprised at the strange proceedings of the second, mentioned the matter to his neighbour, P——, who then told him that his own dog had been doing exactly the same.

Early next morning M. De S—— was awake by several dogs moaning and scratching at his door. On going downstairs to ascertain the

cause, he was astonished to behold the missing dog escorted home by his two companions, but weak, emaciated, and reduced almost to a skeleton. Suspecting what might have happened, he caused search to be made, and soon discovered the rabbits' burrow, in which the poor creature had been imprisoned for six whole days. The narrow mouth of the burrow had been transformed into an open cave, evidently owing to the intelligent labours of the two dogs that remained at liberty.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. II.—To the Moon.

THE wind is shrill on the hills, and the culver
Wheels up and down with a windy gleam;
The birch has unloosen'd her locks of silver,
And shaken them down on the pools of the stream;—
Yet here I linger in London city,
Thinking of meadows where I was born—
And over the tiles, with her haunting pity,
Glimmers the Moon, with her dripping horn.

O Moon, pale syren, with wild eyes drinking
The light of the sun as he sweepeth by,
I am looking straight in those eyes, and thinking
Of one who has loved you longer than I;
I am asking my heart if you pity or cherish
The souls that you witch with a harvest call—
If the dream must die when the Dreamer perish—
If it be idle to dream at all.

The waves of the city roll hither and thither,
The tumult deepens, the days go by,
The dead men vanish—we know not whither,
The live men anguish—we know not why;
The cry of the stricken is smothered never,
The shadow passes from street to street;
And—overhead, for ever and ever,
Goes the still white gleam of thy constant feet.

The hard men struggle, the students ponder,
The world rolls round on its westward way;
The gleam of thy beautiful night up yonder
Is pale on the dreamer's cheek all day;

The old earth's voice is a sound of weeping,
 All round her shores the waters cry ;
 There is no calm and there is no sleeping,
 But thy still white presence goes nightly by.

Another summer, new hopes departed,
 Yet here we are lingering, you and I,
 I on the earth, with my hope proud-hearted,
 You, through the silence of stars, in the sky !
 You are there ! I am here ! and the reaping and sowing
 Of the year of harvest is over and done,
 And the hoary snow-drift will soon be blowing
 Under the wheels of the whirling sun.

White tower and turret lie silver'd under,
 When eyes are closed and the lips are dumb,
 In the nightly pause of the human wonder,
 From dusky portals, I see thee come ;
 And whoso wakes, and beholds thee yonder,
 Is witch'd by thee till his days shall cease ;
 For over his eyes, wheresoever he wander,
 Dwelleth the vision of God's white peace !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THROWN !

'REMEMBER as soon as you wake,
 If the season you would not be scorning,
 You must for your Valentine take
 The first whom you see in the morning.'

Amelia to Bella with mirth
 Thus whispered, when bedward proceeding,
 (The tale of 'The Fair Maid of Perth'
 I think she had lately been reading).

Now Dawdle ('twas truly absurd)
 Had to Bella been mighty attentive,
 And when this low whisper he heard
 He was seized with a fancy inventive.

His billiards that night he declined
 And his tumbler of brandy and soda,
 (His *third* glass at other times, mind,
 He scarcely considered a *coda*).!

He would not stop up for a weed
 (Though Jack at such shirking grew surly) ;
 He declared he was sorry indeed,
 But 'he had to be getting up early !'

* * * *

Next morning our Dawdle arose
 While the dawn was still glimmering dimly ;
 Slept shivering into his clothes,
 And twirled his moustache very trimly,



Drawn by Edmund J. Lane.]

THE REFUSAL.

[See the Poem.]

To meet the dear girl he adored,
Stole downstairs, unfortunate spooner!
And found himself thoroughly floored,
For she'd risen an hour or two sooner.

She was out, looking after the flow'rs,
The greenhouse with beauty adorning,
And said she'd been up for some hours,
When he found her, and wished her 'good morning.'

Quoth he, 'Whom the first you behold
Is the Valentine fate would allot you—
That I am that man I make bold
To hope'—But she answered, 'Twas *not* you!

'I peeped from my window at dawn,
Of the weather to be a beholder,
And saw cousin Frank on the lawn
Going out, double-barrel on shoulder.'

'Well, Frank's be *that* luck' answered he;
'I'd ask for a title that's dearer—
My wife, sweetest Bella, to be
I pray you—I cannot be clearer!'

'Too late, Mr. Dawdle! For here
Is Frank, too, the earlier comer—
Engaged—let me see—for a year,
We're going to be married in summer!'

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

HÆC olim meminisse juvabit! I should think so. Who can forget the scene, be he spectator or actor? and to whom, remembering it, will not the remembrance bring pleasure? I am speaking, ladies and gentlemen, of the Westminster Play, the dramatic performance of high classical flavour, to which come yearly the *élite* of a select portion of London Society, to see rather than to be seen. To see what, pray? Just this, madam; a play of Terence, or of Plautus, it may be, acted by the Queen's Scholars of St. Peter's school.

'Terence! an Irish author, I suppose—perhaps a Fenian? I never heard of him.'

'Possibly not, madam. Dr. Johnson once observed, in answer to a similar observation, that what his commentator did not know would fill a very large library.'

'And Dr. Johnson was extremely rude when he said so, as you are

now, sir, for repeating his silly speech. Who is this Terence?'

'He was the very obedient humble servant of his master, as I am of you, madam. He was a Roman slave, madam.'

'But if he wrote plays that are worth being acted now, he must have had brains.'

'Undoubtedly, madam.'

'Then I should not advise you to compare yourself with him. What sort of plays did he write?'

'It would be presumptuous in me, after what you have said, madam, to attempt a description; but I may mention that he wrote, amongst other plays, one called the "*Adelphi*," after which Mr. Webster's pretty theatre is *not* named, and another called the "*Self-tormentor*," or, as that title was found too long for the fastidious Romans, the "*Heautontimerumenos*."'

'I do not believe that even you would be so foolish as to call a play,

if you could write one, by such a ridiculous title, and therefore I cannot suppose this slave with brains would. But in what language did he write?’

‘In Latin, madam.’

‘And these boys at Westminster act the man’s plays in Latin?’

‘They do so; and marvellously well they do it.’

‘I can imagine nothing more melancholy and dreary; as bad as Racine’s tragedies, which they used to play in the little theatre at Her Majesty’s before it was burnt down, where everybody was supposed to



ÆSCHINUS AND DEMEA.

understand French, because they had once been with an English governess who had learned the language at a Brighton boarding school, and were therefore thought to enjoy the beauties of the play. Of course no woman would care to go to a Latin play, because she would con-

fess frankly she did not understand it; and I am persuaded not one in ten of the men who go is able to understand what he hears, for all he may laugh, and clap when others do, and look wise, and think he is enjoying the thing vastly. Talk of the Adelphi, I am sure an

Adelphi farce must be much more entertaining.'

'It is entirely a matter of opinion, madam; but since I know you only slander yourself by appearing to be ignorant of the Roman slave's writings, I have made so bold as to assume you would like to see one of his plays acted, and I have therefore procured you a ticket, of which I beg your acceptance.'

We went, this lady and I, to the Westminster Play, and saw the 'Adelphi' of Terence. Disputations at first at the prospect of separation which presented itself when we entered the hall, she went to the benches set apart for the accommodation of ladies, and thence looked upon the play, and upon those who came to see it, with eyes that took in all that passed, and with a critical observation to which I am only too glad here and elsewhere to acknowledge my obligations. We compared notes after the play was over, and we thought, in our vanity, that London Society, which interests itself greatly in the Westminster Play, would like to see what was on them.

It is Thursday night, the grand night for the players, the night on which grandees come, and on which the epilogue is spoken. Great is the excitement in the halls of St. Peter. Already the play has run two nights, and has been applauded to the echo by crowded houses. But the performances have only served to accustom the actors to their parts, to make them feel less uneasy in their buskins and togæ, to show them, by experience, where emphasis should be laid, and how the difficult parts may best be enunciated. They have but braced up the dramatic nerves of the players to speaking point, they have been but so many rehearsals in public. For the greatest of the visitors have not yet been, the most severe of the yearly critics have not yet criticized, the epilogue, framed with care, fashioned secretly, and with as much curiosity-tempting mystery as surrounded the charm of wizard Merlin, has not yet been heard, save in the hidden places where the

Queen's Scholars mutter their parts.

It is the Thursday night performance. The dormitory of the college is transmutated for the occasion. At one end are the stage and *proscenium*, and over all the rest of the space are the seats for the audience. Temporary galleries, such as one has seen at Hyde Park reviews, lead from the dormitory to the theatre, and are covered over all their length with red cloth. Not otherwise is the arrangement in the theatre itself, and the bright red of the seats and benches lends a warm tone to the place. Immediately in front of the stage, below the foot-lights, is a space reserved, and the three arm-chairs which stand abreast at the head of it are backed by some forty chairs of motley shape and size. On the right of them are raised benches, wherein 'old boys' do sit, and on the left are others, where the masters' friends most do congregate. In the rear of all these is a conglomeration of benches, raised, the hinder ones a little higher than those in front of them, on which sit 'the general,' who have received cards of admission. Here was my friend, ———, the artist, from whom fate had severed me, and who was sitting like a gentleman in full evening dress, taking sketches, under difficulties, of what he saw that was sketchworthy. He is one who is wont to make himself at home wherever he may be, and the difficulties I speak of he is apt to treat as Nelson did the recall signal at Copenhagen. He did so in this case, with what good fortune and success let a discerning public judge.

Stretching far away into the distance, behind my friend's seat, are benches, and still benches, whereon sit 'the gods.' Olympus is there, crowded with juvenile deities, who have driven the goddesses from the mount, and caused them to flutter down in lovely solitude to the nest in the valley of the theatre, where congregate the observed of all observers—till the play itself begins. Time and space would fail to tell at length how the great monarch asserts himself in the sa-

cred mount; how, at his nod, the lesser deities clap their hands, and how, at his frown, they are still; how, at the shaking of his wand, Olympus resounds with cheers; how, at the lifting of his finger, no dog dare bark.

There is a mystery in the colour of the wax on your ticket. According to the colour, so is your place: with one you are bidden to sit in high places; with another you are suspended between heaven—that is, Olympus—and the *terre pleine*; with a third you are relegated to what represent the stage boxes; with a fourth you are admitted to where a greater than Jove himself is to have his habitation for the evening.

In a snug billet in one of the *coulisses* I take my seat. The guests arrive in quick succession; and now and again, as some notable one enters, rumbles of applause proceed greetingly from the dwellers on high Olympus. 'That is the Bishop of Weissenicht, an old Westminster,' says a friend, as a portly gentleman, with clerically-cut clothes, buckled shoes of the kind kept under glass cases in the more fashionable boot-makers' shops, and with an oddly-built hat, enters, and takes his place.

'Professor Wit, the great Social Science man, who comes all ignorant of the epilogue,' said my friend again, with a smile, the meaning of which I, also being ignorant of the epilogue, did not then understand. The professor was not cheered, but he looked around him benignantly, his beaming face radiant with the kindness he felt towards his *alma mater*, whom he had come to visit. He, too, was an 'old Westminster.'

Old Westminster! How much do the words import! Would you know who old Westminsters are? look around. See their names, with their date in the history of the school, deeply cut in the stonework of the walls above. There all along, and from the level of the gaslights to the architraves of the roof, is a long muster-roll of those who have done worthily at St. Peter's, and elsewhere, some of them. Behold names which the Russians learned to know in the Crimea; names of

men whom the learned delight to honour; names of the famous in science, art, and literature; names of men of renown in church and state. Some names which might be there also one does not see. One name, if ever it was engraved on the walls, must long ago have been effaced—that of Jeffreys of the Bloody Assize, 'the wicked Chancellor' of James II. He was of Westminster what time the renowned Dr. Busby taught and flogged there. Busby, the successor—not the immediate successor, I think—of poor Dr. Osbaldistone, who having been sentenced for some slight offence to cruel punishment by the Star Chamber, when Archbishop Laud sat at the board, saved himself by flight, and left a witty note in his study to the effect that he had 'gone beyond Canterbury.' He was sentenced to be pilloried before the whole school. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! Fancy such an order coming down from the Privy Council Office in Whitehall, with the name of Dr. Scott in it, that respected and beloved chief on whose words modern Westminsters hang, and who sits there before us in cassock and gown, with back and shoulders broad enough, though scarcely so for Star Chamber sentences to be written on. *Procul est profani!* Get out, all the sort of ye, you who would think of doing such a thing, and you who would think of ordering it—or rather *adeste infideles*, and see what sort of reception you would meet with at Westminster hands.

'For whom are those comfortable-looking armchairs reserved in the front?' I asked.

'Prince Arthur is coming, and the Dean, and one or two more; it is for them the chairs are kept.'

The prince, it might have been the fault of those with whom he was dining, did not observe the order of punctuality which his mother used to keep. He kept us waiting for nearly forty minutes. But now he enters; the lady whom he is escorting is conducted to her place among the goddesses, and he, *princeps optime*, as he hears himself called in the prologue, is led to the

central chair in front of the foot-lights, and takes his place, the band strikes up 'God save the Queen,' and the divinities on the mount, keeping excellent time with their hands, applaud the young gentleman to the echo. He has heard the same thing before, and receives the ovation therefore becomingly; he is as though he heard it not, and he talks to him in the chair on the right hand, and to him in the chair on the left.

'Whose is the "clear-cut face," swarthy, with intelligence stamped all across it, there, to the right of the prince?'

'Him with the crimson velvet collar, and the Order of the Bath round his neck?'

'The same.'

'That is the Dean. Stanley, *princeps inter principes*.'

'And he on the left?'

'You will know better when the orator alludes to him in the prologue. He is the Dean of the Arches, late Queen's Advocate, the man of whom his brother, a competitor, but not a rival in the professional career, said, that he was "*omnis juris divini ac humani sciens*." *Vir præclarissimus*, as they say down here.'

'To look at him I should have thought no less.'

'But now my oat proceeds, and listens to the herald of the stage, 'who came in' Terence 'plea.'

Forth from behind the green curtain steps a pale youth, clad in such weeds as Hamlet might have worn, barring the college gown and the bran new trencher cap, which are conspicuous features of his dress. He is the least bit nervous; a live prince is immediately before him, and a host of *præclarissimi*, to say nothing of criticizing, if not critical compeers, are before him. He bows thrice to the audience, and very low to Prince Arthur; and amid rounds of anticipatory applause, he takes his stand full in the glare of the foot-lights, and directly in front of the division in the curtain, and at the first lull in the enthusiasm of his reception enunciates the first line of the prologue. At the end of it he seems to realize more distinctly that he is committed to a speech,

and he grows nervous accordingly; but his question at the beginning of the third line, *Quid non novatur hodie?* brings the house down with great clapping of hands, and this and the prompter's assistance enable the young man to resume. A little stagey perhaps, a little stiff, the effect probably of tradition, which is a great tyrant in these matters, but still effective, the prologue is delivered. The tribute of a tear is paid to those departed Westminsters whom *sævâ quotannis mors rapax carpit manu*; and praise is lavished on those yet living whose reputation is being bruited about the world by the trumpet of Fame. Notably is he who sits on the left of the prince commended in graceful terms, and sincere as loud is the approbation of the audience when the orator, bowing low to the excellent judge, says, referring to the past and the present, '*relatum jam gaudemus inter iudices*.' Then *Princeps optime* comes in for a welcome, and a little exhortation to follow in the steps of his father, than whom 'there will not easily be found a more admirable specimen of all the virtues;' and the orator concludes, amid a hurricane of applause, with a bid for patient hearing, and for *indulgentia*.

The curtain rises upon a well-executed view of Athens, where the scene is laid, and Demea and Micio, the two brothers who give their name to the play, enter, and in a long conversation discuss the goings on of young Æschinus, son to Demea, whom Micio has adopted and brought up to fare sumptuously and extravagantly, to the great horror of Demea, who is wealthy but mean, and too fond of money, as such, to see it spent wastefully, though it be not his own. It is also a question about a lady with whom Æschinus (whose conflicting emotions are rendered with much delicacy by E. Bray) has entangled his affections, to the disgust of Demea, for the old and ever new reason that the marriage is not suitable.

Syrus, the slave of Micio (admirably played by E. Giles), is a great character in the piece, taking the part of arranger-general of all

his younger master's love affairs, hoodwinker of old Demea, whom he fools to the top of his bent, and coin-extractor from everybody in his own behalf. Geta, a slave to Æschinus' mistress, no less well played by F. A. O'Brien, shows forcibly in his only scene how he would like to destroy the whole of Æschinus' family, and the way in which this was done brought down the whole house, gods and men. Ctesipho, Æschinus' young brother, *juvenum pulcherrimus*, fearful for his brother, fearful for his own beloved mistress, fearful of his father's anger, enlists Syrus in his service, and gets that worthy's help 'for a consideration.' Time fails to speak, except in terms of passing praise, of Hegio, the grave counsellor, and of Sannio; but of Sostrata and Canthara who would not stay to tell?

Sostrata is the lady of the piece, Canthara is her maid. Pamphila, concerning whom old Demea is disgusted, is spoken of but does not appear. She doesn't, but they do; and look at them, oh! ye goddesses from Olympus, saw ye ever such women? Sostrata is by no means bad; indeed, but for her gait, which causes an irresistible flutter of laughter in the court of Juno, Venus, and Minerva, she might pass for what she professes to be, an Attic matron of a certain age. But for Canthara, do not hope, oh ye players, that she will be taken even for the servant-'maid of Athens.' Stood ever woman so, disposed ever woman so of her hands? Impossible, utterly impossible, in the words of your own epilogue, '*istud futile et absurdum, ridiculumque puto.*' No; you should put your womankind through their paces before you bring them on the stage, and you should, above all, for indescribable reasons, drill them well at the manual. But the acting in other respects is good; and it is high praise to Sostrata to say that he (she) did his (her) part 'like a regular old woman.'

But the plot, my dear sir?

Is briefly contained in the well-known words, well known to every schoolboy, through his Latin grammar, if not through his Terence, *suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo*. Demea, up

to a certain point, represents the cross, crabbed, miserly, and tyrannical old man, resolved on bending all within his circle to his will, evincing great ignorance of the springs of human action, and believing that his parental duty lies in repressing the natural and youthful instincts of his children. Micio thwarts him patronizingly in everything, and encourages Æschinus in his love suit, giving utterance, however, in the course of his speeches to much common sense and to some undoubted wisdom. Suddenly, towards the end of the play, Demea, seeing how the land lies, determines to be revenged on his brother by taking the wind out of his sails, much in the same way that the leader of the Conservative party determined to do by the Liberals' sails in the matter of the Reform Bill last session. He does so, changes his whole nature, outbids Micio in generosity so far that he even frees his slaves, and so manages to apply his brother's maxims practically to their author as to make him play a very sorry figure indeed; and in this way, by adopting the use of Micio's own weapons, he actually does 'kill the man with his own sword'—the biter is bitten. Æschinus is reconciled to his father, Ctesipho is made glad, and everybody, poor Micio perhaps excepted, lives happily ever after, and the curtain falls amid the well-earned plaudits of the entire company.

Ah! my poor dear ladies, it must be a gladsome release to you, though you are so amiable you will not say so. Has it not been my duty, as well as my pleasure, to watch you; and did I not see that, say up to the end of the second act, you tried all you could to look as if you enjoyed it? You smiled when the men laughed, looked serious when they did, and scanned with genuine interest the dresses and the scenery. But when you had seen all the dresses and had looked that never-varying scene through and through, confirm me in my statement that you began to find the play a bore, not to be endured with equanimity but for sake of some son, or brother, or other interesting relation among the ac-

tors? Did I not notice, up to the point above mentioned, a certain wistfulness, a certain desire in you, to understand what was being spoken, the expression of a very natural wish to know the points of the piece provided for your entertainment? and did I not equally notice an expression of disappointment when your necks, stretched out swan-like as if to catch an afflatus of the spirit of the drama,

drew in again and found you as wise and no wiser than before? Yes, I agree perfectly with those of you who think it foolish to exclude from your company the only possible beings who could make the play agreeable by explaining it as it went on; and I think it altogether unreasonable that you should be asked to applaud that which you do not understand. But there are compensations, dear ladies. You



THE LADIES TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE LATIN.

have the ices and the Falernian, if we have the play and the enjoyment; and I am not quite sure whether among those who are supposed to enjoy the drama there might not be found some who would be willing to change places with you. They are barbarians of course, and therefore could not be exchanged against any one of you, unless—and the suggestion is offered for what it is worth—the condition were laid upon them that they should inter-

pret intelligently and intelligibly the good things in the play for the benefit of the ladies' bench.

But the curtain rises again, and behold, all shorn of their Attic costume, the principal characters in the 'Adelphi.' No longer an Athenian 'buck,' Æschinus appears in his own proper character of an English gentleman, though long association with the Terentian language prevents his uttering himself in any but the Latin tongue;

and men still call him Æschinus, though his dress would suggest to us the right-hand side of the list of *dramatis personæ* as the place where his right name should be found. Syrus, habited as a country gentleman's country butler, is discovered, as the theatrical phrase is, talking with Æschinus, and congratulating him that now he sees him, through the favour of the gods and Syrus's good counsel, *ex omni parte beatum*. He questions him, however, concerning 'his careful brow and solicitous look,' and gathering from him that he desires occupation which may lift him above mere considerations of earth, recommends him an aeronautic voyage, (*ilalisherí comes*). To this Æschinus replies that *terra firma* pleases him better; whereupon Syrus, ready with suggestions, tells him that if *terrestria* are his little game, he has but to turn 'promoter of any grand enterprise, and make many partake in his work,' urging that he has nothing to fear for himself, since 'by limited liability (*certo limite*) all possibility of loss is shut out.'

This proposition proving unacceptable, Syrus asks him if he has not heard of 'a certain meeting, a *Social Congress*, as they call it, which flourishes with great renown in the world.' Professor Wit becomes greatly interested—and to this question Æschinus having answered by another, which brought the house down, '*sed quem sibi finem proponunt?*' (but what is their drift and aim?) Syrus strongly recommends him to become an associate, because he will be famous in consequence, if all other means fail. (Professor Wit begins to see that he and his colleagues are being ridiculed, and he grows a little fidgetty accordingly.)

Whilst they are talking Demea, dressed as an old-fashioned squire, comes in, and overhearing Syrus say that Micio is a great supporter of the *Socialis Congressus*, and has been made a vice-president for the year, determines, as in the play, to outflank him, and though speaking at first of the congress work as a 'farrago' of nonsense, ends by saying that he approves of it, and asks

more about it, in order that he may the better 'slay this man with his own sword.' Syrus obeys, and recites what was debated at the last meeting of the congress—

'Much was said concerning meals—*deque cloacis*—
 Much of poor folk's dwellings—and dysentery—
 About the known—and the unknown—and all the knowable—
 About the impossible—and the possible, good.
 What thou should'st do—whether retire, or rise, early—
 How sneeze—run—stand—think—and eat.'

Demea, bursting in with his notes of admiration, tells his son he 'will never do anything better,' and offers forthwith to pay all the expenses, an offer which elicits the warm admiration of the dutiful Æschinus. Syrus, striking while the iron is hot, runs on with his description, and says the new member will be at no loss for speech-matter, for he may discourse on—

'Whether the garments now worn by lovely woman are better calculated to cover or to disclose the body; whether the shoulders and breast reasonably complain that they are naked while a long robe hides the feet within its folds; in what respects a slow girl (*tarda puella*) differs from a fast one (*veloci*); whether this or that is more pleasing to Diana; whether the reverence due to a father can be considered safe when he is spoken of simply as *governor*; whether the boy, scarcely out of his baby-clothes, can becomingly boast that he knows more than his seniors.'

'These are important matters, and worthy of serious consideration,' says Demea.

'Most learned must he be who can untie such knotty points. Alas! for my own crass and dull wit,' exclaims Æschinus.

At this point Micio enters, dressed as an 'old fogey,' and is delighted to hear from Syrus that his brother is a disciple. Demea, following his bent to take the wind out of his brother's sails, takes up the thread of Syrus's subject, and tells Æschinus that he 'may discuss the question whether the contest between Eton and Harrow which yearly is fought at Lord's (*Lordi quod cele-*

bratur agro) injures or benefits the ingenuous throng,' and the old man makes an untranslatable pun about the '*laudis immensa cupido*. Æschinus, fired by the spark from the paternal energy, goes on: 'Then you can talk of the strength of the respective sides, and of the dexterity of the members (he imitates the postures of cricket), eyes fixed, hands ready, and swift feet.' Then, turning to Micio and pointing to Demea, he says: 'Behold the patron of athletes, of bats, and of balls,' adding, if we may make so free with the Latin text—'the *pater* is coming out!'

Micio cannot believe it, and questions if cricket-balls can by any means be considered in the light of the terrestrial globes. He goes on to deplore the inconveniences to which cricket gives rise: the shouting, the disorder, the party feelings, the ill-concealed distress of the mothers and sisters of the vanquished, till Demea interrupts him with—'These things are not to be blamed rashly! They constitute the true social shy-ence, which teaches both to do and to suffer. Ah! perish the Muses, perish both Greek and Latin! Only let that noble game of ball flourish!'

Then there are allusions, amusing enough and witty, to the *recens dictum Chirurgi* about the unhealthiness of violent exercise, which Demea indignantly scouts with—'*Isud futile et absurdum ridiculum que puto*;' and then reminding Micio of old days (in allusion to his part in the play), wherein he acted a boy's part with boys, he boasts that now, as in the play, he kills this man with his own sword:—

'But now the social strife of our Adelphi ceases!

Let us now be merry on our festal, joyful day!
And you, if perchance you have seen something good,

Applaud, because the time has sped with
lightsome foot!

But if we've made you sleepy, instead of
smiling happy,

Applaud no less, because you've licence to go
home.

One thing yet remains! Of social art a greater
professor,

More learned than all others, in his way, is
the cook!

Seek him; let all thoughts centre in that one
man!

And you be as decided in the clapping of your
hands.'

Who would not clap? who would not be joyous in the joy of such lads? Even the poor ladies, who have understood but little more of the epilogue than they did of the play (the men, you know, have seen a copy of the epilogue beforehand, *hinc illorum sapientia*), catch the generous infection, and signify their favour with gentle plaudits. The Prince, and the Dean, and the Dean of Arches, and the Canons, and the Professors, and the old Westminsters, and the visitors all, cordially unite in the demonstrations which the gods inaugurate, in answer to the request of old Demea.

Well-laden are the college trenchers which are handed into Æschinus *à la* Bray, the courteous captain of the school. Acceptable, evidently, are the words of satisfaction with which Prince Arthur takes his leave of the actors, and pleasant are the memories which all who went will cherish of the way in which Terence's play of the 'Adelphi' was played by the Queen's Scholars at Westminster in December 1867. Even my lady friend who, as shown at the beginning, professed such scorn for that pleasant play, confessed to having enjoyed it thoroughly; and it is her opinion that I ought in common fairness and out of gratitude for a really intellectual entertainment, give not only the *dramatis personæ*, but an extract from the praise which the Jupiter (not he of the Westminster Olympus, but of Printing House Yard) was so gracious as to bestow upon them. From this opinion there is no appeal. Why should there be? Here is the extract and the cast:—

'We believe it was the unanimous opinion of those present that the representation of the "Adelphi" of Terence in 1867 need fear no comparison with those of the palmiest days of Westminster Play. Indeed, on the principle that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," we say that these performances are just as good now as they ever were. On this occasion

nothing could have been better than the acting of Lefroy and Haden as Demea and Micio, of Bray as *Æschinus*, and of Giles as *Syrus*. In fact, a better *Æschinus* and *Syrus* we never saw. Nor were the minor characters less well filled. O'Brien as *Geta*, in his only scene, where he recounts the various ways in which he would like to destroy the whole family of *Æschinus*, root and branch, was most excellent; and the joyous tenderness of *Ctesipho*, the boyish lover, who is divided between fear of his father finding him out, love for his brother, and affection for his mistress, was very well rendered. On the whole, the

Play was most even and admirably performed, and was greeted with prolonged applause. The following is the cast of the characters on the third night:—

ADELPHI.—1867.

Demea . . .	W. C. Lefroy.
Micio . . .	F. S. Haden.
Æschinus . . .	E. Bray.
Ctesipho . . .	G. W. M. Dasent.
Syrus . . .	E. Giles.
Sannio . . .	J. Whitmore.
Hegio . . .	D. A. Williams.
Sostrata . . .	B. Darley.
Canthara . . .	B. U. Eddis.
Geta . . .	F. A. O'Brien.
Dromo . . .	H. Barron.

Persona Muta—Parmeno . H. Wace.

F. W. R.



SCENE FROM THE EPILOGUE.

LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1868.

HAMMOND'S LUCK.



‘AND you won’t give me a single louis?’

‘Not a sou, Hammond,—not a sou: so don’t think of it.’

‘Well then, Hawkins, the money I shall have; and if I don’t get it from you, I’ll find it somehow, if I sell my—’

The word that followed was lost in the slam of the door as it closed behind him. I did not feel particularly uneasy as to the ways and

means by which he hoped to raise the money in question, although if the half-heard threat implied a bargain with the Author of Evil, he need not, surely, go far to find him at Hombourg-auf-der-höhe. Notwithstanding, I did take the trouble to walk to the window. It commanded the long street of the place, and I saw my companion swinging along the narrow pavement and keeping a keen eye on the windows

of the shops, till he stopped before one of them, where an elaborate display of jewellery, new and second-hand, advertised a German *Mont de Piété*. He looked and hesitated, sighed and looked and sighed again, and walked in. I lit a cigar and waited. In a few minutes he reappeared, and as I scanned his person, I was not unprepared to see that the gold chain that had relieved the spotless white of his vest was gone.

Hammond and myself, both clerks in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office, were on a little tour. From a study of the grand old specimens of civic architecture in the cities of Flanders, it led us to the contemplation of Nature in the skirts of the Ardennes. My readers may not be unacquainted with Spa. In a corner of the *Salon de Lecture* at the casino, side by side with tables strewn with journals, stands one devoted to roulette, where stakes as low as single francs are admitted, and where cotton-spinners' clerks from Verviers, and gun-makers' apprentices from Liège make their humble game. Hammond had a confirmed weakness for speculation. When he joined a friend in anything, from a glass of sherry to an opera-stall, he always insisted on referring its payment to the arbitrament of the lot. At Spa, where, unfortunately, he paid his hotel bill for the two days we passed there, out of his winnings, this developed into a decided taste for gambling. Our route from thence to Frankfort-on-Maine led us by the gaming-tables of Nassau. At Ems and Wiesbaden, the circular notes, destined to pay for triumphs over peaks, passes, and glaciers, grew 'small by degrees and beautifully less'; and when he struck a balance-sheet at the imperial city, the money left him was but little more than might suffice to carry him home by the shortest route. To do him justice he bore his changed circumstances with philosophy — steadily refused the advance I proffered him to enable him to accompany me to the Alps, and only pleaded for my society on a flying visit to Homburg before we separated. But on that point I was ada-

mant, till a long discussion, lasting through three cigars, ended in a compromise, and I agreed to go with him on the understanding that he should confide to me the wrecks of his travelling money, reserving himself only a few florins for his *menus plaisirs*.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ and the present difficulty. He had flung away the silver he had kept, in, as he phrased it, 'throwing up straws to see how the wind blew.' It had proved decidedly adverse; and, bit by the tarantula of the tables, he had come to ask for more, with the result we have seen.

Till five minutes after six, I waited in my room, and then, no Hammond appearing, descended to dine at the *table d'hôte*. Afterwards I strolled over to the Kursaal, sauntered down the rows of tables before its colonnades, and seated myself to my solitary coffee and cigar. But later in the evening, when I lounged into the *salons de jeu*, his tall figure was conspicuous among the group at the roulette-table, and from a glance at his face I surmised that his hardly-acquired riches had already made themselves wings. Mechanically his fingers played with a solitary two-florin piece as he watched, time after time, the ball spun from the hand of the croupier. Again it made its round, and now Hammond took heart of grace and sent his last coin sliding up the table to a cry of 'zero.' The croupier placed it on the zero square, as the ball hopped into its resting-place in the corresponding hole, and he pushed over seventy florins to Hammond's stake, who, in true gambler fashion, heaped his winnings in and around the lucky square. Again the ball bounds its course, and again up comes that lucky zero.

He swept up money more than enough to recoup him his former losses; and for a moment I hoped that he would have the discretion to let well alone. I ought to have known him better. Good-humour itself, and ignoring my late hard-heartedness, he merely nodded pleasantly to my remonstrances, handed me a few napoléons to place, as he said, to his credit in my

savings bank, and with an *on ne s'arrête pas dans un si beau chemin*, passed into the salons devoted to *trente et quarante*. Shrugging my shoulders I walked out to listen to the band, congratulating myself on having at last been able to snatch something from the fire.

The evening was lovely, the sweet strains of the chapelmaster and his orchestra were still floating in the air, and it was the hour when all the world, except a few inveterate gamblers, were to be found on the terrace. But a murmur and a movement began to pervade the crowd, and individuals first singly, afterwards in little groups, were seen making their way into the building, curious to know what was going on. I too rose and followed. As might have been surmised, it was evident that the bank was being imperilled by some formidable antagonist. One table was deserted, the other was surrounded by a crowd of both sexes, struggling and pressing, raising themselves on tiptoe and craning their necks in frenzied efforts to catch a glimpse of the exciting drama that was being acted within the circle. I could catch exclamations such as, 'Break the bank!'—'*Faire sauter la banque!*'—'A most everlastin' buster!' It would have been hopeless work to elbow my way to the front, but at that moment appeared M. Benoit, the courteous proprietor of the establishment, making his way to the scene, all his efforts being unable to conceal the anxiety that disturbed his usually imperturbable features. The crowd was prevailed on to make way for one so interested, and treading close on his heels, I found myself soon in an excellent post of observation by the elbow of the dealer.

Had I not been propped up between his chair and those who pressed on me behind, you might have knocked me down with a feather. It was my friend Hammond who was the centre of the hundreds of pairs of eyes that surrounded us—and the central figure round which were grouped the veterans of a thousand fights, the most renowned players in Eu-

rope. He was the Napoleon of a campaign that threatened to swamp M. Benoit. *Rouleaux* of napoléons and *frédéricks* d'or, thousand-franc notes of the Bank of France lay heaped before him in careless profusion.

The eyes of Prince Tchorkemoff, grand chamberlain to the Emperor of all the Russias, gloated on it from one side; his Serene Highness the Margrave of Saxe-Shreckenstein bent his gaze on it from the other, while they backed his daring game with smaller stakes from their own lesser heaps. Opposite, the beetle-browed Ban of Bosnia scowled fearfully over the bare green board before him, while he still pricked down the numbers with the red-headed pins, marking the game although nothing remained to him to play it with. A hook-nosed little Jew, with a small bronze machine—the latest invention for recording and calculating the odds before him—seemed to be playing with a persistent bad luck which almost equalled Hammond's fortune; and the rest of the table seemed with one consent to have stopped their own little game to watch that of those leviathans of the deep.

'Messieurs, faites votre jeu,' called the croupier, looking at Hammond and at him alone.

'Six cent louis—rouge,' replied that gentleman, not taking the trouble to separate his stake from the heap.

The man was actually playing up to the utmost limits of the bank, and staking on each deal of the cards four times his professional income—just as Tchorkemoff might have done, who owned I believe, half the province of Volhynia: 'Trente sept rouge gagne et la couleur!'

'Never saw such luck in my life,' said a countryman beside me. 'He's been and won three-and-twenty times running on red. Ah, fool! he's going to break his luck,'—for this time Hammond called his game on black. But '*rouge perd*' immediately relieved the minds of those who admired his pluck and sympathised with his success. And so it went on. Three times they changed

the dealers, whose guttural German-French became more execrable as they began to handle the pack with pale faces and trembling fingers, fearing they should earn the fatal imputation of 'an unlucky hand.' There was nothing to choose among them. Three times out of four the bank lost and Hammond won; and it is a simple calculation that under such conditions a limited fund must come to an end.

The director regretted to have to announce ('Devil doubt you!' commented an Irish gentleman) that in consequence of the good fortune of the players, the resources of the table were for the moment exhausted, but was glad to assure them that in a very short time it would be in a position to recommence.

En attendant, Hammond, flushed with success, rose to stretch his legs; and, as he took my arm and paraded me up and down the rooms, we paid the penalty of public men, and were followed everywhere by an admiring crowd. He did not dwell much on his good fortune, but expressed himself very strongly about the Margrave and Tchorkemoff, who, as he said, had, by backing his game, won no end of his money. And, indeed, when he re-seated himself, he met very coolly the advances which these gentlemen made to the fortunate player; while, on the other hand, he sent round a servant to the unlucky Ban of Bosnia with his compliments, and an offer of temporary assistance—an offer which that potentate accepted, with as much graciousness of manner as he could assume; and, indeed, the advance was very temporary: for when the rooms closed for the evening the rouleaux lent him, as well as most of the additional capital brought to the bank, were added to Hammond's heap.

If his fortunes had culminated in the unprecedented success of that evening, it was long before they began perceptibly to wane. Next morning we took a carriage, drove to Frankfurt, and lodged the bulk of his winnings with Herr Kreuzer, the great banker. He reserved in his own hands sufficient capital for

his operations at the tables, and for many days these were enormously remunerative. He talked of buying a château in the Rheingau, growing wines for the English market, as a distraction, and making each summer a professional tour of the tables.

At Hombourg he was the undisputed arbiter in all matters of taste and fashion. His name figured immediately below the Landgrave's and the Margrave's as patron of a charity concert, at which he took a hundred stalls. He subscribed liberally to the new English church, to the Greek chapel, to the hospitals. He established at a side door of the restaurant at the Kursaal an eleemosynary machinery, by which thirty poor men were daily fed on the fragments of the *pâtés* and *galantines* that fell from its tables. Benoit had nothing to refuse him. It was said that he had asked and obtained an interview, at which, after considerable circumlocution, he had begged, with tears in his eyes, to know what Hammond would take to leave the place. It was darkly hinted that the croupiers, fearing that their occupation might be gone, had banded themselves for his assassination. It was rumoured that the statues in the gardens, the clocks and chandeliers in the *salons*, the plate in the restaurant were pledged. The *chef* entertained the ambition of tempting Mr. Hammond to engage him in his service, and with that object, *se mit en quatre*, to satisfy so discriminating a *gourmet*. For Hammond had cultivated his palate as rapidly as he had developed his fortunes. At the club his habitual dinner was a cut from the joint and a half-pint of sherry. Now, discontented with the accommodations and *cuisine* of the hostleries at Hombourg, he had shifted his quarters to the *Hôtel de Russie*, at Frankfurt, where Herr Ried personally superintended the arrangements of his table; and ransacked his *caves* for its rarest *crus*.

There he gave small but select dinners, where the princes and historical names of Europe became the guests of the proprietor of the purse of Fortunatus. To tell the truth, these worshippers of mammon might

have found a less worthy idol. Hammond was not spoiled by his good fortune. From slapping a grand duke on the back, or poking a serenity in the side, he would turn and pass his arm through mine with more than his old cordiality. Though I generally avoided these grand dinners, where the noble guests just tolerated the humble friend of Midas, I could not make up my mind to leave him. I feared all this must end badly, that his continued good fortune marked him, like the tyrant of Syracuse, for the victim of the gods. One evening, when he rose a heavy winner, I thought involuntarily of Peter Schemil, and felt relieved as I saw his shadow fall on the pavement as we passed the gas-lights to the carriage.

For a carriage was kept all day at his disposal in the court-yard of the hotel, ready to transport him to Hombourg when he felt 'in the vein.' Its driver in a moment of weakness, and *appropos* to a bundle of share-lists that he pulled out of his pocket with his tobacco-pouch, confided to me that he had made large purchases in Austrian bonds. At home Hammond used to wear a pair of dogskins for six weeks, for he cared little to sacrifice to the Graces; here he changed so many times in the day the primrose-coloured triumphs of Jouvin and Houbigant that the *kammermädchen* cleared away from his rooms many dozen groes but little the worse for wear, and was enabled to advance her marriage with an under waiter, whose economies also had swelled so rapidly that they bought the goodwill of a small but flourishing *lust-garten*.

His balance at Herr Kreuzer's had swelled to enormous proportions. Day after day I urged him, if he would not leave the place, at least to remit the bulk of it to England, and place it out of danger. Had it not been for his visions of a château in Rheinland, I believe he would have yielded: as it was, I was forced to content myself with the solemn pledge he gave, that whenever the luck turned he would accept the omen. Though still a

winner, he had been but a slight one for the last few days, and already had lost something of the *prestige* that had made his life one long intoxication. The Margrave had been cleaned out, and had started for his capital. The Ban had gone, on rumours of troubles on the Danube, and the Russian had returned to his official duties. A new generation had sprung up, who had not known the Napoleon of play in his palmier days. But still the little Jew was there, played on and lost enormously.

In these altered circumstances, Hammond began to sit more lightly to his Hombourg life. From time to time, as, fevered and wearied, he threw himself back in the carriage, he would lend a not unwilling ear to allusions to the ice-fields of Mont Blanc and the snow passes by Monte Rosa. The tide was on the turn; one night it fairly set the other way. He announced to me one morning, when he came down to a late breakfast, that the night before he had lost 2,500 louis, had given the bank his note of hand for 700 more, and finally that he was resolved to go to Kreuzer after breakfast and instruct him to remit his money to Coutts's: and then he added, 'I'm good for Basle this afternoon, Hawkins, my boy, if you like.'

I was overjoyed; and upon my word, his mind once made up, so I believe was he. We had the most pleasant and most chatty meal that we had made for long. He told me incidentally that the old Israelite had had worse luck than ever. 'Poor Abraham must be very near indeed to the end of his tether.' We called up Herr Ried, thanked him for his attentions, told him of our intended departure, and to his sorrow asked for the bill. We then lit our cigars and strolled round to Herr Kreuzer's in the Schinken-gasse.

The shutters of the establishment were up, and the great iron-clamped door was closed. 'It may be the dinner hour,' said Hammond, looking rather white, for it was just mid-day, and German banking is conducted on principles abnormal



HAMMOND'S LUCK.

from our English notions. But there was a crowd of people surging before its doors, within a ring of stolid spectators, who looked on with national apathy. We looked at each other, and dashed into the middle of the mob. On the pavement, tearing out his hair and beard by handfuls, and dancing on his hat and necktie, was our little acquaintance, the Hebrew of the tables. At the sight of Hammond's familiar face, he rushed at him, flung his arms round his unresisting form, and in spluttering accents and a medley of French, English, and German, confided his woes to him who had yet more cause for sorrow.

Herr Kreuzer had bolted with the contents of his own strong box. Condensed, the story of the Jew amounted to this: that the banker having lost heavily by his business, in despair had invested his clients' funds at the tables. Of course, as a man of business he could not play *en person*, so had employed our

Hebrew friend to gamble for him on commission, under the eye of a confidential clerk. The commission had run greatly into arrear, and that morning, when the Jew arrived for his daily interview with his principal, he found him vanished. Hammond's luck had kept him afloat for long, but when that too began to fail, the camel's back had broken.

In the Eastern tale the money of the magician changed by morning into withered leaves in the drawer of the butcher. The end of Hammond's luck was—a note of hand for 700 louis d'or due to M. Benoit, a heavy bill at the Hôtel de Russie, and a host of minor ones elsewhere, and a summer tour marred. Indeed had not an old aunt, compassionating his misfortunes, been persuaded to square matters, he would have found himself very much worse off than the butcher of Bagdad.



OUR DINNERS.

Thoughts on Food and Food for Thoughts.

WHAT shall we eat?' is a question of natural and lawful interest. But we find it a question which, though easy to ask, is, under constantly recurring circumstances, very difficult to answer. For, when 'What shall we eat?' means, 'What am I to order for our little dinner-party next Thursday?' it is a very grave question; it fills many a housekeeper's mind with a praiseworthy anxiety, and depresses, even to despair, many a good, gentle, tender-hearted, endeavouring soul for whose benefit our friendly sympathy flows forth in these encouraging pages. The question of food—chiefly represented by our dinners—is easy enough to meet when the question is thoroughly understood; as easy as a riddle when the answer has been told, or found out; but food, as a matter of interest, must always rank high among the questions that belong to social life.

We are not going to say with a

well-beloved poet,* speaking merrily—

'Alas! for that forgotten day,
When chivalry was nourished;
When none but friars learnt to pray,
And beef and beauty flourished';

but we are going to say that, considering how long we have required not merely food, but good dinners, it is a very strange thing that how to order a dinner should be still so much of a mystery.

There are terms upon which beef and beauty may meet, much to the benefit both of our dinners and our fair divinities. The 'Angel in the house,' for instance, might preside over kitchen and larder, and not be in any way unfitted in consequence for presiding at the head of her table.

No debate is necessary to prove this. It is acknowledged to be true. We see the truth confessed before our eyes in facts and figures equally stubborn.

* Mackworth Praed.

'Lady Harriet St. Clair's Dainty Dishes. Now ready, 3rd, or 4th, or 5th? edition.' What does that mean? It is evidence of a truth confessed that men want good dinners, and that women are to supply them.

And that this view of 'woman's mission' is met in a practical manner is plain enough; for the 'Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions' may lie and does lie on forgotten shelves, but a hundred ways of making soup, and a hundred ways of dressing potatoes are sold at all railway stations by thousands.

This is very encouraging, and pretty much as things ought to be; but still we are met by a fact—that a cookery-book is not a dinner. With all the will to give a dinner—with a moderate notion of the effect of fire upon food, and pleasant friends sufficiently hungry, there still remains in the mind of many a wife a dread of a dinner: a dread of one of the pleasantest recreations that belongs to civilized life. It is quite a case for friendly interference, and we volunteer to the rescue accordingly.

Let us begin *ab ovo*. And this expression *ab ovo* is peculiarly appropriate; for, though most ladies, we believe, suppose these words to signify 'from the beginning,' because with the egg may be dated the commencement of life, yet Horace had no such thought when he used them. He was thinking of a dinner.

It was the way of the Romans to have music at their banquets, and he says (First book of Satires, Satire iii.): 'There is this vice in all singers—the passage is so descriptive of the experience of our own day that there shall be no apology for quoting, nor for translating it—that even among their friends they can never bring their minds to sing if they are asked; but if they are not asked they can never leave off. That Sardinian Tigellius had this view. Cesar, who might have compelled him, if he asked him for the sake of the friendship of his father, or his own, would have obtained nothing—but

if it had pleased him he would have recited to Bacche from the egg down to the apples.'

So the expression *ab ovo* has come down to us, signifying the beginning of dinner, as the apples showed the end of the banquet—as it does, we may say, now under the word *dessert*. So, beginning historically, not quite *ab ovo*, but a good way back, for Horace died shortly before the Christian era, we have dinners that were entertainments, and very recondite cookery.

Macrobius, who died in 415, tells us a good deal about Roman dinners, and they had surprising quantities of fish in them. They begun with something which we are obliged, owing to the poverty of the language at our command, to call some little-sharpener-of-the-appetite; an idea not unknown to our own times. Then came fish—poultry—fish again—swine's flesh, which, in some shape, seems to have been very popular; then shell-fish—oysters—birds—fruit, and bread from the country.

Considering the years that have run their course since these details were written, we may be surprised to find how very like our own dinners those repasts of the fourth and fifth century were.

We have had our exciting morsel, our fish, our oyster patties, our poultry, joint, lobster salad, scalloped oysters, game, fruit, and biscuits. A dinner has been an entertainment through all civilized times, among all civilized people, and why there should ever be any difficulty about it may fairly be made food for thought.

Dinners in great houses used to be, even near to our own times, more magnificent things than they are now. There was a glory and a grandeur about them that belonged to the stateliness of the old times: but I don't say that the cooking was better.

When the present writer was a little child there was a house in the north of England—not a nobleman's—where the cook in a white apron and a white paper cap, which was considered the full dress of his order for that occasion, came in with

the bottom dish of the second course, and stood by the side of the master of the house till it was tasted. Of course it was a supreme effort, and a perfect success.

'Sir,' the venerable master would say, 'we congratulate you and ourselves on this effort of art. It is excellent. You will do us the pleasure of taking wine.'

On which the hero of the paper cap bowed silently; drank with his master and the guests; and with

benignant smiles retired conscious of victory.

In the same house, on such state occasions, the gamekeeper came into the dining-room, when the game appeared, dressed in a green velvet coat, and having a cap decorated with heron's feathers in his hand. He made his bow, received his compliment, and went home to his lodge with a bottle of wine.

All this was very pleasant and stately; and such facts are worth



recording, because times are changed now.

Our grandmothers lived lives much like our own, perhaps, but they were in less terror about giving dinners. Why? Probably because they knew their work better than their granddaughters know theirs.

The heavy, expensive great dinners of those days made it impossible for people of small means to give them. They were reduced to teas and suppers. Dinners were at

earlier hours, and the solid eating required extensive drinking. We are well out of those days. People in towns met at three o'clock, and dined. Three courses—'top, bottom, corners, and sides.' It takes away one's appetite to think of it. Then, what could be done to kill time till night? They drank—even adjourned to a tavern to drink—and were, as to length of days, none the worse for it! which strikes one as not less than marvellous, and we

see at a glance that times are changed indeed. Who has time to dine at three o'clock now? He may lunch at two o'clock; but to be ready for dinner means that the day's work is done, and that the weary man wants his body nourished, and his mind refreshed; so not only has the hour of dinner changed, but the dinner itself has undergone such changes as the hard work—hard head-work—of the present day requires.

Mind and body require more entertainment in their food than was needed formerly. The difference between the old magazine and the periodical of the present day, and the difference between the many courses and the strong wines pushed round on the bare mahogany table, tell our story.

Life is carried on at high-pressure speed—we are all going by *la grande vitesse*, on Time's great railway; when the evening comes we shut out the day's anxiety and thought; we look for our entertainment. Pretty little dinners, bright rooms, a pleasant easy chair, and—'London Society,' if you please, refresh us both mentally and bodily; these things, with the welcome sight of our trimly-dressed little housekeepers—such as all our women-kind ought to be—produce the contentment that leads to thankful rest, and a readiness for work on the coming day.

We shall not reproduce here any of the information offered to our readers in a former paper,* but we must assure our friends that a dinner is not a thing to be 'evolved out of our own mental consciousness.' Our lady housekeeper must know that cooking is kitchen chemistry; and she must be herself sufficiently mistress of the science to correct and encourage the cook. It is absolutely necessary that the mistress and the maid should be on good terms. Their interests in the matter of dinners must be felt to be one. So always have mercy on your cook, and never disgrace her. Good cooks have quick feelings—this assertion is made seriously. A

* 'Common Sense of Good Dinners.'—*London Society*, Nov., 1866.

good illustration was afforded some years since, at Oxford, in the person of the cook of Oriel College. He had been a soldier in his youth. The story is that, on some occasion, a dish was found fault with at the high table, and, with a message of disapproval, sent down to him. Overwhelmed by the sight, he exclaimed, with genuine emotion, 'Would that I had died on the plains of Marengo!'

It need not be said that he was an admirable cook, whose name is kept with the memory of his dishes.

But the best advice we can give our lady housekeeper is *not to be ambitious*. Wisdom walks slowly. The man who is earning his three or four hundred a year, if he has a wise wife, may give as good a dinner as a royal duke. It will not be as large a dinner, or served on gold, or eaten off Sèvres china; but gold, silver, china, glass, jewelled spoons, and crystal goblets are not eatables, and in such things there must be no rivalry; for ambition is a worse impediment than ignorance in the way to good dinners.

Water souché, for instance, is a very elegant dish, and not a very easy one to send to table properly. It comes up, perhaps, as the first thing in a little dinner, of an alarming grey colour, as if the soot had fallen into it; the fish is slippery; the bread and butter you eat with it has been cut with an oniony knife. What despair! You would have liked the fish out of water so much the best; a piece of a good, honest sole, fried. But the lady was ambitious. An accident would have been nothing, for human nature is liable to accidents; but a mistake of that sort is a crime. So, whatever you order for dinner, be sure that it can be done; be sure also that you know what it ought to be, and that you are a judge of whether it be done or not. In a clean kitchen, with a small stove, or kitchen-range, and a neat-handed servant girl, there is scarcely any dish known that cannot, with care and a little practice, be produced to perfection. Then you must enforce on your servant this fact—that every new dish she can make perfectly

well is an addition to her value, and a step on in life; after this, to keep her hand in sufficient practice is to do her permanent benefit.

As to neat, cultivated cooking being an extravagance, that is quite an old-fashioned mistake. Variety in the great, heavy dinners of former days was no doubt costly. But the modern varieties, which so much depend on the skill of the cook, and the arranging mind of the house-keeper, are economical. The cook knows *how* to do the pretty *entrée* or *entremet*, the lady housekeeper knows *when* they can appear without any extra expenditure. Knowledge produces many a little elegance out of materials that ignorance would throw away; so, to take the most extreme case, the waste among the really poor labourers, and the utterly ignorant, is known to be enormous.

But, among educated people like ourselves, our dinners are intended to be recreations, and such they ought to be. Indeed, as recreations they are of inestimable value. The delightful contrast they offer to the labour of the day; the pleasant innocent triumph which they afford, and in which perhaps a friend partakes; the holiday air of the dining-room—no longer, now, clad rigorously in the red flock paper, for which let us make a passing thanksgiving; no longer inhabited by the indescribable scent of the mysteries of sideboard cupboards, but bright with cleanly glass, and gay with fruit and flowers; all this gives a real refreshment to the brain, and positively invigorates the creature. Actually, it raises the pulse to a healthy state, and enables the work of digestion to go on properly. The mind is medicined and the man is fed.

We are told on the highest authority that a woman's work is to guide the house. We wonder sometimes if women have ever—ever since the world began—properly measured the extent of that power which, from this, their right place, they wield. To be really like our mother Eve, 'wisest, virtuous, discreet, best,' in the eyes of the breadwinner, is something worth thinking about, and it produces a large

measure of personal happiness. But now that we have our faces towards summer, there are new fields open for woman's success in her own peculiar world, and the success of a cold dinner or collation is quite as great and as stimulating as that wrought out under the beautifying influences of damask curtains and lamp-light.

In summer and spring we give ourselves holidays, and collect our friends for out-door enjoyment. Out-door parties are delightful things; but we must confine ourselves within the limits of our subject, and consider only those recreations that are attended by a cold collation, eaten in a dining-room; not, therefore, flower-shows and pic-nics, but garden parties and croquet.

Now, it is of the nature of these dinners that they should be cold; and such a dinner may be partaken of by a large number of people, for there is no necessity for all to sit down at one time—nor, indeed, for anybody to sit down at all.

Collations should be made up of things easily helped. There should, in fact, be no carving. Everything is on the table at one time—meat, sweets, fruit—everything but ices, if ices you are going to have. Further; no collation is perfect without an auxiliary table in a convenient and accessible corner, at which some gentle victim, pinned into the angle of the wall, shall give out tea. There ought to be very little waiting of servants; as little as possible.

In fact, the persons principally addressed while making these remarks on dinners are those whose education and requirements fit them to appreciate good cooking and home comfort, but who are not at the head of large establishments.

All meat dishes in these entertainments should be either sandwiches, which can be eaten in the hand, or mincemeat, in balls, which can be eaten with a fork only, and which, being made with well-boiled rice instead of suet, are excellent cold. There may be meat served in slices, and salad.

Everything, both in dinners and collations, must be ordered for the

comfort of the guests; therefore, as there can be no bill of fare, the name of the preparation must be neatly written, and pasted on to the edge of the dish. No one then who has been ordered to eschew veal will be found in the disagreeable predicament of having commenced on a sandwich of that meat which had been mistaken for chicken. This way of answering the invariable interior wish—'What, I wonder, is that sandwich made of?'—gives a satisfaction so great as to be almost amusing. In fact, it is a real act of hospitality, and that always answers.

All the puddings should be little puddings; even the *rice impériale* should be made in many very little moulds; the tarts must be tartlets; the custards must be in little cups, and the jellies in glasses. The true theory of a collation is that people may eat standing, hold their food in their hands, and walk about if they please.

If you have apples, they must have been boiled with sugar, lemon juice, and lemon peel, and turned out of small tea-cups; a most delicious and refreshing preparation, by-the-by, particularly if iced. And your oranges, which are the most impossible things in the world to eat under any circumstances of difficulty, must be prepared on purpose for the occasion.

This is the way: You cut a hole in your orange as big as a fourpenny piece where the stem grew. With a scoop you carefully take out all the inside, not touching the rind more than you can help. Put all the oranges on a dish with the holes upwards. Having made a highly-flavoured orange jelly, strain it, and fill all the skins of the fruit. When cold, cut the oranges in quarters, and so serve them. This is the only respectable way of serving oranges at collation.

You must also be introduced in this paper to croquet eggs, which are not eggs at all, but are very popular among croquet players.

You have ready any good *blanc mange*, or a lemon cream; you have some oval patty-pans. Into each of these patty-pans you put a round ball, like a small croquet ball, of wood,

which has been bored, and has had the bored part filled up with lead to keep it steady. All the patty-pans being accommodated with balls, you have the lemon cream poured in. When it is cold you take out the balls, and pour into the spaces they have made a strong-coloured jelly made of curaçoa; when turned out, the appearance of a poached egg is presented to the croquet player, and exhausted nature may be fancifully reinforced by it.

We ask forgiveness for these revelations.

You perceive that there are more arts than the art of cooking to be put in force when you are giving one of these out-door entertainments—the art of pleasing—the art of taking care of your friends.

When young people disperse after such a party with no muslin dress torn out of the belt by the feet of confused footmen, darting hither and thither in the praiseworthy disposition to wait on every one at once, hot with exertion, and anguished by failure—when no orange juice has destroyed the fairness of the Cluny lace, nor champagne taken the colour out of the Japan silk; no juice from a raspberry tart made the wearer of the white alpaca wretched—then the collation, depend on it, has been, as to waiting and serving of food, a success.

In these parties the servants' business is to be perpetually putting clean things in the place of dirty ones, and seeing that exhausted dishes are immediately replenished. The waiting at a collation has nothing to do with waiting at dinner.

When people enter the room where the cold collation is spread, the first impression ought to call up thoughts of fairyland.

It has to stand the trial of sunlight, which is a serious ordeal. Take my advice, and do not be anxious to exhibit your silver. It is almost ugly by daylight. Keep to glass, which for the purpose of a cold, daylight repast is far prettier. I would say always prefer beauty to display. The coloured china shell-dishes, ornamented with red coral and seaweed, are very pretty by

daylight, and by lamplight of doubtful loveliness; but pink glass is always pretty, and alternate dishes of pink and of white glass have an excellent effect. A good deal of thought may be well bestowed on the things to go into each, and on the quantity and colour of the flowers that are to be used.

Large growing plants, if in luxurious flower, and little fruit trees from an orchard house look very well down the middle of a long table at collation; and if biscuits of many sorts are put down the table on each side at regular distances, in small saucer-shaped glass dishes, which are placed in other glass dishes a

size larger, and the space between filled closely with flowers of one sort, the effect of such coloured fairy rings all down the table is very good. These rings might be alternately pink rose-buds and the large blue forget-me-not.

I cannot close this paper without saying that even a lady's garden ought (in her secret heart) to have reference to her dinner-table.

I hope all who can are putting in the seeds of the ice-plant, for it is undoubtedly the prettiest summer garnish for fruit and sweet things that we have. It grows well out of doors, planted in fine rich soil, in June or July.

MARRIED ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

An Enigma in Prose.

I.

WHEREVER a few men are thrown together in very close and constant association—as, for example, in the management of different departments of the same business—they fall, as if by gravitation, into certain definite and fixed relationships towards each other, which soon become so well recognized and admitted that any inversion of them would seem unnatural.

And in all such small societies, whatever types of character are missing, we may count with certainty on finding the wit and the butt.

Indeed I undertake to say with confidence that the reader never knew any half-score of men, exclusively associated, one of whom was not recognized as the sayer of smart things, and another as the good-natured, stupid fellow on whom it was always safe to crack your joke.

At the establishment of Tovey and Brother, in the Borough, these two characters were as well known as Tovey and Brother themselves, and I propose now to make them known to the reader.

I take it for granted that he does already know Tovey and Brother, and is not one of those who make

the gross mistake of calling that eminent firm Tovey Brothers.

To speak of 'Tovey Brothers' is, in fact, to be guilty of a very unjustifiable misrepresentation—as if the brothers were on an equal footing. Whereas the title 'Tovey and Brother' explains itself, and enables any reflecting person to understand at once that 'Tovey' is Tovey pure and simple—the head of the firm; while 'Brother,' though Tovey too, is only Tovey with a limitation.

In the house itself the one is always known as Mr. Tovey, and the other as Mr. Charles; and if the reader has any thought of opening an account with the firm, it may be useful to him to bear that in mind.

Unless, however, he is himself in a considerable way of business, Tovey and Brother will not thank him for his account, they being only wholesale, and wholesale on the very largest scale.

When you enter their place of business, you might wonder (if every one did not know already) what it is they deal in. A few scores of little bottles ranged on shelves, and filled with various coloured liquids and powders; a few scores of little, polished mahogany cases, each with its printed Latin label; this is all



[Illustration by H. H. H. H.]

MARRIED ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

[See the Story.]

in the way of stock that meets the eye.

But when you see the long array of well-bound ledgers, journals, cash-books, you need no further assurance that they do deal in something more than little bottles.

When you see Mr. Tovey and Mr. Charles you do not need to be told that they are prosperous men, and that their rosy faces and portly shapes are those of men who have long known something about bigger bottles than any you see upon their shelves.

Ordinarily, however, you might go in without much chance of seeing either of them. To get to their private offices you have to go through the clerks' office first, and then through Mr. Splutter's. And unless your business is of very unusual importance, you will find it quite within the capacity of one of the clerks, or, they failing, then certainly within Mr. Splutter's, without interruption to the newspaper of either of the principals.

I myself confess that I never in point of fact got beyond the clerks' office, and have always had a very considerable awe of Mr. Splutter, the great men's great man, and manager.

Not that he was ever anything but very civil to me when he saw me; but he had a singular inability sometimes to see me even when brushing close past me, and this used to so fill me with perplexity as to whether I should say 'Good morning' or not, that before I could quite make up my mind he had usually gone.

As for Mr. Tovey and Mr. Charles, I don't think they ever did see me.

It was to my father that my visits were paid. I used to call on my way from school, and generally had to wait a few minutes before he was ready to walk home with me. He was one of their young men in the clerks' office. There were, if I remember rightly, about ten of them, all of whom had been young men a very considerable time, and many of whom had younger men and women at home, their children.

In the eyes of the house, however, any one was a young man under sixty.

I remember that office as a model of staid decorum and gravity. Everything went on as if by machinery. There was a time for everything, and everything done in its time. A place for everything, and everything in its place. I could have found it easy to believe that the very height of each clerk's collar was regulated by office bye-law, and the style of each chain and seal by fixed specification.

No starch has ever yet been made, however, so stiff that a man cannot laugh in it; and a good deal of quiet fun went on amidst the monotony of business. Many a joke was passed round from stool to stool, and I think I never called there once without hearing some new witticism or some latest joke of Mr. Rasper's.

Boy as I was, I dare say most of these had to be diluted to suit my comprehension before they were told to me, and suffered in the dilution; but even yet, as then, I think of Mr. Rasper as a fellow of infinite mirth.

I suppose his humour must have depended much on manner, tone, and little accidents of place which could not be rendered on paper; for it was generally understood that Mr. Rasper was an ill-used man in that he could never get any of his good things into print.

But not the less, whether his wit were up to or below the standard of the comic papers, he served that office with fun enough, and poor Mr. Bog with more than enough.

He did not often say ill-natured things; but every wit must have his butt, his anvil, on which to hammer and sharpen his darts, and Mr. Bog did duty in that capacity.

Jester and jestee were as unlike in all respects as any two men well could be.

Mr. Rasper's work, and his way of doing it, were like his conversation, light and sprightly. He moved about with an elastic quick step as if he had a difficulty in refraining from dancing. He adorned his writing with flourishes till it was hardly legible. And when Mr. Splutter tried to make him discontinue those embellishments he

gave such whimsical reasons for their continuance that he always laughed the manager out of his attempt to find fault.

Mr. Bog was heavy and solid. His handwriting was as regular as engraving. His ledger had not a blot in it from beginning to end. And when any figure in it had to be altered it was done so neatly as to be almost an improvement. He was a plodding, thoroughly reliable man; as punctual as the clock, and as grave in all his ways;—slow in all things, but happily above all things 'slow to anger.'

Mr. Bog had never been known by any one in the office to make a joke; and had not often, they said, been made to comprehend one. Mr. Rasper never made anything else, and saw them where others intended no such thing. Mr. Bog made up, however, for his dulness by the frankness with which he admitted it, and by his invariable good temper.

It was quite impossible to put him out, and when the suspicion came across him, as it did now and then, that Rasper had been hammering at him for an hour or more, he bore no malice, which was, indeed, a feeling into which he could not enter.

There was, however, one matter in which all in the office concurred that they had a right to find fault with Bog. He was unmarried, and all the rest were married men.

And on this shortcoming of his one and all were determined that he should have no peace. Not a day passed but some new hypothesis was started as to the reason of his continuing a bachelor: not a day without some new name being suggested to him as that of a lady with whom he might yet have a chance. To all of which suggestions Mr. Bog persistently and good-naturedly turned his deaf ear.

A respite came to him twice a year (which must have been very welcome) from all this worrying.

Twice a year Mr. Bog went on his travels, for about a month at a time. For it was the custom of the house to let their travelling be done by the clerks, instead of keeping travel-

lers to do nothing else. In this way one or two of them were always out, and all of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office life.

'Now, Bog,' Mr. Rasper would say, 'you must really try and manage it this journey. Represent your case once more to that Leicester girl, and perhaps she'll change her mind.' It was one of Mr. Rasper's friendly assumptions that Mr. Bog had been rejected in every town he went to, and Leicester being in his round it was usually the Leicester girl who was recommended for a second trial.

Mr. Bog would answer in his stolid way that if she really did relent he would let Rasper know; and so they would part, and though they all missed Bog when he was on his travels, no one missed him more than Rasper, or was so glad as he to see him back again.

And thus the joke was repeated year after year, until at last Mr. Bog's case came to be considered by all of them so thoroughly hopeless that if he had come down some morning in a pink vest and lemon-coloured tights no one would have thought it half so surprising as that he should really take Mr. Rasper's advice. Mr. Bog indeed at forty-five was held by one and all to be utterly impervious to female blandishments.

Let the reader judge, therefore, for himself, with what effect this bomb-shell fell in the office four days after Mr. Bog was supposed to have started on one of his journeys.

The missile came by post, in the shape of a newspaper addressed to Mr. Rasper.

It was a provincial paper, not from Leicester, but from a city in quite another quarter.

Mr. Rasper had unfolded it and looked it carelessly over,—had read several items of local news, town-council squabbles, workhouse board meetings, and other matters in which he took not the slightest interest, and was about to toss it into the waste basket, when his eye caught sight of a couple of crosses evidently made for the purpose of attracting attention.

But even then he did not at once hit the right column. "Hunting fixtures for next week;" what on earth do I care about them? "Hops two pounds a cwt. higher;" well, if they don't raise beer it doesn't matter to me. What does the old goose mean by marking these?"

At last, however, he did find it, and was struck for a moment speechless.

'Well, by Jove,' he said at last, 'this is something. But I don't believe it. Here's Bog gone and put a notice in the paper to make us believe he has got married. Listen, here it is.'

"Same day, at St. Ambrose in this city, by the Rev. Edward Wheeler, the rector, Mr. Thomas Frederick Bog, of Highbury, to Emily, only daughter of the late Theodore Phillips, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica." And then, as if that were not enough, here's a note appended, editorial apparently.

"[Unusual interest attached to this wedding from the fact of the bride being married—as we are permitted to state—on her tenth birthday.]"

'Very fair, indeed, Mr. Bog,' said Rasper, as he finished; 'very creditable for a first joke,—only it's a little overdone. You'll do better next time. Now, my merry men, what do you think of it?'

Not one in the office believed a word of it of course. 'Neither do I,' said Rasper; 'but it really is very fair for Bog. I must go and show it to Splutter.'

But at that moment Mr. Splutter came in, and on being tendered the newspaper waived the offer, and said, 'Ah, ah, I know all about it. Bog's wedding,—that's what you want me to look at, isn't it? Bless you, I've known of it for more than a week. Bog told me and Mr. Charles, but made us promise to keep the secret till it was all over. He goes mooning with his bride for two or three weeks, and then he takes her with him on his round. You won't see him here again this six weeks. He was married the very morning after he left here. He asked me to be present, but I could not go. Now Mr. Rasper, how do you feel now?'

Your occupation's gone. You will have nothing to chaff him about.' And Mr. Splutter, chuckling very loudly, and rubbing his hands with glee was retreating to his own apartment.

'Oh, but stop a minute,' cried Rasper. 'Do you know all about this, too?' And he read him the editorial note about the 'tenth birthday.'

It was Mr. Splutter's turn now to be surprised.

'Nonsense!' he said; 'let me see.' And, taking the paper, he read it for himself. 'It must be a mistake. It can't be true.'

"Late of Kingston, Jamaica." Who is she? asked Rasper.

'Some family connection, I understood him,' said Mr. Splutter. 'They do marry very young, I have been told, in those hot climates. But in England—it is impossible; it would not have been allowed. And Bog would not have done such a thing. It's all nonsense—nonsense!' And he shut himself into his own room.

And, in short, that was the conclusion to which all in the office came, namely, that this editorial note was a piece of very ridiculous fooling, which Bog had purposely had inserted for their mystification. Considering which Mr. Rasper, who, so long as he had disbelieved the marriage itself, had pronounced the whole to be 'pretty fair for Bog,' said,—now that the marriage was an established fact,—that the joke about the bride's age was not only in bad taste, but as a joke was also quite inexcusable, though Bog's first.

During the six following weeks of Mr. Bog's absence he furnished more conversation to the office, and was the subject of more jokes on the part of Mr. Rasper, even than if he had been present.

Speculation exhausted itself as to the reality of this extraordinary editorial note. But I am sorry to say that at last the conviction gradually established itself that the fact was literally true; that Bog having married some mere child from a boarding-school—having, in fact, probably run off with her for the sake of her money, and knowing

that he could not possibly conceal the fact of her being a child, had impudently determined to brazen his misdeed out in this way before them and the world.

And poor Mr. Bog accordingly fell not a little in the opinion of his fellow-clerks. They were agreed, one and all, that he had done a thing which, in a man at his time of life, was unpardonable—positively immoral—and surely must also be illegal; a thing, in short, for which it would behove them all on Mr. Bog's return to give him the cold shoulder and the cut.

'I'll be bound he'll bring her down to the office in a short frock,' said Mr. Rasper, 'and carry her in on his arm.'

In anticipation of which very remarkable advent I will, for a little while, leave Mr. Rasper and the office.

II.

While his own character was thus suffering, and while his fellow-clerks were thus discussing the chances of their finding in him on his return any small remains of honour and morality, Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an end.

The reader would, indeed, have been able to infer this much had we, without explanation or comment, merely commenced this closing chapter with the following letter which Mr. Bog wrote from one of his resting-places.

'My dear Mr. Splutter,—I purpose being in town again on Tuesday evening next, but shall not come back to business until the beginning of the following week. Will you oblige me and my wife by giving us your company on the Friday evening, and by inviting for me all my *confrères* of the office for the same evening. I hate the ceremony of carding, and calling, and sitting in state to receive visits from old friends, and so does my wife. If they will all take it, therefore, in this informal way that we shall be glad to see them—well, glad we shall be; and if they won't, we shall be sorry.

'Friday evening, at seven; for

what we will call our "small and early;" being, in fact, for office people only.

'Yours ever,

'T. F. B.'

This letter, which came on Monday morning, was dealt with by Mr. Splutter in his usual prompt and business-like way.

He simply turned up one corner of it, wrote on the back of that corner in red ink, 'I shall go, and hope you all will,' and sent it out to Mr. Rasper to be handed round.

The decision came to unanimously, in spite of the sentences of condemnation passed on poor Bog, was that they would go, all who could, if it were only for the sake of having an early sight of the bride, and giving the bridegroom one chance of reinstating himself in their good graces.

When the evening came, therefore, they took a couple of cabs, and all went down together—Mr. Splutter, my father, Rasper, Gibbs, and all the rest of them—they having agreed on a convenient point of meeting before they left the office.

It was Mr. Bog himself who received his company in his cosy, well-furnished drawing-room upstairs, for he was a man of some little means, and had everything very comfortable about him.

'Well, Rasper,' he said, after the first hand-shakings, 'your constant dropping has worn away the stone at last. I could not stand it any longer, you see. Is it to be peace between us now, or war?'

'I don't quite know,' said Rasper, laughing; 'we shall see.'

'You had better not make it war,' said Mr. Splutter, 'for Bog's holiday seems to have put him in rare fighting order: better say peace.'

Whereupon Bog, in his clumsy way, spurred at Rasper on the hearth-rug, as if to demonstrate with what ease he could double him up.

'I shall think about it,' said Rasper; 'and before deciding should like to see the "*teterrima causa belli*," if that is what my old Latin grammar used to call another fair one.'

'Here,' said Mr. Bog, 'in good time she comes. Friends, allow me.

My wife, Mrs. Bog, and her cousin, Miss Wheeler.' And in came the two ladies as he spoke.

One was of middle age, or apparently somewhat over the middle age, wearing spectacles, with a matronly look and a good-tempered face that was very pleasant to look upon. 'The cousin,' said Mr. Rasper, 'who comes to keep house till the child-wife is of age. Just as I thought.'

The other was a merry, laughing young girl, seemingly of sixteen or seventeen, though possibly she might be younger.

Rasper shook his head and looked grave at sight of her. 'Exactly as we predicted,' he said to his neighbour; 'she's quite a child. Really this is a bad business; but it's always so when men put off too long. Ah, Bog, Bog, she'll be a handsome young widow, my old friend, when you and I are gone.'

He went over, nevertheless, and made small talk to the young girl by the piano.

'Been long in England?' he asked her, among other things.

'No,' she said; 'only about a month before the wedding.'

'Known Mr. Bog before?' Mr. Rasper supposed.

'No; she had only seen him for the first time when she was up in London with her cousin about a fortnight before the wedding. Her cousin had known him many years.'

'You will find England very different, I suppose,' went on Mr. Rasper, 'from Jamaica?'

'Jamaica?' she said, laughing; 'I dare say I should if I had ever been there. I'm only from Edinbro.'

'Oh, indeed,' he replied; 'I beg your pardon. Then I suppose the late Mr.——'

'I say, Rasper,' called out Mr. Bog from the other side of the room, 'are you likely to finish spooning with Rosy soon? Because I want you to come and say something clever to my wife.'

'Your wife!' exclaimed the startled Rasper, 'I thought I was——'

'Not talking to her?' said Mr. Bog. 'Don't say, now, that you

thought I had married little Rosy,' and he went off into a fit of laughter of long duration. 'Rasper,' he said, on getting his breath again, 'you really did not think that—oh, oh, oh,' and then went off into a longer laugh than ever, in which we all joined him.

'Then what on earth,' said Rasper, brought to bay, 'what on earth was the meaning of that newspaper note?'

'Eh, what? No? Now you really don't mean to say you've never guessed what that meant? You don't mean to say that when you read "same day at" so and so, you never carried your eye up to look what day that was?'

'No,' said Mr. Rasper; 'but what matter could that make?'

'All the matter,' said Mr. Bog. 'We were married on the twenty-ninth of February; that is my wife's birthday, and you know it only comes once in four years.'

'Well, Bog, upon my word I never thought of that; and I have been nursing all manner of wrath against you.'

'Splendid!' said Bog, 'splendid! I did not think it possible to swindle the swindler so completely. The longest life I hoped for my joke was a life of about five minutes; and in the hope of that I got my friend the editor to print me that one copy of the paper with a note specially intended for you.'

'Oh! then Mrs. Bog's age is not proclaimed to all the world,' said Rasper.

'Not exactly,' said Bog; 'though for that matter she would not in the least have cared if it had been.'

'Not at all,' said Mrs. Bog; 'I'm long past caring who knows how old I am.'

That is the story of how Mr. Bog married his wife on her tenth birthday.

'Really, Rasper,' said Mr. Splutter, as they walked home together, 'that was very good indeed for Bog.'

And Rasper admitted unreservedly that it really was very clever indeed, considered as Bog's first.

ROBERT HUDSON.

THE 'PETITE PRESSE' OF FRANCE.

A POLITICAL revolution never causes political changes alone: everything loses or gains by it—religion, morals, manners, art, everything, down even to the fashions of milliners and tailors. Science, probably, shall be the thing last and least affected. Letters, on the other hand, usually gain or lose the soonest and the most; and thus, generally, the state of its national literature, according as that literature, in the years following a national convulsion, is vigorous or languid, healthy or diseased, may serve very well as a sign of the times to indicate whether a nation has to thank the convulsion or to curse it. But more particularly, a revolution almost always gives birth to a special literature of its own. Not only is the antecedent literature modified, or, it may be, for ever destroyed, but a new and characteristic one, whether destined to be ephemeral or to endure, is pretty sure to be evoked. Thus, to take the case of France, and to go no further back than 1848, very suggestive was the literature that sprang up, a mushroom growth, after the Revolution of February. In the first place, there were a number of socialistic works: these represented the false socialism that had been the chief and the most dangerous of the perturbing causes. In the second place, there was a legion of newspapers, the very titles of which denoted that politically the new republic was only a mild travesty of the old, the farce after the tragic trilogy: there were the 'Carmagnole' and the 'Journal des Sans-Culottes'; there was a 'Robespierre' bearing the motto 'Abolition of Capital Punishments'; there were the 'République Rouge' and the 'Bonnet Rouge,' published a few doors from each other in the Rue des Boucheries, or, as we should say, Butchery or Shambles Street, but which for all that, so far from exhibiting any thirst for blood, roared you as gently as any sucking-dove; there was a 'Père Duchesne' that resembled the former one as whey does vitriol. Nothing could

have indicated more significantly how widely the last differed from the first revolution, and that if the previous republic was half ape half tiger, the second, in its political aspect, and so far as it was permitted to go—there is no saying where, left to itself, it might have gone—luckily remained, during its brief career, ape alone.

Now the literary offspring, the only literary offspring, of the revolution in France that in 1851-52 restored the Empire, is a certain journalistic literature, the distinctive feature of which is that it takes good care never to meddle with politics. This is the '*petite presse*' of the day, and it is, indeed, from that exclusion of politics from its columns that it derives that name. For politics are justly considered the great and proper domain of journalism, and the term *petite* is in this case to be translated by 'minor' rather than by 'little,' especially as some of the journals in question, if the majority are pigmies, cannot be considered insignificant so far as mere dimensions go. The epithet, moreover, is only that popularly assigned to it, not the one it usually assumes in speaking of itself; the 'literary' press is the generic appellation it affects, probably on the assumption, for we can discover no other grounds, that any writing which is not political must of necessity be literary.

But if these papers exclude politics from their columns it is not from choice. They are bound to that exclusion as they value their existence: not many months ago, the 'Événement,' one of them, was suppressed, after a prosecution, because of a single and very innocent article on an economical question, no doubt because we say *political* economy. As a matter of course, we find them constantly chafing under the restriction. And yet, after all, they have really no right to complain. For if the continuance of their existence is conditional on their total abstinence from all fermented articles, it is to the general thralldom in which the French press

is held that they owe their being in existence at all. The old press, the political, being not only restrained from the license it claimed but deprived of the liberty to which it had a right, was found insipid. Where were its gibes now? where its onslaughts and its bickerings, its fair discussions and its unfair, its public hostilities and its private rancours; where was that which was so congenial to the critical and discontented spirit—the *esprit frondeur*—of Frenchmen, its teasing and factious opposition to the government of the hour? Gagged, all chapfallen, it no longer furnished excitement. The marble tables of the cafés had nothing readable on them. You might as well take up the advertisements on the last page of a paper as the leaders on the first. The thing was intolerable. Which perceiving and understanding, the *petite presse* came forward, offering relief: it undertook to excite in another way, and when it could not excite would interest, and when it failed in interesting, it would at all events amuse. And it proved a wonderful success: it had hit the taste of the day. Or rather, by first ministering to the want of the day, it created a taste for itself. And thus it has greatly contributed to deprave the taste of the day. For assuredly, frivolous when not worse, the *petite presse* is an ignoble thing.

Yet this may be said, in its excuse, that beginning as it did by supplying a demand, it must be looked upon as being less a cause than an effect, and that, not it, but something else is responsible if the demand existed: a people, as has been well remarked, will always have just the press it deserves to have. And if this *petite presse*, as a whole and comparatively, is not a noble thing, and if many or most of those who contribute to it render themselves, by their style, and the choice of their topics, and more especially by their egotism, positively odious, we are far from asserting that it is all and utterly bad, and far from denying that some of the contributors to it—some three or four—are able writers and honourable men, and adorn all they touch. And to a

certain extent it has kept its promise of being at all events amusing: we are quite ready to admit that if the more pretentious articles are usually grievous trash, we have seldom looked all though one of those papers without finding something to raise a smile—and a smile, we mean, not at the author but with him. Sometimes it is an anecdote, and we need not say that the French language, whatever its imperfections, tells an anecdote admirably; sometimes it is a felicitous turn of expression, or an unexpected and surprising collocation of words, or, in the middle of a sober paragraph, a flash of vivid wit; sometimes it is simply such a joke as might be found in your professedly comic journal, an absurd riddle, or a piece of broad farce, or an outrageous pun. Most of them, indeed, devote a column or more to short miscellaneous paragraphs meant to be facetious, and not always failing. And of these, to afford some idea of their quality, we may before going further, offer a few examples. We cull them, such as they are, from a number of different papers of different dates; seldom does any one paper present more than one bit worth extracting, and there are days when not a single bit is presented by them all put together.

Here is a story with a delightfully horrible idea for the point of it:—

'A countryman was collecting frogs, to make a meal of them. A passer-by, looking into his basket, called his attention to the fact that several of the batrachians were toads. "Tant pis pour eusse!" returned the hunter coolly, "So much the worse for them!"'

And here is another, offering, from the unconscious lips of a child a smart stroke of satire on our modern system of costume:—

'Léonce Pérageallo, the agent-general of the Society of Dramatic Authors, being about to dine one day with a high functionary, had donned the black coat and white neckcloth of full dress.

"Where are you going, papa?" said his little boy.

"To dine out, my dear."

"Then, papa, you are going to dine somewhere with servants. For you are dressed like Jean when he waits on us at table."

And here is a piece of satire from the mouth of one who was no child; but this time, because of the painful truth that underlies it, the satire is rather melancholy than pleasant:—

'A certain person happening to express, in the hearing of Paul Louis Courier, his astonishment at the readiness with which some men will risk their lives to rescue from drowning or the flames persons who are totally unknown to them, and whose return will probably be nothing but ingratitude, Courier, with fine and profound irony, remarked, "In self-devotion there must always be something slightly idiotical."'

Who is not here reminded of the scene in 'Ivanhoe,' where, as Cedric the Saxon parts from Wamba the son of Witless in the Castle of Torquilstone, the latter, with the last request that his coxcomb might be hung up in the old hall, expresses a mournful hope that in after years there may be some remembrance of him there, as of one who gave his life for his master, like a faithful—fool?

Something historical:—

'In 1793, every third person was *ci-devant* something or other. There were *ci-devant* dukes, marquesses, counts; there were *ci-devant* curés, monks, nuns, and so on. A book appeared under the title, "Observations on the *ci-devant* Mountains of Auvergne." But it was a negro who did best. He addressed a petition to the National Convention, and subscribed himself "Ziméo, *ci-devant* negro."

Something theatrical:—

'A would-be dramatist who had written a play entitled "The Invisible Forest," brought it to a well-known manager for his consideration. The latter, after looking at it for a moment, exclaimed, "My good sir, your first stage direction is 'The scene passes in the Invisible Forest—how are we to represent a forest that is invisible?'"

"Nothing easier," was the quick reply. "You represent no forest, no trees, nothing at all, that's all!"

But our memory enables us to cap this with an old and we think a better story of the same sort: '*The stage represents chaos. Several winds pass across. In the middle, a large tree.*'

Next a bit of comic grammar, calculated to tickle an English even more than a French ear. The writer, having to record the arrest of a man and a woman for picking pockets, begins thus drolly—

'Yesterday the police arrested a pick-pocket and a pick-pocketa.'

And now, from the same page, a neat bit in reference to certain other arrests:—

'There has been much exaggeration as to the number of arrests made at Madrid on account of the conspiracy against Queen Isabella. There remain very few conspirators in Spain, even in the government, to arrest the others.'

From which it will be gathered that it is only French politics which are forbidden ground for the *petite presse*, and that allusions to the politics of other countries are connived at, or tolerated.

Next, an absurdity:—

'Near Saint-Maur, a board elevated on a pole is thus inscribed,

"By Order of the Police.

No Person or Persons Allowed

To Drown themselves here,

By Accident or Imprudence."

Another:—

'A gentleman places his foot on the box of a shoe-black on the boulevard, and waits patiently for the appearance of the operator. Five minutes elapse; ten. No one comes. At last, "Is it the shoe-black you want?" asks a newspaper-vender from her stall hard by.

"Of course."

"Well then, he has just gone out!"

Most of this the English reader may think not very brilliant, and at best only tolerable. Yet these are favourable specimens of the wit and humour to be found in the *petite presse*, and for one such savoury morsel we have a dozen worth no more than the following:—

'Father Felix has been appointed superior of the Jesuits in Nancy. He will have uphill work in that

coquettish town. It is well known with what passionate zeal this preacher launches invectives against "the unbridled extravagance of women" in these present days. One of them, Madame de G—, a pretty offender, remarked on this point, "Surely Father Felix should be more indulgent to us, since he wears a gown as well as we."

And this is the whole story. Could anything be more flat? Yet you may wade through column after column of these papers and find nothing better. What shall be said of such a press? And what shall be said of a reading public who are content with such platitudes as their daily and almost only intellectual fare? For all that, our good friends over the water are never weary of proclaiming that they are 'the wittiest people in the world,' and there are few days in which the complacent assertion may not be met with somewhere or other in the sheets of the *petite presse* itself.

But again, the jokes and stories of the *petite presse*, even when they are tolerably good, are, in a great number of instances, not new; and it is a mistake in any one to suppose that a good story or joke is none the worse for being repeated for the hundredth time. What is still more inexcusable, what is positively exasperating, the wits of the *petite presse* contrive to spoil the good old pleasantries by the rapid though pretentious verbiage with which they serve them up; so that even if we were disposed, for old acquaintance sake, to welcome some of those ancient dishes, we are disgusted by the worse than tasteless sauce in which we find them drowned. To give an instance, there is an old story to the following effect:—A needy suitor, on applying to a cabinet minister for a place, met with a refusal. 'But, Monsieur,' remonstrated he, 'I must live, you know!' On which the other, coldly and cruelly, 'Indeed! I do not see the necessity.' Now, this story is so common in France—it is usually told of Talleyrand, on whom it is the custom to father everything that is at once witty and heartless—that we should have thought any one

who ventured to tell it now would, at all events, have told it as we have. But no; we find it, and transmuted as follows, in the 'Journal pour Rire,' a professedly comic paper, made up almost entirely of more or less comic engravings, and which, as the few lines of letter-press dispersed through its eight pages would scarcely furnish forth half a column of this magazine, might at least be expected to let that little be good:—

'One of those wretched beings who use the literary pen only to sully it, had written an infamous biography, the slanderous character of which was equalled only by the dastardly.

The *procureur impérial* sent for him, and demanded why he turned his pen into an instrument of scandal. "Oh! as to that," replied, with effrontery, the literary scoundrel, "everybody must live!"

"I do not see the necessity," replied the magistrate, "when yours is the case in question."

Such is the forcible style in which the *petite presse* edits its improved versions!

But it does not confine itself to warming up again, with its imagined improvements, old stories of indigenous origin. It imports from other countries, and especially from this—from dull, phlegmatic, foggy England. Every now and then we recognise, under the disguise in which—by placing the scene in France, and making the characters Frenchmen—it attempts to pass it off as native, some anecdote long current among ourselves; and this now happens so frequently, as to lead us strongly to suspect that those who do the comic business for it have got among them copies of our English and Scottish jest-books, and are going regularly through the collection. Here is an example, taken from the same 'Journal pour Rire':—

Scene, a dormitory, occupied by Auvergnats.

FIRST AUVERGNAT (from his bed, to a friend in another). Loustalot, are you asleep?

SECOND AUVERGNAT. What is it, Griffoul?

GRIFFOUL. I ask if you are asleep.

LOUSTALOT. And why?

GRIFFOUL. Because, if you are not asleep, I should like to borrow a five-franc piece from you, to buy rabbit-skins.

LOUSTALOT. I am asleep. Listen, I am even snoring!

Now, this is simply a Scottish story, about as old as the Grampians, and usually told somewhat as follows, succinctly, and with effect:—

Quoth Jenny to her husband, who is dosing in the chimney corner, 'Are ye sleepin', Donald?'

'No very sound.'

'Can ye len' me five-and-twenty shillin', Donald?'

'Sound sleepin', Jenny.'

But enough, for the present, of the jocular department. Let us now take a look at the leading article of the *petite presse*, which, of course, ought to be, as it pretends to be, the best thing about it.

Alas! in the majority of cases it is the weakest. It is usually nothing more than a tissue of small-talk. And such small-talk! Sometimes it is headed 'Chronique,' and chronicles the very smallest beer. Sometimes it is an egotistical display of the writer's small self. Sometimes it is a 'Causerie,' and chats away with vast expenditure of words and great economy of ideas on this after that small topic of the day, one of which—but one, it is true, which your Frenchman, so far from considering it small, holds to be of superlative importance—is almost sure to be the stage. Sometimes the whole article is devoted to the stage, or to this individual actor, or that individual actress, or to gossip from behind the scenes; to pass for being familiar with the world behind the scenes is counted by the *petite presse* great glory, nor does it matter that those scenes and that world are almost always those of minor theatres. Sometimes the leading article becomes doctrinal, and parades an astonishing amount of small learning, evidently got up for the occasion by the easy process of consulting here and there some work of the encyclopædia kind, or abstracted without acknowledgment

from some special work. Finally, but this is rare, the leading article may be worth reading.

For all this, the reader will no doubt be content to take our word; we shall not be expected to fill our pages with inanities, and we should not be thanked if we did. But we may offer an analysis of one such article; and as the 'chronique' we select for the purpose is taken from a paper, the 'Paris-Magazine,' which is certainly one of the least bad the *petite presse* has yet produced, it will readily be imagined how very poor indeed is the similar stuff uttered by its inferior congeners.

This 'chronique,' then, no very long article as a whole, is divided into nineteen short sections, separated from each other by bars. Such parcelling, however, does not correspond to any variety of topics; the first five sections, for instance, are all on the same text. It is the taste and habits of the reader which have been consulted; it is because the languid or else flighty attention of the ordinary reader, as French readers are in the present day, turns away wearily from anything like continuous reading. And to such an excess is this subdividing carried by some of these papers (though it is only fair to say that others do not divide their articles at all) that, as if it was not enough to break up an article into sections, they mince down each section into as many paragraphs as it has sentences. Take, as a specimen of this, the following passage from an article, in which, under the title, 'The Princes of the Bistoury,' the 'Petit Journal' devotes to some celebrated surgeons:—

'The demeanour of the surgeon is one half of his power.

Some surgeons are gentle, bear with their patients, and humour them.

M. Nélaton appears to me not to follow that method.

He was the favourite pupil of Dupuytren, and that one word says everything.

Dupuytren, surnamed, because of his callousness in matters surgical, The Butcher, was long surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu.

He was tall, and even in his

youth his severe countenance was shaded with gray hair.

His physiognomy never lighted up except at the operating hour.

And so on. The *petite presse* could hardly go further, unless it were to divide the words into syllables, after the manner of reading-books for the use of beginners.

But to return to the 'Paris-Magazine.' The first five sections of the article before us are consecrated, as we have already said, to one subject. That subject is a theatrical one: we need not further advert to it. The next four relate to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and another at the Tuileries; we may give the first and third:—

'M. de Bismarck, it appears, was very successful at the Hôtel de Ville ball with his white uniform. To escape so much observation, and enjoy the advantage of being incognito, he retired towards morning to effect a metamorphosis, and returned dressed in black; but, as he was not masked, his artless diplomacy exposed him to renewed homage.

Is not this striking passage well placed, as it is, by itself, a distinct section? And may not the same thing be said of the following?—

'As a contrast to these uniforms, amidst those fairy effects of M. Haussmann, a fairy was seen. Has she a coat of arms, a coronet? I know nothing about that. But what I do know is that she wore a dress of white *tulle*, relieved by poppies and ears of corn, and that a single such ear was the sole ornament of her abundant and genuine locks.'

Some acquaintance, we have little doubt, of the writer, who thus delicately offers her this public puff. But we proceed. The subject of the next three sections is a note addressed by a M. Lermite 'to the Emperors and Kings, Princes and Princesses, present at the Universal Exhibition,' in which sapient communication the author proposed that the fortress of Luxembourg, instead of being dismantled, should be converted into an international university, an hospital for superannuated authors and artists, and an 'international villa,' where authors and artists not yet superannuated

should find all the newspapers and periodicals of the day. But this idea the scribe of the 'Paris-Magazine,' to do him justice, considers absurd; and, so dismissing it, he, in his next section, exposes a slip of the pen on the part of M. Delangle, and, in his next but one after that, a slip of the tongue committed at a recent trial by M. Lachaud, the intermediate section being devoted to some highly moral and prosing reflections suggested by the legal case. Then, the latter lawyer being ingeniously used as a link, the sixteenth stands entire as follows:—

'I beg M. Lachaud, if he ever has to defend the thief of whom I am about to speak (when he is caught), to make sparing use of Beaumarchais, whose name must inevitably and doubly be introduced into the cause, first, on account of the object stolen, and secondly, in relation to the person who was the victim of the theft.'

What think you of the style? Does the parenthesis apply to the author's intended speaking, or to the celebrated advocate's possible pleading? And what say you to its being doubly inevitable that at the anticipated trial the name of Beaumarchais shall be introduced, for no other reason, as appears from the succeeding section, than because of the truly remarkable coincidence that the victim, M. de Loménie, has published a life of him, and that it was of his watch that gentleman was robbed, and that the author of the 'Marriage of Figaro' was originally a watchmaker? But this brings us down to the concluding couple of sections. They relate to an unknown personage, who, it seems, lives at Sceaux, and of whom a brace of trivial anecdotes are told, so as to fill up the writer's allotted space. And this, once again, is all. Such is this precious chronicle. Such is the stuff which suits the intellectual palate of Frenchmen in the present day. The author, whose name is not unknown in literature, could do better, has often done well. But he must write down to the level of his readers. And so is it with others of his brethren, a few, worthy of better things. Again and again

we have remarked articles written for this press, in which the author begins soberly and solidly, but after the first paragraph or two, breaks off into the frivolous and empty, as if he said to himself that only that sort of thing would please—as if he feared that any other than that sort of thing would scare away subscribers. Such writers, however, form the exception. Ninetenths of the contributors to the *petite presse* write flippantly, simply because they are flippant by nature, strain violently and vainly after wit, even as born fools do who have not the wit to be silent; and set down line after line of words, words, words, without a single fact or idea to support them, just because they are as idealess and ignorant as they are conceited and unscrupulous. The curious thing is—though, for the matter of that, as no one so much as a fool is apt to perceive the folly of a brother, it is not so very curious—that they are keenly alive to the imbecility of their fellows, and delight in exposing it. Thus, in the very number of the 'Paris-Magazine' containing the leader just reviewed, a contemporary article in the 'Soleil' is shown up as being vulgar, stupid, and, from its use of slang, positively disgusting. And so, also, the author from whose lucubrations on the subject of surgeons we have taken our specimen of the paragraphing system, is the constant butt of some half-dozen of his rivals. And yet, to give him—and them—their due, he is in every way their superior; and in particular it is to his credit that nothing of an immoral tendency can be laid to his charge as a writer, which is more, unhappily, than can be said of them, or, indeed, can be said of almost any of the fraternity. Probably, however, there is something like green-eyed jealousy in this case, some envious feeling to be accounted for by the fact that the 'Petit Journal' sells its two hundred and fifty thousand copies daily.

And now, proceeding with our analysis, we might notice the meagre and ill-digested budget of news furnished by the minor journal, and its never-failing dramatic article

proper, and its *roman-feuilleton* of the Ponson de Terrail school, which, in many cases, is its chief attraction, and without which it would not be itself; and so we might proceed with the rest of its component parts. We might notice its gossip, and show it gossiping about the sayings and doings of the *demi-monde*, to the great satisfaction of a reading public, so familiar with certain names, and even features, that men and women of good repute recognise the owners, and point them out to each other on the promenade or at the theatre. Or we might exhibit that gossip sedulously recording the movements of 'high life' (it has naturalised the vulgar expression), and betraying a worship of rank and title which inclines us to believe, what otherwise we should doubt, that France at large is, after all, of a democratic spirit, and, for tuff-adoring, really not far behind the one type the world possesses of a true republic. And coming to the miscellaneous articles in which the *petite presse* seeks to interest, nay, actually to instruct, we might offer a specimen or two of its shallow and second-hand science, and of the disquisitions in which, growing, as it often does, didactic, its twaddling twaddle twaddles. But as it is impossible to touch pitch without being defiled—for which reason, be it said in passing, we cannot offer even the remotest hint of the positive nastiness which too often disgraces these papers—so a review of sheer dullness would necessarily be dull, and we have our private misgivings that our article is quite heavy enough as it is. Further, by those who do not know this *petite presse*, we may be thought to have already been too severe on it. We shall abstain, therefore, from any more criticism of a deliberate kind. The remainder of our space shall be devoted to extracts, and we will give them almost without comment. And to procure them, we shall return to our little friend's jocular columns, which being, after all, the most tolerable it furnishes, we shall, in thus concluding, have placed it in its most favourable aspect, and do not fear to be accused of treating

it unfairly. At the same time, let us confess, we may present one or two which raise a smile without intending it. As, for instance, to begin with one, this, which we shall leave in the original :—

'C'est aujourd'hui que sont partis pour Bombay les derniers transports de troupes devant former la colonne d'expédition contre le roi nègre.'

So that by way of a short cut to Abyssinia (the king of which country must necessarily be a negro, seeing that it is in Africa), we send, not transports for troops, but detachments of troops—to India! But here is something not so foolish about a real negro :—

'A slave had amassed a considerable sum of money, and might easily have purchased his freedom had he chosen; but Tom took no step towards acquiring the liberty for which so many of his comrades were sighing in vain.

A white one day asked him the reason.

"I am in no hurry," answered the black, with a grimace; "I am growing older every day, and consequently every day I may be had cheaper."

And here is a fair quiz at the stereotyped phrases of the penny-aliner :—

'The "Mémorial de Lille," having occasion to speak of a workman who had drunk too much, says of him, that he had been sacrificing to Bacchus.

Now, just suppose the following dialogue in a wine shop, between the landlord and a thirsty stranger :—

"Within there, ho! I wish to sacrifice to Bacchus!"

"Bacchus! Never heard of him. Perhaps it is the new shop opposite."

"Not at all. I wish to sacrifice—"

"None of your nonsense. You sacrifice nothing in this house. Do you not get wine for your money?"

Next, something flattering for men of the pen :—

'One of my friends, yesterday morning, was seated in a hair-dresser's shop. The operator, an apprentice, as he operated, talked. "What is your profession?" said he, snipping away.

"I am a literary man," replied my friend, meekly.

"Ah, you are lucky! As for me, I am condemned to two years more of the scissors and curling-irons. But, after that, I shall take to your trade."

The story is likely enough; and, judging by the style of some or several of those who chatter in the *petite presse*, we should say that the youthful and aspiring perruquier had precedents to encourage him.

But now behold the shop invading, in another way, the stage. A certain playwright, it appears, is in the habit of adroitly inserting in his pieces spoken advertisements, for which enterprising tradesmen pay him well. For which venality he is deservedly exposed and pleasantly ridiculed by the 'Lune,' in a parody, from which we take the following bits :—

SCENE VIII.—*The Countess. Lisette.*

COUNTESS. The Marquess will be here presently. I must dress.

LISETTE. What dress will madame wear?

COUNTESS. Give me my elastic stays, furnished by Madame Bouvalet, 5 Boulevard de Strasbourg; my *jupon Empire*, that I procured from Madame Bienvenu, Chaussée d'Antin; my *robe en foulard*, from the Colonie des Indes, 53 Rue de Rivoli.

And so on. But those who equip the other sex must not be forgotten. And, accordingly :—

SCENE IX.—*The Marquess. The Duke.*

MARQUESS. I was sure I had a rival!

DUKE. Name your hour!

MARQUESS. To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, by the excellent watch I purchased of Leroy and Son, 115 Galerie de Valois.

DUKE. Name the ground!

MARQUESS. The Bois de Boulogne, behind the Pavillon d'Armenonville, where the cookery is first rate, and the wine to match.

DUKE. I have the choice of weapons! I shall come with my duelling pistols, made by Devismes, 36 Boulevard des Italiens. And one of us must die!

MARQUESS. So be it! My will is in the hands of M. Bouclier, the notary, 12 Rue du Havre.

But here we are not sure that the 'Lune' is not doing the very thing it reprehends, and that we ourselves, by republishing these addresses, have not unwittingly laid ourselves open to the charge of aiding and abetting it, or, at all events, of being accessories after the fact. Which juridical consideration brings us, by an easy transition, to an incident reported by one of these papers as having taken place in a London police court:—

'The prisoner being clearly proved guilty, the presiding magistrate sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, warning him, at the same time, that if ever he were again convicted of a similar offence, the sentence would be six months.

On this announcement, the rascal, taking a penny from his pocket, placed it on the back of one hand, and, covering it with the other, exclaimed, "Let us settle that at once. Heads or tails—double or quits—six months now, or nothing!"

This, of course, cannot be true. The prisoner would have been searched before he was placed at the bar, and all the contents of his pockets laid aside. Therefore, all due honour to the *petite presse* for the originality of its comical invention! We are only surprised that anything so smart should be attributed by it to an Englishman. For the minor French press hates this country with a rancour that grudges us any merit whatever, but particularly that of wit; even humour it would probably refuse us, unless on the ground that one species of it, punning, denotes a proclivity to picking pockets. Wit, no, nor anything else that is good, not so much as a little of that common sense which a writer in it has denounced as being the sign of a narrow mind and a grovelling soul! And then, how eagerly it seizes on any piece of scandal imported from these shores—how it exaggerates, how it distorts it! To give one small instance. Some months ago popular feeling was roused in this country

by the rumour that a naval cadet serving on board H.M.S. 'Phoebe' had been scored on the forehead with the broad arrow, and disfigured for life, by some of his comrades. It soon appeared, however, that the injury amounted only to a scratch, that all trace of it would quickly disappear, and, what was more, that the supposed victim had been a consenting party to the whole proceeding. But the opportunity could not be let slip by the 'literary' press, and the most was to be made of it, no matter with what disregard of truthfulness. And, accordingly, it was the officers of the ship—not the boy mates of the boy—who committed the outrage, simply for their amusement, 'and after tying the poor midshipman to a gun, so that he could not move hand or foot.' And the imagination of this French story-teller adds, that 'neither the cries of the sufferer, nor his ardent supplications, could awaken the smallest pity from the stupid and ferocious accomplices of his torturer.' But enough of this; for assuredly we do not complain of the want of sympathy the *petite presse* manifests towards this country, that being the one compliment it is capable of paying us, not to say that it never shows its insignificance more than when it attempts to diminish us, and never is so amusing as when it seeks to turn us into ridicule. Enough. And passing over a story (absurdly spoiled in the telling) in which two citizens of New York, whom the writer is so clever as to call Yankees, are named respectively Sir John Griffiths and Sir William Tornbith, we shall give three short extracts, and so end.

First take this specimen of a graceful apology:—

'At a railway station, three gentlemen, who have arrived by train, get into an omnibus. One of them is an elderly man belonging to the district; he has made a fortune as a dealer in flour; he is somewhat ambitious, and, perhaps on that account, is very obsequious to any powers that be; he is pompous. The other two are younger, and more lively. No ladies. The two take out their cigar-cases.

"Gentlemen," says the pompous man, "smoking is forbidden in a public conveyance."

Very well. The cigar-cases are put away again.

On arriving at their destination, the enemy of nicotine makes inquiries as to his fellow-passengers, and is informed that the one is the Prefect of that Department, and the other the Sub-Prefect of a neighbouring one. "I have made a fine mistake!" says he: "I must write an apology." And accordingly, with great pains, he composed a letter, which ended thus: "I ask you a thousand pardons, but I had not the honour to know you, and took you for two bagmen. With profound respect, &c."

And next this, concerning an actress whose mouth, it seems, is rather too large:—

"They were speaking of her mouth in the green-room of the Variétés, and every one said, 'What a pity!'"

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed Alphonsine; "why pity her? She is a lucky woman; she can whisper in her own ear!"

And by way of *bonne bouche*:—

'A certain contributor to a periodical, edited by Dr. Véron, was

remarkable for the obscurity of his style, and the composers, in setting up his articles, constantly made mistakes.

One day he came to the office in a boiling passion; a phrase of his had been dreadfully handled. "You distort me here!" cried he; "you mutilate me!"

"Pray be calm: the error shall be explained and rectified."

But—was it another error of the press, or was it done on purpose?—next day appeared, in the most conspicuous part of the journal, these terrible words:—

"An error of the press yesterday having rendered a passage by M—— *intelligible*, we now subjoin it as it really was in the manuscript."

Perhaps it is not a *bonne bouche* after all. Perhaps the reader has found not one of our extracts at all good. We can only say that to procure them we have gone through no fewer than six-and-thirty specimens of the *petite presse*, and that our selections are the best the three dozen afforded. It is scarcely our fault if we have been unable to make a silk purse out of—what is not silk or anything like it.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. III.—A Fashionable Love Affair.

AND so we love our cousin James?
 Trust the old woman for a seer!
 Why, how the little lily flames,
 The blue eyes open, and each ear
 Hath turn'd into a rosebud, dear!
 Ah! bless thee, Blanche, though I am old,
 I guessed thy secret from the first,—
 Though I am ugly, patch'd, and cold,
 I've seen the world, its best and worst;
 And ah! the world is cruel, bad, and rough;
 Not that it calls me names—it is not that!
 Life after twenty-five is sad enough,
 At sixty-five, how dull and stale and flat!
 Ah, child! though year on year in shame and woe
 These feet have wander'd on through weary ways,
 I never loved but once in all my days,—
 Not wisely, ah! not wisely—but I know,
 When all the light of all the world has passed,
 That love will lift me up to God at last!

Blanche, little Blanche ! how shall I phrase to thee
 The truth—the shame—of him I cherished so?—
 A wild gallant, such as there used to be
 When I was young—'tis fifty years ago.
 A ne'er-do-well, degraded, worn, and wild,
 A knight, yet fallen from his knightly state,
 Brought down by wine and wicked women, child ;
 But these were things I only knew too late ;
 And we, we Osbornes, were a race of fire—
 No lily ladies sighing over fashions—
 The blood of soldiers filled me, and my sire
 Gave me quick humours and eternal passions !
 And when I loved that man of evil fame—
 Ere I knew all, love grew without control—
 Child, I was his for ever—pride nor shame
 Could come between our spirits—he became
 A fearful part of my immortal soul.

They put stone walls between us—it was just !
 But money opens doors—we met alone—
 And I besought him, on my knees, to thrust
 His evil fiend behind him, and atone !
 Atone ! atone ! O the wild vows he swore !
 I listen'd and believed ; yet he sinned on—
 Then, on the threshold of my father's door,
 One moonless night, I cried, ' I love no more !'
 Thy shame has come between us—get thee gone !'
 And fled into the sleeping house, and crept
 Up the dark stairs, and felt along the gloom,
 And found my mother waiting in my room,
 And fell on that hard woman's heart, and wept ;
 And ere I knew the terror, little one,
 Ere I awoke from that dark, vague distress,
 The world had grown all dark, the wrong was done,
 And I was withering in a bridal dress.

Then came my folly—sin—it matters naught
 What name they give to their unhallow'd thought !
 One night—I was alone in my cold dwelling—
 My lord was heaven knows where—at rout or ball—
 There came the cackle of a gossip, telling
 That he—that man—had fallen in a brawl—
 Hurt unto death—and in a lodging lay
 A street or two away.
 Blanche, little Blanche ! ere I could understand,
 I sat by his bedside, and held his hand !

Ah ! pity, pity me ! All, all, was lost ;
 The world had gone and all the world can gain,
 All, all, save him and his sick agony,
 And those wild eyes that rolled in fever'd pain !

O God, forgive me ! for I prayed and cried :
 ' My place is here—here, here,—by this bedside !
 Nothing is left me in the world but this—
 This life that flutters o'er its opening grave—
 These eyes that see not, lips that cannot kiss—
 And this is all I crave !'

But he—that man I name not—raving lay,
 Knowing me not, but dreaming of his crimes—
 And—ah, the horror !—shrieking loud at times,
 In blasphemies to make the hair turn gray—
 Words, Blanche, to wither up the heart and chill
 The weary love that listens on the ground ;
 But mine was love more piteous, more profound,
 And 'mid the red-hot shame I loved him still—
 Loved on with awfuller, intenser fire,
 Loved on with Horror for my only friend,
 Loved blindly on as mighty men aspire !
 And, Blanche, there came reward before the end.

It was a sombre sunset ; at his side
 I kept my vigil, breathing soft and deep,
 Watching his slumber, while the eventide
 Scatter'd its dusky silver on his sleep.
 And, Blanche, just then he woke, and look'd at me !
 A wild, long look, bitter, without a breath !
 And knew me, knew me, sinking wearily
 As if to close his eyes in angry death ;
 Then look'd again, and moan'd upon his bed,
 And that soft silver soften'd o'er his face ;
 And when, snow-pale, I bent above his head,
 The lines of shame, and sorrow, and disgrace
 Faded away, and left his features wan
 As placid as a little one's at prayer :
 The great, pure soul that hides in every man
 Came up into his eyes and trembled there ;
 And while as gently as a mother might,
 I answered that sweet light,
 And moved his head upon my arm, he smiled
 And kissed me, like a child ;
 And fainter, fainter, grew his human heart,
 And colder, colder, grew the tired bad clay,
 While his diviner part
 Sweeten'd and slipt away.

And thou art pale—so pale.
 Kiss me, and pardon the old woman's tale.
 There was a separation, as you've heard—
 My lord hush'd up the truth he never knew :
 We parted quietly, without a word—
 And here I am alive at sixty-two.

What the world said, who knows? this heart of mine
 Broke not, but grew a little harder, colder,—
 I lived, played cards, made gossip over wine;
 I did not grieve—the loss was too divine—
 I grieve still less, my dear, now I am older.
 For now I see the past with clearer eyes,
 Though people think me bad, and think aright:
 The world is much amiss, but love is wise,
 And what is pure one moment, I surmise,
 Is pure for ever, in the world's despite:

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

UNIVERSITY SKETCHES.

BY AN OLD CANTAB.

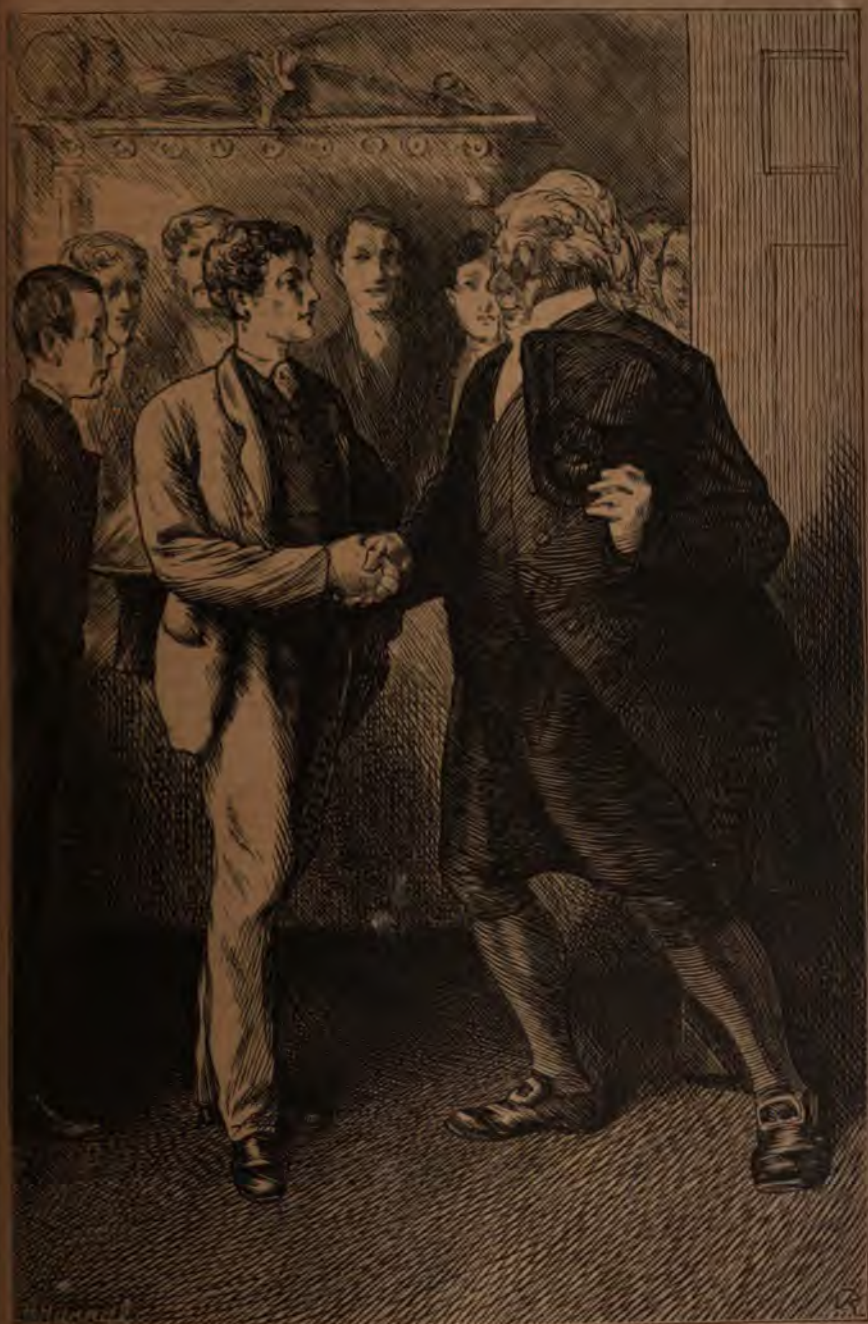
No. I.—*Tomkins's Degree Supper, and how it ended.*

• With all his defects, he is fully entitled to claim his degree. •



IT was the commencement of the Lent term, and the fine old college of St. Margaret's was shaken to its very foundation. I do not mean that its venerable walls, its fine gothic chapel, its comfortable master's lodge, its somewhat dingy

dining-hall, and its snug common room, were in a crazy condition from the effects of an earthquake or some such convulsion of Nature; but that, figuratively, nay, even more, mentally, the whole of that time-honoured institution, called in



Drawn by Charles Keene.

TOMKINS'S DEGREE SUPPER, AND HOW IT ENDED.

[See the Story.]

ancient records 'Ye Hostel for poore scholars of St. Margaret at Cambridge,' was shaken to its very foundation from Doctor Greekroot, the venerable master, to the scullion's assistant. Alas! the mental fissure in the ancient college had even extended lower still in the social scale, and had agitated the hitherto placid bosom of that most insignificant of the members of ye said 'Hostel for poore scholars,' the assistant-scullyon's dog Bob, a miserable, mangy, and dyspeptic-looking brute, the recipient of all the kicks and abuse of every servant about the place, and whom we all called in classic language 'infelix Robertus.' Little knots of men were seen congregated together in the Quad, discussing in eager tones some piece of intelligence which evidently afforded a topic of deep interest to all who mentioned it. Doctor Greekroot, that erudite divine, was even standing in the archway of the screen, talking over this most agitating affair with Mr. Secundus, the senior tutor. It might be imagined by any of the outside public, the mere casual server, that perhaps St. Margaret's had distinguished herself in the late examination, and that some talented son, setting at defiance all hitherto preconceived opinions with regard to the Senior Wranglership, had somehow most unexpectedly slipped, by chance as it were, into that much-coveted honour. No; although St. Margaret's upon one occasion, so tradition (lost in the mist of ages) recorded, had furnished that youthful champion, that peer above peers, that 'facillime princeps,' for several years neither the golden, silver, nor wooden spoon of academic honours had been found amongst her alumni.

Perhaps some uninitiated stranger might have fancied that all this unwonted stir amidst the venerable walls of St. Margaret's was occasioned by the announcement of the elevation of that distinguished divine and ripe scholar, Dr. Greekroot, to the episcopal bench; but although the said doctor was amongst the most likely of the candidates for any vacant mitre that either the Conservative or Whig premier might have to dispose of (not because he

was more peculiarly fitted by experience for that most responsible post, for indeed the worthy master of St. Margaret's never had the charge of a parish in his life, and was no great theologian; but having written an elaborate treatise upon a Greek particle, it was considered that a gratified and grateful country should reward so erudite a scholar by placing the very squarest of square men in the very roundest of round holes, a bishopric)—still Dr. Greekroot had not yet attained unto the much-coveted mitre, for indeed there was no member of the episcopal bench who by suddenly deceasing had been polite enough to make a vacancy for the majestic master of St. Margaret's. Surmise might have suggested that our senior tutor, Mr. Secundus, who ever since his twenty-fifth year, and he was now fifty, had waited to commit matrimony until that valuable sinecure in the gift of the master and fellows of St. Margaret's, the living of Donothing-cum-Helphim, value fifteen hundred pounds per annum, population eighty, should fall vacant. Surmise, I say, might have suggested that Dr. Dawdle, the octogenarian rector of Donothing-cum-Helphim, had at length succumbed to the call of death (the only thing to which he had ever succumbed in his life, for he was a divine of the true church militant type), and that worthy Mr. Secundus was about to consummate his own and another's happiness by leading to the hymeneal altar, and from thence to Donothing-cum-Helphim rectory, the still doubtless lovely, but somewhat *passée*, Miss Wilhelmina Figgins. But I am sorry to say that in both surmises the casual stranger and imagination would have been wrong at any rate for once in their lives. It was 'nought of sort,' as they say in the enlightened north. The event which agitated so greatly each member of St. Margaret's was the fact that a modern miracle had been wrought, and, wonder of wonders, *mirabile dictu!* Joe Tomkins, the very despair of tutors, the terror of dons, the nightmare of examiners and proctors, the very quintessence of all

that was ever plucked both in ancient and modern times, had actually at last, after failures innumerable, passed the examination for a Bachelor of Arts degree, and was upon this day of which I write about to appear, with numerous others of his compeers, in that august place the senate house, to have his degree conferred upon him by that high and mighty functionary the vice-chancellor. Well might such exclamations as 'Who on earth got him through?' 'How did he manage it?' 'He must have copied finely,' 'Why, this makes the twelfth time he has been in,' 'Grindstone (the most distinguished poll-tutor of the day) gave him up in despair after the sixth failure, and Coachem then tried his hand, but he could make nothing of Joe Tomkins; and now Caius of St. Cross, a fellow whom no one knows anything of, goes and actually pushes him through by main force as it were, and it is only the second try he has had since Tomkins began to read with him.' Wonderful as it really was, spite of failures under the great Grindstone and the distinguished Coachem, Joe Tomkins, coached and crammed by the hitherto unknown Caius of St. Cross, had by some flash of genius which had long lain dormant within him, or by some other means only known to the astute Caius and himself, at length satisfied the hard and obdurate examiners, and had at last the extreme felicity of seeing his illustrious name, Tomkins Josephus, St. Margaret's College, appear very low down in the list of the last class in the poll.

'Well, Tomkins, old boy, we congratulate you,' shouted a whole host of undergraduates, as the hero of all this agitation amidst the classic shades of Alma Mater made his appearance in the Quadrangle duly decked in black clothes, with a stiff and starched white choker round his throat, which would have made him look rather like an undertaker or a butler, only his bachelor's hood deeply edged with rabbit-skin hanging down his back, and his elaborate silk gown (Tomkins was determined to do the thing well) falling from his shoulders rather

saved the idea. Even the pompous master, Dr. Greakroot, could not resist the witchery of the hour, and in his intense excitement and astonishment actually stepped forward a few paces from where he was standing in order that he might in most sonorous tones congratulate the young man upon having accomplished that which any well-taught schoolboy on first coming up to the University ought to have performed with ease. As a minute record of how our friend Tomkins, after having sworn (as he expressed it afterwards) the most fearful oaths according to the University law made and provided for such imposing ceremonials, finally knelt in solemn form at the feet of the vice-chancellor, and there with his head between that functionary's knees listened to a long speech which appeared to Joe, inasmuch as it was in the Latin tongue, a lot of rigmale gibberish, and finally rose up a full-blown Bachelor of Arts—as this description would neither be very amusing nor much to the purpose of my story, I will leave our hero to make his way to the senate-house, whilst I briefly explain to my readers who and what Joe Tomkins was.

Joseph Tomkins, Esq., as, being of full age and a graduate member of the University of Cambridge, we must now call him, was the younger son of a country gentleman with a long pedigree and an estate very much out of proportion to the length of his genealogical tree. Joe was, moreover, as good a fellow as ever trod in shoe-leather, but, as may have been surmised from what I have already imparted concerning his university career, neither a genius nor a bookworm.

If there was one thing Tomkins hated upon earth it was a book; but if there was anything which he even detested worse than this, it was to be made to study the contents of the said book. A *lucus à non lucendo*, he had been christened, whilst at Eton, Solomon; and when he exchanged the very low place in that famous school for a residence at the University, the nickname and its cause had followed him. But though

Joe was no scholar, and passed through his Little-Go, and, as we have seen, his degree with a difficulty and an amount of failures I believe almost unprecedented, still he was no fool in so far as the ways of the world were concerned. A thorough sportsman, a strong, stout, resolute fellow, if he did not adorn the college he belonged to by his successes and triumphs in the schools, he did help to maintain her ancient *prestige*, not only on the river with his stroke oar, but in the cricket-field with his never-failing bat. The coolest fellow it was ever my lot to see: in no situation of the greatest danger or the most awkward embarrassment did Joe either lose head, heart, or confidence. Who, I would ask, but the cool Tomkins, could have had the impudence when 'convened before the Heads,' as being summoned in solemn and awful form before the assembled masters of the various colleges, who sit in judgment upon the offender for his various misdemeanors and offences—who but the cool Tomkins, on that Saturday evening, when the last train to London was on the verge of departing, who but he would have dared to severely cross-examine the Senior Proctor, a dignitary who held some important clerical office which made it absolutely incumbent upon him to preach in some metropolitan church or chapel the next day,—cross-examined at such a length, I say, that functionary as to the evidence which, as a witness, he had borne against him, until the poor man lost his train, and the London church or chapel his eloquence, upon the ensuing Sunday? Who, again, but Tomkins, after having been duly tried by the collective wisdom of the University in the persons of those dignitaries aforesaid, when requested to step out of the room, whilst the sentence to be pronounced upon him—after having been found guilty *nem. con.*—was being considered; who but he, upon finding a most appetizing repeat laid out in the dining-room of that most disagreeable and sour of Principals, Dr. Crabtree, could have seated himself at the table and, helping himself plentifully to the sa-

voury viands before him, was found by old Applestock, as Crabtree was facetiously nicknamed, hob-nobbing to himself over a glass of the doctor's favourite sherry and blandly drinking his own health? Was it not Tomkins whose fist was ever foremost in those most tremendous of all town and gown rows the fame of which even entered the columns of 'Punch'—the 'Tom Thumb Riots'? Did not Joe floor, knock down, and otherwise beat and maltreat the very biggest bargee that could be brought against us, a veritable Goliath of Gath, before whom Tomkins looked like a second David? I doubt not that the blow I saw implanted on the champion bargee's forehead was not of much softer a character than the one the famous stone inflicted. Is there not a tradition, muttered with awe by Freshmen at this day, that the redoubtable Tomkins had to see the Proctor home to his college when hustled and abused by the mob in those famous rows, and that the little officer of the University actually trampled on the prostrate forms of his foes which his gallant defender knocked down for him to walk upon? But why should I go on recounting the deeds and the prowess of the famous Tomkins? Had he not added yet this one more achievement to his scroll of fame, inasmuch as he had passed through the ordeal of the B.A. examination?

Would not the fat living of Easington, with its rich glebe lands and valuable tithe, amply repay all the trouble he had undergone to obtain it? For the truth must be told—friend Joseph, as the younger son, as I have aforesaid, of a not wealthy country gentleman, had originally been intended for the army, a profession wherein his indomitable pluck and coolness would have had ample opportunity of displaying itself; but fate, in the form of a rich old uncle whom Joe had never seen, a brother of his mother, decided otherwise. The rector of Easington, Tomkins's uncle, announced his intention, just as his nephew was about to leave Eton for the army, that if Joseph, as he called him, would take orders, he would not only leave him his living, of which

he was the patron, but a considerable fortune in the Three per Cents to boot. It was in vain that Joe, more conscientious than his relatives, stoutly resisted the idea of making a parson of one who, as he truly declared, was no more fit for the clerical office than a dog. There was no alternative: the decree of Plutus had gone forth, against which there is no appeal, and Tomkins had no alternative but to accept his uncle's offer or to enlist as a private in a marching regiment. In pursuance, then, of his relation's plans for his future, our hero came up to the University with a handsome allowance made him by his rich relative; and the result, as I have before shown, was, that after innumerable failures, he at length succeeded in obtaining a degree, to celebrate which most auspicious and unlooked-for event, we determined that Joe should 'stand,' as we termed it, one of the most elaborate degree suppers which the ancient walls of St. Margaret's had ever looked down upon.

A knot of some half-dozen undergraduates, all St. Margaret's men, were gathered together in the first court of that venerable pile of buildings, the morning that Joseph Tomkins took his degree; the subject under discussion being that individual's indomitable pluck and coolness.

'I do not believe that anything could put Joe off his first front,' exclaimed Leslie, a light-haired, gentlemanly fellow-commoner. 'No; not even if he was called upon to marry Polly Greekroot at a moment's notice.' It was in this easy, familiar style he designated the master of St. Margaret's only child, a virgin of somewhat vinegar aspect and matured charms, but reported to be the best Greek scholar in the University. 'And I think,' he continued, 'that would be about as great a trial as a fellow could be put to.'

'I don't quite agree with you, Leslie,' replied 'Dandy Danvers,' as we called him, a most elaborately-dressed individual, who looked as if his whole thoughts were concentrated upon the decoration of his handsome person, but who, under a

rather affected manner and very dandified appearance, was a very clever, amusing, and good sort of fellow—'I don't quite agree with you. Tomkins is certainly a very cool hand and most plucky, as we all well know; but I think there are situations in which he might be placed when both his nerve and his coolness might fail him. Mind you, I only venture to put this forward as an idea of my own, not at all wishing to deteriorate from Joe's merits.'

'I'll bet you six to one, in sovereigns,' exclaimed Jack Webster, a sportingly-dressed undergraduate, supposed—by himself at any rate—to be Tomkins's greatest friend and confidential adviser, but looked upon by most of us as rather a toady and copy of that great original—'I'll bet you six to one, in sovereigns, you don't put Joe out or make him forget himself, Danvers, if you like.'

'Well,' replied Danvers, very slowly and deliberately drawing out a most gorgeous pocket-book, and adjusting a very elaborate gold and jewelled pencil-case, as if about to make a memorandum; 'I don't mind taking your bet, just because I never refuse a sporting offer. Let me see, six pounds to one that Joe is not put out or made to look nervous or anxious between this and next week—is that your bet?'

'Well, I don't mind,' said the toady.

'And will you add to it,' continued Danvers, 'another six pounds to one that his friend Webster can be made to look even more foolish than Tomkins himself?'

'Oh, done with you, done with you,' said Webster, flushing angrily, and looking very fierce, for there was no love lost between 'Dandy Danvers' and him: 'and you may, moreover, put down another six to one, if you like, that whoever gives us any cheek, both Tomkins and myself will kick him out of the room.'

'Indeed!' languidly replied the dandy. 'I don't mind taking all three bets. As to the kicking part, I hope you will wipe your boots before you begin, eh, Webster? for

yours are so dingy they are never fit to be seen.'

Webster looked disgusted, and we all burst out laughing.

'I say, you fellows,' sung out the cheery voice of Tomkins, who had just returned from the senate house, and who now joined the group—'I say, you fellows, what are you all giggling about? Has Webster actually said something funny, or the "Dandy," here, made himself more ridiculous than usual?'

'Oh dear, no,' replied Danvers, good-humouredly; 'I think I have nearly exhausted all that is ridiculous within me; and as I approach towards my third year of residence, under the stern discipline of Alma Mater, am settling down into almost as sober a character as Inkdish, here.' And Danvers pointed a jewelled finger at the writer of these pages.

'I say, Inkdish,' said the incorrigible Tomkins, who cared not whom he chaffed, don, or undergraduate, it was all the same to him, but he always did it good-naturedly—'I say, how well you become the sober character in that short gown and broken cap!' pointing to my academics, which, it must be owned, were somewhat dilapidated and the worse for wear. 'Now, "Dandy," if you had said a sober character like Joe Tomkins, there would have been some sense in your remarks; but to call a loose-looking fish, like Inkdish, a sober character is flattery which is simply odious, and a misnomer which is truly disgusting.'

'Now do you, old Joe, never mind my character,' I replied, 'but just tell us when your great feed is to come off?'

'What feed do you mean?' answered Tomkins.

'Why, your degree supper, to be sure. You do not suppose that we are going to let such a miracle as has just been wrought in your person be passed by without festivity? Why, it would be an evil example to the Freshmen which would be highly detrimental to the best interests not only of our own beloved college, but to the whole University at large.'

'Oh! feed; I should think so,'

laughingly replied Joe. 'I intend to give you such a blow-out as none of you fellows ever saw before or in your wildest moments contemplated—trust me for that. I have ordered it all; and so you will all come on Monday night, won't you?'

'Had you not better wait and ask your reverend uncle, the rector of Easington, to share in the festivities incidental to your degree supper, old fellow?' I said, by way of firing a farewell shot of chaff, as I saw our coterie was breaking up.

'Oh, the gods forbid!' quickly returned Joe, with such a look of horror on his face that every one burst out laughing.

'Well, you will all come, so that is all right,' said Tomkins, recovering himself from the bare thought of his worthy relative gracing the feast with his presence. 'Sharp nine, remember.'

'O, thank you,' said Danvers; 'but I am so sorry I cannot be present; but, unfortunately, I have an engagement in town; indeed I leave for the little village as soon as I can get an exeat.'

'Something sudden, eh, Danvers?' I said.

'Oh no! but good-bye, you fellows. There is Secundus going to his rooms, and I must get my exeat before he goes out for his daily walk.'

'Ta, ta, old fellow,' shouted Joe after him; 'sorry you can't come.'

'A very good fellow, Danvers, though he is such a "bloated swell."'

Upon this we all separated, only to meet all together again on the following Monday evening in Tomkins's comfortable and really spacious rooms on the second floor of dear old St. Margaret's first and principal court. It must be confessed that Joe's apartment did not present exactly the appearance the uninitiated stranger might have imagined the dwelling-place of a student in divinity would have done; for instead of heavy tomes and dark mediæval-bound works of the old fathers, the bookshelves were furnished with bright and gay-looking volumes, whose titles proclaimed them to be treatises relating to

woodcraft and other sporting matters, rather than to any more serious studies. The walls, too, were hung with sporting pictures and prints, which certainly showed that the tastes of the occupier of this chamber were neither very solemn nor æsthetic in their character. Here was an oil painting by that cleverest of animal painters, Herring, senior, of some winner of the Derby, whilst Fore's sketches of the Grand National Steeplechase at Leamington decorated the opposite compartment. There was a very fairly executed water-colour drawing (the work of some amateur undergraduate hand) of the St. Margaret's boat making that famous bump over two places, which, to use what appears somewhat of an Irishism, landed it at the head of the river; opposite to this artistic effort might be seen portrayed, in what must be confessed was rather an unhappy attempt at portrait painting, the fine, manly form of our friend, arrayed in the full swaddling bands of the cricketer, as he carried out his bat after having made that most extraordinary score upon Fenner's ground, when Cambridge beat her sister University in a still celebrated match. To say nothing of photographs of Joe on his favourite mare Catchem, and other representations of our hero in all sorts of attitudes, which had more or less a blotched and patchy appearance, hanging from every available hook, and in every spare corner, nook, or cranny, were boxing-gloves, stuffed birds and beasts, single-sticks, foils, hunting crops, and such paraphernalia of the muscular Christian and naturalist, whilst pipes of every description, shape, and kind, filled up the spaces left by the non-fitting into their places of these heterogeneous articles of furniture. Indeed one became quite bewildered upon entering this apartment, and fancied oneself in the museum of some small country town, where the space was somewhat out of proportion to the number of specimens exhibited. Upon the long, well-covered table which occupied the centre of the room was spread a repast to which I feel no pen of mine can do justice,

to use the language of the country newspapers when describing some civic feast. Conceive every imaginable delicacy, from turtle to Yarmouth bloaters, six for one shilling, and you may have some conception of the dimensions of the feast. But though I have been describing the interior of Joe Tomkins's room, I may perhaps be considered somewhat premature in doing so, as we have not quite yet arrived at that part of my story which should bring us within them. Previous to the announcement, with due butler-like solemnity by Watkins, the somewhat inebriated and brandy-faced scout, that supper was on the table, we met together, to use the language of the *'Varsity*, in the place where Leslie, the fellow-commoner, 'kept' a nice apartment on the opposite side the staircase to where Tomkins's room lay. Here then some thirty men were assembled, most of whom belonged to the ancient foundation of St. Margaret's, but leavened with a fair sprinkling of out college friends of the donor of the feast. Every imaginable topic was here being discussed, from the latest odds upon the Derby to the capabilities of the senior wrangler of that year, who, as some sporting undergraduate termed it, had just pulled off the great University Four-year Old Plate.

'What can have become of Tomkins?' was shouted in the harsh tones of Webster's disagreeable voice. 'What can have become of Tomkins? it is half-past nine, and I know supper was ready some time ago.'

As the last words of this speech fell from his lips, the redoubtable Joe made his appearance; and the shout of welcome which greeted his entrance was hushed in a moment, when we saw the grave discomfiture and anxious look which pervaded his usually cool, undisturbed, and cheerful features.

'What on earth is the matter, my dear fellow?' exclaimed a dozen eager voices, as it were with one breath.

'Matter enough,' and Tomkins ground his teeth with suppressed rage. 'Why, that old blundering idiot, my stupid rich old uncle, has

taken it into his thick, clerical head to come up to the University to congratulate me on my late success in the schools, as the old ass calls it, and he will be here to supper in a few moments.' Saying this Joe flung upon the table a couple of letters, one of which being the epistle from the rector of Easington, it may be but respectful on my part to lay before the reader.

'Easington Rectory, Bishopstow.

'MY DEAR NEPHEW,

'I duly received your telegram, for which I had to pay six shillings, the boy who brought it having ridden post from Bishopstow, a long distance off; I think the penny post would have done quite as well to convey the intelligence, and a considerable sum of money have been thereby saved. I fear you are not learning those habits of prudence which I had fondly hoped your stay at the University might have inculcated. The welcome intelligence that you had at length obtained your degree (I think it was the seventh or eighth attempt. I managed mine at the very first time of going up, but I suppose the intellect of young men was superior in those days)—the welcome intelligence that you have at length passed the examination, better late than never, has put me in wonderful spirits; and as I should like to congratulate you in person, and once again to see dear old Alma Mater, and its classic shades, I intend to come up on Monday to embrace you, my nephew, whom I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing. I shall arrive soon after 8 P.M., and shall go to the Bull Hotel, and come to your rooms very soon after my arrival, in order that I may spend a quiet hour or so in intellectual talk before retiring to rest.

'Your affectionate Uncle,

'ELENEZER DRAYTON.'

To see the look of horror depicted upon every countenance, as Webster read out this effusion from the reverend doctor, was most ludicrous. I could not help thinking that if Dandy Danvers could but have seen Joe Tomkins's face, as he stood amongst us, looking the very

picture of confusion and despair, he would immediately have troubled Webster to hand him over that twelve pounds which had been betted between them a morning or two before. But our consternation was not permitted to last long. The somewhat ludicrous silence which followed upon the reading of the epistle was interrupted by the sound of thick and stertorous breathing upon the staircase, and muttered ejaculations, such as 'Oh dear, these stairs! they will be the death of me! Ugh, ugh! why they are steeper than ever!' gasp, wheeze. 'Ugh! oh, my breath! Oh, dear! ugh! where does the boy live? Con—— ugh! I shall use bad language directly, I know I shall. Bless my soul!—gasp—'I shall never get to the top!' wheeze. Then with prolonged snorts, groans, and wheezes, as some heavy substance either deposited itself, or was deposited upon the landing opposite to the door of the room in which we were assembled, 'Mr. Leslie's room!' ugh, snort, grunt, and wheeze. 'What business has the boy in other folks' chambers? Ugh! how dark these passages are! Oh, dear! ugh! how short I am of breath! Let me see, Leslie; this must be it.' And then the handle turned, the door opened, and the Reverend Doctor Drayton, Rector of Easington, uncle, on the maternal side, of the famous Joseph Tomkins, stood revealed before us. If I should live to the age of Methuselah—a not very probable event—never shall I forget the figure upon which my eyes lighted as I turned them upon the intruder. Imagine a tall, enormously fat, florid-looking divine, with white flowing locks, which contrasted most ludicrously and oddly with a very red, rather pimpled face, set off by enormous blue spectacles, through which he seemed to glare like a great owl. Imagine, I say, this individual, clothed in the full dress of a doctor of divinity, high-collared out-away coat, with short riding cassock or apron, knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes with vast silver buckles; in one hand a golden-headed cane, like the university mace, or poker, as

it is facetiously termed, in the other a large shovel hat, with a rosette as big as a cheese-plate in the front. Such was the apparition which presented itself before us gasping, wheezing, puffing, and blowing like a choked frog, or a superannuated grampus with the asthma. For a moment or two Joe, who looked the impersonification of blank amazement, standing stock still, gazed aghast in speechless astonishment at his revered relative. But Doctor Drayton, having in some measure recovered his breath, opened his huge arms, and, stepping forward, seized Tomkins in a long and hearty embrace, which I am sure, to use a sporting term, must have knocked every morsel of wind out of his body, so bear-like was its intensity, whilst in a wheezing voice, like a suffocating hippopotamus, he gasped forth, 'My dear nephew! the image of his mother, my dear departed sister!' To describe the ruffled look of displeasure, disgust, discomfiture, and every other 'dis' and 'mis' that can be thought of or imagined, which sat upon Joe's face, as he at length disengaged himself from the boa constrictor-like coils of his maternal uncle, would be a task which my pen would utterly fail adequately to perform. If there had been any doubt about Dandy Danvers having won his bet hitherto, there could possibly be none now. 'The Cool of the Morning,' Tomkins's nickname, was certainly not the cool of the evening, but looked as completely shut up, flabbergasted, and upset as any man I ever saw. But no sooner had the vast arms unfolded themselves, than the large blue spectacles glared round the room, whilst their owner, in a gasping voice, wheezed out, 'I said a quiet evening, Joseph; and a quiet evening is what I should have desired; but as I see you have asked a large party of your friends to do honour to your old uncle's arrival, I cannot be angry or find fault; so your servant, young gentlemen; you must forgive my nephew being a little overcome at the first sight of his dear sainted mother's only brother; it is the first time we have ever set eyes on one another in our

lives: but I am rejoiced to see you all.' This was said in pompous, condescending tones. 'It gives an old man like me much pleasure to see youth enjoying itself. I smell, methinks, a goodly smell of supper,'—the old gentleman's mouth watered again as he said this,—'together with the fragrance of a compound which we, in my undergraduate days, called "Bishop;" if therefore, young man,' turning to Webster, who stood nearest to him, and was dressed in his accustomed horsey style—'if therefore, young man,—Joe, you extravagant dog, keeping a groom!' poking Tomkins in the side with a fat finger which looked like an ordinary thumb; 'if you have put supper on the table, why don't you say so, before it gets cold, and don't stand staring there, but open the door and let us go in the supper-room.' If Tomkins had looked upset and flabbergasted, it was Webster's turn to look frightfully disgusted and foolish now, as, blushing a rosy red, and looking somewhat caloric, he said, 'You be blowed!' not a very dignified, or, as will be acknowledged, gentleman-like rebuke for the mistake the venerable doctor had not unnaturally fallen into. Joe hastened to explain to his uncle the error he had committed with regard to his friend, upon which the old gentleman merely snorted loudly, and gasped and wheezed out that if young men would dress like grooms and jockeys now-a-days, they must expect to be taken for servants. After this a move was made towards the supper-room, and we soon found ourselves seated round Tomkins's well-supplied and hospitable board. During the continuance of the repast, it must be owned Dr. Drayton played an uncommonly good knife and fork, and partook of the delicacies with which he was supplied with considerable gusto. Nor was he less remarkable for the attention he paid to the drinkables with which his nephew took care he should be most liberally provided. Upon the whole, looking at the matter from a mere spectator's point of view, I should say that the venerable divine enjoyed his supper quite

as much as the youngest undergraduate there present, except that the asthmatical affection under which he appeared to suffer made him choke, wheeze, gasp, and cough in a most short-winded, apoplectic, and alarming manner.

At length the feeding part of the feast was over, and the cloth being removed, we were left amidst steaming bowls of bishop, punch, mulled claret, and other delectable and unwholesome compounds, to enjoy the Virginian weed, and the feast of reason and the flow of soul in peace and harmony. Joe, who seemed from the process of taking in nourishment to have recovered somewhat of his usual coolness and presence of mind, rose upon his legs, and in a neat, feeling, and appropriate speech, which did credit both to his head and his heart, requested us to drink, enthusiastically, the health of his uncle to whom he owed so much. Nay more, he forcibly reminded us to whom we owed the very feast of which we had so lately partaken, as it was his relative's liberality which had supplied the nephew with the means of paying for it. After this the ponderous doctor rose upon his legs, to return thanks, which he did after having again enfolded Joe in his elephantine embrace, thanking us all for the cordial manner we had drunk an old man's health, and telling us what pleasure it gave him to see us there assembled; but here his shortness of breath, and the weight of the supper he had devoured caused him to stop short, to snort, wheeze, gasp, and finally to sink into his chair in an exhausted state, from which he was only at length recovered by his nephew pouring a glass of hot punch down his throat and patting him vehemently on the back.

'I think, nephew,' he said, when he had recovered his breath enough to speak, 'I should like a pipe. I am always accustomed, my young friends,' he explained, turning his goggles upon us, 'to smoke the pipe of sobriety and contemplation before retiring to rest. Joe, that seems a nice sort of pipe hanging up there,' pointing with his fat

finger to a very highly-coloured silver-mounted meerschaum, one of the many which decorated the walls of the room. If there was a weakness in Tomkins's disposition, it was for this pipe, for it had been his companion in many an hour of pleasure, study, and toil. To the eye of the connoisseur in such matters its rich black brown bowl was the perfection of colouring, and I think Joe would have almost intrusted anything he had possessed to the care of another, rather than his favourite pipe. I saw he gave one look of regret towards the much-loved meerschaum as he handed it to his uncle (after having vainly pressed cigars upon his relative), who filled it to repletion and then with a ruthless hand thrust it into the candle to light it, thereby burning and otherwise injuring its pipe-like purity. I saw Joe was dreadfully discomfited by this episode. Indeed, he flushed angrily, and looked so disgusted and upset, that I thought he really would fall upon his stout relation and punch his head. But the reverend gentleman smoked his pipe in perfect security, coughing and wheezing all the while, either unobservant or totally regardless of his nephew's look of annoyance; and while he covered himself with the fumes of tobacco he commenced what no doubt in his wisdom he considered a species of apology to Webster for the error into which he had fallen by mistaking him for his nephew's groom. I could just catch the words, gasped out rather than spoken. 'Sorry—bad taste—dressed like horse-jockey or groom—no fault mine—something in face—whole appearance looked like servant.' If there was something in Webster's face and appearance which looked like a horse-jockey, as Dr. Drayton expressed it, there was also something in his expression, as I then beheld him, which made him look like a very angry and very foolish man, and I heartily wished that Danvers could at that moment have seen the discomfiture of one whom I well knew he both despised and disliked. 'Your money, friend Dandy,' I said to myself, 'would be safe if you could

only have the power of ubiquity and view the scene which I now behold.' They say that the greatest amount of torment must have its end some time, and that suffering, however intense, will have its moments of ease and lull. That happy period at length arrived to our friend Joe, for his worthy relative having snored stertorously and loudly in his chair once or twice, at length awoke up, and getting under weigh—for by no other term can I describe the process of that huge mass of humanity rising to its legs—bade Tomkins give him his arm into the other room, and send some one to the gate to see if his cab was waiting. With a grandly pompous but courteous bow to us all, he wheezed out, 'Good night, young gentlemen,' and disappeared with heavy, ponderous steps from the room. We heard a wheeze, a gasp, and 'You need not disturb me early, Joseph, my dear boy,' and Tomkins's uncle had with his nephew descended the stairs and was lost amidst the gloomy shadows of the dimly-lighted quadrangle. No sooner was the old gentleman out of ear-shot than all burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, which was prolonged until Joe again returned to his room. So infectious was our merriment that he joined as heartily in the laugh raised at the expense of his relative as any one, and pronounced his reverend uncle, as he took his seat again at the festive board, to be about the very rummest old specimen of humanity he had ever beheld. Although numerous topics of conversation, usual on such occasions, were started, such as the prospects of the St. Margaret's boat, the merits of the favourites for the ensuing Derby, the various incidents of the late examination; and the hopes and fears of the forthcoming cricket season; and although our revels extended far into the night, yet somehow we did not, any of us, seem very much at our ease. Our host was evidently put out and disconcerted, and the conversation, take what turn it might, always reverted to the reverend doctor, who had but so lately taken his departure from our midst. I could

not help observing, as I took my cap and wished Joe good-night, preparatory to seeking my couch, that if Dandy Danvers only knew what had occurred he would certainly claim the payment of all his bets from Webster.

'Yes, that he would, old fellow,' cried Joe, 'for I never was so put out in all my life when the old fellow enfolded me in his fat embrace; and as to you, Webster, I never saw a fellow look so foolish—no never.'

The following morning as Tomkins, Webster, and I were seated at breakfast in the former's rooms, consuming some of the cold remains of the previous night's feast, a note was brought in by the Gyp, and handed to our host.

'From my fat and worthy uncle,' said Joe, as he tore it open and proceeded to read aloud the following effusion:—

'The Bull Hotel. Tuesday.

'MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Your supper, your punch, and your tobacco have been too much for your poor old uncle; a threatening of gout has made it advisable for me to beat a hasty retreat, and I shall have left Cambridge ere you get this. Your supper was good, and I like your friends, all but one; take an old man's advice, and avoid that fellow Webster: he dresses like a groom and looks like a decayed livery-stable keeper; as for his manners, they are abominable. Don't lend him any money: he will never pay you. I have met by accident your friend Mr. Danvers. He tells me he is at St. Margaret's. I think he is a youth whose example you would all do well to follow.

'Your affectionate uncle,
'EBENEZER DRAYTON.'

Joe and I burst out into roars of laughter. The cut at Webster, so true to life, and the idea of following the example of Dandy Danvers, were too much for us; and our merriment was not a little excited by the flushed, angry face of Webster, and the strong language in which he indulged against the old divine.

'How, in the name of all that is good, did the ancient gentleman,

mine uncle, tumble against the Dandy?' cried Tomkins, as soon as he could speak for laughing. But before another word could be said, and whilst we were wiping our eyes, for we had laughed until we cried, the door opened, and there glided into the room, in his usual soft and quiet manner, no other than Dandy Danvers himself, dressed elaborately, and scented and jewelled, as was his wont.

'Talk of the devil,' shouted Tomkins.

'And pray what are you using my name for?' was the question of our swell friend, who did not condescend to reply to Joe's rather insulting remark. As he said this, he took his cigar from his lips and glanced complacently at his small, well-shaped hand, white as a woman's, the fingers of which were covered with bright and sparkling rings of some considerable value. In answer to his friend's questionings, Joe, as the saying is, up and told him the whole history of his uncle's visit, together with the honest confessions of his own and Webster's discomfiture, at the same time tossing the stout doctor's letter across the table for his perusal.

'Ah, then,' said Danvers, as he gave back the note to Tomkins, 'the old gentleman is quite right; you fellows cannot do better, as he says, than imitate me, particularly you, Webster. Now do, there's a good fellow,' he said, in a soft and gentle voice, whilst a wicked and comic look lighted up his dark-blue eyes—'do take old Drayton's advice, and drop the horse-jockey and livery-stable keeper in the modern costume of an English gentleman. By-the-by, as Joe here has confessed to having been completely upset, dumbfounded, and put off his first front by his amiable old relative's arrival, and you evidently did look even more foolish than our friend here, you have lost two bets out of the three I made with you, at any rate, and therefore you owe me twelve sovs. Inklish, you were present when the bets were made, therefore I appeal to you.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I must honestly

say you have fairly won your money, old fellow, for our good chum, the Cool of the Morning, certainly was not the cool of the evening last night. I never expected that anything short of a miracle could have put him so thoroughly off his first front, as you so graphically describe it; and as to Webster, when the old gentleman mistook him for the groom, I am sure you might have knocked him down with a feather. Yes, Dandy, you have lawfully won your money, I am bound to decide; so, Webster, you have nothing more to do but to hand out the cash.'

'Webster, you said something about kicking me, or somebody else, I forget who it was,' exclaimed Danvers, slyly; 'pray may I ask whether any one was kicked last night? Surely you did not commit such sacrilege as to kick a real live doctor of divinity?' This was said with such a well-assumed look of horror, for Danvers was an inimitable actor, that both Tomkins and I burst out laughing, whilst Dandy went on to say, 'And here am I, ready to be kicked, or to receive those other six sovs. for not being kicked, which you promised me, Webster.'

It was well known in the University that Danvers, spite of his being such a dandy, having such a soft voice and white hands, was a very Bayard in pluck and a Tom Sayers in skill in the use of his fists. So Webster had nothing to do but to hand him over the eighteen sovs., as Danvers called them, which he did with anything but a pleasant or friendly look.

'Come now, Dandy, tell us how you fell in with the old gentleman,' asked Joe, as Danvers, rising from his seat and pocketing his cash, prepared to leave the room.

'No, no, my friend,' he replied, 'it is one great mysterious secret, and wild horses shall not tear it away from me.' And he leisurely descended the stairs, humming a popular air.

Within a week from these events a large official letter from a well-known legal firm announced to Tomkins the sudden decease of his worthy relative, who, so Messrs.

Tape and Wax begged to inform Joe, had executed a will, in which he had left everything of which he was possessed to his nephew, Joseph Tomkins, of St. Margaret's College, Cambridge. No insignificant bequest; for besides the valuable living of Easington, there was a sum of 80,000*l.* in the Three per Cents.

'Hang it, old fellow,' said Joe to me, as we stood together on the platform of the railway station, previous to his departure to attend his relative's funeral, and take possession of his inheritance—'hang it, old fellow, I fear that degree supper of mine must have been too much for my poor uncle; well, it can't be helped, he did eat and drink enormously. There is one good thing, however, I shall not go into the church now, for I never was, and never shall be, fit for a parson.'

'Well,' said I, 'there will be a fat living for some one.'

'Yes,' he replied; 'I wish you were a parson, old fellow, so that I might give it to you.'

'Thank you,' I said; 'but I prefer the law, and the chance of becoming lord chancellor, to Easington and the hope of a bishopric.'

At that moment the train moved away from the station, and we parted. Several months elapsed before I again saw Tomkins, and then we met in my chambers in the Temple, for I had taken my degree, and begun to study law. Over a

pipe and some brandy and water Joe imparted to me the following marvellous and unaccountable fact.

'I say, Inkdish,' he said, 'you remember my old uncle coming up to Cambridge, and being present at my degree supper?'

'Oh yes,' I replied, 'I shall never forget it; a great, big fat man—fattest man I ever saw—looked as if he would go off suddenly, like he did.'

This I said between the whiffs of my pipe.

'Well,' gravely remarked Joe, taking his pipe from his lips, and looking very solemn, 'when I got down to Easington, I wished to see my uncle's body previous to the coffin being fastened down; and you may judge of my astonishment when I tell you that I found Doctor Drayton was a small, thin, shrivelled, little old man, not above 5 feet 2 or so in height.'

We looked at one another for a few moments, and then simultaneously said, 'I wonder what Dandy Danvers was doing in London on that occasion, from Saturday until Tuesday morning?'

The living of Easington was presented to Caius, of St. Cross, the unknown tutor who had so judiciously coached Tomkins through his degree—a poor little half-starved clergyman, with a big wife and many small children.

OUR GARDENS IN MARCH.

BY all good gardeners the winter must now be considered as over. With all almanacs and calendars we say with authority that spring is come. No matter what the weather really is—whether the earth is bound in an iron frost or wrapped in a white sheet, still we gardeners say that the spring is come, and we set about our work accordingly. This work may of necessity not be out of doors; it goes on, however; we cannot afford to wait; under convenient open barns, in out-door store places, in

pleasant greenhouses—somewhere or other, we are getting ourselves ready for those 'open' days which announce plainly enough that 'the year has turned.' A very good observer has named the day for this 'turning of the year'—the 10th of March; and I have found the observation so curiously correct that it is worth putting down. We can do more of an evening, out of doors, whether walking or gardening, immediately after the 10th of March than we could immediately before it. But at the worst we are secure from—

'The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.'

September is, I think, the best time for laying out and planting a garden—the plants and flowers considered; but, thinking of ourselves, the pleasanter time is March; and even if the garden exists, and has not to be altered, March is the time for providing for that ceaseless succession of flowers which it is a good gardener's ambition to see.

Of course I suppose my readers to have given up that style of gardening which may be called the 'ploughed-field and bedding arrangements'; under which the winter has been rough, the spring barren, and the summer strewn with its shivering potted plants learning to bear the world into which they have been transplanted, in order to get a few weeks in autumn in a blaze. Then comes sudden frost—early too, and quite unexpected! The dreadful destruction, the wholesale misery, the cruel slaughter before one's eyes of all the gay glory of the day before—really it is enough to break one's heart; for gardeners have affections, and to spend nine months in the year providing possibilities for such a catastrophe is to court despair.

The desire to bring a good idea to a great perfection has produced this 'ploughed-field and bedding out' system. But for practical purposes it has been carried too far; and for any purpose it must be bought at too high a price. Nevertheless the idea is a good one, and is not to be entirely lost sight of; for a stiff arrangement of beds, with a centre, sides, corners, and interlacings, so placed as to make a design which the eye can take in, and the intelligence at once comprehend, gives a more immediate and enduring pleasure than any other; particularly when such a garden is placed near a house, on a flat surface, or on the outer edge of a terrace, where one narrow design may be repeated again and again, along its whole length. But complicated patterns require a gardener's constant care,

to keep the edges perfect, and the plants in correct shape. I should recommend my lady readers with whom gardening is something of a family amusement to keep to simple shapes. I have seen great beauty the result of extreme simplicity: for instance, a long line of narrow oblong beds, with the grass of the terrace left between, in a sufficient space to allow of walking and working; and then, in front of each space of grass, a small round bed; in every round bed a sunk pot of anything that happened to be in flower, and a sufficient uniformity produced by edging every round bed alike, with the hardy little Virginian stock, which, with very little care, in the way of re-sowing, and cutting off flowers to prevent seeding, may be kept in blossom all the summer. As to the oblong beds, each had two standard roses, one at each end, and they were bordered alternately with pansies and double daisies; they were planted with various perennials of about an equal height. There was enough of uniformity, and there was always something in bloom, at proper intervals, and in appointed places. This is a great point to remember, and provide for; and to prevent mistakes, as I said in December—keep a book. Dear mother earth holds fast her secrets. You must not trust your memory to tell you what they are. For instance, in the autumn your masses of scarlet gladiolus must come up so as to please the beholder by presenting altogether a certain correspondence; so your faithful flowering yellow calceolarias must not come up here, there, and everywhere, but in corners or centres, or in long lines with the proper colours in front of them.

If you are laying out, not a long border or edge design, but a pattern for a plateau, I would strongly advise you to keep to the stiff design rather than venture on wavy ones. The last may look very well, but they require a gardener's care, for any imperfection in width or wave is very disagreeable to the eye; stiff squares, oblongs, and rounds are easily cut with the string and sticks, and can be kept by unskilled hands

in undoubted proportion of outline.

It is very easy to design these gardens. Half a sheet of note paper, or any other shape which may bear a truer resemblance to your piece of ground, creased down the centre each way, and turned in down the sides and across the corners, will give work for your ingenuity; and a neat hand and a sharp pair of scissors will fulfil whatever you determine upon. Arrange the pieces on your table-cover, leaving spaces for grass or gravel; cut out hollow squares, and pierce your diamonds if you please; very few people need go beyond their own brains and their own book for a pattern; and they may attain the desired end untroubled by compasses, inch rulers, and puzzling lines of intersection. Then, once get your centres and corners on the grass, and a measuring tape will do all you want.

However, this garden is to look well all the year through: then certain things must be attended to.

The shapes must please—that is, the mere idea cut out on the grass, and offering only the unplanted soil to the eye, must have a oneness of design, and a pleasantness of proportion. There must be nothing grotesque; nothing too complicated; no thickness here and thinness there; nothing straggling, and no bits and scraps flying off as if they had nothing to do with the common centre. The unplanted design, I repeat, of good brown earth laid down on close-cut turf must be such as can be understood at a glance, and liked. This first necessity you must rigidly observe—a good, well-proportioned pattern, with a sufficient number of breaks or pieces, but not so many as to make one feel that good lines have been torn into a multitude of threads, or masses cracked to pieces—in short, every design should be one of decision, and not a jumble.

The next necessity is that you should fix on places where, in such a correspondence with each other as to present a fixed idea, you must plant stiff-growing evergreen shrubs and plants.

The shrubs may be of different

greens, from the pale box to the dark Irish yew, but colour must also be in correspondence; and the plants must be of the stiff aloelooking sort, like the *Yucca gloriosa* and the hardy perennial-leaved, spreading, feathery grasses—always bearing a proper correspondence as to colour and kind. Here then you have your design, pricked out, and pointed, by planting in a way which shall illustrate its beauty and fitness.

Then, the border flowers must be considered. If the design is starlike, you may border alternate rays with a perennial plant, and leave those between for annuals. I know no border plant which is as hardy, or as good every way, as the double daisy; and if every other ray is bordered with daisy, you need not be afraid of varying the others, for the return of the daisy at distinct intervals will keep the idea from being muddled; yet, too much variety in edging is not often very good.

Three things, the design, the fixed places for the evergreens, and the perennial edgings—these three things will be pleasant all the year through; but to have a garden thoroughly agreeable in winter you must have more—intersecting your design there must run a green ribbon. In a stiff design, the ribbon must be stiff, laid down in lines, and turned in angles, and this must be planted with some evergreen shrub that will bear cutting to an even height—yew is perhaps the best; but this intersection may be made of box, very agreeably to the eye, though some persons object to the scent it yields; or, in some situations, it may be safely made of the low-growing white-flowering winter heath. If your design does not allow of this green ribbon going among your beds—if, for instance, you have chosen a block pattern, then your green must be in masses, but the masses must bear a perfect correspondence with each other; the required number of the blocks must be given up to this well-cut, closely growing shrub, and the idea of Pope's lines, written for censure, but proved to be praise, must be fulfilled,—

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.'

The garden of his Grace the Duke of Chandos at Canons must have been decidedly good—such is the reflection of to-day.

These green beds would alone make your garden look pleasantly all the winter; but where you have space to make them of a sufficient width, the compact green ribbon may run down the middle of the bed, and leave room for a row of yellow aconite to come up close to the turf with its bright flowers like ornamental gold-headed nails to keep all flat and secure. It never makes a thick edging; but this, and all other plants, should be accepted with all natural propensities, and used accordingly. Inside the yellow nails of aconite you may have bunches of early spring flowers,—say double rose-colour hepatica—but at long intervals. In every interval you may plant a carnation or a pink; they keep tidy all winter long; and having thus planted perennials, you ought still to have space for a bright free-flowering annual—the same annual to be repeated the whole length of your green-ribbon bed. Of course these arrangements occur in exact correspondence on each side of the ribbon. If you have planted your hardy annual in the autumn, it will flower early; and if you are rich in bedding plants, you may get rid of it in time to replace it with something that shall flower on through the autumn. When September gardening begins, you can take up the bedding plants, cut all prim and shapely, and sow for next year in the same places if you please. The green ribbon will have its sides spotted with the hods of carnations, and look very well till its secreted treasures come up again, each in its turn. In a bed of this sort it is a great point to have a repetition of the same flower. Too much variety never answers. And the sameness of the green centre requires a certain amount of sameness in the ornamental edge. It is all jar, and there is no harmony unless this is observed.

When your winter beauty is thus provided for you can afford to have

some beds empty—but these empty beds must be in correspondence, must 'nod to one another:' they must form corners, or sides, or the points of triangles, or alternate with beds that are planted.

But quite empty they never need be. There may always be room for clumps of snowdrops, and crocus edging; and if you have wisely got in your kitchen garden a great reserve bed of common hardy bulbs, you may have these beds filled early with welcome blossoms, and you may put them back when you have done with them, and are ready with verbenas and geraniums. The only thing to remember is that you do not remove the same bulbs the next year.

These beds, which are generally kept in miserable emptiness waiting for the bedding plants, may also be filled in autumn alternately with plants of the common yellow wall-flower, and the pretty rock plant, the white arabis. They will flower all through the spring together making bright patches, and sending forth delicious scents; and when you want the beds, you can transfer the arabis to the reserve beds in the kitchen garden, and throw the stocks away, if you have no wall to stick them into; a proper extravagance is as necessary as a proper economy in the management of our garden treasures.

Seed-sowing is one of the great works of March. It goes on till the middle of June. The hardy annuals are to be sown now. I do not advise you to sow tender annuals in pots under frames in order to transplant them. Wait till the first week in June, and sow them then where they are to stay. It will be, to such gardeners as I hope I am addressing, in common terms, 'more plague than pleasure' to do anything else. If you take care what you are about you will get in this way all you want; and by 'taking care,' I mean that you must in those spots where you sow have fresh-aired earth; fine soil is necessary to success. You must sow with your great pot of fine earth by you, and you must put it, to the exclusion of the less fine mould, wherever you

sow. This fine soil should be made of sifted earth, silver sand, or road drift, and pounded charcoal. On a bed of this place your seeds; if your seeds are small not too deep. Deep sowing is utterly unproductive in these cases. And the quantity of seed usually sown is ruin. You are not going to transplant, you know; so, be persuaded; sow your seed as you wish your plants to be—six, ten, or a dozen, fifteen—never more than twenty. If you sow in the old way, by the pinch and the teaspoonful you will get crowded, slaying-each-other plants; fighting for life, shabby, unhealthy, shapeless, and exhausted. But sow carefully, cover with fine soil, shelter with plucked leaves, if needful, from a glaring sun, and you will have all the success that can be desired. I have sown one seed of mignonette in strong soil—in fact in an onion bed—and I have been astonished by the result; a strong, thick-stemmed, succulent plant, full of huge flowers, branching out again and again after plucking, and lasting all the year. The end of May, or beginning of June, you may make your first sowing of the half-hardy annuals, and your second sowing of the hardy ones. When you sow the half-hardy annuals, if you choose to mark their places with cuttings from the spring-flowering shrubs, they will grow wonderfully, and it saves space to do so. When you sow the earlier ones, you may grow cuttings of chrysanthemums from the plants that have stood the winter in open air with great success. In June you should put in cuttings from your geraniums in the open border in the shade; you will scarcely lose one.

Among the garden works of March is the pegging down the beds of roses. These beds should have been made in autumn with a plentiful mixture of good rotten stable soil. No gardener should be without rosebeds—pinned down, and growing from their own roots, not grafted. In March, when pegging them, cut off what you don't require, and tip every long shoot that you are pegging down. The first year they will not be long enough to peg, and they

must be pruned with a view to this operation in the second year. Moss, Provence, and the small-leaved double Scotch rose make the most beautiful beds that can be imagined; by having snowdrops and crocuses among the rose roots, the beds are pretty in the spring, and by raking in seed of the Virginian stock, you will have a carpet of blossom when you cut off your last roses and let in the light and air in autumn; then, when all is over, undo your pegging and give a top-soiling of rotten manure before replacing your pruned roses as they were before; but every March, tip the long shoots from which you may expect all the side shoots to flower. Rose beds fill up corners beyond the designed garden, beautifully; and they make good centres.

I am not going to repeat anything that I have already said on the subject of gardening in the September number of 'London Society' or in that of December last year; I am going to confine myself as much as possible to that part of my subject which belongs to the present season, and the prominent point of interest is certainly the selection of annuals; because, if we are to give up the disagreeables of the bedding-out system, and accept its agreeables only, we must look to our annuals for supplying us with blossoms and brightness a good deal more than we have done. For the temporary beauty of bedded plants has made us so much in love with masses of colour that we shall never be content to do without them. The objections to annuals are that they grow ragged, are uncertain, and do not last long. I answer that if carefully sown, and frequently trimmed, they are not ragged and not uncertain, and that if never allowed to seed they last quite as long as they are wanted. If you want to fill a bed, you may sow, as I have said, thinly in drills in March, then sow again between the drills in the middle of May. If you also use your scissors in the pleasant evenings as much as you can, you will keep up fine masses of colour easily enough. I shall therefore give a list of plants that will be found

profitable. The following are about one foot high.

Bartonia aurea, large flowers, free, of a deep yellow. Candytufts, white, purple, very free flowering. *Collinsia*, bicolor. *Collomia coccinea*, good scarlet flowers. *Godetia Lindleyana*: there is both rose-colour and white; it is finely marked. *Linum grandiflorum*, scarlet. All sorts of lupins—act as I have already said, and cut off the seed pods. Sweet alyssum, very free flowering. Petunias, white and purple.

Higher annuals may be required in borders, and if so, you may sow sweet peas, *convolvulus major* and *cobaea scandens* for climbers—the last requires a moderate hot-bed, and must not be put out till May. And for standards, the calliopsis, of sorts; the orange-coloured *erysimum*, the *pentstemon*; *malope trifida*; phloxes; *chrysanthemum carinatum*; *calceolaria pinnata*.

German asters and *antirrhinums* may be sown in April and May, and will bloom in summer and autumn; and for low plants there are the *nolana*, blue; the *silene*, pink; and the *cenia*, white.

It is quite certain that the best effects may be produced by carefully cultivating our free-flowering annuals, and properly arranging their colours; and by their help we need not incur more than a very moderate expense in obtaining the bright bedding plants for which we have been enduring dreary winters and empty springs for the sake of the showy autumn so often brought to a sudden destruction by an untimely frost.

I have confined myself in this paper to the treatment of the stiffly designed garden, which looks best of all in front of a house; of borders and shrubberies I have already written. It may, I feel, appear to some readers that to keep such a

garden, like a garden, all the year round, requires considerable thought, foresight, trouble-taking, and perseverance. I reply, that the exercise of so many excellences is at once as great a recommendation as I could have hoped to see attached to my 'lady's garden.' By all means keep such a garden, and more successes than meet the eye may crown your labours.

But if you do not keep such a garden—if you keep another sort, and look out all the winter through on the bare soil of what once held flowers, in that dismal state of waiting that would, to me, make any winter long, without one living leaf in the bare beds to make the hours bright, while—all for want of varnished green boughs, and scarlet wind-flowers,

'Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkens into night.'

What are you the better for it? That people should not have a garden at all, but, no doubt for excellent reasons, should decide in favour of well-mown turf, can be understood; but that people should so long have borne desolation under the drawing-room windows, can only be explained by confessing what an extraordinary pleasure the autumn beds gave, when they really bloomed. A stronger argument for having the cheerfulness of verdure and colour all winter, and the delights of the spring flowers when they come, can hardly be imagined.

There is something very humanizing in the presence of flowers. The March flowers, the April buds, the May blossoms please us in our very souls, and help to make us happy. They are the gaiety of the earth. 'They toil not, neither do they spin.' We are irresistibly impelled to try our hands at their cultivation.

G. P.



A LIFE AND A MEMORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OFF THE LINE.'

PART I.

TWO boys were leaning over the low wall of a rustic bridge, engaged in earnest conversation. It was a picturesque spot, and the grey stone parapet covered with ivy, the old oak-tree whose branches overhung the narrow though rapid stream which ran below, the mill-wheel from which the water fell, tinted by the setting sun of a summer's evening like a succession of rainbows, might have elicited admiration from more observant spectators than the two boys to whom my story belongs; but, as the fact was, river, mill-wheel, and evening light were all unnoticed, though their eyes were fixed upon the brawling, dancing stream, as they occasionally stooped down to pick up pebbles, and watched them fall into the water below.

Something was evidently engrossing their minds, and was the subject of that eager talk. They were a striking contrast; one slight, dark, and wiry; the other of a larger, heavier build, with fair complexion, and a countenance that betokened either extreme indolence or weakness, perhaps both. This boy, whose name was Newstead, appeared to be remonstrating with the other upon some scheme he was eagerly advocating.

'It's no good, Erle; I am sure you would never get it done: who is there to help you?'

'Who?' returned the other, indignantly; 'why, heaps of fellows. You don't suppose the whole school is going to take all this as you take it! I believe you'd let a stage-coach run over you if you were lying down in the sun, sooner than move six inches out of the way.'

'I don't know quite that; but few things are worth much trouble; and as to this plan of yours, of shutting the masters out of the school, even if you can do it, Dr. Hariton is not a man to alter his mind for bullying.'

'He'll have to alter it for something,' said Erle; 'does he suppose

we have been here all these years under Baldwin, and now he is to come with his stiff, priggish manner, and keep us all under lock and key like a set of babies? He is a confounded tyrant, that's what he is, and the sooner he is taught that we won't stand it the better.'

'Well, what is it you want me to do in the matter?'

'Why, nothing; only as senior in the long room, you must shut your eyes and ears as soon as the sun rises to-morrow; my job won't take more than two hours; and it's light before four now. It's easy to get out by walking along the top of the wall. The getting back is not so easy, but we can manage it, I dare say.'

'But what have you done about North and Thompson? One's a saint, and the other would peach.'

'Done! why, nothing, to be sure. I'm not so soft as to let those fellows know what we're after. Why, North lives at Hariton's!'

'And what good do you expect from this?'

'Why, they will be surprised, if they're nothing else, when they find they can't get inside the gates, and that may make old Hariton think twice what he's about before he tries to bully fellows who won't bear it; and as to you, why, you've simply got to do nothing at all. I don't see why you should concern yourself about it.'

'Perhaps not; only I do know about it, you see,' said Newstead.

'And who's to know that? It will never come out who started the scheme, and so it's "punish one punish all," and I don't think he'll do that.'

'Well, we shall see what comes of it; but I don't expect much good, I confess.'

The two boys sauntered back into the school, and were soon in bed. Newstead fell into the heavy, dreamless sleep belonging to his somewhat lethargic nature; while Erle's slumbers were constantly broken by the anticipation of his morning's

scheme, anxiety for the result, and fear lest the early dawn should not find him at work.

Dr. Hariton had only succeeded to the head-mastership of the school at Bridge End about six months before, and had come in for rather an undue share of unpopularity; for, though he was a stiff and narrow-minded man, enforcing rules that were simply harassing to the boys, without their bringing any particularly good results, it was the contrast of his system of espionage with the trust reposed in them by their former master, Dr. Baldwin, that at once condemned him to hatred and opposition. There was no elasticity in his manner of ruling. Boys and masters all felt the change keenly, and the real love they had felt for Dr. Baldwin seemed to urge them on, from a false feeling of loyalty, to oppose his successor.

Julian Erle was one of the first to show a spirit of insubordination, and, as one of the head boys in the school, his example was followed by many others. The constant grumbling soon grew into a determination to show, by some very decided act, the feeling that existed among them, and, after many plans discussed and rejected, it was agreed to shut the masters out of the school by fastening up the great iron gates in a manner that must take some time to undo.

To accomplish this the boys had collected a quantity of long pliable rods, with which they proposed to interlace the heavy iron bars from the top to the bottom, and to cover them with as much furze, gorse, and prickly holly as could be collected for the purpose, so that demolishing their work should at all events be a painful process. They had been continually on the banks of the river, to cut as many willow wands as possible; these were concealed in different parts of the grounds, and a man had been employed to bring a cart-load of gorse and furze from a neighbouring common. All this had been done, and the great thing now was to use their weapons before they were discovered.

Accordingly, before four o'clock

between thirty and forty boys were up and stirring. It was, as Erle had said, an easy matter to get out of the dormitory window, and, by creeping along the wall that bounded the outer court, to let themselves down outside the great gates.

Eagerly, skilfully, and silently did the little band of rebels proceed with their work, and in less than two hours the gates were so formidably barricaded that they felt they had put an impregnable barrier between themselves and their tyrant, and every boy crept back to his bed, his heart beating with exultation and triumph.

Matters went on as usual till half-past seven o'clock, when Dr. Hariton and the other masters were to come into the school. Very pale was the doctor's face, very dark his brow, as with stern and compressed lips he stood before the formidable-looking barricades. The countenances of the rest were divided between dismay and amusement. There was another way into the school, but of course Dr. Hariton could not compromise his dignity so far as to use it, even had time allowed of his doing so, for it was some distance round. Rushing quickly down the hill, and up from the street, came the boys from their respective houses, as if they were afraid of being late for school; and there, in front of the iron gates which had been so successfully barricaded, both boys and men were brought to bay. The boys were silent, the master angry. He ordered them to open the gates immediately, and assist the 'Custos,' who was making some futile attempts on the other side to remove the barrier; but not a boy moved, and the old 'Custos' could not succeed in making any break in the fences. He pricked his fingers, muttered and grumbled, and soon gave up the attempt. Still more exasperated, Dr. Hariton called for the head boy of the school, but he was not forthcoming. He walked angrily away, desiring that Francis Newstead should be sent to him at once, and gave notice that he should require the attendance of the sixth form in his study at a quarter before ten.

The uproar was great; at that early hour only masters and boys were about; and no sooner had Dr. Hariton beat his retreat, than long shouts of triumph and yells of defiance followed him to his home. Till that moment he had never realised his unpopularity, and it was with a strong feeling of anger and disappointment that he re-entered his study, and restlessly pacing up and down the room, began to consider what would be the best course to pursue. The opposition was evidently too formidable and unanimous for him to be able to treat it lightly: the ringleaders must be punished and expelled; but he was too well acquainted with the code of schoolboy honour not to be aware of the difficulty that he would have in discovering them.

While deep in thought, a knock at the door announced Francis Newstead's arrival, and the doctor sat down in his armchair to receive him.

'Well, sir,' he said, after a moment's silence on both sides, 'what have you to say to me?'

'Nothing, sir,' said Newstead, looking up in surprise.

'Nothing? No explanation to give of this disgraceful, this abominable, this insulting behaviour?' exclaimed Dr. Hariton, waxing more wroth as he recalled the scene of the morning. 'Then, I say, as head boy in the school, you should have something to say; some explanation to give of your conduct.'

'But I have done nothing, sir.'

'Don't tell me, sir,' persisted Dr. Hariton, more and more angry; 'if you did not do it, you knew it was being done. Do not add lying and cowardice to your bad conduct.'

The colour rushed into Francis Newstead's face, and his eyes flashed with indignation as he answered, passionately—

'If I had done it, sir, I should neither deny it, nor be afraid that any one should know I had.' And as Dr. Hariton looked upon his clear blue eyes and noble open countenance he felt it impossible to doubt his word; but the evident difficulty of discovering the truth

only exasperated him more; and he continued, without noticing the boy's indignant denial—

'It's perfectly clear that this could not have been done without your knowledge, so I insist on being told the truth about it at once.'

Easy and good-tempered as Francis Newstead was, he was now so thoroughly provoked that he lost all self-control, and answered, in a proud, defiant tone—

'Then the truth is, that I said all I could to Erle to prevent it, and did not succeed.'

'Erle, then, was the originator of the scheme?' exclaimed the doctor, catching at the name.

'I did not say so,' replied Newstead, biting his lips with vexation at his unguarded speech; 'I only said I spoke to him about it.'

'Very well, sir,' returned the doctor, more than satisfied with the clue obtained by Newstead's unwary speech. 'You may go now; and return here with the rest of the sixth form at a quarter before ten o'clock.'

Very much annoyed and crestfallen, Francis Newstead retired, knowing in what light he would be looked upon by the whole school, if it was believed that he had betrayed any one to the head master—and, indeed, to a generous-hearted boy like Newstead, the very idea of having done it, however inadvertently, was galling in the extreme. He went at once in search of Erle, to tell him what had happened, but unfortunately he could not find him, and they only met just as the sixth form were going into the study; before ten o'clock, the gates having been previously opened by the assistance of some workmen, the boys declaring one and all that they could not do it.

The doctor received them very sternly, and after a short, angry speech, which was listened to in sullen silence, he proceeded to inquire who had originated this act of rebellion. No one answered, and the doctor continued—

'I know of one of the instigators of this disgraceful conduct, but I shall reserve his sentence till to-day at four o'clock, when I expect the

whole school to be assembled, and to inform me of the name of every boy concerned in this shameful act of rebellion. In the meantime there will be no half-holiday, and every boy must write a hundred lines of the first *Æneid* for me before to-morrow.'

Very discontentedly the boys retired, and there was much grumbling in the school at a sentence which those who were not implicated considered extremely unjust, but none were either so perplexed and unhappy as Newstead, for, knowing the violence of his friend's temper, he thought that by telling him what had occurred he should take away the small chance there was of his passing muster with the rest, and yet he could not bear to be acting what would seem a dishonourable part by him.

There was but little time out of school that day, but in the evening Newstead came up to Erle, who was hurrying past him, and stopped him, saying,

'Wait a minute, Erle, I want to go with you.'

'I can't wait; that confounded imposition has put me back with my other work, and I'm going to get some one to finish it for me.'

'I can do that, but I must speak to you —'

But Erle ran off in such a hurry that Newstead's imploring accents were lost in air. In vain he searched for Erle; the Fates were against their meeting, and when the school assembled at four o'clock, in accordance with Dr. Hariton's order, Erle was the very last to rush in, heedless of every one, in his usual impatient manner.

Dr. Hariton's anger had toned down. His manner was stern, but there was a sadness in his voice as he addressed the boys. He again reminded the sixth form that it was to them that he looked for support in the school, from them that he expected the example which would guide and control the rest. He had not imagined that the results of Dr. Baldwin's teaching could have so soon passed away. He inquired of them in what respect he had given them offence, for he concluded such

an outbreak could only be the expression of some pent-up dissatisfaction. His manner had a tenderness about it which took the boys by surprise, and made many of them feel that perhaps, after all, they had misunderstood him. He asked them to tell him what their grievance was, that if reasonable it might be redressed; but he went on to say that before any step was taken by him he must be met by a candid avowal on the part of the ringleaders of the rebellion.

To this there was no reply—not a boy spoke; there was no indication of capitulation on their side, and he felt that he had made a wrong move. Somewhat irritated by this, and meeting with no response, but perceiving, on the contrary, the most dogged determination to be silent expressed in the countenances of the boys, he at once made use of the information so unintentionally supplied by Newstead, and said that 'he knew the name of one of the ringleaders, and that as there was such a resolute determination on their part not to make any confession, he had no alternative but at once, there and then, publicly to expel the boy to whom he referred.'

'Julian Erle, stand forward, that I may publicly expel you from Bridge End for your act of rebellion; I know you to be one of the ringleaders; I know it from one to whose wiser counsels you refused to listen. Leave my presence, and mind that within the next three hours you leave Bridge End. Whatever you may leave behind you shall be forwarded to you, but your face must not be seen here beyond the time I have named.'

Great was the consternation of the whole school, greater still that of poor Erle. He grew scarlet, and then deadly pale; and as he passed Newstead, who was standing near the door, he said to him,

'Newstead, you d—d sneak, I have to thank you for this; but I'll have my revenge before I die, so beware!'

These were the last words that Newstead heard Julian Erle utter, for no one could prevail on him to see Newstead, who waited for some

time in hopes of taking leave of him, and of giving him the only explanation in his power. Julian Erle, a popular, high-spirited boy, who would himself rather have died than betray a companion, left the school amidst the openly-expressed regrets of his schoolfellows and a heart bursting with bitter hatred and desire for revenge.

And now we must pass over an interval of five-and-twenty years, and see the two boys we have been describing as middle-aged men, one bronzed and looking older than his age from exposure to the heat of a tropical sun, for Francis Newstead had spent many years in India, where he had had a good appointment. He still retained many of his boyish characteristics, and his fine open countenance and bright smile had brought him many friends. Genial, generous, and kind-hearted, he was a universal favourite, and was now returning to England to live on the result of his labours. Julian Erle was comparatively a wreck, almost a cripple from rheumatic gout, and a confirmed invalid. When he returned home after his expulsion from Bridge End his father, who was a violent-tempered man, was so furiously angry that he insisted on his leaving home again immediately to study for the bar, and sent him to London for that purpose. For two years he scarcely ever saw him, when his own sudden and serious illness necessitated Julian's recall, but it was only in time to receive his father's forgiveness and blessing. Mr. Erle had a small property in Sussex, to which, as the eldest son, Julian succeeded. A short time after he married his cousin, and with her he had lived quietly at Luscombe Hill ever since, becoming every year more gouty and more infirm.

But we must leave my two heroes for a time, and turn to a very different and far gayer scene.

A group of young people assembled in the bay-window of a drawing-room in one of the largest houses in Hastings.

It was a sunny and bright morning at the end of March, without

much wind, and a blue unclouded sky. The window was open; some were sitting on the ledge, others looking out. In the farther drawing-room, of which the folding-doors were open, were the remains of breakfast.

The house belonged to Sir Henry Westmacott, and the group in the window consisted of his daughters and two sons, a son and daughter of his youngest brother, and a college friend of his sons'. A happy, merry party, with no other thought than to compress as much amusement into the day as possible. Sir Henry, for whose health the family had removed to Hastings, and who was sitting by the fire reading, complained bitterly of the cold wind that came in at the open window.

'We will shut it, papa, in one minute,' said Maria Westmacott, 'when Rachel and Lewis can settle what they are going to do.'

'Rachel had better stay at home and be quiet,' said her uncle, petulantly; 'there is always something extraordinary to be done for her.'

It was evident that Rachel Westmacott was the moving spirit of the party, or, at all events, that all combined to do as she wished. She was rather a delicate-looking girl, with a pale, clear complexion, and dark hair and eyes, very like her brother, whom she was evidently entreating to do something against his better judgment.

'Oh! you bad uncle,' said Rachel, running up to him and kissing his forehead; 'why do you say what is not true? Why, it's you that say I am to do what I like always.'

'Bless you!' said the old man, kissing her fondly; 'but you are a plague, nevertheless.'

'It's the others that are plagues,' she returned. 'My plans are all settled. Horace, do shut the window, and if you and Lewis will go down to the beach to speak to the old man about his boat, we will come down to you.'

'The tide won't serve till twelve, I can tell you,' said Horace, a tall, broad-shouldered, fair youth, with somewhat heavy features, but a beautiful smile that lighted them up when he spoke; 'and all the

sailors on the beach, and the fishermen too, say that this boat you are so fond of is not seaworthy.'

'Stuff!' retorted Rachel; 'it's only because they suppose that, if they say that, you will use theirs; and besides, I believe you want us to have a large boat that you may go too. Now I'm going to be happy, and have a long day with Lewis all to myself.'

'You never want me now, Rachel, why is that?' said Horace, looking very discontented.

'I don't so much mind about you, but I don't want Arthur Faulkenor,' was the not very gracious rejoinder, 'and you can ride with him. Besides, you are always taking Lewis away from me.'

'Now, Rachel,' said Maria Westmacott from the next room, 'if you have done giving your orders to the whole world, perhaps you will tell me what to practise for the evening. You know the Thatchers are coming.'

'You need not practise at all; you can play anything. Maria, do let Rose Thatcher play those duets with you to-night, and I'll practise them to-morrow.'

'Certainly not: you will play them better than she will, even at sight. I wonder what I am going to do to-day?'

'Come with us,' said Rachel, with a great effort, in a sudden fit of generosity.

'No, I can't leave papa; and, besides, you are going to be drowned, you know.'

'Many a true word spoken in jest,' said Rachel, laughing, and kissing her. 'Now here is Lewis, looking furious that I am not ready. I shan't be half a minute,' and she ran upstairs without waiting for her brother's reproaches.

'I suppose you'll be back to dinner, Lewis?' said his cousin, in a tone of pique. 'You know we have people coming here this evening.'

'Of course, but why?' and here he stopped short, quite afraid of persuading Maria to come out, if it should prove 'the one thing Rachel did not want,' as she always declared every contrary circumstance in life to be.

'I'm not coming, you need not be

afraid,' said Maria, in a tone of wounded feeling.

Rachel's entrance precluded any further controversy, and Lewis, looking rather grave and 'put out,' followed Rachel down to the beach.

There she found her cousin and Arthur Faulkenor laying cloaks and cushions in the boat, which attention and homage, having been accustomed to from infancy, she took as her right and as a matter of course.

Rachel Westmacott's nature was one that thrived in the warm atmosphere of love, and in after years, when life and its troubles pressed harshly upon her, the genial, softening influences that had surrounded her childhood stood her in good stead, and gave her heart and hope when many who had been more inured to suffering would have been soured and dispirited.

'How charming! how delightful!' exclaimed Rachel, as the boat pushed off and seemed to dance on the top of the waves. 'There is wind enough, and yet not too much.'

'You'll be sick if there is any more,' returned her brother; 'so it's to be hoped there won't be.'

'Sick! why I never was sick but once in my life. Of course I shan't,' and Rachel took off her bonnet and let the wind play with her soft, brown hair as she leant over the side of the boat and dabbled her fingers in the water.

'No fear of more wind to-day,' said the old boatman in an oracular tone; 'it'll be dropping altogether just now, or I'm much mistaken.'

'Then we had better keep close ashore perhaps?' asked Lewis, doubtfully, as the little boat, with every sail set, seemed almost flying over the water.

'As you like, sir; we ain't so far out now but what we could row in, and the wind mayn't drop yet awhile.'

'It will be all right, Lewis; now sing with me. It's easier to sing on the sea than anywhere,' said Rachel, as in a clear soprano she began to sing one of the Irish melodies. Her brother sang a good second, and for some time there was no sound but those two young, clear voices and

the ripple of the waves against the boat-side.

'Lewis, I do believe I'm hungry,' suddenly exclaimed Rachel, looking half-frightened, as if some terrible calamity had befallen them.

'Really,' he replied, laughing; 'that's because you despised the shrimps I brought you for breakfast. I don't know what's to be done; we have not even a fishing-net on board, or we might catch some fish and cook them for you perhaps. Would you like to go back home again?'

'No, not at all; why didn't we bring some luncheon with us? Look, there's a ship; we'll ask the sailors for some biscuit. Is she coming this way?'

'It is a big Indiaman going up to London; she won't come much further in. She's been lying about in the offing this day or two, waiting for a pilot, perhaps.'

'Oh! Lewis, let's go on board. I never saw a big ship in all my life. Do you think we can?' exclaimed Rachel, turning to the old man, and standing up, in her eagerness to see the ship.

'May be as likely as not. I've often taken parties as wanted to go aboard the ships before they got into the river, for they are sometimes a week before they can land the passengers in London.'

'I don't think it would do for you, Rachel; it's a merchant-vessel, and I don't see how I could take you on board.'

'Never mind, only go and see; they'll give me a biscuit, at all events.'

'We can go alongside her, sir, if the lady likes; there can be no harm in that.'

'Yes, certainly,' said Rachel. 'Lewis, I must go. How long will it take?'

'She's coming this way; it won't take long,' and soon the frigate stood out before them, making the little boat look so insignificant that Rachel said she felt like a shrimp before a whale.

Slowly and majestically the ship seemed bearing down upon them till the little cockleshell of a boat was dancing in the trough of her

waves. In some mysterious language the sailors had been given to understand that a lady and gentleman wanted to come on board, and the captain ordered a rope ladder to be thrown down into the boat. Poor Rachel looked very much disappointed as she said—

'I can't climb up that, can I?' and she looked wistfully up the ship's side, which towered like a great black mountain over her head.

'Of course not; you must not dream of it. I will just run up and see if I can get you some biscuit. Sit still, I shan't be a minute.'

Very disconsolate Rachel sat down, watching the rope ladder swaying about with every movement of the ship, and her wish to go on board grew stronger and stronger every minute.

'Don't you think you two could hold the ladder steady enough for me to get up?' she asked.

'Ay, ay, we could hold it,' said the younger man; 'but whether you could climb it is another thing.'

'Let me try,' she said, eagerly, 'only a step or two: if I can't, I'll come down again.'

'Better not be so venturesome, miss; it's harder than you think,' said the old fisherman.

'I'll only try: now, have you got it steady?' and she ran lightly up the first few steps. Then came a heavy lurch of the ship, and the rope swayed far from the boat. The ship rose still far above her head; she had a sudden feeling of being alone in the world with the deep, green sea below, and the sky over her head. She turned sick and dizzy, and the thought that she should be drowned came vividly before her. To the lookers-on she only seemed to hesitate for a moment, but that moment to her seemed a lifetime.

'I must go on—I will,' she said, aloud; and by a tremendous effort she fixed her eyes only on the ship, and continued her ascent. One of the sailors saw her, and leaned forward to give her his hand. It was not till she felt the deck beneath her feet that she realized the terrible danger she had passed.



Drawn by John Gilbert.]

A LIFE AND A MEMORY.

[See the Story]

Her brother did not see her at first. He was talking to the captain on the other side of the deck. But the sailors and passengers crowded around her, some declaring they had not seen a human being since they left Calcutta, others eagerly inquiring if it was true that she had climbed the rope ladder, and expressing their astonishment at such a feat. Poor Rachel was getting very shy, and heartily wished herself back in the boat, especially as Lewis came up to her at that moment with rather a disapproving face.

'Why did you come, Rachel? I told you not.'

'But I wanted so very much,' she pleaded; 'and now I am here quite safe, may I see the ship?'

'Some of the passengers are at dinner in the large cabin, but the lady can go down if she likes,' said the captain, civilly.

'Oh yes, I should; and perhaps I could get some biscuit?'

Down the steep stairs, and into the hot, steaming cabin, where some very dusky-looking men and women seemed to be eating rice and curry, Rachel and Lewis were ushered. To their dismay, the party assembled there all rose, entreating them to take a morsel of something. They should be so glad to hear some English news. But the manner and the accent, and the whole scene, was so new to Rachel, that her hunger vanished at once, and even her desire to see more of the ship, and she told her brother she was quite ready to return. But they had to drink a glass of wine before the captain could be satisfied, and Lewis took the precaution to obtain a supply of biscuit from the steward. In order to do this he had lingered rather behind, and when he came on deck a very unexpected sight presented itself. Rachel was leaning over a mattress, on which a man was lying wrapped up in cloaks, and sheltered as much as possible from the wind; yet he seemed shivering, as if from cold, and the ghastly grey tinge that overspread his features looked more livid every time the fresh March wind, though tempered by a brilliant sunshine, swept past him. On a low seat at his feet sat a tall, fair man,

anxiously watching him, with as much vigour, health, and contentment in his kindly smile and genial manner as the countenance of his companion expressed the reverse. All this struck Lewis as he glanced at the group before him, but how Rachel had contrived to make herself one of the party, or why she should apparently be taking a dying man under her protection, he was at a loss to imagine. It seemed something beyond even her vagaries. She was evidently promising something, at which the sick man's friend seemed to demur.

'Oh, Lewis, I am so glad you are come; I want to ask you something. This poor man — gentleman,' she said, blushing, and correcting herself, 'is so very ill, and we can take him home, can't we?'

Her brother's astonishment was too great for him to be able to answer her immediately. He looked at the sick man's friend for some explanation.

Where was the home to which he was to be taken? and why should they undertake the charge of a sick man? It seemed such an extraordinary idea that he felt as if Rachel must be losing her senses to entertain it for a moment.

'Well,' said Rachel, impatient at receiving no reply, 'of course we can, so he had better come at once. He has had a very bad fever, and is still extremely weak and ill.'

'What can you mean, Rachel?' remonstrated her brother, in a low voice. 'You must be crazy! You know nothing of this man, except that he has had a fever. Do you wish to catch it?'

'Oh! sir,' said the sick man, raising himself up with difficulty, and looking earnestly at Lewis with eyes that seemed unnaturally large, and clasping his thin hands in the intensity of his emotion, 'I have been ill ever since we left Calcutta, and, expecting to land to-day, have been carried on deck. They tell me now that no passengers may be landed here, that we shall be some days going up the river. I feel that I shall never live to set my foot again in England. This lady offered to land us at Hastings.' Here he

paused, and looked wistfully from one to the other.

'You are only weak now,' said his friend, soothingly; 'I dare say, as you have weathered so much, you may weather a little more, and it would probably be inconvenient to this gentleman to set us ashore.'

Lewis felt extremely perplexed, for his naturally kind heart was touched by the evident illness and anxiety of the sick man. He turned to the captain, and asked what had been the matter with him.

'A sharp attack of fever,' replied the captain, 'but that passed off long ago; lately he has been nearly dying of weakness, kept up by sea-sickness, from which he has never been free.'

'Then you think there would be no risk to my sister if we landed him?—risk of infection, I mean.'

'None in the world. It would be a kind act, for the man has been a terrible sufferer. I never thought he would have lived to see England. That friend of his is one in a thousand. He has nursed him day and night, and has never been put out by his whims or complaints, for he's as fanciful as a sick child.'

'Well,' said Rachel, impatiently, coming up to Lewis, 'had we not better go?'

'We are talking of your taking that poor sick man along with you, young lady,' began the captain.

'We shall do that, of course,' said Rachel, rather abruptly; 'the question is, how to do it, for he can't get down that rope ladder into our boat.'

Lewis still looked undecided, but his sister's stronger will carried the day. If they could have foretold the results of their kindness, they would rather have seen the sick man die before their eyes than have been the means of taking him ashore.

Another difficulty now presented itself to Lewis's mind. Their boat was not a large one, and two more passengers, with possibly some luggage, would certainly be objected to by the sailors who brought them. Rachel, however, anticipated this objection by saying—

'Don't let those men make any

difficulties, Lewis, give them this. And she slipped half a sovereign into his hand.

The suddenness of the whole proceeding had somewhat bewildered her brother, and he had some doubts in his mind as to whether he was being very kind and charitable or only very foolish in spoiling Rachel. She, however, was quite in her element, delighted to do a kind action, and charmed with the novelty of the adventure.

The captain was only too glad to facilitate their departure, and Rachel saw, with great satisfaction, that the sailors were preparing a chair, in which they could be lowered into the boat.

'I am afraid you can scarcely have room for us both,' said the sick man's friend to Lewis, with his bright, cheery smile, 'and yet if you take Colonel Clargis, I believe I am a necessary evil.'

'There is no difficulty about that,' replied Lewis, 'but we could not stow away much luggage.'

'We shall not have much: two carpet-bags will hold all that we shall want for a week. The bulk of the luggage must go on to London.'

'Then do let us get into the boat first, Lewis,' said Rachel, 'and then we shall be out of the way.'

She was taken at her word, for at a sign from the captain, who was standing by, she was whipped up by a sailor and placed in the chair that had been prepared to let them down; and as soon as she recovered from her surprise, she was relieved to find an easier way of returning to the boat than the rope ladder she had so perilously ascended. She busied herself at once in arranging a place for the sick man to lie down, and making it as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances; then she stood up to watch his descent into the boat, which was accomplished with a good deal more difficulty than hers had been, from his extreme weakness. At last, however, the two carpet-bags were thrown down, and they left the ship's side. In her excitement Rachel had forgotten her hunger, but now was really glad to turn to the

biscuit which Lewis had procured from the steward, and even to drink a little wine from a flask which the sick man's friend offered to her, and which he always carried about for his use.

The little boat did not make much way, for the wind was dead against her, and her freight heavier. Even Rachel began to think the time tedious as she sat speculating upon the history of the two men who had so unexpectedly come across their path. She glanced at the names on the carpet-bags — Colonel Clargis. 'How little like a soldier he looks,' she thought; 'I wonder if he has ever been in a battle? He never can have been strong enough for active service, so weak and thin, and such a colour.' Rachel did not understand the havoc that the climate of India makes with the strongest English constitution. 'Mr. F. Newstead. I wonder what he is? Not a soldier, I suppose, as he's only a Mr. It's a good, kind face. It's odd he's so silent. I wish he would say something.'

So with this wish in her mind, and a sudden feeling that she was dull, she spoke to him, and tried to elicit something of their antecedents, but with very little success, for he seemed to be entirely occupied in considering what would be the best means to provide for his friend's comfort when they landed. It was evident that none of his attention was to be given to Rachel, which, as the scheme of bringing away the sick man had originated with her, and as she was quite unaccustomed to anything approaching to neglect, did not altogether please her.

She began to suggest some plan, but was quickly cut short by the old boatman.

'Lord bless ye, miss, he'd never bear all that bother and palavering. If you and the gentlemen will just run up to the hotel and order his room, Jam and I can carry him up as easy as nothing. He can be put into bed at once, and stop there till he's more fit to move than he is now. They have always everything ready and comfortable up there.'

There could be no objection to this very sensible suggestion. The

sick man heaved a weary sigh, as if longing for the time when he should be once more lying in a comfortable bed, and Lewis kept looking at his watch, and asking how much longer they would be kept out, anxious on account of his uncle, who would be quite sure to be alarmed at their long absence.

Everyone seemed growing fidgetty and uneasy, except the boatman, who took the delay phlegmatically enough, knowing that at all events they should gain by it. At last came the welcome grating sounds of the boat upon the shingly shore. Rachel and Lewis jumped out, and were preparing to run up the bank, when she turned round and said in rather a haughty manner—

'Do you wish us to order rooms for you at the hotel?'

'If you please, as soon as possible,' replied the sick man's friend, without even observing Rachel's change of manner, or saying a word in recognition of her services.

'Well, if that's not ungracious!' she exclaimed, as they slowly and laboriously climbed up the shingles into the street; 'I've a great mind not to go near the hotel.'

'Never mind,' said Lewis, impatiently; 'of course the man must have some place to go to, and we must order his room. We can't do any more for him. I can only think of Uncle Henry. He will be in one of his nervous fits, and no wonder—just think how long we've been away!'

Rachel had not forgotten this, and at that moment it made her more uneasy than she cared to own. She said that it would be best for her to go at once to the Crescent, and Lewis could follow her as soon as he had been to the hotel. He agreed to this, and as soon as he was out of sight she ran all the way, and arrived breathless and panting at her uncle's door. Her knock was answered by the old butler.

'Thank God you're safe, Miss Rachel! Sir Henry's been in such a way—dreadful! It will undo all the doctor's done for this month past. They are all gone to dinner now, for as I told Sir Henry—"Let it be as it will, Sir Henry, all things

are worse to bear on an empty stomach,"—and so they are.'

'Very likely; and so I will go into the dining-room at once,' said Rachel, provoked by this pompous harangue. She glided by him into the dining-room, standing for a moment by the door to catch Horace's eye.

'At last!' he exclaimed. 'Papa, here is Rachel, quite safe, after all. Where is Lewis?'

'Coming directly. I had better dine at once and dress after, hadn't I, Uncle Henry?'

'I really don't care what you do,' he replied, in a querulous tone. 'I am much too ill to care what anybody does, or for anything except to get to bed as soon as possible.'

'You can't, papa,' said Maria, looking reproachfully at her cousin, 'when there are people coming in the evening.'

Rachel, who very much disliked the idea of being 'in a scrape,' and who had meant to create a great deal of interest in the minds of her cousins by the graphic account she was prepared to give of her adventure, was obliged to content herself with eating her dinner in silence, and casting comic glances of despair at Horace, who sat opposite to her.

'I suppose Rachel has told you what detained us?' said Lewis, going up to his uncle. 'I was afraid you would think we were lost.'

'Rachel has told me nothing, and I wish to hear nothing. One thing I am determined upon, and that is that there shall be no more boating from this house. I am not going to spend such another day for anybody's fancy.'

'Why?' asked Rachel, instantly roused into antagonism. 'You knew we were safe in such fine weather.'

Her uncle did not vouchsafe her any reply, and she was obliged to eat her dinner in silence, with a considerable feeling of resentment against what she considered the 'injustice' with which she was treated.

The next day Rachel speculated a great deal upon the probability of a call from the sick man's friend. She said so much about it that Lewis offered to go up to the hotel to inquire how he was, but this she

would not consent to, thinking she had already not been treated with sufficient gratitude and consideration.

'As if those people could tell where you lived,' said Horace, disdainfully.

'As if "those people," as you call them, could not ask the boatmen, or the people at the inn, and find out as easily as possible. If this kind-looking man don't come I shall believe that there is no gratitude in human nature,' returned Rachel. A conclusion to which she was obliged to come, however reluctantly; for though the weather was wet and stormy, and she was kept at home all day, no one called, and nothing farther was heard either of the sick man or his friend.

The fact was that the next day Colonel Clargis had become much worse, and his friend had called in medical advice. When the doctor saw him he told Mr. Newstead at once that the case was so precarious that any relations he might have should be apprized of his condition.

On inquiry, Mr. Newstead found that Colonel Clargis's sister lived at Tunbridge. He sent to her, begging her to come and take charge of her brother at once, as he should be obliged to go to London to receive the luggage when the ship came in.

Almost before he could have expected her, the sister arrived. Colonel Clargis could not be moved for some days, but at last he was able to be carried downstairs, and put into the bed-carriage she had brought for him. Mrs. Dickenson begged Mr. Newstead to accompany them, but that was impossible. He saw them drive off, with a distinct feeling of relief at being free from the anxiety that had weighed upon him for so many weeks.

Francis Newstead was still the same indolent being that we knew him at Bridge End, and the prospect of a few days with 'nothing to do' was particularly pleasant to him.

The first use he made of his leisure was to take a long country walk. The sights and sounds of a spring day in England were exquisite enjoyment after his long exile,

and he soon turned off the high road and walked across green fields and into narrow lanes bounded by hedge-rows faintly tipped with green, and steep mossy banks en-annelled with violets and prim-roses, in a kind of dreamy enjoyment. On and on he sauntered without any definite purpose, listening to the birds that seemed to be caroling on every side, watching the village children trooping home from school, and listening to the whistle of the ploughboy as he led his horses over ridge and furrow, turning up the soft earth that seemed to have a fragrance of its own. It was all so new and yet so old, so linked with the past, that the years which had elapsed since his own boyhood and the present time seemed to fade away, and the weary middle-aged man felt once more a boy.

He stood leaning over a gate, musing on the past and the present, when his eye was attracted by a picturesque old house about a quarter of a mile off. It stood at the foot of a hill, nestling under some fine old trees, among which the grey church-tower and the cottage roofs of a small hamlet could be seen.

There was an old-fashioned garden, surrounded by a fine yew hedge. The sunlight was streaming full on the stone gables, and glittering on the mullioned windows. As he looked at it he could not help wishing that some such English home awaited him—it looked a perfect haven of rest and comfort.

'Who does that old house belong to, my boy?' he asked, stopping a ragged urchin who was making unearthly noises to scare away the birds from the young corn in the next field.

'That house yon? that be Luscombe Hall—Squire Erle's.'

'Squire Erle's! Luscombe Hall!' Surely those words came to Francis Newstead with a familiar sound! Surely that was the home of his old schoolfellow Julian Erle? he remembered that his father lived in Sussex. How much he should like to see him again! He had never even heard of him since the sad parting at Bridge End. He did not know a single person in Hastings,

and it would be a real pleasure to talk over old times. As he approached the house it struck him that it looked remarkably still and deserted, but he was determined to make the experiment. He rang the bell, which was answered by an untidy-looking girl, who seemed unable to give him any information as to whether Mr. Erle could see him.

'He was always there, because he was so ill,' she said, and seemed to think it extraordinary that any one should think of seeing him; but as Francis Newstead did not appear to take her view of the case, she proposed to fetch Mrs. Sims.

Mrs. Sims was an elderly, respectable-looking female, dressed in black, and from her he learned that Mr. Erle was always confined to his room, having become quite a cripple from rheumatic gout; that Mrs. Erle and the children were in London, and the servants gone away for a holiday. She did not suppose that Mr. Erle would be equal to seeing a stranger.

'But I am not a stranger,' said Francis Newstead, with the bright smile that invariably captivated every one. 'Take my card up to him, and tell him it would give me the greatest pleasure to see him, and that I've only just returned to England. I suppose it's the same person—we were schoolfellows—his name was Julian?'

'Yes, that's his name,' said the woman, quite won by Francis Newstead's kind and affable manner. 'Well, I'll go and see, maybe a little company might do him good. Mrs. Erle and the children have been in London a week, and no one left here but that drab of a girl, so I just come up here in the day to see to the poor gentleman, and do the bit of cooking he wants, but I live up yonder,' she said, pointing to the village, 'ever since I married.'

'Has Mr. Erle been long ill?'

'On and off for the last twelve years, and now it's settled so in his joints that he can hardly move at all; but if you'll walk into this room, I'll just go up and tell him you're here.'

She opened the door of a dreary-

looking wainscoted room, with old red curtains, and dirty white paint, on which, as he could see traces of children's devastation, he concluded must be the school-room.

Presently Mrs. Sims returned. 'If you will walk up, Mr. Erle will be glad to see you.' And then she added in a lower voice, 'Perhaps you won't stop long, sir; hearing of you seemed quite to upset him; he looks very poorly to-day.'

At the top of the stairs was a broad, old-fashioned corridor, fitted up like a room. There were doors on each side, and Mrs. Sims opened the one which was the nearest, but did not come into the room.

Francis Newstead was so startled at the sight of his friend, that he was quite afraid of betraying what he felt. The man before him was such a complete wreck, so shrunk, and with such an expression of distress in his countenance, that he was a most painful sight to look upon. As a boy, Julian Erle had very marked features, and Francis Newstead remembered him at once, but something in his appearance shocked him and took away all power of speech.

Happily, Julian Erle was so nervous that he did not seem as if he observed anything. He scarcely raised his eyes, as his old school-fellow came up and greeted him warmly.

'How glad I am to see you, Erle! but grieve to find you in this state. I had no idea you were such a sufferer.'

'You have been away so long,' replied Erle, with a faint smile; 'I suppose you have not heard much about your old friends?'

'Little enough for these twelve years. But what a lucky chance to meet you now! We left Calcutta two months ago, and should have landed in London, but I had a friend on board who has been so ill all

through the voyage that they landed him at Hastings. I remained with him till his sister could come, and as I'd nothing particular to do, I took a long stretch into the country, and, strange to say, lighted on you; but I wish you seemed more prosperous, old fellow.'

Again a sickly smile, which was more like a spasm than a smile, distorted Julian Erle's features as he said—

'I am what the world would call prosperous, I suppose, barring my being such a helpless log. I have not been able to walk since last summer. But my wife is well, and my two boys are fine healthy lads.'

'I should like to see them very much. Are you all alone in the house, Erle?'

'Yes: my wife has gone to her mother in London, and as I could not attend to the children, she took them with her. This week, too, even the servants are gone for a holiday, otherwise I should have begged you to take compassion on me, and spend a day or two here; but it would be asking you to a comfortless abode.'

'The idea of talking of comfort to a man who has been two months on board ship!' said Newstead, laughing; 'why, the very fact of having space to move in, good bread and fresh water, are luxuries to me now.'

'Then will you bring your things up here to-morrow? Mrs. Sims will do her best for you. She's a clean, tidy woman, though not much of a hand at cooking.'

'I shall like it extremely,' returned Newstead, rising to go. 'It will be useless for me to go to London before the end of the week, and there is nothing very attractive at Hastings, where I don't know a creature; and to meet an old friend in this way is such a piece of unexpected good luck.'

(To be continued.)





FIRST FAVOURITE.

[See the Poem.]

FIRST FAVOURITE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

FRESH as the early
 Morn, rosy and pearly,
 Swept by the breezes and bright with the dew,
 Comes the delight of all,
 Cheering the sight of all,
 Glad from the slumbers that beauty renew.

Glossy hat, lightly
 Set over the sprightly
 Features that glow with the magic of youth!
 Habit revealing
 Grace e'en in concealing—
 Robe a Diana befitting, in truth!

What shall we say of her?
 Oh, the sweet way of her
 Now that she crosses the lawn and—absurd!
 Goes with face beaming,
 And pearly teeth gleaming,
 Only to notice and fondle a bird!

Birds may in plenty
 Be had: there are twenty
 Screaming away at this hour at the Zoo.
 Harlequin screechers,
 Motley-hued creatures,
 Red, white, or green, dashed with orange or blue.

Birds! If together
 Came those of each feather,
 Flights such as Audubon's eyes never saw:
 Where in a mile is there
 One worth her smile? Is there
 Any deserving a word for a caw?

Yet as First Favourite
 Poll still will crave a right,
 And from his perch, as if that were his throne,
 Glance with round berry-eye
 Up at a merry eye
 Ten times as bright and as brown as his own.

Privileged bird, to
 Be mortals preferred to,
 Clasp her finger and winning her heart;
 Yet, by that rosy
 Hand fondled, what knows he
 Concerning the rapture a touch may impart?

Though with that beak of his
 Giving a tweak of his
 At the white finger, pretending to tease;
 Rapture he knows not,
 At least we suppose not—
 A morsel of sugar would equally please!

You may be clever,
 But, Poll, you will never
 Guess half her beauties who makes you her pride;
 Guess at our emulous
 Hearts, or the tremulous
 Glances we raise as she stands by your side.

Face never fairer,
 Form never rarer,
 Equal delight and despair of us all!
 Bright as Euphrosyne,
 Even Mnemosyne
 Could not a darling so precious recall!

Making her slaves of us,
 What that she craves of us,
 What that she bids, is there one could refuse?
 Glove to the lions shown,
 Cup to the whirlpool thrown—
 Would some such test of our loves she would use.

But though caress'd of all,
 Lauded and bless'd of all,
 She to no breast will her secret impart:
 Not one's preferr'd by her,
 Though—as her bird by her—
 She as First Favourite's held in each heart.

S.

TORQUAY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

NOT so many years ago that it is beyond the recollection of men now living, a cluster of humble houses nestled beneath the tall cliffs of Torre, near its rude and tiny quay. Two deep valleys, separated by steep hills converge here, where a secondary and more retired bay withdraws itself from the wider expanse of Torbay. In those days of the French wars, the Channel Fleet would often take refuge within Torbay, for its safe anchorage and its abundant means of watering. Many of the naval officers would leave their wives and children at the village, having found for them a cheap and pleasant home, easy of access to themselves when there was a chance of coming home. The place was retired enough and even lonely, but it had its beauty and its advantages. The waves sparkled and broke against cliffs which not as yet were levelled and smoothed into macadamized roads. The shrill

scream of the railway whistle was then a sound unborn. The roll of chariot wheels was then most rarely heard. Sometimes the stag, roused from its last lair on Dartmoor, might take the water at Torbay. Then a gay company would sweep by the shore and speedily disappear at the shadowy combs into the broad and somewhat bleak countryside beyond. At times, a chance tourist or artist might wander here, led by the report of its secluded loveliness. Otherwise, the main inhabitants were the fishermen who made their living on the waters and spread out their nets on the rocks to the sun. But the maidens of the place, who had not in those days learned to analyse their emotions and be critical in the terminology of scenic beauty, would find abundance to gratify their in-born love of Nature and the picturesque. For them there was the tiny village shrouded in woods beneath the rocks, the mysterious chasms

and clefts on the high grounds, the wooded combes which gently shelved down to the beach of fine shells or whitest sand, the lonely hill chapel, dedicated to some good but forgotten saint, with its single room where some lonely priest once said orisons and vespers, and the long, shaded lanes whose large timber trees here and there interlaced to form a natural arcade. Nearer home was the ancient abbey of Tor, or rather the remains, which gave an abbatial character to the modern home of the Carys. It was founded in the twelfth century by some noble for those Norbertine monks who were called Premonstratensians from the mother house in the valley of Premontre, and was reckoned to be by far the richest of the thirty-two houses which the order possessed in England. It was possible then, and even now, besides the antique gate-house, to find the chapter-house, and the old masses of the chapel, and the refectory, and the grange; and now, as then, were there thick avenues of lime and elm which gave perfect shadow and coolness in the hottest summer day. Then there was the little church, with quaint effigy and tomb, and the Jacobean monuments of the family who had become the lords of the dismantled abbey. But there was very little done in the way of business or of pleasure. The waters of the bay were teeming with stores of fish, but the means of transit to great cities hardly existed, and what business there was, was done at Brixham, the commercial metropolis of Torbay. Here lived, some time ago, the gentle pastor who wrote the sweet strain commencing 'Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.' Visitors who came to Torquay to look at the combes and caverns and explore the rocky islets, found that they were absurdly sanguine in counting upon refreshments or on relays of horses. Anything in the way of fashion was due to the few villas which were proudly possessed by the adjacent village of Paignton, which, moreover, boasted a quaint tower by the churchyard, wherein the natives said that good Miles Coverdale translated the Bible. Once, at least, there came to the secluded

inhabitants of Torre and hard by its quay, a sensation hardly to be rivalled in these days of sensationalism. The great French war was at last over, and there lay in the naval roadstead a certain man-of-war called the 'Bellerophon,' in which the imperial eagle of France was caged at last. The bay was all alive with boats, and everything in the shape of a boat which its shores possessed was put into requisition—plying around the vessel if haply a glimpse could be obtained of Napoleon Bonaparte. There was one adventurous lawyer, who conceived the bold idea that if he could only manage to serve Napoleon with a writ, Captain Maitland would be bound to bring his captive to London; but we may be quite sure that Captain Maitland knew perfectly well what he was about. I am glad to know that the family of the abbey sent the fallen hero presents of grapes and peaches from their garden. As Napoleon looked across Torbay to the wooded shores beyond, he murmured, 'What a beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba.'

So much for Torquay in days which are not so very long past, but yet which seem so far, as books and the conversation of old residents have described it to me. And now for the Torquay of the present day. You will see it best, my friends, if you look upon it, as Napoleon did, across the waters. But how different a view, in many respects so changed, meets your gaze to that which met the glance, perhaps dimmed, of him whose eyes should never more see the familiar Italian waters of which Torbay reminded him! The climate is so mild that, with proper care, you may venture out in your boat even in the late autumn or the early spring. Now rest upon your oars a moment, and look landwards. You would hardly think that a carriage way runs beneath the cliffs that impend over the sea, or that there was room for ever so narrow a causeway. You are not surprised to hear that with violent winds the waves will break over the sea-wall, and lash against the passing carriages and pedes-

trians. If you should venture to stay on the waters till after dark, you will see how coronals of light rest on the cliffs and chains of light run up the valleys. I do not know whether Torquay is really the queen of watering-places, as she claims to be, for there never yet was any watering-place which did not lay claim to this proud distinction; but, like Ephraim, she certainly wears 'a crown of pride' in these palaces on the cliffs. You will own that Torquay is certainly unique at least among watering-places, and that neither at home nor abroad have you ever seen anything exactly like it. *Ileu, quantum mutatus ab illo*, if, however, it be lawful to use that interjection of grief which, nevertheless, is sighingly re-echoed by those who prefer an unsophisticated seclusion to fashion and luxury. There is in Torquay a wonderful amount of wealth and refinement; and this is not merely a Devonian product, but from all parts of England solvent valetudinarianism has come hither to yield it tribute. Before you come to Torquay you see how the suburbs are extending, and from Torre station to Torquay station and beyond the succession of villas is unchanging. As soon as you reach Torquay station, in the crowned cliffs, in the almost lake-like bay, in the almost lawn-like meadows, you see a framework of outward scenery in which a town is very rarely set. You soon discover what is the governing peculiarity of Torquay. It is hardly so much a town as it is a congeries of villas. It has roads rather than it has streets. As for the town, it is something of a puzzle to you. You come to a venerable tree, within a stone's throw of the water's edge, which wears its green honours late, a tree carefully tended and guarded, and the tree is an appropriate centre for a climatic town. There is a row of handsome shops here, boulevard-like, facing the little harbour; and as Torquay contains sixteen thousand inhabitants, there is a very business-like street of smaller shops running up to Torre, suited for every variety of purse or cheque-book. But the streets and 'the town' do not really make up

Torquay. Torquay really consists of the roads and the villas, as the land entirely, or almost entirely, belongs to the Palks and the Carys; it is laid out somewhat in a determinate way and fixed plan. For miles you pass ranges of villas, detached or semi-detached, each of them—to use the phrase of an old author—'set in much greenery and abundance,' the gardens adorned with the fleeting roses of each month, and the shrubberies dense with luxuriant evergreens. It is to be said of these villas, also, that they are more substantially built than modern houses are, cunningly adjusted to the sunshine and the breeze, and fitted to meet the necessities of wealthy invalids. That tiny quay, which gave Torquay its name, has long been exchanged for something more substantial; this quay is now about to be exchanged for one exceedingly better still, through Sir Lawrence Palk, the lord of the manor. And that quaint brick parish church, with its overflowing churchyard, has now a cathedral-like chapel of ease, St. Luke, and yet another temporary church has been found necessary, and other churches in exquisite taste, and even remarkable beauty, are to be found, especially at Marychurch, a large village a few miles off, which is stretching out its arms to meet Torquay, and is fast melting into an architectural embrace. I need hardly say that, in a place like Torquay, you have every variety of differences ecclesiastical and ecclesiological, the Anglican variety melting here into the direction of the church of Rome, and here into the direction of the church of Geneva, with a Free Church of England (whatever this may happen to mean), and so on through all the varieties of 'the nonconforming members of the Church of England.' What was once, not long ago, a morass, is now turned into a public garden of unusual beauty. And Beacon Hill can unfurl a banner over a prospect so crowded in comparison with the Napoleonic days, and hard by are great hotels like the great hotels of London and Paris; and immediately below is a reading saloon, which does occa-

sional duty for ball or concert, and in the luxury of its fittings and the magnificence of its view, is all a club-man could desire.

Now, what is the agency which has effected this marvellous transformation during the years of the long peace? Doubtless the surpassing beauty of the Devonian seaboard has much to do with it. Many who work hard for fortunes in the cold north, look forward to some retirement in the sunny south. Many who come for the sake of seclusion will remain for the sake of society; and those who came to beguile a period of sickness and lassitude remain for health and enjoyment. It was said in the House of Commons by a very politic member, who has not said anything else worth recollecting, that Torquay represents 'the pulmonary interest.' Consumption is the curse of our island, and the news that there was a sunny sheltered spot in Devonshire, sheltered from the east wind by its screen of hills, so far as any real shelter can be obtained from that biting blast, which, as the Spaniards say, can extinguish life even when it cannot put out a candle, and where consumptive patients might indulge in a well-founded hope of amelioration or cure, spread in every direction, re-kindling those fond hopes to which consumptive patients are always so prone. I remember that my first impressions of Torquay, as is so often the case, were really sad ones, for many are the melancholy associations which belong to the dwelling-places of the consumptive. I expected that there would be something especially sad and sombre about the place; that the favoured residence of the dying would not be very different from a city of the dead. Now, on the contrary, I found that the tone and aspect of the place were peculiarly bright and cheerful. There was enough of fashion and gaiety in the place, enough of blithe merriment on the mellow air as horseman and horsewoman cantered on the road, or the yachts filled their white sails to the south-western breezes. Knowing how many invalids go to Torquay

in the hopeless last stage, I perceive that the people must rapidly cover up all signs of decay and death, and wreath the freshly again new chaplets in lieu of those which have so rapidly faded. Some come to dance and others come to die. To understand the dark side of Torquay—if, indeed, we are to call it dark—we must look at the obituary notices, and go forth to the churchyard and to the neighbouring cemetery, crowded to overflowing with touching and eloquent expressions of faith and love. Still the aspect of Torquay itself is the very reverse of gloomy in the ordinary aspects of society, and the sights and sounds of Nature, mildly but with sweet irresistible influence sway the mind to a gentle mood.

In discussing the climate of Torquay it must be remembered that all considerations of climate are comparative. A climate reputed the most delicious will at times conduct itself after a capricious and abnormal manner. If a supremely healthy climate were discovered, people would crowd to the locality in such numbers that the healthy character would speedily be lost. A year or two ago the snow came down heavily in Torquay in a most irregular and objectionable manner, and the climate was anything but well behaved according to its normal rule of good conduct. This year, on the other hand, the accounts from Pau and Nice are of the most discouraging character, so that people who have gone to Torquay may really be congratulated that they have not gone to the Riviera. Meteorological tables are as utterly fallacious as any other kind of statistics. What is the use of striking a mean average if the average is derived from the most unpleasant alternations of hot and cold weather? In the case of Torquay, however, the meteorological tables are kept with extraordinary exactness, and show an equality of climate which the Riviera is very far from possessing. Mr. Vivian is the great authority on the meteorology, and his tables, which are kept daily and published weekly, have been submitted to the British Association. The main secret of climate is more

simple than might be imagined. I was talking one day with a skilful physician who was a leading light of a favourite watering-place which I will call St. Agnes. 'The real secret,' observed this gentleman, in a burst of candour, 'is that if the patient has come from a relaxed climate he should go to a bracing climate; and if a patient has come from a bracing climate he ought to go to a relaxing climate. As it is, however, I advise patients of every kind to come to St. Agnes.' Regretting that this gentleman's practice is opposed to his principles, there can be no doubt but the principle is in the main correct. The natives of Torquay, who habitually live close to the sea, shut in by the hills, look to me unhealthy and even consumptive; and it would be well if some benevolent despot, after the old Persian fashion, would transport them in a body to some high-lying district. In the same way many patients come to Torquay who select the imposing-looking residences in the highest parts of the town, which are the best for strong people, but which certainly give to invalids a totally different kind of climate from that Torquay climate to which they were originally recommended. The whole medical aspect of the subject is, however, best studied in Dr. Radclyffe Hall's valuable monograph.* Dr. Hall, as a local physician, owns that he is not without a prepossession in favour of Torquay, which we regard as a weakness of the most amiable description. But he writes in a remarkably fair and candid manner, not giving, indeed the local details, which he leaves to the *cicerone* and writers of articles, but discussing the medical aspect in a manner that is at once so popular and so scientific that its literary value must rank high among works of its class.

Dr. Hall complains with reason that people go to Torquay in the extreme stage of their complaint, when the removal can do little good and may do positive harm. We can corroborate, from our own ob-

servation, his complaint of the unwise extent to which this system is carried. He gives the instance of a London physician who advised his patient to go and *calm down* at Torquay. Now it is from the calming-down process, a process so desirable in this age of feverishness and unrest, that Torquay has a beneficent effect. Nature has marked out Torquay as a sanatory camp, with its positions of vantage, its projecting earth-works, its screens, palisades, defences, inner and outer, of nearer and more remote ranges of hills. The foundation is of limestone. There is no river that brings damp. The fogs are only sea-fogs, which are never lasting and are always warm. It is only open to the sea, and the oceanic climate, except to the very few persons who cannot become acclimatised to it, is fraught with health and invigoration. Torquay is insulated so as almost to be an island, saturated with sea-air, 'a great ship without its motion.' The popular impression, in which we share, is that the climate is humid and 'steamy,' but this must be popular ignorance, for Mr. Vivian says that 'the temperature of the sea being frequently below the dew-point of the air, it acts as a condenser, and produces results the reverse of the relaxing character which has been assigned to this district on insufficient data.' Anyhow the climate is generally found to possess an exceedingly soothing effect. Consumptive cases are very seldom of a really hopeful kind, and Dr. Hall very sensibly corrects the exaggerated estimates of its curability. Still there are many cases in which tubercles heal up, leaving their scars, just as an external wound might similarly heal; and it is a disease, above all, to which a wise and prudent resistance often yields the happiest results, where brave, intelligent effort is greatly rewarded—a disease against which a patient may plot and plan, which he may counteract, and which he may keep in abeyance until he is removed by a totally different cause. But what the patient most needs to remember is that he is always carrying his life in his hands; that 'the

* 'Torquay in its Medical Aspect as a Resort for Pulmonary Invalids.' By C. Radclyffe Hall, M.D.: Churchill.

snake is scotched, not killed; that the disease is only in abeyance, and may be revived at any time by any unhappy oversight or insane imprudence. When the disease has been thus kept by extreme care in abeyance for a long time, and a patient 'lives on as a constant but far from miserable valetudinarian,' it is probable that Nature, by some one of her several curative processes, may heal the hurt and once more render the sufferer hearty and strong. Torquay has an ample show of such happy examples, and occasionally a patient finds, to his unspeakable delight, that some glorious mistake has been made, and that he is not suffering from phthisis, but from some other complaint which closely mimics its symptoms. Dr. Hall's remarks on the variations of consumption as a local or constitutional complaint will be fully intelligible to non-professional healers. But it is in the earliest stage of the complaint, when the blow is threatened but not struck, that the best hopes may be most reasonably entertained. Torquay appears to me to be the English watering-place above all others best adapted for fragile, delicate girls. The 'calming-down' process, arising from the mildness and equability of the climate, acts wonders in the preparatory, or even in the first and second stages. The fevered pulse is lowered; the tossing restlessness gives way to that gentle sleepiness which is so delicious; the skin becomes soft and velvety; a further amount of exercise, either within or without doors, is attainable; there is more of oxygen in the lungs and more of tissue in the frame. Then a patient is able thoroughly to attain the benefit of the seaboard and downs of the district.

Torquay is so broken up with hills that you cannot take a walk of any length without being called upon to scale heights which, in some instances, are downright mural precipices. If you do not keep a carriage, the curious Torquay invention of the *midge*, the quaintest and cheapest of conveyances, will serve your turn—not unlike a Bath chair, and hardly goes faster. In one of these

you may call at your friends' villas; and you will not fail to observe the curious collection of distinctive names of villas, which brings before you every possible association of locality in ancient and modern history. They have also a Strand and a Fleet Street, a Pimlico and a London Bridge, which, it may be hoped, conciliate the metropolitan proclivities of visitors. Hard by the Imperial Hotel is a 'rock walk,' commanding a fine view of the bay, but leading no-whither. A lovely walk, branching off from here, takes you to Meadfoot, with its gay crescent facing the cove. There are good sands here, such as are unfortunately absent from Torquay, where the limited area of Beacon Hill has to answer all the purposes of a public promenade. Acombe from the Meadfoot sands goes up to Ilham Grange, where there are some old ecclesiastical remains. Then the drivers, with whom you should strike a bargain, will always be suggesting some pretty locality to you—Barton Cross, Compton Castle, and the like. Then I must say also for the townfolks, although they have very liberal notions on what the expenditure of an invalid ought to be, that they are highly civilized, and are eminently civil and kind-hearted, as if understanding and sympathising with their invalids. Then it is something to drop from point to point of that beautiful coast. Within a very moderate walk of Torquay there are some of the very prettiest bits of scenery which any English landscape can show. You ascend the road behind the town, a road planted with trees and furnished with seats, and about a mile brings you to a turning to the left, and the turning takes you to a romanticcombe, and thecombe slopes down to that lovely Anstis Cove, which is one of the glories of the southern coast. It is just behind the bishop's villa, whose windows command the view. It is said of Anstis Cove that it is sheltered from the wind by 'lofty cliffs, very brilliantly coloured, and glossy, like satin, and based on a beach of white crystalline shingle. The rocks in the centre form buttresses of lime-

stone, and are ivied like a ruin, and screen a little undercliff and tangled wood.' Anstis Cove is the last resort abandoned in the autumn, and the first that is revisited in the spring. You are seldom there but some artist or photographer is depicting the scene, or some picnic party is gathered beneath the cliffs, to whose store of good things the shell-fish supplied at the cottage will make an agreeable addition. People who only visit Torquay in the winter can form only an inadequate idea of its exceeding beauty in the summer season. The climate is not hot, but, as a matter of fact, is decidedly cool on the cliffs and uplands. This is especially the case with Marychurch, the road to which we rejoin as soon as we have left Anstis Cove. But presently strike seawards, along the downs, where you will notice curious fissures, said to be of unfathomable depth, and where you will get a very striking view of Babbacombe, a bay so small that a strong arm could easily whirl a stone across it. The most remarkable of these fissures is that of Daddy's, or the Devil's Hole, where a landslip has formed a chasm, and the shrubs and trees springing up within the chasm, on which you look down, are picturesque enough. Now if you keep the main road, of which I spoke just now, it leads you through Marychurch, a large and increasing congeries of houses, of all sorts and sizes, the main street being rather repellant than otherwise, the chief thing noticeable being the marble works, from the quarries of Petit Tor, on the north side of the bay. Marychurch is vulgarized enough, but Babbacombe proper, since it only affords a haven on its ledges for the group of cottages that cluster there, can hardly ever lose its character of romantic seclusion. The woods wave overhead, beneath is a beach of the whitest quartzose pebbles, and the cliffs are either of marble or of dark-red sandstone. Still further on, Watcomb Cove is another brilliant example of the beautiful effect which Nature produces from a landslip, the broken ground revealing fantastic cliffs, and luxuriant growth

healing and covering up the wounds of mother earth; and here, too, the green pasturage grass slopes down to the very water edge. Further on we have the dell and cove of Maidencombe. All these coves lie in a line, and the longest day of summer may be happily and tranquilly spent in their exploration. Nor should we forget the other near places of excursions which lie close to our days at Torquay. Paignton, which I have just mentioned, has a church which presents several points very well worthy of examination. Branching off to the right, long before you come to Paignton, you come to the pretty church of Cockington, John Keble's favourite church to preach in when he was staying at Torquay. It is situated in a fine old ancestral park, and surrounded by a labyrinth of the true Devonian lanes.

Well, now I suppose that you are settled at Torquay for a time; and my advice to you is that beyond the spots which I have indicated close at hand you should work up the whole surrounding district as carefully as possible. I assume that you are not so unwell as to be unable to move about; perhaps you are only in attendance on some beloved invalid; best of all, you are only sojourning here to enjoy the beauty of this sweet Campanian shore. You will want some central object of intellectual interest. It is not enough that on one of the warm summerlike days that so mysteriously appear ever and anon in the heart of winter you take a sail in the bay, which in beauty is not far from the Bay of Naples itself; or that you read the newspapers and play chess in those noble public rooms which I have mentioned at the baths which front its waters; or that you climb the hills and terraces to visit your friends; or that you explore those loveliest of combs within the range of the gentlest drives; or that you are studying natural science, inspired by the immediate vicinity of such Torquay *savans* as Mr. Pengeley and Mr. Gosse; you require something larger—something that will require longer flights—something of a many-aided

kind, which will equally fill up the interstices of time and will give you active and permanent employment. Then I strongly advise you to work up the whole of the South Devon coast, beginning at Exeter, the fair metropolis of the west, and working down to that great military and commercial emporium of Plymouth, or rather beginning with the crag scenery of Lyme Regis, and thence work westwards; and, not to mince matters, afterwards strike across the country, and do the whole of the north coast, from the east of Lynton to the west of Clovelly. Well, perhaps you demur to this, and are not prepared to do matters on so large a scale. You do not care to sleep away from home, or, if you do, it must not be for more than one or two nights at the most. I will condescend to my weaker brethren, and confine myself to the limited and manageable expeditions which are really in the neighbourhood.

Take a journey due west, on the beautiful high road over the cliffs. Do not on this occasion stay to explore the combes, of which I have spoken. That will be done better in different expeditions on separate days. Keep to the road—a more glorious walk of four or five miles you have never had—and you will come within sight of Teignmouth. Below you is the Teign—whether a river or arm of the sea you can hardly say—to be crossed by a ferry here; but, higher up, the longest bridge in England spans the river between the fashionable watering-place of Teignmouth and its plebeian suburb of Shaldon. Teignmouth is a watering-place; but, oh, my reader! most unlike your warm and sheltered Torquay. It is hardly conceivable, that a few miles could make so vast a climatic difference. But what a noble beach Teignmouth has! What might not Torquay be if it only had those firm, broad sands! But the fiercest winds from the east and north beat against the beach with a slaughter-breaking fury. In a warm summer's day, when there is a good deal of shipping in the Teign; when there is a gay gathering opposite the Den of militia or volunteers; when the pier

is crowded, and gay music is wafted on the water; when the sands are covered with novel-reading damsels; when Captain Roebuck Disney's amateur entertainments are going on; when the sea is all alive with some gay regatta, then Teignmouth is a desirable place; but it is no place for a delicate-chested man in the winter, and perhaps not the best place for him in the summer either.

From Teignmouth a very interesting walk of three miles will take you to Dawlish. The first half is on a sea-wall, which at times rises to a height which, for children and giddy people, is perilous, especially when a train rushes by you at a distance of not many inches. But it is a very fine walk when the sea is foaming against the sea-wall. When the wind sets in a particular direction, its force against this wall is tremendous, and part of the Dawlish sea-wall was demolished by it some time ago. Where the sea-wall terminates through a steep, shadowed lane you climb into the high road, and presently you are at Dawlish. A more circuitous way would lead you over Haldon Hill, where you are on a noble moor, equidistant between Teignmouth and Dawlish, and commanding both, with the river and estuary of the Teign and the illimitable ocean beyond. Anyhow, if you get mild weather, you ought to do Haldon.

As for Dawlish, I read a poem about it one day, of which the only impression left on my mind is that 'Dawlish' rhymed to 'smallish.' The climate is as mild for the winter months as Torquay, possibly even a shade warmer, but in the spring, that assassin east wind is lacerating in the extreme. But most lovely is some of the scenery about Dawlish, the exquisite lanes behind the parish church, the magnificent park of Luscombe, the blood-red sandstone cliffs, and the singular rocks of the Parson and Clerk. Dawlish has peculiar features, which render it worth a careful study, and make it a desirable place of sojourn for a time. There are two great houses in the vicinity of Dawlish which, by those who study great houses—and, as a rule, they are always worth

studying—ought by no means to be passed over. Powderham Castle is one, the seat of the Courtenays, that old historic family—the ‘imperial family’—concerning which Gibbon wrote his celebrated dissertation. It is an old historic castle, founded on the Conquest, and took its share in the wars of the Commonwealth. The railway now runs between that richly-wooded and undulating park and the waters of the estuary of the Exe. The castle has a higher interest than the castles to the west of Torquay, such as the Duke of Somerset's Berry Pomeroy and Totness, for the ancient mansion has been excellently adapted to modern uses. From the Belvidere the eye gathers in a most glorious panoramic view. The other great house I mean is more popular, and perhaps more beautiful, but it has nothing to compare with the history and archaeology which belong to Powderham. This is Mamhead, the seat of Sir Lydston Newman, reckoned by many to be the finest house in Devonshire. The house is fine, with its Gothic porches and oriel windows, but the fame of Mamhead rests in its lawns and gardens. The park has its oaks and chestnuts, and glimpses of the blue sea beyond. You are not likely to forget the noble conservatory, and the walk between the orange trees and the camelia trees. Just outside the lawn is the village church, curtained throughout all its south side by a vast overshadowing yew. Altogether it is the finest example I know of the soft repose and beauty of a Devonian landscape. Nor is Mamhead destitute of historical associations in its last owner, Sir Robert Newman, who fell at Inkermann. Having served in India, he exchanged into the Guards, since he was anxious to bear his part in his county, and it appeared most improbable that the Guards would be sent out of the country. But the war with Russia broke out, and the Guards were the first to be sent to the Crimea. A few days before he sailed he came down to Mamhead, and on the Sunday he attended service in the little rustic church. The night before Inkermann he shared his blanket

with a faithful servant; and the next night that servant found him beneath a heap of slain, with five bayonet wounds in his body, and his coat riddled with shot. The lord of princely Mamhead could desire no nobler end.

Then, as for the country west of Torquay, the railway will take you down to the estuary of the Dart, where a railway becomes impracticable; but the company will book you through to Dartmouth, and send you over in their steamer. The railway goes down to Kingswear, where once the merchant-lords of Dartmouth had their country seats, and one may distinguish the old fig-trees in the hedges. Just before arriving, you pass the training-ship, the ‘*Britannia*,’ and if you are connected in any way with the pupils, the train will have to stop to put you down. Again and again, in the time of the Crusades, a Christian fleet gathered in this noble harbour to sail forth to the Holy Land. The hoar antiquity of Dartmouth contrasts as strangely as can be with the modern aspect of Torquay. Both the old buildings of Dartmouth and the great natural beauty of the locality can hardly be enhanced. There is the church, with its famous rood screen, supposed to be a spoil from the Spanish Armada, and the overhanging stories of ancient houses, quaint, carved, and gabled, the fine old castle on the very verge of the promontory, ‘mounting guard at the very edge of a shelving rock of glossy slate, and washed by the sea at high water.’ All the painters are in love with the estuary of the Dart, and equally so with the course of the river up to Totness, where the woods feather down to the water edge, and the river frequently expands into an arm of the sea. There is a spot where the appearance of eight different lakes is presented. The Dart is frequently called the English Rhine. A distinguished friend of mine once met a German on the river. The German told him that he had heard the Dart called the English Rhine, and had come out to judge of the comparison. My friend told the German that he supposed

he was well acquainted with the Rhine, but the German told him that he really was not, but being acquainted with the language and literature, he had evolved the idea of the Rhine from his own consciousness, and was perfectly competent to draw the comparison he meditated. I presume he would equally be able to evolve the idea of a camel from his own consciousness. I only add that the country in the rear of Torquay is equally worthy of investigation as the districts neighbouring on each side. When you reach the junction station of Newton, a rising town, where the land is nearly as valuable as at Torquay, there is the new line which takes you on to the very verge of Dartmoor. First, you have the region of peculiar beauty and fertility which on every side girdles the moor, and then you reach the wonderful moor itself.

Torbay has been described by two of our most remarkable modern word-painters, Lord Macaulay and Mr. Kingsley. In beauty, accuracy, and sincerity Mr. Kingsley's description bears away the palm. Lord Macaulay, a little in a bow-wow, Johnsonian way, writes thus: 'The quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or pleasure, and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and luxurious pavilions.' If I might be allowed to discuss this resounding style of composition, I would venture to say that I do not quite appreciate 'the crowded marts and luxurious pavilions.' There is, I believe, a market in some obscure part of Torquay, but a very poor one, and thinly attended. There is also a fish-market every afternoon at the picturesque little town of Brixham, attended entirely by wholesale fish-dealers, who do not, however, number largely. I confess, however, that those do not satisfy my highly-wrought conception of 'crowded marts.' As for 'luxurious pavilions,' I must first settle my notion of what a 'pavilion' may happen to be. I have a vague notion that a theatre is called a Pavilion; but in

this case Torquay is certainly not covered with luxurious pavilions. If, on the other hand, a pavilion means a villa, he would be right, but why shouldn't he call it a villa? and, moreover, does a pavilion really mean a villa? I will transcribe part of Mr. Kingsley's passage on Torbay from his 'Glaucus.' 'And as for the scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain-peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich red fallow-fields, and parks full of stately timber-trees. Long lines of tall elms just flushing green in the spring hedges run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple-orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water-meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out; but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers and cattle, and trim gardens which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.'

But it is time that we should gather up these notes, when the chief difficulty has been to keep within limits, while noticing those points of local interest which have the largest share of general interest. Local history is often a material aid to general history; an accurate acquaintance with any section of the country will help us to understand with greater clearness the country at large. Moreover there are many interesting facts often to be found in the local history which have not made their way into the general history. The careful study of the Torquay district, by resident or visitor, will be found, I am sure, an invigorating, intellectual pursuit.

At the present time there is a special point of scientific interest about Torquay in the investigation of Kent's Hole. There is a committee of exploration appointed which issues an annual report, which is read before the British Association. The exploration of the Brixham Cavern, under the auspices of Mr. Pengelley and the Geological Society, was of a very remarkable kind. Though the cavern has been completely exhausted, it will be worth while to pay it a visit. You go to a house in a very common-looking row of houses, and a side door is opened, which might be the door of a coal-cellar, and at once you descend into this famous cavern, where flint instruments, similar to those found in the Drift, excite almost as much attention as those found at Abbeville and Amiens. Kent's Cavern is a more interesting locality, and will yield still more valuable scientific results. The account of the original opening of the cavern by the late Mr. M'Enery, published by Mr. Vivian from his MS. notes, is full of instruction and interest. It is impossible to speak too highly of the vigorous pains and research with which the present investigation of the cavern is conducted. The great problem to be settled is the question respecting the alleged high antiquity of our race. It is observable that the later report speaks in less confident language on this subject than the former; and although some remarkable implements have been found, there has been no distinct discovery of human remains, and so long as these are absent Mr. Pengelley cannot be held to have demonstrated his point.

But the main interest belonging to Torquay is not of a scientific but of an intensely human kind. There is no other place in the west of England, no other provincial locality of the kind, so visited by illustrious visitors, by great men who desire to obtain rest or ward off threatening

illness, as this Torquay. Statesmen, judges, bishops, authors, whose visits are either proclaimed or pass off silently, are here at times, not to speak of a mob of jaded beauties and nobles. Dr. Daubeny is a name of high scientific interest which will just now be missed from the habitues of Torquay. That wonderful old man who is the bishop of the diocese has his constant home here, which, as he declared to Lord Macaulay, in the well-known 'Correspondence,' he would never change for any other. Lord Cairns, who has lately added to his forensic triumphs a remarkable sway over the upper house, will be all the better, I trust, for a sojourn, and Lord Westbury for his seclusion here. We obtain glimpses of Torquay in such books as the 'Memoirs' of Tytler the historian or the 'Memoirs' of the late Earl of Aberdeen. Some of the visitors have made kindly gifts by which their some time presence here will always be remembered. So to Marychurch Brunel gave an organ, and Mr. Beresford Hope and Miss Burdett Coutts a marbled screen and reredos. There are parts of Torquay which I could point out, in the region of Upton and Tor, not to mention also gaol and workhouse, which may well contrast with splendid scenes and find employment for benevolent millionaires. But I must not dwell upon a list which could be easily enlarged. It is not, after all, with the rich and celebrated people, with whom, first and last, our sympathies mainly dwell, and with which any paper on Torquay must be principally concerned, but with those invalids who so often screen their sufferings from happy or thoughtless eyes, and who come here perhaps only to droop and die; but who, in some cases, may possess a history which, if set down by a master hand, might draw tears from the world for ages and draw pilgrims to Torquay as to a shrine.

FREDERICK ARNOLD.



TABLE TALK, AND ANECDOTES OF SOCIETY.

[In preparing this page the Editor will be glad to receive the friendly assistance of his readers. 'Good things which may be twice told,' Anecdotes of Society from unrecorded observation, and from forgotten or half-forgotten books—will all be acceptable.]

THERE was another custom in my young days which has luckily fallen into disuse. If one dined at any of the great houses in London, it was considered absolutely necessary to give a guinea to the butler on leaving the house. One hundred and thirty years ago this very bad habit (as I always considered it) prevailed to an even greater extent; for Pope the poet, whenever he dined with the Duke of Montague, finding that he had to give five guineas to the numerous servants at Montague House, told the duke that he could not dine with him in future unless his Grace sent him five guineas to distribute among his myrmidons. The duke, an easy, good-natured man, used ever after, on sending an invitation to the great poet, to enclose at the same time an order for the tribute-money. He preferred doing this to breaking through a custom which had grown to be looked upon by servants as a right, and the abolition of which they would have considered as a heavy grievance.

BISHOP BULL, in early life was the incumbent of the parish of Suddington. The Quakers, who were the only dissenters in the parish, gave him no small uneasiness. One of their preachers was in the habit of accosting Mr. Bull for purposes of argument. On one occasion the Quaker said to Bull, 'George, as for human learning, I set no value upon it; but if thou wilt talk Scripture, have at thee.' 'Come on then, friend,' said Mr. Bull, proceeding to open a Bible. He fell upon the Book of Proverbs. 'Seest thou, friend,' said he, 'Solomon saith in one place, *Answer a fool according to his folly*; and in another, *Answer not a fool according to his folly*: how dost thou reconcile these two texts of Scripture?' 'Why,' said the preacher, 'Solomon don't say so.' 'Ay, but he doth,' rejoined Mr. Bull; and, turning to the places, he soon convinced him. Upon this the Quaker, being much out of countenance, said, 'Why, then, Solomon's a fool,' which put an end to the controversy.—*Nelson's Life of Bull.*

WHILE public orator, it fell to Dr. South, who has the reputation of having been the wittiest of English divines, to present an officer of note to the university for an honorary degree. On this occasion he began in the usual style of address to the vice-chancellor, proctors, &c., '*Præsentio vobis hunc virum bellicosissimum*'—that moment some accident obliged the great warrior to turn about unexpectedly, and South immediately went on, '*qui nunquam aut tergiversatus est.*'

It is not because the Empress Eugénie is the wife of Napoleon III. that she sets the fashion, even to those who do not go to court, and who turn up their noses at her *entourage*. She is considerably older, and certainly not handsomer, than was the Duchesse de Nemours, when she left France to die in exile; but she has the *chic*, if I may use such a word, that the Orleans princesses did not possess; and the quietest dowager, before she ventures to adopt a *colifore*, as well as the gayest lady of the *demi-monde*, will cast a look to see what the Empress wears. Strange to say, the supreme good taste and elegance which reign in her Majesty's *toilettes* were by no means conspicuous in her younger days; for, as Mademoiselle Montijo, who was voted beautiful and charming, but very ill-dressed.

WHEN 'Stella' was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up

again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get to the top.'

I RECOLLECT when a boy seeing a strange couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Tuberville, who were famed for their eccentricities. Mr. Tuberville was related to Sir Thomas Picton, but did not possess the talent or discretion of the gallant general. Upon one occasion, at a dinner at Dunraven Castle, after the ladies had retired, Mr. Tuberville observed to a gentleman present that the woman who had sat at his right was the ugliest he had ever seen; upon which the gentleman said, 'I am sorry to hear that you think my wife so ill-looking.' 'Oh no, sir; I have made a mistake; I meant the lady who sat on my left.' 'Well, sir, she is my sister.' 'It can't be helped, sir, then; for if what you have said is true, I must confess I never saw such an ugly family during the course of my life.'—GRONOW.

LADY BEAULIEU was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: her lord (an Irishman) replied, 'Oh, for my part, there's no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.'

THOUGH one of the neatest dressed 'men about town,' Lord Worcester had not a particle of dandyism in his appearance; and to show what the costume of that day was—so different to the tweed suits, wide-awake hats, boots, and trousers of the present time, as light is to darkness—I will briefly describe the dress of 1816 among the upper ten thousand. In the morning, Cossack trousers, very full of pleats, well strapped down under the boots, a buff waistcoat, an elaborately embroidered blue frock-coat, and an extensive tie of white cambric. These were replaced in the evening by tight-fitting pantaloons made of silk, stone-coloured web silk stockings, frilled shirt, white 'choker,' white waistcoat, blue evening coat, velvet collar, and brass buttons, with a cocked hat. Worcester, who had served in the 7th Hussars, turned his light-blue military pantaloons to good account by having the gold lace removed, and startled us not a little by appearing in them one evening in plain costume. Such a dress would, in modern parlance, have appeared 'loud' upon almost any other man; but he blended the other colours so well, that there was nothing inharmonious, and his good figure and noble bearing carried him triumphantly through.

A STORY is told of Fauntleroy's last moments which does not redound to the credit of all his friends. Among the delicacies he was in the habit of giving at his table was some remarkably fine Lunel, imported by himself, and kept to himself so far that he never put any of his friends on the scent of it. The day before his execution some of his oldest friends came to take leave of him, and one outstayed the rest. 'Fauntleroy,' said this last visitor, with due solemnity, 'we have tried all means to save you, we have done everything in our power, but all in vain, and we have only to take leave of you for ever. Consider the position in which you stand. The dread veil of life is about to be withdrawn. You are on the brink of that chasm which separates time from eternity. If there is anything you leave unsaid in this world, you will have no chance of saying it then. Is there nothing you have to say to us? Do you not think you owe us some return for our exertions? It will soon be too late. Tell us where you get that Lunel.' But Fauntleroy was resolute. He died and made no sign.

THE OLD SEAT.

DEAR Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 How strange with you once more to meet,
 To hold your hand, to hear your voice,
 To sit beside you on this seat!
 You mind the time we sat here last?—
 Two little children-lovers we,
 Each loving each with simple faith,
 I all to you—you all to me.

Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 We sit together now as then;
 I press your hand, you meet my glance,
 We seem as if we loved again.
 But in my heart I feel the truth,
 The dear old times have passed away;
 The love that once possessed our souls
 We do but simulate to-day.

Since last we met, my Lady Vere,
 You've grown in years and culture too,
 And, putting childish things away,
 Have ceased to be sincere and true.
 Naught caring for a single soul,
 You spare no trouble, reck no pain,
 To add another name unto
 The bead-roll of the hearts you've slain.

To you, my Lady Vere de Vere,
 What is it that a heart may break?
 You had no hazard in the game—
 He should have played with equal stake.
 You did but seek to wile away
 The slow hours of an idle night;
 The fault lay with the fool who failed
 To read your character aright.

But, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You make your wares by far too cheap;
 Your net claims all as fish that comes
 Within the limit of its sweep.
 You sit beside me here to-day,
 You try to make me love again;
 But I am safe the while I think
 You've sat thus with a score of men.

Still, Lady Clara, Clara, dear,
 Beneath your finished mask I see
 The gentle heart, the honest mind,
 That made you once so dear to me.
 Your voice is still as sweet as then,
 Your face is still as pure and good:
 I see the graces of my love
 All ripened in her womanhood.

If some day, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You weary of the counterfeit,
 And look with yearning back upon
 The old times linked with this seat—



Drawn by A. W. Cooper.]

THE OLD SEAT.

[See the Poem.

If you would change your fleeting loves
For one true love for evermore,
Then we will come and see this place,
And sit together, as of yore.

But meanwhile, Lady Vere de Vere,
Of me win all renown you may;
A plaything fresh my heart for you,
A new world for your sovereign sway.
Bring all your practised charms in play,
Shoot all your darts, they cannot hurt;
For when we meet I clothe me in
The proved chain-armour of a flirt.

H. W. L.

'BONES AND I;' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.

GOLD FOR SILVER.

"The African Magician never minded all their scoffs and holloaings, or all they could say to him, but still cry'd *Who'll change old Lamps for new ones?* which he repeated so often about the Princess *Badroulboudour's* Palace, that that Princess, who was then in the Hall with the four-and-twenty Windows, hearing a Man cry something, and not being able to distinguish his Words, by reason of the holloaing of the Mob about him, sent one of her Women Slaves down to know what he cry'd.

"The Slave was not long before she return'd, and ran into the Hall, laughing so heartily, that the Princess could not forbear herself. "Well, Giger," said the Princess, "will you tell me what you laugh at?" "Alas! Madam," answered the Slave, laughing still, "who can forbear laughing to see a Fool with a Basket on his Arm, full of fine new Lamps, ask to change them for old ones, which makes the Children and Mob make such a Noise about him?"

WHAT a fool they thought him, and no wonder. Yet surely a magician need not come all the way from Africa to teach the public this strange rate of exchange. In Europe, Asia, and America too, as far as it has yet been colonized, such one-sided bargains are made every day.

Old lamps for new, kicks for halfpence—'Heads I win, Tails you lose'—such are the laws of equity by which man deals with his neighbour; and so the contest goes on, if, indeed, as Juvenal says, that can be called a contest—

'Ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum' *

The slave of the princess with the long name had passed more of her life in the palace than the streets, or she would not have found the magician's cry so strange: would have felt uncomfortably conscious that the day might come when she, too, would barter new lamps for old, perhaps humbly on her knees, entreating permission to make the unequal exchange. In all the relations of life, but chiefly in those with which the affections are concerned, we constantly see gold for silver offered with both hands.

That 'it is better to give than to receive' we have Scriptural warrant for asserting. That—

'Sure the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,'

we learn from Butler's quaint and philosophical couplets. I am not going to assert that the man who puts down sovereigns and takes up shillings has really the worst of it; I only maintain that the more freely he 'parts' with the former, the

* • If that's a fight indeed,
Where you strike hard, and I stand still and bleed.'

more sparing will he find the latter doled out to him in return.

Perhaps the strongest case in point is that of parent and child.

In the animal world I know few arrangements of Nature more beautiful than the absolute devotion of maternity to its offspring, so long, though *only* so long, as its assistance is required. A bird feeding her young, a tigress licking her cubs, a mare wheeling round her foal—each of these affords an example of loving care and tenderness, essentially feminine in its utter forgetfulness of self. Each of these squanders such gold as it possesses, the treasure of its deep instinctive affection, on ingratitude and neglect. The nestlings gape with hungry little beaks, when they hear the flap of wings, not to greet the coming provider, but that they may eat and be filled. The cubs huddle themselves up to their mother's side, for warmth and comfort, not for her cruel beauty nor her fierce protecting love. The foal, when it gets on its long legs, will follow your horse or mine as readily as its dam. They take all, to give back nothing in exchange. And no sooner can the bird use its wings, the beast its limbs, than it abandons at once and for ever the parent whose sustaining care is no longer necessary to its existence.

With the human race, although I am far from affirming that even in this age of bronze, filial piety has fled with other virtues from the earth, something of the same unequal barter holds good in the relationship of parent and child. The former gives gold, the latter does not always return silver. Do not deceive yourself. You love your children more than your children love you. I can prove it in three words. They are dearer to you than your own parents. And this inequality of affection is but one more of the beautiful arrangements made by that Providence which bestows good so liberally in proportion to evil. Under the common law of Nature, you are likely to die first, and the aggregate amount of suffering is, therefore, much less than it would be did the course of

domestic affection flow the other way. So you toil, and slave, and scheme for the child's benefit, forgiving its errors, repairing its follies, re-establishing its fortunes, just as, long ago, you used to rebuild with loving patience those houses of cards the urchin blew down with such delight. But, as of all human affections, this, if not the strongest, is certainly the deepest and most abiding, so when wounded, does it inflict on our moral being the sharpest and most enduring pain. 'Is there any cause in Nature that makes these hard hearts?' says poor King Lear, forced, against his own instincts, to acknowledge the venomous bite of that 'serpent's tooth' with which elsewhere he compares 'a thankless child.' I have known men, and women, too, accept with courage every sample of misfortune and disgrace—in the language of the prize-ring 'come up smiling' after every kind of knock-down blow—but I cannot remember an instance in which the ingratitude of children has not produced wrinkles and gray hairs in the proportion of ten to one, for every other sorrow of any description whatever.

There is no prospect of alleviation to amuse his fancy—no leavening of pique to arouse his pride. Hurt to the death, the sufferer has scarce manhood enough left to conceal his wounds.

In that conflict between man and woman which is perpetually going on, and without which the world, if more comfortable, would undoubtedly be less populous, gold is invariably given for silver with a lavish extravagance, akin to the absurdity of the whole thing.

Why is love like the handle of a teapot?—Because it is all on one side. The game has yet to be invented in which both players can win; and perhaps were it not for the discomfort, anxiety, worry, sorrow, and suffering entailed by the unequal pastime, it would cease to be so popular. As it exists at present, there is nothing to complain of on the score of flagging interest. At first, indeed, before the cards are cut, the adversaries sit down calmly and pleasantly enough. An hour

hangs heavy on their hands, and they think thus to drive it agreeably away—beginning simply for 'distraction,' as the French call it, though ending in the English acceptance of that uncomfortable word. Ere the first tricks are turned, however, the game grows exciting. 'I propose.' 'How many?' 'Hearts are trumps.' 'I mark the king.' The stakes increase rapidly in value, and presently gold comes pouring lavishly out of one player's pocket, against silver dribbling unwillingly from the other's. The winner, too, like all gamblers, seldom cares to keep the fruit of his good fortune, but loses it again at another table to some stronger adversary, who is beggared in turn elsewhere.

Yet still in all places, and under all circumstances, wherever this game is played there is the same inequality in the stakes. 'Gold for silver.' Such are the terms; and the old players, to do them justice, those who have lost and won many a heavy wager, are generally careful to begin at least by venturing the commoner metal. But even of these the discretion is not to be trusted as the game goes on. Touched by the magic rod, maddened by the spell against which Wisdom is often less proof than Folly, the sternest and the sagest will throw their gold about as recklessly, as if every piece were not stamped with the impress of their honour and their happiness, precious as the very drops of life-blood at their heart.

Perhaps it is wiser to stick to any other pursuit in the world than the one in question; but if you must needs sit down to this 'beggar-my-neighbour' kind of amusement, is it better to lose or to win? to give or accept the gold for silver passing so freely from hand to hand? Will you have the satisfaction hereafter of standing on the higher ground? of feeling you have nothing to reproach yourself with, nothing to be ashamed of? or will you take comfort in reflecting that while the storm raged above your head you had been careful to shelter cunningly from the blast? Will you exult in your forethought, your philosophy,

the accurate knowledge of human nature, that has preserved you scatheless through the combat? or will you take pride in your generosity, your magnanimity, and the self-devoted courage that bids you accept the stab of ingratitude in addition to the pain of neglect? It depends entirely on character and temperament.

Men and women vary so much in this, as in every other phase of feeling. The latter, when they do take the more generous view of their position—when they can bring themselves to choose 'the better part,' accept it, I think, with a more complete abandonment of *pique* than the former. Perhaps their pride is of a nobler order: no doubt their vanity is less egotistical than our own. With us, except in the highest natures—and these, as has been well remarked, have ever a leavening of the feminine element in their organization—there is always something of irritation left after a wound of the affections has healed up—something that stings and rankles, and looks to reprisals of one kind or another for relief. I have read an old tale of chivalry so thoroughly exemplifying this state of feeling, and affording so natural an example of the changes and counterchanges with which gold and silver are staked against each other in the dangerous game, that I cannot forbear quoting it here.

'A certain knight had long loved a damsel, at the court of the King of France, but she, albeit accepting the service of none other, treated him with such coldness and *duress*, that he at length obtained the title of the "Patient Knight," and she of the "Scornful Ladye." In vain he sat at her feet in hall; in vain wore her colours in the lists; in vain added to his cognizance the motto "*Sans esperance*," above the representation of a dungeon-grate, to signify the hopelessness of his captivity. She looked upon him coldly as the winter moon looks on a frozen lake: she turned from him pitilessly as the bending poplar turns from the south wind, whispering its longing and its sorrows, wooing her even with its tears.

'So minstrels sang in their lays of his constancy, and knights marvelled at his subjection, and ladies pitied—it may be despised him also a little for his long-suffering: but still the "Patient Knight" struck hard and shouted high for the renown of her he loved; and still the "Scornful Ladye" accepted his homage, and took credit for his deeds-of-arms with scant courtesy, and cruel neglect, and high imperious disdain.

'So the King bade his knights and nobles to a feast; and because there was to be a solemn passage-of-arms held on the morrow, he entertained them with a fight of wild beasts in the Carrousel, whereon lords and ladies looked down in safety from the galleries above. But many a soft cheek grew pale none the less, when a lion and a tiger were let loose to battle for their lives.

'Now even while they glared on each other ere they closed, the "Scornful Ladye" dropped her glove between the beasts of prey. Quoth she, with a mocking smile, "An I had a bachelor here who loved me well, he would fetch me back this glove that the wind hath blown from my hand."

'Then the "Patient Knight" made no more ado, but drew his good sword and leapt lightly down into the Carrousel, where he picked the glove from the earth, and returning scatheless to his place, laid it in silence at her feet.

'Then the "Scornful Ladye" wept sweet and happy tears; for his great love had conquered at last, and she would follow him meekly now to the end of the world.

'But she shed bitter tears on the morrow, when he rode into the lists with another's sleeve in his helmet, another's colours on his housings, and his shield blazoned with the fresh device of a broken fetter and the motto, "*Tout lasse—tout casse—tout passe!*"

So, you see, these adversaries changed places at last; and you will probably be of opinion that the Knight had the best of it in the end.

Perhaps it 'served her right.' And yet to me it seems that there may come a time when to have given gold for silver in every relation of

life, shall be the one consoling reflection that enables us to quit it without misgivings for the future, without regret for the past,—a time perhaps of hushed voices, stealthy footsteps, and a darkened room, growing yet strangely darker with every breath we draw. Or a time of eager comrades, trampling squadrons, short sharp words of command, a bugle sounding the Advance, a cocked-hat glancing through the smoke; a numb sick helplessness that glues the cheek into the dust where it has fallen, and a roll of musketry, feeblor, farther, fainter and more confused, till its warlike echoes die out in the hush of another world. Or a time of earth-stained garments, and bespattered friends proffering silver hunting-flasks in sheer dismay, and a favourite horse brought back with flying stirrups, dangling rein, and its mane full of mud, while the dull grey sky wheels above, and the dank, tufted grass heaves below, nor in the intervals of a pain, becoming every moment more endurable, can we stifle the helpless consciousness that before our crushed frame shall be lifted from its wet, slippery resting-place, it will be time to die.

At such moments as these, I say, to have given gold for silver, while we could, can surely be no matter of regret.

I recollect a quaint old tombstone—I beg your pardon for the allusion—on which I once read the following inscription:—

'What I spent I *had*—what I saved I *lost*—what I gave I *have*.'

Surely this sentiment will bear analysing. 'What I spent I *had*.' I enjoyed it, wasted it, got rid of it: derive from it now as much enjoyment as can ever be extracted from past pleasures of which self-indulgence was the motive—that is to say, none at all! 'What I saved I *lost*.' Undoubtedly. Mortgages, Consols, building-leases, railway scrip—it was locked up in securities that I could by no means bring with me here. It has been an error of judgment, a bad speculation, a foolish venture, a dead loss. 'But what I gave I *have*.' Ah! There I did good business: took the turn of the mar-

ket; invested my capital in a bank that pays me cent. per cent., even now; and this, not only for the dross we call money, but for the real treasures of the heart—affection, kindness, charity, help to the needy, sympathy with the sorrowful, protection to the weak, and encouragement to the forlorn. The silver I had in return has been left long ago on earth: perhaps there was barely enough to make a plate for my coffin; but the gold I gave is in my own possession still, and has been beaten into a crown for me in heaven.

Yes. 'It is better to give than to receive.' With few exceptions the great benefactors of mankind have been in this world defrauded of their wages. Columbus died perhaps the poorest man in the whole kingdom he had spent his life-time to enrich. Socrates sold the treasures of his intellect—the deductions of the greatest mind in antiquity—for a draught of hemlock on a prison floor. The fable of Prometheus has been enacted over and over again. Those who scale the heavens that they may bring down fire to enlighten and comfort their fellow-men, must not hope to escape the vulture and the rock. I have always thought that wondrous story the deepest and the most suggestive in the whole heathen mythology. Its hero was the first discoverer, the first free-thinker, the first reformer. He was even proof against the seductions of woman, and detected in Pandora's box the multiplicity of evils that secured the presence of Hope within its compass, and prevented her flying back to the heaven whence she came. The only Olympian deity he would condescend to worship was the Goddess of Wisdom; and she it was who taught her votary to outwit Jupiter, the great principle of what may be termed physical nature. By science man baffles the elements, or renders them subservient, to his purpose. He was a herbalist, a doctor, a meteorologist, and universal referee for gods and men. He taught the latter all the arts necessary to extort a livelihood from the earth; showed them how to yoke their oxen and

bridle their steeds. He was wise, laborious, provident, and paternal—the first philosopher, the great benefactor of his time, and—his reward was to lie in chains on Mount *Ætna* with a vulture sheathing her beak in his heart.

Can we not see in this heathen parable some glimmering of the Great Hope which was never entirely obscured to the ancient world?—some faint foresight of, some vague longing after, the great Example which has since taught its holy lesson of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice? It is not for me to enlarge on a topic so sacred and so sublime. Enough for us and such as we are, if by lavishing gold for silver freely on our brother, we can cast but one humble mite into the treasury of our God.

There is much talk in the world about ingratitude. People who do good to others at cost or inconvenience to themselves are apt to expect a great flow of thanks, a great gush of sentiment in return. They are generally disappointed. Those natures which feel benefits the most deeply are often the least capable of expressing their feelings, and a speechless tongue is with them the result of a full heart. Besides, you are sure to be repaid for a good action at some time or another. Like seed sown in the Nile, 'the bread cast upon the waters,' it may not come back to you for many days, but come back at last it most certainly *will*. Would you like your change in silver or in gold? Will you have it in a few graceful, well-chosen expressions, or in the sterling coin of silent love with its daily thoughts and nightly prayers, or, better still even than these, will you waive your claim to it down here, and have it carried to your account above? I am supposing yours is not one of those natures which have arrived at the highest, the noblest type of benevolence, and give not their gold for silver nor for copper, but freely without return at all. To these I can offer neither encouragement nor advice. Their grapes are ripened, their harvest is yellow, the light is already shining on them from the golden hills of heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY THAT IS DEAD.

I have been burning old letters to-night; their ashes are fluttering in the chimney even now, and, alas! while they consume, fleeting and perishable like the moments they record, 'each dying ember' seems to have 'wrought its ghost' upon my heart. Oh! that we could either completely remember or completely forget. Oh! that the image of Mnemosyne would remain close enough for us to detect the flaws in her imperishable marble, or that she would remove herself so far as to be altogether out of sight. It is the golden haze of 'middle distance' that sheds on her this warm and tender light. She is all the more attractive that we see her through a double veil of retrospection and regret, none the less lovely because her beauty is dimmed and softened in a mist of tears.

Letter after letter, they have flared, and blackened, and shrivelled up. There is an end of them—they are gone. Not a line of those different handwritings shall I ever see again. The bold, familiar scrawl of the tried friend and more than brother; why does he come back to me so vividly to-night? The stout heart, the strong arm, the brave, kind face, the frank and manly voice. We shall never tread the stubble nor the heather side by side again; never more pull her up against the stream, nor float idly down in the hot summer noons to catch the light air off the water on our heated faces; to discourse, like David and Jonathan, of all and everything nearest our hearts. Old friend! old friend! wherever you are, if you have consciousness you must surely sometimes think of me; I have not forgotten you. I cannot believe you have forgotten me even there.

And the pains-taking, up-and-down-hill characters of the little child—the little child for whom the angels came so soon, yet found it ready to depart, whose fever-wasted lips formed none but words of confidence and affection, whose blue eyes turned their last dim, dying looks so fondly on the face it loved.

And there were letters harder to part with than these. Never mind, they are burnt and done with; letters of which even the superscription once made a kind heart leap with pleasure so intense it was almost pain; letters crossed and re-crossed in delicate, orderly lines, bearing the well-known cipher, breathing the well-known perfume, telling the old, false tale in the old, false phrases, so trite and worn-out, yet seeming always so fresh and new.

The hand that formed them has other tasks to occupy it now; the heart from which they came is mute and cold. Hope withers, love dies—times are altered. What would you have? It is a world of change. Nevertheless this has been a disheartening job; it has put me in low spirits; I must call 'Bones' out of his cupboard to come and sit with me.

'What is this charm?' I ask him, 'that seems to belong so exclusively to the past?—this "tender grace of a day that is dead?" and must I look after it down the gulf into which it has dropped with such irrepressible longing only, because it will never come back to me? Is a man the greater or wiser that he lived a hundred years ago or a thousand? Are reputations like wine the mellow and the more precious for mere age, even though they have been hid away in a cellar all the time? Is a thing actually fairer and better because I have almost forgotten how it looked when present, and shall never set eyes on it again? I entertain the greatest aversion to Horace's *laudator temporis acti*, shall always set my face against the superstition that "there were giants in those days," and yet wherever I went in the world previous to my retirement here that I might live with you, I found the strange maxim predominate, that everything was very much better before it had been improved!

'If I entered a club and expressed my intention of going to the Opera, for instance, whatever small spark of enthusiasm I could kindle was submitted to a wet blanket on the spot. "Good heavens!" would exclaim some venerable philosopher

of the Cynic and Epicurean schools, "there is no opera now, nor *ballet* neither. My good sir, the thing is done; it's over. We haven't an artist left. Ah! you should have seen Taglioni dance; you should have heard Grisi sing; you should have lived when Plancus was consul. In short, you should be as old as I am, and as disgusted, and as gouty, and as disagreeable!"

"Or I walked into the smoking-room of that same resort, full of some athletic gathering at Holland Park, some Varsity hurdle-race, some trial of strength or skill amongst those lively boys the subalterns of the Household Brigade, and ere I could articulate "brandy and soda" I had Captain Barclay thrown body and bones in my face. "Walk, sir! You talk of walking?" (I didn't, for there had been barely time to get a word in edgeways, or my parable would have exhausted itself concerning a running high leap.) "But there is nothing like a real pedestrian left; they don't breed 'em, sir, in these days: can't grow them, and don't know how to train them if they could! Show me a fellow who would make a match with Barclay to-day. Barclay, sir, if he were alive, would walk all your best men down after he came in from shooting. Ask your young friends which of 'em would like to drive the mail from London to Edinburgh without a great coat! I don't know what's come to the present generation. It must be the smoking, or the light claret, perhaps. They're done, they're used up, they're washed out. Why, they go to covert by railway, and have their grouse driven to them on a hill! What would old Sir Tatton or Osbaldeston say to such doings as these? I was at Newmarket, I tell you, when the Squire rode his famous match—two hundred miles in less than nine hours! I saw him get off old Tranby, and I give you my honour the man looked fresher than the horse! Don't tell me. He was rubbed down by a couple of prize-fighters (there were real bruisers in those days, and the best man used to win), dressed, and came to din-

ner just as you would after a five-mile walk. Pocket Hercules you call him, one in a thousand? There were hundreds of such men in my day. Why, I recollect in Tom Smith's time, that I myself—"

"But at this point I used to make my escape, because there are two subjects on which nobody is so brilliant as not to be prolix, so dull as not to be enthusiastic—his doings in the saddle and his adventures with the fair. To honour either of these triumphs he blows a trumpet-note loud and long in proportion to the antiquity of the annals it records. Why must you never again become possessed of such a hunter as Tally-Ho? Did that abnormal animal really carry you as well as you think, neither failing when the ground was deep nor wavering when the fences were strong? Is it strictly true that no day was ever too long for him? that he was always in the same field with the hounds? And have not the rails he rose at, the ditches he covered so gallantly, increased annually in height and depth and general impossibility ever since that fatal morning when he broke his back, under the Coplow in a two-foot drain?"

"You can't find such horses now? Perhaps you do not give them so liberal a chance of proving their courage, speed, and endurance.

"On the other topic it is natural enough, I dare say, for you to "yarn" with all the more freedom that there is no one left to contradict. People used enormous coloured silk handkerchiefs in that remote period, when you threw yours with such Oriental complacency, and the odalisques who picked it up are probably to-day so old and stiff they could not bend their backs to save their lives. But were they really as fond, and fair, and faithful as they seem to you now? Had they no caprices to chill, no whims to worry, no rivals on hand, to drive you mad? Like the sea, those eyes that look so deep and blue at a distance, are green and turbid and full of specks when you come quite close. Was it all sunshine with Mary, all roses with Margaret, all summer with Jane? What figures the modern

women make of themselves, you say. How they offend your eye, those bare cheek-bones, those clinging skirts, those hateful *chignons*! Ah! the cheeks no longer hang out a danger-signal when you approach; the skirts are no more lifted, ever such a little, to make room for you in the corner of the sofa next the fire; and though you might have had locks of hair enough once to have woven a parti-coloured *chignon* of your own, it would be hopeless now to beg as much as would make a finger-ring for Queen Mab. What is it, I say, that causes us to look with such deluded eyes on the past? Is it sorrow or malice, disappointment or regret? Are our teeth still on edge with the sour grapes we have eaten or forborne? Do we glower through the jaundiced eyes of malevolence, or is our sight failing with the shades of a coming night?

Bones seldom delivers himself of his opinion in a hurry. 'I think,' he says very deliberately, 'that this, like many other absurdities of human nature, originates in that desire for the unattainable which is, after all, the mainspring of effort, improvement, and approach towards perfection. Man longs for the impossible, and what is so impossible as the past? That which hath vanished becomes therefore valuable, that which is hidden attractive, that which is distant desirable. There is a strange lay still existing by an old Provençal troubadour, no small favourite with iron-handed, lion-hearted King Richard, of which the refrain, "*so far away*," expresses very touchingly the longing for the absent, perhaps only *because* absent, that is so painful, so human, and so unwise. The whole story is wild and absurd to a degree, yet not without a saddened interest, owing to the mournful refrain quoted above. It is thus told in the notes to Warton's "*History of English Poetry*:"—

"Jeffrey Rudell, a famous troubadour of Provence, who is also celebrated by Petrarch, had heard from the adventurers in the Crusades the beauty of a Countess of Tripoli highly extolled. He became

enamoured from imagination, embarked for Tripoli, fell sick on the voyage through the fever of expectation, and was brought on shore at Tripoli half-expiring. The countess, having received the news of the arrival of this gallant stranger, hastened to the shore and took him by the hand. He opened his eyes, and at once overpowered by his disease and her kindness, had just time to say inarticulately that *having seen her he died satisfied*. The countess made him a most splendid funeral and erected to his memory a tomb of porphyry inscribed with an epitaph in Arabian verse. She commanded his sonnets to be richly copied and illuminated with letters of gold, was seized with a profound melancholy, and turned nun. I will endeavour to translate one of the sonnets he made on his voyage, 'Yret et dolent m'en partray,' &c. It has some pathos and sentiment. 'I should depart pensive but for this love of mine *so far away*, for I know not what difficulties I may have to encounter, my native land being *so far away*. Thou who hast made all things and who formed this love of mine *so far away*, give me strength of body, and then I may hope to see this love of mine *so far away*. Surely my love must be founded on true merit, as I love one *so far away*. If I am easy for a moment, yet I feel a thousand pains for her who is *so far away*. No other love ever touched my heart than this for her *so far away*. A fairer than she never touched any heart, either so near or *so far away*."

'It is utter nonsense, I grant you, and the doings of this love-sick idiot seem to have been in character with his stanzas, yet is there a mournful pathos about that wailing *so far away* which, well-worded, well-set, and well-performed, would make the success of a drawing-room song.

'If the Countess of Tripoli, who seems also to have owned a susceptible temperament, had been his cousin and lived next door, he would probably not have admired her the least, would certainly never have wooed her in such wild and pathetic verse; but he gave her credit for

all the charms that constituted his own ideal of perfection, and sickened even to death for the possession of his distant treasure, simply and solely because it was *so far away!*

'What people all really love is a dream. The stronger the imagination the more vivid the phantom that fills it; but on the other hand, the waking is more sudden and more complete. If I were a woman instead of a—a—specimen, I should beware how I set my heart upon a man of imagination, a quality which the world is apt to call genius, with as much good sense as there would be in confounding the sparks from a blacksmith's anvil with the blacksmith himself. Such a man takes the first doll that flatters him, dresses her out in the fabrications of his own fancy, falls down and worships, gets bored, and gets up, pulls the tinsel off as quick as he put it on; being his own he thinks he may do what he likes with it, and finds any other doll looks just as well in the same light and decked with the same trappings. Narcissus is not the only person who has fallen in love with the reflection, or what he believed to be the reflection, of himself. Some get off with a ducking, some are drowned in sad earnest for their pains.

'Nevertheless, as the French philosopher says, "There is nothing so real as illusion." The day that is dead has for men a more actual, a more tangible, a more vivid identity than the day that exists, nay, than the day as yet unborn. One of the most characteristic and inconvenient delusions of humanity is its incapacity for enjoyment of the present. Life is a journey in which people are either looking forward or looking back. Nobody has the wisdom to sit down for half an hour in the shade listening to the birds overhead, examining the flowers under foot. It is always "How pleasant it was yesterday! What fun we shall have to-morrow!" Never "How happy we are to-day!" And yet what is the past, when we think of it, but a dream vanished into darkness—the future but an uncertain glimmer that may never brighten into dawn.

'It is strange how much stronger in old age than in youth is the tendency to live in the hereafter. Not the real hereafter of another world, but the delusive hereafter of this. Tell a lad of eighteen that he must wait a year or two for anything he desires very eagerly, and he becomes utterly despondent of attaining his wish; but an old man of seventy is perfectly ready to make arrangements or submit to sacrifices for his personal benefit to be rewarded in ten years' time or so, when he persuades himself he will still be quite capable of enjoying life. The people who purchase annuities, who plant trees, who breed horses for their own riding, are all past middle age. Perhaps they have seen so many things brought about by waiting, more particularly when the deferred hope had caused the sick heart's desire to pass away, that they have resolved for them also must be "a good time coming," if only they will have patience and "wait a little longer." Perhaps they look forward because they cannot bear to look back. Perhaps in such vague anticipations they try to delude their own consciousness, and fancy that by ignoring and refusing to see it they can escape the inevitable change. After all, this is the healthiest and most invigorating practice of the two. Something of courage seems wanting in man or beast when either is continually looking back. To the philosopher "a day that is dead" has no value but for the lesson it affords, to the rest of mankind it is inestimably precious for the unaccountable reason that it can never come again.'

'Be it so,' I answered; 'let me vote in the majority. I think with the fools, I honestly confess, but I have also a theory of my own on this subject which I am quite prepared to hear ridiculed and despised. My supposition is that ideas, feelings, delusions, name them how you will, recur in cycles, although events and tangible bodies, such as we term realities, must pass away. I cannot remember in my life any experience that could properly be called a new sensation. When in a position of which I had certainly no

former knowledge I have always felt a vague, dreamy consciousness that something of the same kind must have happened to me before. Can it be that my soul has existed previously, long ere it came to tenant this body that it is so soon about to quit? Can it be that its immortality stretches both ways, as into the future so into the past? May I not hope that in the infinity so fitly represented by a circle the past may become the future as the future most certainly must become the past, and the day that is dead, to which I now look back so mournfully, may rise again newer, fresher, brighter than ever in the land of the morning beyond that narrow paltry gutter which we call the grave? I waited anxiously for his answer.

There are some things we would give anything to know, things on which certainty would so completely alter all our ideas, our arrangements, our hopes, and our regrets. Ignorant of the ceast to which we are bound, its distance, its climate, and its necessities, how can we tell what to pack up and what to leave behind? To be sure, regarding things material, we are spared all trouble of selection; but there is yet room for much anxiety concerning the outfit of the soul. For the space of a minute he seemed to ponder, and when he did speak all he said was this—

‘I know, but I must not tell,’ preserving thereafter an inflexible silence till it was time to go to bed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

By A PERIPATETIC.

THE ‘QUEEN’S JOURNAL.’

THE appearance of such a book as the ‘Queen’s Journal’ is, in many respects, a very remarkable phenomenon. We do not know that it is absolutely correct to speak of the book as an example of royal authorship. We do not profess to find in it any remarkable literary excellence, and, to say the truth, the appearance of great literary power would be disappointing to us. When we take up the letters of any one in whom we are intensely interested we are not looking out for an intellectual display. We want something that is better than *that*. We want clear honesty, the harmonious play of thought and expression, the actual photographed life of every-day existence. Now the Queen has given us all this, and with an amount of *vraisemblance* and success that the most cultivated *littérateur* might well envy. It is really something to be admitted into the sacred privacy of the groves and gardens, the galleries and drawing-rooms of royal abodes. There is, we all know, a literature of courts, a literature of a very pain-

ful character, one with which we do not care that those we love should be too familiar, because we recognise its unpleasing and unhealthy character. But how different a book is this book! We see the best points of English homes reflected; that whatever is purest and best in English homes is reflected in the most splendid home in the land. Not only are literature and art, and solid knowledge, and the fair aspects of science duly cultivated, but there is the hearty enjoyment of simple natural delights, and the presence of everything that can make life most healthy and sincere. It is the kind of home-life which we may all imitate, but with an admiring despair. We cannot wish better for man or woman than that they should endeavour to order themselves and their households with the same principles of goodness, wisdom, and beauty that were carried out in the homes of Osborne and Balmoral, Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace.

It is unnecessary to give any extracts from a work which has been

reprinted over and over again by the copious extracts which the public journals have made. The wits of periodical writers have been sufficiently exercised in attempting to say striking or original things about it. But there is an important consideration suggested by the book on which we have seen little or no comment; we mean the political valuation to be attached to it. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the political worth and significance of the book is very great. There is no doubt that within the life of Queen Victoria democracy has made enormous strides. We are anxiously waiting to see how democracy will affect the House of Commons, how it will affect the peers, how it will affect the throne itself. It is at this point, that, without any thoughts of a political result, the Queen has taken a step which cannot but have an important political effect. She has taken her loving people into her deep and affectionate confidence; she has bound up the sympathies of her people with the interests of her crown; she has given every one of her subjects an anxious personal interest in her welfare and happiness, such as no sovereign has ever previously been able to elicit. She is no abstraction of regality, but the lady and the mother of the land. And if her throne is 'broad-based upon her people's will,' she has by her long, spotless life, and these simple and most touching avowals of her own life-history, rooted the principles of loyalty deep in the hearts of her people, and done more to preserve the sceptred sway of her house than all the demagogues and doctrinaires could effect against royalty by centuries of sedition.

As we have said, it is unnecessary to indulge in abstract or extract. The home-life of royalty will become the most familiar association of all minds. We do not wonder that the 'Edinburgh Review' says that in the children of the north the Queen's pages touch a chord of personal and national sympathy, for they are principally and essentially pictures of Scottish life. We admire the pure, healthy taste which led the royal pair to seek a nest in

the Highlands, and draw towards themselves the passionate loyalty which the Highlanders so freely gave the Stuarts. It is not as a queen but as a wife, woman, and mother that her Majesty displays herself; but at the same time it is becoming to us all constantly to bear in mind that it is the great and renowned Queen of England who is thus gracious and familiar. We see her like any other religious-minded English lady, sedulously visiting the cottages of the poor, attending divine service as a reverent worshipper and listener, and carefully noting all she hears, with an enthusiastic and well-trained eye for natural beauty in lake, mountain, and seaboard, and then passing, *incognito*, something after the fashion of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid, through city and town. We are allowed to see the earnestness of her affectionate friendship, as towards the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Breadalbane, her anxiety and care for her children, her regard and interest for her servants. How truly natural and noble is this language about the Highlanders: 'The Prince highly appreciated the good breeding, simplicity, and intelligence which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them.' It is not every fine lady who could thus write about her dependants. But the Queen's book is one which will have a healthy influence in every household where it enters, and all will be able to see that the chief happiness of all lies, not in greatness but in goodness. We only add that we most hopefully look forward to a time when the Queen's great sorrow shall have passed away, and have left her even still abler and stronger to wield the mighty sceptre of her realm.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF COMTE.

The growing influence of M. Comte in this country, where he has formed a school of thought and a zealous circle of disciples, is one of the most remarkable of the intellectual phenomena of our day. A considerable section of our public

writers, a body of men not so numerous as might be supposed by those who are not 'behind the scenes,' or 'outsiders,' are strongly tinged with the doctrines of the Positivist school. Still not very much is known respecting Comte by the public at large in England, and perhaps still less in France. The anecdote has been lately told that when Sir George Lewis, in conversation with M. de Tocqueville, expressed his alarm at the growing influence of Comte, M. de Tocqueville candidly avowed that he had never heard of him. In the retirement of his Norman château, M. de Tocqueville having well served the intellectual interests of his stronger days, had ceased to take very accurate note of the phenomena of the intellectual life of recent days. Comte himself often declared, in one of his most striking phrases, that there was 'a conspiracy of silence' against him. This, however, is hardly the case in England. In the eighteenth century French philosophers reproduced English thought, and indoctrinated their countrymen both with English science and English scepticism. In the nineteenth century we are repaying the compliment, after a manner. When a set of English writers band together, as in the case of a body of English Positivists, who some time back produced a volume of little-known essays on International subjects, it can hardly be said that they have reproduced the success of the Encyclopædists. The influence of Comte is, nevertheless, great, and his philosophy is more fully and more ably set forth by such an able and careful writer as Mr. George Henry Lewes, who has entirely recast his very useful 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' with a view to the enunciation of Positivist opinions. That influence may also be traced in the writings of Mr. Grote, and is simply overpowering in the writings of Mr. Mill. Comtism may be traced in the three departments of morals, science, and religion, although in England only the more fervid disciples follow the Humanitarian religion.

Many persons will inquire respecting Comte, what manner of man he was, and what was his history. The answer may and has been given, that we must examine his philosophy on its own merits, and quite irrespectively of the facts of his life. This we are willing enough to grant; but it is very interesting, at the same time, to know any facts of the life that we can gather up; and such facts ought to be an assistance to us in fixing our ideas of his philosophy. It is very possible to present a very favourable picture of M. Comte as an ascetic, self-denying thinker; possible, also, to draw a very different kind of picture. We just take the more salient particulars of his biography. The leading facts in his intellectual life are, that, having been expelled from the Ecole Polytechnique, he turned teacher, patient and painstaking, of mathematics, and became secretary first to M. Casimir Perier, and afterwards to the Marquis St. Simon. St. Simonianism had certainly a great effect on the mind of Comte, but it was only one of the influences which enabled him to build up his system. He was still a young man, still working with St. Simon, when he thought out the Positive Philosophy, to which he gave that name, 'because it was the generalisation of the method which each positive science had employed in particular.' He married, and the marriage was fraught with unhappiness, and there was afterwards a separation. Some very strong things have been said against both Monsieur and Madame Comte, and it is best to use the stock saying that there were faults on both sides. But still even in such differences the truth and justice of a case very often lie on one side, if we could only make sure of it. Comte refused to have any religious ceremony performed, and there was only a civil marriage. Subsequently he became deranged, and attempted both his own life and that of his wife. Those who attack Comte's system have however, we think, no right to dwell on the fact that its author was at one time an

inmate of a lunatic asylum. There is something narrow and ungenerous in turning this unhappy event into a weapon against the sufferer. He made by-and-by his ten thousand francs a year, and modestly enjoyed his stall at the Italian Opera. This did not last long. After the promulgation of his philosophy he lost his official educational appointments, and was thrown back on private pupils. Then Comte took high ground. It was the duty of the disciples whose minds he had elevated and enlightened to supply his material necessities. To a certain extent they did so. Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Raikes Currie replaced the official salary for one year by a 'subsidy' to the same amount. Comte thought that the subsidy ought to be permanent. But the Englishmen did not seem to see it. Mr. Grote sent him 24*l.*, but it seems that nothing more was done. Comte was exasperated in the extreme, and wrote haughtily enough to Mr. John Stuart Mill; and there was a rupture between the two. Comte spoke of his disappointment as an 'infamous spoliation.' He, however, publicly announced that he had no further intention of teaching private mathematics, and threw himself on his admirers' sense of duty to furnish him with an income. The appeal was responded to, but hardly, we fear, to the full extent that would cover the loss of his official income. We are afraid that his system was hardly so fraught with benevolent issues as he had imagined it to be. He formed an intimacy with a lady, who, like Comte, was separated from her legal mate, the husband having had the misfortune of being sent to the galleys for life. Henceforward Comte startled the Comtists by his rapid evolution of mystical and sentimental ideas. His Clotilde, to quote the language of Mr. Lewes, which is itself rather mystical and sentimental, 'initiated him into those secrets of emotional life which were indispensable to his philosophy in its subsequent elaboration. Her death rather intensified than altered this influence, by

purifying it from all personal and objective elements.' It will be remembered how Condillac was influenced by Mdlle. Ferrand, and Mr. Mill tells us how greatly he was indebted to the unrivalled wisdom of his late wife. Comte lived afterwards a quiet, inoffensive, recluse life, which somewhat contrasted with his overweening claim of being a 'Pontifex Maximus' to the new faith, living meagrely, reading poetry, and the 'Imitation of Christ,' and going out every Wednesday to the tomb of his Clotilde, to whom he prayed in actual worship, invoking her assistance. We confess that it is at this point we are reminded of the shaken sanity of earlier years. Comte is certainly one of the greatest thinkers that this century has seen. Like our own Hobbes, he was not a great reader, but his knowledge was assimilated and organised knowledge. It was his habit to have long seasons of meditation, and then he threw off his writings with the utmost rapidity. It is about ten years since he died, leaving friends who canonized him in their hearts, and a reputation that is rapidly extending.

The great exponent of Comte's scientific method in this country, even more than Mr. Lewes and Mr. Spence, is Mr. Mill. Despite differences, it may be said that there is only one Comte and Mill is his prophet. Dr. Ingleby says that his philosophy is wholly borrowed from Auguste Comte, but it is borrowed whole. Mr. Goldwin Smith says of his sociological speculations that 'Mr. Mill has merely reproduced Comte.' In various particulars Mr. Mill has adorned and developed Comte's doctrines, and he has given an acute criticism of his master in his well-known article, which is nearly a volume in itself, in the 'Westminster Review,' a paper which has been fully discussed by M. Littré in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' My notice, on the present occasion at least, will be scanty enough. I must add that my present knowledge of the subject is extremely superficial, but I observe that even those who have studied

and written on the subject for years are reproached by the initiated for their superficial knowledge. Like Bacon, Comte took all knowledge for his domain; and his wonderful sweep and grasp, both of history and the sciences, is one of the most marvellous achievements of the human mind. The Comtists point to the vacillations of philosophy, and say that they have at last a philosophy that never vacillates. They point also to the vacillations of theology. 'There is, in fact,' says Mr. Lewes, 'no one general doctrine capable of uniting Catholics, Protestants, and their subdivisions.' But Mr. Lewes does not understand the theologians. The creed contains a whole series of doctrines, upon which, amid all outward differences these apparently conflicting bodies possess a real inward unity. But without arguing this point, let us try and give, *ὡς ἐν τῷ πρῶτῳ*, the Positivist system. The 'Positive' system is a convertible term with the 'scientific' system. Comte took the various sciences with their methods and their philosophies, and made them yield a philosophy which embraced the whole. All scientific knowledge attained or attainable was embraced by this system, which 'condenses human knowledge into a doctrine, and co-ordinates all the methods by which that doctrine has been reached and will in future be extended.' Hitherto it had been too much the wont of scientific men, occupied in their several provinces of inquiry, to forget the relation of the parts to the whole. This was what Comte took upon himself. He formed a 'hierarchy of the sciences,' defined as, 'that distribution and co-ordination of general truths which transforms the scattered and independent sciences into an organic whole, wherein each part depends on all that precede, and determines all that succeed.' Comte's classification of the sciences, wonderful as it is, has been greatly criticised by his disciples, who have at times suggested a different arrangement. Believing that the list of sciences is incomplete, Comte invented a new science, that of Sociology. The

English presentation of this doctrine is to be found in the conclusion of Mr. Mill's great work on Logic. It may, I believe, be truly said of Comte's writings that for hundreds of pages together there is hardly a sentence without its distinct and valuable thought. At the same time there is much that is extremely open to the criticism of thinkers in these speculations, as may be seen, for instance, in such a work as Whewell's 'History of Scientific Ideas.' The systematization of the philosophy of all the sciences was certainly a wonderful moment in modern intellectual life.

What is called the 'second' period in Comte, witnessed the transformation of his 'philosophy' into a 'religion.' Many of his disciples entirely part company with him before he arrives at this stage. But Comte's system is one that must be considered in its entirety, and it is by no means just, or even possible, to draw the demarcation which he himself would never permit. If we look at the most practical results of his teaching they cannot be considered very flattering, and we do not wonder that many of his admirers hastily pass them over. The system of worship and ritual which he inaugurated, exemplified in Paris and London in one or two obscure localities, where blasphemous parallels are drawn with the beginning of the Christian religion, is not much. Neither is the solitary, or all but solitary community of Comtists of much account, which have sprung up amid the eccentricities and aberrations of American society. The real influence of Comte is mainly to be found among those students who partially or entirely have accepted his views, and who in books and periodicals are directly or indirectly indoctrinating the public with them. Wherever we have had an opportunity of witnessing the results of his philosophy on an individual mind, we have always thought that the result has visibly been a sad deterioration of character. As a rule, also, there is an unreasoning hatred to all existing institutions and to Christianity itself. With Comte Christianity is the last re-

sult of monotheism, and a phase of opinion which the world in its upward progress is fast leaving behind, and which is to be absorbed in the demonstrable religion,—the communion of all countries and all ages, in which collective humanity is itself 'the Great Being.' According to his famous formula we leave religion far behind before we enter on the metaphysical stage, and we leave the metaphysical stage behind before we enter on the positive stage. For our own part, we had rather almost that men should become Comtists in religion than that they should rest in the cold negation of the Comtists in philosophy. They will indeed tell us, with half-concealed contempt, that they do not mean to deny the existence of first and final causes, but as they are not cognizable to our senses, they say that we ought stringently to exclude them from our philosophy. Thus they discard a revelation, and the lawgiver is obscured by his laws. If we carry the reasoning out legitimately, it is hard to see how we can escape from the doctrine of materialism. These doctrines, however, they may be shrouded in a jargon about a universal brotherhood and love, lead to a science of selfishness. Comte himself has nobly enforced the moral destination and work of genius, but for all that the materialistic Positivists are our social Sadducees. Comte's leading doctrine of Sociology, by many regarded as his highest intellectual achievement, is open to much discussion, both on the side of ethics and on the side of philosophy. Whether there is such a thing as exact science in history—whether the phenomena of human life can really yield unerring laws—whether a true social science is indeed possible, are questions which on being sifted appear more and more open to doubt. Those who maintain the affirmative, like the late Mr. Buckle, entirely eliminate the idea of Providence from their conceptions; and if they do not betray men into the most immoral forms of fatalism, rob them of the firmest restraints and the highest consolations.

WHOLE SOME FARE.

Having said something about wines on a recent occasion, I will venture now to say something about meats. The other day I lunched with a man who lives in a palace and has got twenty thousand a year. He gave me the cold remains of a small scraggy leg of mutton. I regret to add that the wine was very much on a par with the viands. I had the sweet sauce of hunger, happily, and came to the conclusion that cold mutton was a joint unjustly maligned. A friend tells me that I was at least more lucky than he was when he lunched with his great neighbour the earl, for he was really very hungry, and could not get the simple wants of nature satisfied. Another friend, having made a great literary hit, was invited to stay with a duke, and it being the summer season the duke warmly pressed upon his visitor raspberry wine, who would have preferred claret-cup or Badminton. There was no real want of hospitality in any of these magnificent hosts; they rather thought, I fancy, that as they were entertaining public men, they would best show their respect for intellect by putting all animal considerations very decidedly into the background. On comparing notes I think we all had a sense of outrage. People who live in palaces and have a great many thousands a year ought to maintain a certain splendour of hospitality. 'It was a good dinner, sir,' said Dr. Johnson on one occasion, 'but not a dinner to ask a man to.' This indicates the great moralist's point of view, which holds good everywhere, especially in great houses.

As an intellectual being I ought, of course, to speak with due contempt of meats. To a certain extent I can sincerely do so. A mutton chop with a well-cooked potato is a banquet; a crust with a glass of spring water—I have often tried it—is a delicious repast. Instead of physicking yourself at any time knock off your dinner, and the lowering effect will answer every medicinal purpose. I will go further than this, and say, once in a way,

every now and then, knock off your dinner to give the dining organs a rest, to obtain a mastery over appetite, and, if you like, to carry out an ecclesiastical rule. But still I add that as eating is a pursuit to which many years of existence are devoted, it is worth while giving attention to it, so that we should dine delicately and well, and convert a vulgar necessity into one of the fine arts. To have a constant succession of really good dinners, void of luxury and extravagance, requires forethought, judgment, good taste, and good management on the part of our womankind and domestics; and if these are wanting the domestic tyrant has a right to call for his hat in a tone of thunder and go off to his club. It is melancholy to think how in the Bloomsbury region 'the beef of to-morrow succeeds the mutton of to-day,' when for a most trifling expense soup, fish, and salad can always be added, with some selection of made dishes. Considerations of diet do not relate merely to the palate, for in that case they would little deserve discussion, but directly relate to health and longevity. It is now an ascertained scientific fact that a diversity and multiplicity of aliments is a most important hygienic rule.

The misfortune is that a man who takes to studying the art of dining, runs a real risk of becoming a *gourmand* or *gourmet*, without the smallest suspicion in his own breast that such is the case. I remember the case of an old gentleman who protested very strongly against the pleasures of the table and the spread of luxury. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'I do not at all approve of these dinners à la Russe, or any of the great dinners. I am a quiet man, and I like every day a simple, wholesome meal. I take a little light soup and a cut of salmon or so. Then I have the plain British roast beef, with a little of my own game afterwards. A simple tart or pudding suffices me. Then, besides my country's beer, I stand by the good old-fashioned port and some pure Lafitte; and I call that a simple, wholesome dinner as any man could want, and with which any man

ought to be contented.' If he had said it was as good a dinner as any man could want, he would not be far wrong: most men could subdue their nature to follow such exemplary moderation. I remember reading a dialogue which some men growing old had on the subject of old age. It was not exactly of the famous *De Senectute* kind. Neither of the interlocutors was a Lælius. 'My dear friend,' said one of them, 'when we attain to the repose of old age, from which of your faculties do you anticipate the most enjoyment?' After a pause, 'From sleep,' was the thoughtful reply. 'Really, do you think so?' returned the other. 'I should myself rather anticipate that it is from eating. Give me the table, my dear friend, give me the table.'

It is very remarkable how many publishers issue works on cookery, and some of these works claim to have sold more than a hundred thousand copies. They are by all sorts of authors, from my Lady Llanover down to working cooks. But I don't see that dinners are more simple, varied, and wholesome than they used to be. In a note to Mr. Whiting's charming novel 'The Romance of a Garret,' a story strongly to be recommended, I see with regret that the Mrs. Glasse, who prescribed 'First catch your hare,' is all a myth, the work being written by a Dr. Hill, and the famous allusion to the hare being expunged in later editions. Mr. Whiting wrote that capital little book, 'Memoirs of a Stomach; by a Minister of the Interior.' My attention has been especially drawn to a book called 'Wholesome Fare,*' which is unique in this kind of literature, by being meant both for the cook and the doctor. The literary and scientific value of this work is really very great. It gives, of course, those hundreds of recipes without which no cookery book is thought complete, and which to an outsider appears to be very much overdone. But we have also a succession of careful essays, explaining the com-

* 'Wholesome Fare; or, The Doctor and the Cook.' By Edmund S. and Ellen J. Delamere: Lockwood and Co., 1868.

parative value of our food supplies, the relative worth of dishes, the hygienic effects of cookery, with special chapters for the sick, the sedentary, and the convalescent. There is so much anecdote and pleasant reading in the work, that it might well deserve a place in any library, circulating or stationary. 'The object of the following pages is to show that the real essentials of a good dinner, i. e., a few good dishes, may be had by those who have the courage to will it. To be convinced of this, the reader has only to study our chapter on Bills of Fare and the receipts for the dishes composing them. On inspecting these coolly and carefully, it will be found that the difficulty of composing them is rather imaginary than real.' We would recommend to the British husband, that, instead of looking on the cuisine as a terrific and mysterious region, he should carefully get up a book like this, which will enable him to indulge in that frank searching criticism which is the salt of society, and which may help him to secure wholesome fare for his household, and with it the better spirits and improved health of its inmates.

WIVES, SPIRITUAL AND OTHERWISE.

We are now accustomed to expect an annual or biennial work from the editor of the 'Athenæum.' Mr. Dixon has made in his time both comparative and superlative failures; but his visit to the Mormons was a hit, in his American work last year, and he has worked the vein in his 'Spiritual Wives.*' As people at the present day are devoting an inordinate amount of attention to wives and women generally, we have just now a great deal of talk about Wives Spiritual and Otherwise; and perhaps an impulse may be lent by the present volume to the peculiar institution which Mr. Dixon so circumstantially describes. To a certain extent the book is a made book: made, like the traditional razors, to sell; but it is also to be said that Mr. Dixon has taken a great deal of pains to make it as

complete as possible, and has tried, though with a limited degree of success, to handle delicate subjects not indelicately.

Mr. Dixon collected his facts in the Baltic provinces, in the west of England, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in the New England cities. He thus gives the theory of 'Celestial love.' 'The theory is, that a man who may be either unmarried before the law or wedded to a woman whom he cannot love as a wife should be loved, should have the right, in virtue of a higher morality and a more sacred duty than the churches teach him, to go out among the crowd of his female friends, and seek a partner in whom he shall find some special fitness for a union with himself; and when he has found such a bride of the soul, that he shall have the further right of courting her, even though she may have taken vows as another man's wife, and of entering into closer and sweeter relations with her than those which belong to the common caste; all vows on his part and on her part being to this end thrust aside as so much worldly waste.' The theory, it will be noticed, is stated in a very diffuse and wordy way. Mr. Dixon rightly calls it 'abomination;' but he also calls it 'a fact which forces it within the scope of our modern science and renders it worthy of our keenest study.' Now we cannot for a moment believe that this wretched and unhappy subject enters within the scope of moral science; and, so far from considering that it is worthy of our keenest study, we doubt whether it is worth even the desultory notice which we can give of it.

Mr. Dixon went down into Somersetshire to see the Agapemone, which Brother Prince freely allowed him to do. From Mr. Dixon's account we can only come to the conclusion that Brother Prince is mad. Lord Chelmsford has defined the 'Abode of Love' as consisting of a certain set of human beings and bloodhounds. Mr. Dixon tells us that the bloodhounds have been withdrawn; and so far our conceptions of the Agapemone have to be modified. He describes the blooming

* 'Spiritual Wives.' By William Hepworth Dixon: Hurst and Blackett.

ladies of the establishment in a style not altogether dissimilar to that of Mr. Walt Whitman and Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Mr. Prince and his great coadjutor Mr. Starkie, appear at one time to have been sincere and earnest-minded clergymen, but ultimately they alighted on a mode of thought which has brought them to a lovely home in the loveliest part of England, carriages, billiard playing, and luxuries of every description. The suspicion to which Lord Chelmsford leaned is unavoidably suggested, that there must have been something indescribably base in such a mental transfer; but on the whole, we lean to the opinion that in point of fact the Agapemone is a kind of lunatic asylum. Mr. Prince evidently suffers from a distinct intellectual delusion, from which he will one day be probably very disagreeably awakened, that he is immortal. But this delusion has never spread far in England; Mr. Dixon finds an earlier chapter respecting it in Germany, and a much vaster one in America. The account of Archdeacon Ebel and his school is curious. There are doubts whether the conduct of Ebel was inimical, and without any doubt he was sincere. Mr. Dixon appears to us to have shown exceedingly little discrimination in his treatment; and perhaps because his materials would hardly bring him to the end of the second volume, though with the largest of type and most liberal of margins, he has printed in the German text what he would hardly venture to give in his own text. There is a great deal of difference between Königsberg and Oneida Creek. Mr. Dixon calculates that there are some four millions of persons who are, more or less, 'free lovers.' The following is the example of the style of procedure:— 'I met with a young music-teacher by the name of Priscilla Jones; strange as it may appear, I felt that she was to become my wife as soon as I heard her name spoken; and two days later, at the foot of Niagara's reef of rainbows, baptized by the mists of heaven, we pledged ourselves to unite our destinies and work together for human welfare so

long as it was mutually agreeable.' This is the finest example we have lately seen of the real Yankee bathos. Some other sections of the work are interesting as showing us the practical working of the Socialist schemes of such men as Fourier and Robert Owen. On the whole the work is hardly reading to be recommended.

Unquestionably the general subject may suggest serious reflections, and is not to be disposed of as jest or monstrosity. Swedenborg and Göthe are men whose speculations are full of interest. It does not appear to us that Mr. Dixon has handled his subject either in a very thoughtful or yet a very becoming spirit. Some chapters in early ecclesiastical history, and some literature of the Mystics and Pietists are easily brought into a relation with the subject. A pure system of communion of goods was once possible in the church, and possible also was the love-feast and the kiss of peace. But communism now means little more than the spoliation of the wealthy, and the right judgment of ecclesiastical rulers has suspended institutions unsuited for a mixed society. Some ardent spirits will ofttime try and revive ideal schemes of society; but there is always a danger of scandal, and a danger that the scandal may be founded on fact. A little common sense, and a rigid observance of the moral law, will speedily brush away as cobwebs all the specious speculations with which unhealthy imaginations try to confuse the relations between the sexes.

It is remarkable how very much is written at the present day on the subject of woman. The 'Saturday Review' now rarely appears without an article or two about them; and now we have Mr. Dixon's book, a work which in reality is written to meet a demand for this kind of literature. The papers in the 'Saturday,' which are often bitter and unjust in respect to wives, chiefly suggest a feeling of commiseration for the unhappy critic, who must have very queer feminine belongings of his own, in the way of mother, wife, or sister, to account for his

treatment of the topic. The 'Saturday Review' is in the main respectable, but the pruriency of various of its articles may rival the pruriency of Mr. Dixon's book. The 'Times' and 'Pall Mall Gazette' deserve credit for their attacks on a mode of writing which is in the highest degree discreditable. The good wives of England are, in the main, as ladylike and cultivated, as provident and prayerful, as absorbed in their home duties, and in their husbands and children as they have ever been, and can only wonder and be annoyed at the reckless criticism and coarse description which a few writers, deceived by bad models, have lately laid before the public. We do not ask that wives should be exempt from frank criticism and discussion, but we object to the style that imitates the comedies of Congreve and the 'Essay' of Wilkes.

We do not think that Mr. Dixon

has chosen his subject well or treated it wisely. His book appears to us to be pandering to a vicious tone of mind, and he has not availed himself of an opening which his subject afforded, of a more serious tone of treatment. The story of the Cragins is worked up into a novelette of a rather debasing kind. His speculations on the difference of Gothic and Latin ideas in respect to woman seem to us to be thin and worthless. The work is designed to be sensational and achieve a run at the libraries. This it will probably attain, and nothing beyond that ephemeral result, unless perchance it has unwittingly made a convert of some weak mind to its lasting depravation. Pitt said that Butler's 'Analogy' raised more doubts than it satisfied; and though Mr. Dixon condemns 'Spiritual Wives,' he may perhaps attract towards evil quite as much as he may deter.

THE BEST OF THE BALL.

At last! O, sensation delicious!
At last, it is here, it is here!
That moment supremely auspicious
In the jolliest ball of the year.

It is all as I dreamt it would happen—
The rooms grown oppressive with heat,
And my darling, alarmed with the crowding,
Suggesting a timely retreat.

'Not there; not among the exotics;
I faint with that fragrance of theirs.
Let us go—it will be so refreshing—
And find out a seat on the stairs.'

How dear are the lips that could utter
Such exquisite music as this!
How I listened, my heart all a-flutter,
Assenting, transported with bliss!

All the house with the dancers is throbbing,
The music seems born of the air:
O, joy of all joy the extremest,
To sit, as I sit, on a stair!

To sit, and to gaze on my darling,
Enraptured in thrilling delight,
As I think, 'Never face would be fairer,
Nor eyes half so tenderly bright.'

It is all as I knew it would happen,
Yet, no; there is something I miss—
The eloquent words I intended
To speak in a moment like this.

They were tender, and soft and poetic,
And I thought, 'As I timidly speak,
She will smile, and a blush sympathetic
Will crimson the rose in her cheek.'

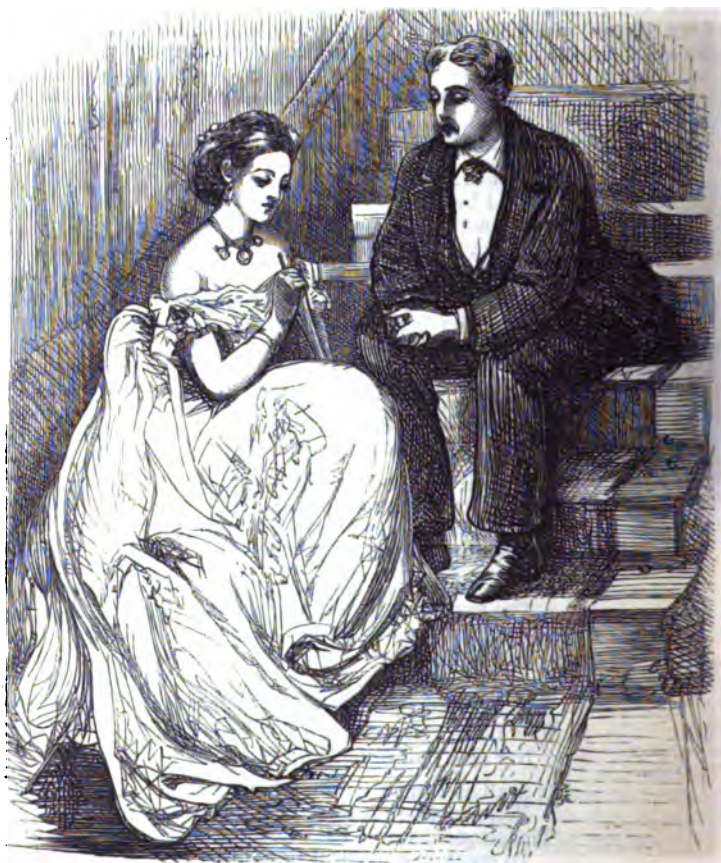
And now that we sit here together,
I only—do all that I can—
Converse on the ball and the weather,
While she opens and closes her fan.

What I thought to have said was audacious,
Her ear it would surely offend ;
She would turn from me, no longer gracious,
And frown my delight to an end.

Far better to talk of the weather,
Or ponder in rapture supreme :
'Tis so joyous to sit here together,
So pleasant to wake and to dream !

Contented, long hours we could measure,
Forgetting, forgotten by all ;
Nor envy the dancers their pleasure,
For ours is the best of the ball.

W. S.



LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1868.



TOWN IN THE SEASON.—OPPOSITE GUNTER'S.

See 'May in Town,' p. 400.)

THE PREMIER NOVELIST.

WE touch our hats to Mr. Disraeli. We respectfully hail him as one of ourselves. Every member of the guild whose blazon is the grey goosequill—every man who lays claim to what the author of 'Sybil' calls 'the distinguished title of a journalist'—may lift a glance of admiration to this eminent brother. He owes his elevation to

his brain and heart and strong right arm. Alone he did it. Fifty years ago there were few boys in the island whose prospects of a career were less brilliant than his, and in whose way lay more numerous or more formidable obstacles. Without rank, without wealth, without the hereditary passions and prejudices of an Englishman,—with spe-

culative audacity where Mr. Bull expects slow-footed caution, and glittering rhetoric where substantial John wants figures and facts.—Mr. Disraeli seemed to be unfortunate alike in the gifts he wanted and in the gifts he possessed. Even his genius, you would say, was against him: for is there aught the purse-proud dullards who conceal themselves to be *par excellence* practical men hate and dread more than genius? And yet Mr. Disraeli has triumphed. He has scaled the rugged mountain of success, and now, 'Hyperion-like, on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war.' The stupid of his own party, and of all parties, look up to him in bewilderment; stolid squires; who, 'sold by the carcass,' as the market reports say, would make fifteen stone, Tory lawyers in country towns, Conservative parsons all round the globe, may pretend to understand him, but do not, and to be content with his rule, but are not. As a high-pressure engine, screaming and snorting in all the glory of flame and iron, drags a long train of baggage waggons behind it, so does Mr. Disraeli pull his party on. Oh, if the squires and country clergy could but realize the scorn with which he regards them! Oh, if the Tories could but know what a supreme act of condescension he deems it to be their leader!

Truly a remarkable product of nature, art, and artifice is our dazzling and delightful Ben. He is in his way superlative and unique. This may perhaps be said of all original men; but there are some original men, and Mr. Disraeli is one of them, to whom the words can be applied with more than usual precision and emphasis. He unites qualities which are not only diverse, but which, at first sight, appear contradictory and irreconcilable. Flighty, fanciful, loving to soar on the wings of a vague and extravagant imagination, he is at the same time unconquerable by toil, inflexible in resolution, indomitable in perseverance. To the chariot of his mind are yoked Pegasus and a cart-horse; and so skilful has been his driving that, though he has always

let Pegasus have his fling—though he has said more astonishing things and done wilder things than any man of his generation—he has never been thrown out of his track, and has reached the loftiest goal towards which a British subject can strive.

Perhaps he would himself tell us that the secret is to be found in race. Spanish and Italian by descent, the lightnings of a southern clime are in his blood and brain; those mystic lightnings of the intellectual atmosphere which flash out in capricious brilliancies, in far-flashing splendours of passion and invention, in words that smite and burn. The more sombre genius, also, of those famed lands may betray its influence in his delight in strategy and manœuvre, and in his perfect self-possession amid the raging of civil broils. Hebrew of the Hebrews, however, neither Spain, Italy, nor England has changed the essential qualities of the old stock, and in the toughness, the tenacity, the patient vigilance, the long-winded, invincible perseverance of Mr. Disraeli we recognise fundamentally the same type of character which, by natural miracle, put Jacob into possession of the choicest live-stock of Laban, and made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt. It has been questioned whether Mr. Disraeli, though you may trace in him the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Jew, presents to the psychological analyst any of the characteristics of an Englishman. Undeniably he has less of the qualities of our slow-thoughted, sturdy-bodied race than of those which pertain to the more ancient and historical nationalities. It might plausibly be maintained that the Prime Minister of England has less in him of the Englishman than any one of the gentlemen who represent England in St. Stephen's. But let us not decide this question with a hasty and dogmatic negative. Neither Spain, Italy, nor Hebrewland would have given Mr. Disraeli his good-humour. Terribly bitter as he is in a stand-up fight, there is no spite, or malignity, or brooding hatred in his soul. The softened fires of England's sun, the sweet

moist blue of England's sky, have taken from his heart every trace of Spanish cruelty, every dark tint of Italian guile, every deep shade of Hebrew bigotry. He does not come up to Johnson's idea of a good hater. He has no political adversary—he never had—with whom he could not enjoy 'a lobster salad and champagne and chat.' This thorough good-heartedness of Mr. Disraeli's proves that our island has taken possession of him. The same thing is evidenced by the fact that personally he is liked by every one. We don't really care for Spaniards, Italians, and Jews. We do them justice, but we do not fancy their company. Mr. Disraeli is so much liked personally that his reputation as a good fellow has been an important assistance to him in achieving political success. And is not his pluck that of an Englishman? There is not a man of more dashing, cool, unaffected courage within the narrow seas. Yes, we shall admit that, though marvellously different from most of us, though strangely compacted of the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Jew, Mr. Disraeli deserves the name of Englishman. And, next to the name of Hebrew, there is none, we believe, of which he would be more proud.

Name him as we choose, however,—catalogue and classify his characteristics as we may,—we shall not perfectly understand Mr. Disraeli or cut out a coat which will exactly fit him. Better far than taxing our literary ingenuity to produce a formula that might describe him will it be to look at the man himself as seen on various occasions when he has drawn the eyes of his countrymen upon him.

We need not linger upon those escapades which signalised his entrance on a political career; his fierce dash at O'Connell, like a king-bird at a soaring eagle, his haughty words addressed to the agitator, 'We meet at Philippi,' with the great Irishman's description of him, in reply, as 'that gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion whom he understood to be a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief,' his challenge to the son of O'Connell; his first appear-

ance in the House; the tittering which greeted his magniloquent sentences, and his bold words as he felt himself compelled to sit down, 'The day will come when you will hear me.' The newspapers have of late been full of these things; but, in fact, they might have occurred to any young man of genius, ambition, and audacity in the excitement of fighting his way into Parliament and first taking his seat within the walls. They are to be regarded as exceptional extravagances or brilliancies rather than as deeply characteristic of our friend.

But it is the true Disraeli we behold in his world-famous battles with Peel. We have said that Mr. Disraeli is not a good hater, and we do not believe that even against Peel he had a real, deep-rooted animosity. There was a natural antipathy between the men. The grave and earnest Baronet of Tamworth had never seen anything like Mr. Disraeli, and made him out just sufficiently to distrust and detest him. That a fashionable novelist could be capable of close application and hard work; that the author of some of the most paradoxical theories discoverable in the whole literature of politics could be yoked in the harness of administration and pull steadily at the official plough, never occurred to the formal and methodic colleague of Wellington. Peel accordingly stalked on in lofty, disdainful indifference, and Mr. Disraeli instinctively felt that he could not hope for advancement from that quarter. But he could not maintain an attitude of neutrality towards the Conservative chief. Not being his friend, he was impelled to become his foe. Reynard the Fox, in that grand old fable of the German common people in which he plays the chief part, explains that he found it quite impossible to keep his hands off Lampe the hare. Lampe, he perfectly knew, had many titles to his respect. He was irreproachable in every relation of life, a model husband and father, a faultless official. But even in this utter and absolute propriety, in the total respectability and sleek and complacent look of the creature, there was a rebuke to

inferior and flippant natures which to Reynard was intolerable. So he could not help taking Lampe by the nape of the neck and knocking him over. The solemn and sententious virtue of Peel, his almost pedantic accuracy and formality, his consciousness of making history and earning the gratitude of his country, were irresistibly tempting to the keen-worded, wild-witted, highly unvenerating Disraeli. He felt that, though he was nothing in the House and Peel was everything, he was possessed of genius, while Sir Robert, admirably as his intellect had been disciplined and scrupulous as was his conscientiousness, was after all but a sublime mediocrity. Accordingly he commenced a series of attacks upon Peel, which, for the vivacious pungency of their wit and the astonishing importance of the results they occasioned, stand alone in the literature of parliamentary debate. Peel was as an elephant in contest with a hunting leopard or young Bengal tiger. He had no weapon which he could bring to bear against his nimble and brilliant assailant. His favourite quotations were ridiculed, his most pointed arguments were turned from their aim by a jest, his most elaborate speeches were commented on with a light sharp raillery which threw the House into fits of laughter. It is probable that Sir Robert Peel felt nothing in his parliamentary experience so severely as these attacks of Mr. Disraeli. The Tories who refused to follow Sir Robert in his free trade legislation, and clung to the vain hope of uplifting the fallen standard of protection, were so grateful to Mr. Disraeli for ministering to their revenge that, in the dreary absence from their ranks of men of commanding ability, he rose quickly into a position of importance in the party, and saw before him the path of a great career. The success of his raillery sobered him at once; he flung aside, as used and done with, the reputation of parliamentary wit, and, cultivating the higher kinds of parliamentary eloquence, aspired to the name and influence of a statesman. This combination of shrewd-

ness with brilliancy, of sense with audacity, was profoundly characteristic of the man.

To leap at once from his first political appearance to his last, we find much in Mr. Disraeli's conduct of the Reform Bill of 1867 through the House of Commons, and the circumstances connected with that arduous and interesting operation, to bring out the lights and shadows in his character. We are not going to enter upon a laborious investigation of the question whether he, as a Conservative minister, acted an upright and consistent part in carrying through Parliament a measure of parliamentary reform based upon rating household suffrage. Suffice it, on that head, to remark, first, that, after half a dozen administrations had tried their hands at a Reform Bill and failed, and after fifteen years had been spent in vain attempts to solve the problem, a minister might be excused for having recourse to rather extraordinary shifts in order to remove the difficulty; and, secondly, that no one who is acquainted with Mr. Disraeli's political writings, particularly with 'Sybil,' can refuse to admit that, although his connection with the Tory party may be deemed from first to last a deviation from the deepest principles of his books, there is no inconsistency between these and the most daring extension of political rights to the people. But we are not going to write a political dissertation; our object is to have a look at Mr. Disraeli from one or two advantageous points of view. The mere fact that, through Tory shoals and Liberal breakers, his decks raked by the fire of the enemy and with mutineers on board, he brought his craft safely into harbour, proves him to be the most adroit, shift, dexterous, energetic, and courageous of men. How he reconnoitred by means of his Resolutions, spoke at large on the blessings of the constitution, delivered edifying homilies on the duty of rising above party spirit, and peered steadily all the time through the fog to see how the land lay; how he had good words for every political section, professed himself the humble ser-

vant of the country and the House, was sweetly imperturbable in temper and mildly magnanimous in tone; how he forced the Liberals to vote for him by outbidding Gladstone, and the Radicals to swell his triumph by astounding Bright; how he persuaded the squires that they were good Tories in helping to carry a measure which, if it had been brought in by Feargus O'Connor, they would have resisted with the sabres of Peterloo; all this is written in the parliamentary history of England for the last eighteen months, and, as he reads all this, the genial humorist of the future will declare that one of the cleverest fellows that ever walked on leather was Benjamin Disraeli.

Among the minor incidents of the great struggle, what could be finer, from an artistic point of view, than his settling of accounts with Mr. Gladstone? 'The right honourable gentleman,' said Mr. Disraeli, with that arch, satirical glance, doubtless, which used to kindle the expectation of the House when Peel was to be the victim—'the right honourable gentleman gets up and addresses me in a tone which I must say is very unusual in this House. Not that I at all care for the heat he displays, although really his manner is sometimes so very excited and so alarming that one might almost feel thankful that gentlemen in this House who sit on opposite sides of the table are divided by a good broad piece of furniture. The right honourable gentleman, addressing me in the tone and with the air of a familiar of the Inquisition, puts me to the question and says, "This must be given up," "That must be abandoned," and so forth.' To appreciate the effectiveness of this presentation of Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons as a familiar of the Inquisition, we must recollect the serene, Epicurean indifference which reigns in the polite club of St. Stephen's, and the pique with which many of the members regarded the tone of imperious and sensitive virtue assumed by Mr. Gladstone.

Equally felicitous, though in

rougher style, was Mr. Disraeli's manner of disposing of the censures of the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews at the banquet given in his honour at Edinburgh. A Reform Bill conferring the suffrage upon every respectable householder in the boroughs of England was as much in conflict with the traditions of the Whigs as with the traditions of the Tories, and Mr. Disraeli had been duly reprobated and rebuked by the celebrated Whig and by the celebrated Tory Review. But he proved himself a match for both, and rather more. The writer in the Edinburgh Review had not, he said, on this occasion, mounted the fiery barb of Francis Jeffrey, but rode a hearse horse, on which he consummated the obsequies of the Whig party. As for the critic of the 'Quarterly,' he reminded Mr. Disraeli of certain patients who had particularly interested him in a visit he once paid to a lunatic asylum, whose malady it was to believe all the world insane and themselves alone in their right minds. But in fact—thus Mr. Disraeli reached the climax of his reply to these formidable assailants—both these famed periodicals had been excellent and influential in their day, only their day was past. They recalled to his mind two noted posting-houses of that old time when coaches were still upon the road. They had both in those days driven a roaring trade, and the liveliest animosity and competition had reigned between them; but a revolution had occurred in the thoughts and habits of men, and the old posting-houses stood in venerable desolation by the silent highway. All rivalry died out between them; they blended their tears over a common sorrow; the boots of the Blue Boar embraced the chambermaid of the Red Lion, and both denounced the infamy of railways. At the same banquet Mr. Disraeli, excited by the cheers of twelve hundred gentlemen, and warmed with old port, made those grandly audacious but strictly veracious statements about having educated the Tories, of which 'Punch' issued a pictorial illustration in the shape of Fagin

educating his 'party' to steal reform out of the pocket of a little old gentleman suspended from the bedpost with the features of Earl Russell.

It has always been Mr. Disraeli's habit to be studiously courteous, cautious, and complimentary in speech so long as he felt himself in danger, and to take his revenge, when he had won the victory, by the fiercest derision and the wildest sarcasm. We have already referred to Reynard the Fox as a prototype of Mr. Disraeli, and in this particular also he recalls that great original. Reynard in trouble was a model of virtue and urbanity. On the gallows his discourse would have done honour to a bishop. Honied accents of universal philanthropy flow from his tongue; the desire and ambition of his heart would be satisfied if he could but benefit his species; and at last his eloquent fervour glows with such melting power that the spectators are dissolved in tears, and King Lion is fain to relent, and, by granting a new lease of life to the illustrious prisoner, to continue his opportunities of well-doing. No sooner, however, is the feel of the rope out of his neck than he is at his old pranks, and his innate and invincible propensity to snarl and bite asserts itself. So it has always been with Mr. Disraeli. When fighting in the House against great odds he is as courteous as a polite letter-writer. No offensive phrase escapes his guarded lips, and he deals his smiles and compliments all round. But when he is safe and at large, then let there be trembling in the poultry-yard. Gabbling turkey-cocks, cackling hens, green geese, pullets—not a neck is safe. The finest illustration of this peculiarity of our hero is that afforded by his never-to-be-forgotten speech to the Buckingham rustics in Slough barn in 1858. Mr. Disraeli had just escaped from what seemed inevitable and overwhelming defeat. The Conservative Cabinet commanded at the time little more than one-third of the House of Commons. A motion equivalent to a vote of censure had been moved against them; every one, including Mr.

Disraeli, had thought they had no chance, when, by one of those rapid and singular turns which occur on the political battle-field, the danger passed over and ministers were safe. Mr. Disraeli, who, for long days and nights, had been the image of all the cardinal virtues, rushed off to Slough, and revenged himself in perhaps the most astonishing speech ever uttered by a Cabinet Minister of Great Britain. We at least know nothing comparable to Mr. Disraeli's picture of the break-up and disappearance of the Opposition in that unparalleled speech. We must quote this passage, and, in order that our readers may be able to place the whole scene before the mind's eye, we shall put down also the jottings of the reporters as to the effect produced upon the audience.

'There is nothing,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'like that last Friday evening in the history of the House of Commons. We came down to the House expecting to divide at four o'clock in the morning, I myself expecting to deliver an address two hours after midnight, and I believe that, even with the consciousness of a good cause, that is no mean effort. (Hear.) Well, gentlemen, we were all assembled, our benches with their serried ranks seemed to rival those of our proud opponents, when suddenly there arose a wail of distress—(laughter) but not from us. (Renewed laughter.) I can only liken the scene to the mutiny of the Bengal army. (Laughter.) Regiment after regiment, corps after corps, general after general, all acknowledged that they could not march through Coventry. (Roars of laughter.) It was like a convulsion of nature rather than any ordinary transaction of human life. (Laughter.) I can only liken it to one of those earthquakes which take place in Calabria or Peru. (Laughter.) There was a rumbling murmur—(laughter) a groan—(laughter) a shriek, a sound of distant thunder. No one knew whether it came from the top or the bottom of the House. (Laughter.) There was a rent, a fissure in the ground, and then a village disappeared—(laughter) then

a tall tower toppled down, and the whole of the Opposition benches became one great dissolving view of anarchy.' (Loud cheers and laughter.)

Among the adversaries over whom Mr. Disraeli had triumphed, Lord Shaftesbury had signalled himself by his zeal in the Upper House. Mr. Disraeli paid him off by presenting to himself and to the country his full-length portrait in character of a sublime Pharisee, displaying the breadth of his phylacteries, and calling Heaven to witness, 'in the voice and accents of majestic adoration,' that he was not as other men are.

By way of hitting all his enemies at once, he threw them into a group and, with a few rapid, firm, and daring strokes of the brush, produced a *tableau vivant* in which they figured as a Cabal plotting darkly the ruin of the Queen and country. 'There exists,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'at this moment in England that which has not existed since the days of Charles II. There is in England at this moment a Cabal—a Cabal which has no other object but to upset the Government of the Queen, and to compass their ends in a manner the most reckless and the most determined.' The traitors of the Cabal had 'packed' the House of Commons. Their policy, if successful, would be fatal to the greatness of England. 'Let the Cabal be successful,' Mr. Disraeli went on, 'and in foreign affairs you will have a truckling foreign policy; while in home affairs you will have, gradually established, a strong and strict centralised Government, on the model of the Government which the Cabal admire; and whenever the spirit of the country is interested in those improvements which the spirit of the age demands,—whether they be social, or financial, or constitutional,—and the settlement of which is the first duty and the most pressing task of a real statesman,—then you will have your attention distracted from this conservative progress by incomprehensible wars carried on in distant parts, commenced for no earthly purpose, and terminating in the waste of your

resources and perhaps of your reputation.'

Nothing in the way of political extravaganza ever exceeded the wildness and audacity of this. Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the other members of the Cabal, together with the press and the public, were electrified. In speeches of indignant remonstrance Mr. Disraeli was called upon to explain. But gravity was thrown away upon the imperturbable, inextinguishable, incorrigible offender. He had the laughers all on his side, and although to his dying day Earl Russell will never get over the surprise, the horror, the bewilderment with which the idea that the artist of the Cabal should be the most powerful Minister of Great Britain affected him, the country decided to see in the affair only a superlatively good joke, and perhaps reflected that, though a Minister too clever by half may be objectionable, a Minister too stupid by half is insupportable. Quite recently the Duke of Argyll has associated himself with Earl Russell in calling Mr. Disraeli to account for brilliant audacities of speech. Two old maiden aunts, of immaculate reputation and decorously dull, might as well attempt to lecture a scapegrace nephew of genius into their own starched and stalking propriety. In one or two sentences of mild, fine-flavoured, good-humoured banter on the demeanour expected in the Upper House, Mr. Disraeli whiffed away their elaborate and lengthy orations.

These glimpses of Mr. Disraeli as a politician, few and partial as they are, may be relied on so far as they go. They prove that, when his genius is acted upon by excitement, there is no eccentricity of which he is incapable. But his eccentricities have not placed him where he is. They have afforded occasional relief to his spirit; but, since he became a political leader, severe toil and unremitting vigilance have been the habit of his nights and days.

After all, Mr. Disraeli's deepest character may be that which he has impressed upon his books, rather than that which is revealed in the

life he has passed in the world's eye. Our own idea upon the subject is that the Disraeli of public life has been only an attempt, and but a partially successful attempt, to realize what the Disraeli of 'Contarini Fleming,' of 'Sybil,' 'Coningsby,' and 'Tancred' wished to be.

Mr. Disraeli has written about a dozen books, most of them in three volumes. Their general character is exceeding brilliancy of expression, with vivid and gorgeous scenery, high-wrought delineation of passion, and speculation, soaring and adventurous, in politics, history, and theology. He writes always with a knowing, self-confident, haughty air, as if he held in his fingers the solution of all those problems which have puzzled mankind, and could untie the Gordian knot of them familiar as his garter. The splendour of his books is, indeed, too uniform and dazzling. They lack repose. They fatigue from the intensity of their glare, and we are never for a moment unconscious of the art of the writer. Hence they seldom or never affect us with that tender and enthralling charm which belongs to the best—which is also the simplest and most gently-flowing—narrative of Scott, of Thackeray, and of Dickens. Their atmosphere precisely reverses that of the land of Tennyson's Lotus Eaters; in them it is *never* afternoon, but always the blaze of midday. They are all—if we may speak from an extensive though not quite exhaustive examination,—defective in the construction and management of plot. The interest is worked up before the commencement of the third volume, and, for the rest of the way, we trudge along a road without a bend, of which we can count the milestones into the far distance, and on which we are quite sure we will now discover nothing new. In fact, the second halves of Mr. Disraeli's books appear to be always worse than the first. 'Sybil' is a partial exception to this rule. So is 'Coningsby.' Both of these, however, are melodramatic in conclusion—'Sybil,' absurdly so. 'Vivian Grey,' 'Contarini Fleming,' 'Venetia,' 'Henrietta Temple,' and 'Tancred'

fall off irretrievably after we are well into the second volumes. But there is perhaps not a chapter in any of them which does not give proof of genius. In addition to his novels, Mr. Disraeli has published a Biography of Lord George Bentinck. The work is remarkable as containing an explicit re-statement of some of the most original and daring views on the character, genius, and destiny of the Hebrew people advanced in his fictions. There is also a severe power—a Holbein-like intensity and exactitude—in his portrait of the last of the Protectionists.

Mr. Disraeli is now ashamed of 'Vivian Grey.' 'Books written by boys,' he impatiently remarks in the few lines with which the edition of 1853 is introduced to the public, 'which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must necessarily be founded on affectation. . . . Of such circumstances, exaggeration is a necessary consequence; and false taste accompanies exaggeration. . . . Such productions should be exempt from criticism, and should be looked upon as a kind of literary *lusus*. These observations apply to "Vivian Grey." The criticism is substantially as just as it is manly. All that the most favourable censor could have said of 'Vivian Grey' would have been that here was a sparkling and pretentious first book, the work of an astonishingly clever youth. It is probable, however, that 'Vivian Grey' will continue to be read not exclusively on account of the eminence attained by its author. It is in some parts highly amusing, and there are bursts of a fresh and fiery, though always juvenile eloquence. Vivian is a prodigy of cleverness, without a trace of principle. At school he is insufferably conceited, arrogant, and domineering; first the darling and then the foe of his schoolfellows, and triumphs at last by raising an insurrection in the place, and having his revenge upon classmates, ushers, and master at once. In life, as at school, he carries everything before him; dazzles all circles by his coruscating wit

and audacious humour; wins the hearts of women, and winds men round his little finger; reorganizes a broken and languishing political party; fights a duel, kills his man, and leaves England. His travels on the Continent belong to the literature of farce; and the narrative stops short, not when it reaches any conclusion, but when the author is as tired as the reader has long been. As a fashionable fop and man of the world, Mr. Disraeli's Vivian is much inferior to Lord Lytton's Pelham. Viewed in connection with Mr. Disraeli's political career, the following sentences have a curious interest: 'Of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic, who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. If, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion.' Mr. Disraeli, fighting, under the auspices of Lord Derby, as the champion of the Tories, has not found himself unrewarded. Whether he would now unaffectedly shudder in the retrospect, as he then affectedly shuddered in the prospect, of power; and shrink, as he then pretended to shrink, from 'the wearing anxiety, the consuming care, the eternal vigilance, the constant contrivance, the agonising suspense, the distracting vicissitudes,' of a successful political career, we need not inquire. 'Ambition!' exclaimed Mr. Disraeli in his boyish work, 'at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death.' May the prophecy never be verified in the experience of the prophet!

'Vivian Grey' then is a poor book,

exceptionable in every point of view, the reckless literary escapade of a youth of genius, the sowing of his wild oats by a madcap husbandman just emerging from his teens. But is not this enough to say about it? Are we required to read the statesman of sixty a ponderous lecture on the rhapsodical effusion which, even at twenty, he poured forth, more, probably, for the fun of the thing than with any graver intent? Really our trusty and well-beloved brother 'Fraser' must not be so crusty and censorious in his hale old age. If wild books are sins of so deep a dye—and we used to imagine that wildish writing was not unknown between the covers of 'Fraser's Magazine,'—might it not have been mentioned that Mr. Disraeli has made the *amende honorable* to the genius of literary propriety, and tossed aside his boyish attempt as a thing of nought? Goethe made a wise and genial remark when he said that the growing mind has rights of its own. If the extravagance of boyhood is to be tried by the severe standard of elderly virtue, which of us will escape a whipping? Besides, a joke is a joke, and the rights of the wit are as undeniable as the rights of the boy. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line between innocent jest and actual lying. When Vivian Grey charms dull rhymesters of lordly rank by extemporizing verses and passing them off with enthusiasm as quotations from their lordships' poems,—when he employs his imitative talent in writing autographs of Scott, Byron, and other celebrities admired by his young lady friends,—when he bamboozles and bewilders that eminent ornithologist Mr. Mackaw by opening the third volume of the once famous novel, 'Tremaine,' and reading from it a minute and vivid account of that singular bird, the chowchowtow,—he does nothing more than what scores of young Oxford and Cambridge bloods would give their diamond rings to be able to do, and what they might do without the slightest risk of being thought by their admirers capable of lying. The man who, in one of our most fashionable satirical

prints, put the name of the Emperor of the French to what purported to be an imperial letter, which letter, after being quoted in all directions, elicited a disclaimer from the Tuileries, and thus contributed largely to make the fortune of the ingenious print in question, was not called a forger and a scoundrel. We are not defending Vivian Grey; we have admitted that he is an unprincipled fop; but we submit that all these considerations must be borne in mind if we are to set about forming a grave estimate of his moral worth or worthlessness, and if we are to be called on to admit, as we certainly should decline to do, that the character of Vivian Grey is a reliable approximation to the character of Mr. Disraeli. On one occasion Vivian tries to persuade Mrs. Felix Lorraine that Cleveland is in love with her by reading tender passages in reference to that lady from Cleveland's correspondence, which passages are the progeny of Vivian's scampish brain. But towards this very Cleveland he acts, on occasion of the duel between them, with chivalrous generosity, firing the first time into the air and the second time at random. Between him and Mrs. Felix Lorraine there is mortal enmity and war to the knife. She is a wanton, and attempts to be a murderess. Vivian adopts, in carrying on the campaign against her, the principle adopted by Clive in dealing with the native politicians of Bengal, and frankly defended by that distinguished soldier. In order to circumvent the scoundrel Omichund, Clive forged the name of Admiral Lawrence to a false treaty. When you have to do with a scoundrel—this was Clive's theory—you need not *be* a scoundrel, but it is necessary and it is right to *play* the scoundrel. We entirely agree with Macaulay that Clive was wrong; but Vivian Grey and Lord Clive are in the same class of offenders. The fact is that no serious argument as to the character of Mr. Disraeli can be based upon so distracted and absurd a literary delineation as that of his earliest hero.

If you insist upon finding Mr. Disraeli in any of his early books, let the book chosen be 'Contarini Fleming.' Its plan is almost identical with that of 'Vivian Grey.' It is an account of the childhood, boyhood, youth, literary attempts, love affair, marriage, travels, and miscellaneous adventures of a youth of genius. Of 'Contarini Fleming' Mr. Disraeli is not ashamed, and he has no reason to be ashamed. It was written, he tells us, 'with great care, after deep meditation, and in a beautiful and distant land favourable to composition.' Critically examining it in 1845, Mr. Disraeli pronounces it to have 'accomplished his idea.' That idea was to exhibit 'the development and formation of the poetic character.' He placed his hero amid the snows and forests of the North, but gave him ancestral associations with Venice, so that the image of that distant and romantic city might act upon his vividly susceptible temperament. A different hand now holds the pencil from that which drew Vivian Grey. Firm, and fine, and right is the touch of the literary artist. He brings out with exquisite clearness every figure on his canvas, and throws life and animation into every breathing line and glowing tint. We have no longer a mere glare of brilliant verbiage, but the graceful ease and elegant vivacity of the accomplished stylist. Beyond doubt, in the interval between the writing of 'Vivian Grey' and the writing of 'Contarini Fleming,' Mr. Disraeli had acted upon the advice given in the latter work to writers who have much imagination but little discipline. 'Is not writing an art equally with painting?' Words are but chalk and colour. The painter and the poet must follow the same course. Both must alike study before they execute. Both must alike consult nature and invent the beautiful. . . . The painter and the poet, however assisted by their own organisation, must alike perfect their style by the same process—I mean by studying the works themselves of great painters and great

poets.' Both as a literary man and as a politician, Mr. Disraeli furnishes proof and illustration of what may be done by careful study and assiduous application.

Singularly felicitous is Mr. Disraeli's delineation of the poetical child and boy. Self-willed, capricious, liable to gusts and fits of passion, with an unquenchable thirst for love and experiencing ecstatic joy in loving, young Contarini lives in an alternation of ravishing bliss and hopeless despondency. He is charmed with the theatre, for there, at length, he 'perceived human beings conducting themselves as he wished.' He threatens to commit suicide. He kicks down chairs. He falls enthusiastically in love with a grown-up girl. He gradually takes to his pen, and the thought flashes in rapture along his mind that he may be a poet. At last he 'achieved a simile.' The effect is alarming. 'Breathless, and indeed exhausted, I read over the chapter. I could scarcely believe its existence possible. I rushed into the park, and hurried to some solitude where, undisturbed by the sight of a human being, I could enjoy my intense existence. I was so agitated, I was in such a tumult of felicity, that for the rest of the day I could not even think.' This paroxysm of self-admiration is speedily followed by a reaction equally extreme. His poor simile appears to him tame, forced, 'absolutely sickening.' He 'threw away the wretched effusion, the beautiful inkstand, the cream-coloured paper, the fine pens—away they were all crammed in a drawer, which I was ever after ashamed to open.' These alternations of feeling—these vehement oscillations from extreme to extreme—these sudden, impetuous and imperious impulses which hurry the boy along, now in one direction, now in another,—are admirably characteristic of the poetical temperament.

The character of Contarini Fleming is pitched in a far higher moral key than that of Vivian Grey. Contarini is indeed inspired with intense and inextinguishable thirst for distinction, but his ambition is

of a nobler and less worldly kind than that of Vivian. The father of Fleming, an eminent statesman, presents the type of the accomplished, cool, sagacious, and energetic man of the world, whose supreme aim in life is to assert his power over men. The son conforms scrupulously to the system of study recommended to him by his father, but in the terms in which he refers to it we detect the discrepancy between the views and characters of the men. 'I sacredly observed my hours of reading,' says Contarini, 'and devoted myself to the study of what my father considered really great men—that is to say, men of great energies and violent volition, who look upon their fellow-creatures as mere tools, with which they can build up a pedestal for their solitary statue, and who sacrifice every feeling which should sway humanity, and every high work which genius should really achieve, to the short-sighted gratification of an irrational and outrageous selfishness.' Those who would have us believe that an 'irrational and outrageous selfishness' has been the grand principle of Mr. Disraeli's life, and who quote sentences from 'Vivian Grey' to prove how early he conceived the use which men who have a talent for success can make of human baseness, ought in fairness to recollect that in 'Contarini Fleming,' his first serious, careful, and meditated book, the greatness which rises above self-worship, which is inseparably allied with virtue, which is nurtured on high thoughts, generous feelings, and illustrious deeds, is described as alone worth striving after.

Contarini proceeds to the University. He admires his professors; the enthusiasm and the pride of learning steal over him; twelve hours a day of study enable him to penetrate the mysteries of Greek; he stands enraptured in the solemn halls of the past. A gold medal is suddenly announced for the best essay on the Dorian people. He resolves to compete, gleans information from ancient and modern authors, moulds his crude materials into luminous order, strikes out a theory of his own to give originality

and life to his performance, writes the first sentence while the two great influences, religion and music, act upon him, composes on horseback or pacing his chamber at midnight, wins the prize, is praised in the journals, becomes the idol of the University, is hailed as the future ornament of his country, and returns to his father in a blaze of glory. He is now the model young man complete, and has the insufferability characteristic of the species. 'Self-satisfaction sparkled on my countenance, and my carriage was agitated with the earnestness and the excitement with which I busied myself with the trivial and the trite. My father smiled, half with delight and half with humour, upon my growing consciousness of importance, and introduced me to his friends with increased satisfaction. He even listened to me while, one day after dinner, I disserted upon the *Pelasgi*; but when he found that I believed in innate ideas, he thought that my self-delusion began to grow serious.'

The spell of the past is suddenly and for ever broken. His father advises him to read Voltaire. The daring ideas, enchanting style, brilliant grace, and exhaustless wit of the splendid but superficial Frenchman carry him off as in the arms of a whirlwind. 'As I read I roared, I laughed, I shouted with wonder and admiration; I trembled with indignation at the fortunes of my race; my bitter smile sympathized with the searching ridicule and withering mockery. Pedants, and priests, and tyrants; the folios of dunces, the fires of inquisitors, and the dungeons of kings; and the long, dull system of imposture and misrule that had sat like a gloating incubus on the fair neck of Nature; and all our ignorance, and all our weakness, and all our folly, and all our infinite imperfection—I looked around—I thought of the dissertation upon the Dorians, and I considered myself the most contemptible of my wretched species.'

He returns to the University. He is the model young man no longer. He rallies round him his old companions, but instead of the

descanting pedant and ambitious prize-man, they find him aflame with new ideas and stark mad about Voltaire. They read with him the 'Philosophical Dictionary'; send prejudices to the dogs; talk sublimely of first principles; resolve themselves into a society for the amelioration of the species; and elect Contarini president. All this is naturally less agreeable to the professors than prize essays on the Dorians. The Principal has a serious talk with Contarini. The Voltairian maniac returns to his rooms 'in a dark rage.' He spurns control, curses authority, paces his room 'like Cataline,' and at supper, filling a bumper at the head of his table, he pledges his companions to the toast, 'Confusion to all government.' 'Why should such choice spirits be separated? Why should the unnatural system of cruel society disperse them, and send them forth, 'in monstrous disguises of priests, and soldiers, and statesmen,' to plague instead of regenerating mankind? Let the High Principal, with his whole crew of professors, prigs, and slaves, be left to their organized hypocries, and the sons of genius go forth to worship nature and cultivate the grander virtues in the forest of Jonsterna. Such is the proposition of the young Count de Pahlen. It is accepted with acclamations. The night is passed in maturing the scheme. The companions, leaving the University, pursue different routes, thus avoiding suspicion, and meet at a ruined castle in the heart of the old pine-wood of Jonsterna. The contents of their purses are thrown into a common stock, and the famous gold medal is melted down to replenish the exchequer.

The Secret Union for the Amelioration of Society resumes their sittings 'almost in a savage state' in the great hall of the ancient Gothic ruin. The heart of the president swells within him as he contemplates the scene. The shadowy, vast, and antique hall, the moaning of the night wind among the pines, the flickering light flung by the blazing hearth and huge torches, the glittering arms, the picturesque

garb and radiant faces of his companions, excite his imagination in the highest degree. But the philosophy of universal Voltairian benevolence turns out to be impracticable in the forest, and the society for the regeneration of the world takes the shape of a corps of bandits. A few acts of robbery are committed; a body of police and military enter the forest; and the heroes scamper off, as they had come, in different directions. No one meeting an individual student in the woods takes him for a robber, and so they all come off safe. 'Ere I departed,' says Contarini, 'I stopped before the old castle, and gazed upon it, grey in the moonlight. The mighty pines rose tall and black into the dark-blue air. All was silent.'

First, that it is extravagantly improbable; secondly, that it manifestly owes its suggestion to Schiller;—such are the objections which may be taken to this *Jons-terna* episode. No such occurrence could of course have taken place, though the improbability is not so great as in the instance of Schiller's 'Robbers,' and the whole thing is touched off with the airy vivacity of a wild practical jest. As for the suggestion of the idea, we can only say that, whether his own or another's, the idea was very much at Mr. Disraeli's service. Time out of mind there has ceased to be any originality in the notion of a parcel of students playing at banditti. There are some people very fond of bringing this charge of plagiarism against Mr. Disraeli. In 'Venetia,' it is said, he appropriates a whole page and a half from Lord Macaulay. On referring to our copy of the book, we find that exactly one paragraph, occupying a quarter a page in the single volume edition of his lordship's *Essays*, has been borrowed, that it is introduced with the words 'it has been observed,' and is followed by a reference to the 'celebrated author' from whom it is taken. In nineteen cases out of twenty the fuss made by dull critics about plagiarism is absurd. It looks a paradox, but is a fact, that none but an original man can be with effect a literary

borrower. Has any one denied the originality of Goethe? Yet he was brave enough to declare, partly in jest, but with an earnest meaning in his words, that his books were made up of good things from various authors. Is not Mr. Carlyle our most original living writer? Yet who will undertake to say what is Goethe's, what Schiller's, what Jean Paul's, and what Shakspeare's in his rich and painted page? Mr. Disraeli is a great learner, and has the true instinct of a literary artist to emulate and to assimilate literary excellence wherever he beholds it; but, as literary men go, he is unquestionably signalized by the *absence* of plagiarism in his works. Facility and exuberance are his most marked characteristics, and he is under no temptation to beg, borrow, or steal. The notion of his picking up a pretty passage here, a happy thought or felicitous illustration there, and weaving them into the tissue of his composition, is eminently absurd. It would not pay Baron Rothschild to go about priggish threepenny pieces.

As for Contarini Fleming, we can follow the vagaries and brilliancies of the poetic youth no longer. In a style of marvellous richness and keen precision and point, his travels, his love affairs and brief married life, the gradual ripening of his opinions for the stage of action, are described to us. Sentences occur which we may confidently accept as having a biographical significance in relation to Mr. Disraeli. 'I will own to you,' says Contarini, and through his lips speaks his literary creator, 'that my ambition is great. I do not think that I should find life tolerable, unless I were in an eminent position, and conscious that I deserved it.' The concluding words of the book are these: 'What is the arth of the conqueror? what the laurel of the poet? I think of the infinity of space, I feel my nothingness. Yet if I am to be remembered, let me be remembered as one who, in a sad night of gloomy ignorance and savage bigotry, was prescient of the flaming morning-break of bright philosophy—as one who deeply sympathized with his

fellow-men, and felt a proud and profound conviction of their perfectibility—as one who devoted himself to the amelioration of his kind, by the destruction of error and the propagation of truth.’

Mr. Disraeli's great political novels are ‘Coningsby,’ ‘Tancred,’ and ‘Sybil.’ They have faults enough, are defective to any extent in construction of plot and probability of incident, and contain a few wildly paradoxical ideas. But no qualified and candid judge could, we think, read them without pronouncing Mr. Disraeli one of the most astonishing men of the present century. They exhibit varied and wonderful ability. The style is now mature; the author has perfected his instrument, and gained the entire command of it; and freedom, ease, lightness, force, and brilliancy are its characteristics. Mr. Disraeli requires no longer to affect in these books an acquaintance with aristocratic society as in the days when ‘Vivian Grey’ was on the anvil; he knows it familiarly, and what his eye has seen his pen describes. The Upper Ten have no call to thank him for this gallery of aristocratic portraits, for he has not flattered. He pours out all the vials of his scorn upon the splendid misery and painted hollowness of fashionable life. Aristocratic blue-stockings are nowhere so imbecile as in his pages; duchess gamblers are nowhere struck off with a touch so fiercely contemptuous. He prints the tattle of the saloons which people sell themselves body and soul to get into, and the cawings of a rookery could scarce have less articulate human sense. He unmasks titled and aored intriguers, Whig and Tory, with impatient and relentless hand, and shows how grandeur can freeze up the milk of human kindness and turn the heart to stone. His theory of English history is that the ancient constitution of England, in which the king and the people were both free, was subverted by the Whig and Tory families, and replaced by an oligarchy on the old Venetian model. The Tory party, for Mr. Disraeli, was always the party of Bolingbroke and his friends,

whose grand aim was to strengthen the crown. To form a coalition between the crown and the people was an early notion of Mr. Disraeli's. In this sense he has never scrupled to maintain ‘the just claims’—these are his words—‘of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country.’ He distinctly affirms that ‘Coningsby’ was written to make good this claim. The Toryism of his books, therefore, has always been a kind of Tory-Radicalism, and in ‘Sybil’ Toryism and Chartism shake hands. If he has been inconsistent as a Parliamentary Reformer, the inconsistency lay in abandoning or putting in abeyance the ultra-popular principles which find expression in his works. To have carried household suffrage is to have returned to his early views and his published professions. Whether his theory of a patriot king, supported by the people, and keeping the oligarchy at bay, will ever be more than what it was for Bolingbroke—a dream—we do not undertake to say. Another opinion, brilliantly enunciated and defended in these books, is that youth is the time for great and successful effort, and that young men are the moving force in the State. When youth and genius meet, he pronounces the combination divine. He dwells always with fond and earnest emphasis on the superb qualities and magnificent power and prosperity of the Hebrew race. Amid the mingled tribes of the West they retain, he says, the best and noblest blood of the far East, and are as superior to their Gentile oppressors as the pure staghound is to the mongrel cur. The religion of Christendom he evidently regards as a modification or expansion of Judaism, and has a word of profound reverence for the Church of Rome because it is ‘Hebraeo-Christian.’

It would lead us very far to enter upon an examination of these multitudinous and astonishing ideas. The character of Mr. Disraeli's mind is intense, daring, and original; he rejoices in magnificent generalisations, in vast speculative conceptions. As compared with Mr. Gladstone, he lacks moral fervour and steadfast

conscientiousness; but his morose and rancorous censors do him gross injustice; and if they would only open their eyes and their hearts to what is good in his writings, they

could not but perceive that they have soft and sunny places, warm with the ruddy light of noble intelligence, and soft with the dews of feeling.

TO A BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

WHEN first I knew thee, Mirabel,
Thy cheek with Nature's roses glowed,
The golden locks I loved so well
In unadorned luxuriance flowed;
Thy gentle eyes of heaven's own hue
Threw glances innocent of art,
And mirrored in their depths of blue
Each movement of thy guileless heart.

But all is changed now, Mirabel,—
That piled-up hair, those clust'ring curls,
With store of borrowed tresses swell
That once were some poor peasant girl's;
The stain of carmine ill supplies
The banished grace of blushes red;
And where truth only lit thine eyes
False belladonna gleams instead.

When first I loved thee, Mirabel,
And for my love no favour found,
My heart sustained the anguish fell
Of what I deemed a deadly wound;
But since I've seen thine every charm
Debased into a painted lie,
I feel my heart is healed from harm,
And bid my pain and thee good-bye.



MAY IN TOWN.

IN streets as in the country lanes—
 In London as amidst the clover—
 She comes to banish April rains,
 And say the wintry times are over.
 The blossoms and the buds of May
 Are not alone for Covent Garden:
 Our Cockney parks are looking gay,
 And Rotten Row is green as Arden.

My Lady sees the spring arrive,
 And thinks the object of it only
 To decorate her daily drive,
 Which winter made so chill and lonely.
 What leisure can my Lady find
 For Nature and for Nature's beauties?—
 She has 'the season' on her mind:
 Dress—dancing—and her other duties.

'The season!' What a host of things,
 For admiration and derision,
 That comprehensive title brings
 At once before the mental vision.
 At once the brief but busy time
 Unrolls its motley panorama;—
 The Church—the State—the fashions—crime—
 Books—painting—music—and the drama.

The Irish Church begins to shake;—
 Our own is in a queer position.
 How rash we were to undertake
 The Abyssinian expedition!
 So Livingstone is safe and sound,—
 The Laureate's last is not so clever.
 Pray where on earth has Mario found
 The voice we thought was lost for ever?

The Prince of Wales, the news from France,
 The reigning *belle*, the Derby winner—
 May fill the pauses of a dance,
 Or check the dullness of a dinner.
 In dancing or in dining, mind,—
 However great may be the topic—
 I think you generally find
 The conversation microscopic.

And little talk—whate'er the themes—
 Is most unutterably dreary.
 What wonder that my Lady seems
 A little—just a little weary?
 But will my Lady seek repose
 When all the noise of town is over?
Tout au contraire; my Lady goes
 To—somewhere noisy, *via* Dover.

FASHION AT LONGCHAMPS.

IN England there is a kind of tradition that during the latter half of Holy Week, just as the trees are bursting into leaf, the birds breaking out in song, and the spring flowers are in full bloom—at what is called the promenade of Longchamps, a century and a half old custom with the Parisians, the women of Paris set the fashions for all the world for the current year. Formerly, no doubt, this was the case when every woman pretending to follow the mode, servilely wore one form of bonnet, one style of robe, one class of chaussure, and one kind of coiffure, no matter what her figure and complexion might chance to be. Now-a-days, Fashion, though sufficiently exacting, does not insist on the same obsequious obedience to her behests: she creates that which pleases and that which charms, and in the plenitude of her inventions affords every opportunity to her votaries to follow the dictates of their own taste and fancy. They can array themselves in a costume Pompadour or Empire; in a robe Impératrice, Princesse, or à deux jupes, courte or à queue, à des basques, or en tablier. So far as the towering chignon—'Excelsior' might be its name, for, except when the 'back hair' is allowed to fall in cascades of curls down the neck or float unrestrained to the waist 'à la sortie de l'eau,' as it is termed, it is ever rising higher and higher, reminding one of the time when, as Montesquieu grotesquely observes in his 'Persian Letters,' 'the immense height of the coiffure placed the face of a woman in the midst of herself; at another time it was the feet which occupied this place, for the high heels were a kind of pedestal which poised a woman in the air.' So far as the towering chignon will allow them, the belles of the present day can enhance their charms by a chapeau fanchon, Trianon, or diadème, can encircle their slim waists with a ceinture flottante, or à écharpe

nouée, conceal their graceful necks with a fichu Marie-Antoinette, and encase their tiny feet in bottines à mi jambes or souliers with talons Louis quinze.

The origin of this Easter promenade of Longchamps is somewhat curious. In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., nearly a score of years before France, recovering from the delour in which she plunged herself when he lay sick and like to die at Metz, had conferred upon him the endearing epithet of 'well-beloved,' a charming singer of the French opéra, one Mlle. Le Maure, suddenly abandoned the stage to take the veil at the fashionable abbey of Longchamps. In renouncing the theatre and all its vanities, however, she surrendered none of her passion for music; and at matins and vespers her sweet voice, combined with her marvellous powers of execution, enthralled all listeners. Parisian élégants who had idolized her at the Grand Opéra, glad of some opportunity for distraction, followed her to the Church of Our Lady of Humility at Longchamps; and so elated was the abbess at the crowd of distinguished devotees attracted by the singing of the newly-admitted sister, that she ransacked Paris for fine voices—giving preference, however, to public singers—to swell the abbey choir during the religious festivals of Holy Week. No wonder that people acquired the habit of going to Longchamps on these occasions—a habit which seems to have been sufficiently strong to have outlived the cause from which it arose: for when the Archbishop of Paris, scandalized by these almost theatrical performances, issued orders for the closing of the abbey church, the promenade went on the same as usual. The grand monde had taken the custom under its protection—it afforded such a favourable opportunity for inaugurating the fashions of the impending spring. At this tournament of toilettes—this battle

of beauties, one saw the court from Versailles and the *élite* of the capital; all the great lords and ladies, together with foreigners of distinction, farmers of the revenue as rich as Croesus, *petits-mâtres* and reigning queens of the *demi-monde*—‘*les impures*’ as they were styled in that more outspoken age, ‘*ces dames*’ as we delicately designate them now—defile for three successive days beneath the budding chestnuts of the Avenue de Longchamps. The women, as a matter of course, entered into the spirit of the affair with far more ardour than the men. There might be seen, pitting themselves, as it were, against each other, all the reigning and many of the deposed beauties of the capital, arrayed in the most magnificent toilettes and with the richest equipages. The contest between ‘*ces dames*’ was most severe, and victory naturally remained with those who had the richest and largest circle of admirers willing to sacrifice their fortunes for a few mercenary smiles.

Exactly a century ago, when the gloomy Passion Week was illumined, as it were, by the loveliest spring sunshine, La Guimard, a famous dancer at the Opéra, then in the zenith of her fame—who admitted no one to her private receptions who had not been previously presented at court, and had already ruined a hundred marquises and brought to the verge of bankruptcy one of the richest *fermiers-général*—richer, in fact, than a hundred marquises; who counted dukes and princes among her most persevering admirers, including even the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Soubise—drove along the avenue of Longchamps in a carriage, or rather a car, ‘worthy,’ says a newspaper of the time, ‘of containing the exquisite graces of the modern Terpsichore.’ Nothing was wanting to that elegant equipage—neither the most high-mettled and splendid horses, nor the prettiest paintings on the panels of the car, nor crowds of attendant enthusiastic admirers—nothing was wanting, not even a coat of arms for the low-born

beauty. In the centre of the scutcheon was seen a golden mark whence issued a mistletoe; the Graces acted as supporters, and young Loves crowned the shield by way of crest.

Parenthetically, one may remark that La Guimard, who was excessively thin, went by the name of ‘The Spider’ among envious fellow-figurantes, and Sophie Arnould, the famous singer, who entered the world through a celebrated door as she used to say—having been born in the room where the Admiral de Coligny was assassinated during the St. Bartholomew massacres, and where the beautiful Duchess of Montbazou died, and at whose *début* at the Grand Opéra people so struggled to obtain places that Fréron said he doubted whether they would have given themselves the same amount of trouble to get admitted into Paradise—Sophie Arnould, in allusion to La Guimard’s extreme slimness and the immense sums which her admirers lavished upon her, used spitefully to say, ‘I can’t conceive why that little silkworm should look half-starved when she feeds on such rich leaves.’ La Guimard was extravagant in everything, even in her charity. One severe winter’s morning she sallied forth alone, and mounting up to all the garrets in the neighbourhood, gave away no less than eight thousand francs. This act of hers, like most of the other and less reputable acts of her life, got talked about, and some preacher alluded to it in his sermon. ‘If she is not yet the penitent Magdalen,’ said he, ‘she is still the charitable Magdalen. The hand that performs such acts as these will not be disregarded by St. Peter when it knocks at the gate of heaven.’

At a subsequent promenade of Longchamps the Duchesse de Valentinois, determined that ‘*ces dames*’ should not have it all their own way, and made her appearance positively in a carriage of porcelain drawn by four dapple-grey horses harnessed with crimson silk richly embroidered and mounted with silver. The royal horses were

comparisone with marcasite, and among the crowd of vehicles were elegant berlines with corkscrew springs or à la Polignac (Marie-Antoinette's celebrated favourite), lined with rich Genoa velvet, troiscuarts à la Française, and puce-coloured carriages à l'Anglaise, with backs of gold brocade and magnificent hammer-cloths. The Revolution swept all these vanities away; and it was not until the tribune and the guillotine had run their course, and luxury was again in the ascendant, that the promenade of Longchamps flourished anew.

Vehicles of an entirely new class then circulated along the famous avenue. It was no longer the heavy berline of the Monarchy, but the more rapid curricule and carrick of the Revolution, impulsive as the new ideas of the epoch, which swept all before them—curricules weighing next to nothing, which rattled along post haste, and upset in the twinkling of an eye; cabriolets, the detestation of Louis XV., who said were he only lieutenant of police for a single day he would put them down; phaetons, vis-à-vis, demi-fortunes, and soufflets, all striving to pass the others, and, failing this, to crush its neighbour. All at once a team of bays, harnessed to a bockie constructed of polished wood and the finest iron, and decorated with an ornamental open railing, dashes through the clouds of dust: this is, however, speedily outstripped by a carrick, a light Irish vehicle, drawn by a light horse, minus tail and ears (to reduce, we suppose, the weight he has to carry), lightly driven by a young gentleman of light weight. The vehicles in double file go and return, cross each other, and come into collision; the 'agreeables,' it seems, having vowed to cut into and hustle the eight hundred Paris fiacres, which do anything but contribute to the elegance of the fête. It is the era of the classic revival, and the beauties of the Directory, with Madame Tallien at their head, are here seen in robes Grecques and Romaines, à la Flore, Diane, Omphale, Vestale, and au lever de

l'Aurore; tuniques à la Cérés and Minerve, and redingotes à la Galathée. The chapeaux in vogue are the Primerose, fastened negligently with wide lace strings across the breast, much after the fashion of the present day, the chapeau turban, rond à l'Anglaise, à la glaneuse spencer, and en castor. The chevelure blonde in all its various shades, from rich golden to a nut-brown tint, from flaxen to asburn and positive red, with its rows of little curls falling over the forehead to the very eyebrows, has again come into favour. The feet of these beauties, which indoors they usually display naked, the toes encircled with gold rings, and the ankles ornamented with jewelled sandals, are encased in light, brilliant-coloured buskins, decorated with coquettish-looking tassels and rosettes.

Convoying certain masculine Dulcineas, who are secured to their saddles with strong girths and good Hungary straps, come the Anglo-cavalcadours caracoling along—improvised cavaliers more confident than skilful, who shout to each other as they pass 'Weri-woel,' the cant salutation of the day. On a sudden a flourish of trumpets is heard, announcing the circus rider, Franconi, with his band of musicians in a vast gondola on wheels, and following whom are his entire troupe on horseback. No sooner have they defiled past, than in the midst of a string of elegant vehicles is seen a rotten-looking chest, patched all over with pieces, and suspended by cords fastened and refastened in at least twenty places, and which is dragged along with difficulty by half a dozen sorry horses, mere shadows of Rosinantes, who sweat and stumble at every step. Inside this chest are squeezed six living skeletons, the very pictures of sadness and misery, and on the outside is inscribed, in large letters, 'Chariot of the fundholders.' The fête would hardly have been French without its epigram, which made people laugh, though it afforded the public creditor but sparse consolation.

To-day the Longchamps promenade is largely shorn of its former attractions. It is no longer a réunion of the grand monde; the Parisian bourgeoisie, indeed, have made the fête their own. Good Friday being a general holiday, they muster in the Bois de Boulogne in force, and profit by the occasion to advertise their wares on the outside of vehicles, drawn at times by as many as six horses, which rattle up and down the Champs Elysées, and hover round the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, the charmed circle of which they are forbidden to enter. Many of these vehicles are of the most extravagant shapes. One resembling a huge mustard-pot advertised the 'Moutarde Bordin'; another in the form of a monster pipkin was inscribed with the words 'Oignon Brûlé,' while a third, which was little more than a large chest on wheels, was placarded over with announcements of the 'Insecticide Vicat.' This year the promenade was less well attended and less exciting than usual, which may be ascribed to the weather, which, unlike that genial sunshiny day on which La Guimard burst forth in all her glory, was bitterly cold, the few gleams of sunshine being disagreeably varied with falls of snow and smart showers of rain. The monde élégant came to the trysting-place with red noses and chattering teeth, and wrapped for the most part in velvets and furs; only a few daring beauties were more lightly clad. Spring chapeaux were by no means numerous, and spring robes were certainly less so.

The real spring bonnet, I do not believe, is yet born, or, if it is, it has not been decisively accepted. There is the fanchon reduced down to a strip or two of satin ribbon trimmed with a yard or so of lace, including the strings, with its lace veil and a single flower, commonly a rose posed at the left side. Frequently it is entirely of lace or tulle, or some similar light material, with a row of flower-buds ranged along the front, and falling down, perhaps, at one side, and with a full-blown flower on the left side, perched, as

it were, in the air. Occasionally there will be a satin bow or rosette towards the front, at the back, or at the top of the bonnet, if that which is almost as flat as a pancake can be said to have any top. A navy could completely cover a chapeau of this class with his open hand; and yet it would appear to be too large for certain tastes, as there are Parisian belles who prefer a mere lace coiffure. It is evident that the time is drawing nigh, when all that will be left of the chapeau will be the milliner's bill.

Then there is the chapeau diadème, which, being worn forward on the forehead, adapts itself to the exigencies of the tall chignon, and on that account finds favour with those who adhere to this style of coiffure. In front is a diadem formed of stars, or studs, or drops of jet, of a band of burnished steel and gold, of a wreath of flowers or buds, or of roses delicately formed of mother-of-pearl, or of a series of small bows posed sideways, alternated with puffs of tulle dotted with glass beads. We observed a chapeau of this class composed of a mere band of rose-colour velvet, slightly pointed towards the centre, and surmounted with four narrow pipings of similar velvet. In the middle of this band was perched a humming-bird of brilliant plumage. Another rose-colour chapeau was of tulle, with what is styled the 'diadem' of plaited taffeta hung all over with small gold chains in tiny festoons: at the left side was a tuft of marabout feathers, springing from coques of rose-colour taffeta, also festooned with a gold chain. A fringe of feathers ornamented the back of the chapeau.

Another form of bonnet, born of the bygone autumn, but still making energetic efforts to struggle into public favour, is the Trianon, with a crown something less than an inch in depth, and a perfectly flat rim rather more than an inch wide. It resembles a very low-crown sailor's hat, with an extremely narrow rim, cut in two, of which the posterior portion is sacrificed for the benefit of the chignon. These chapeaux

are trimmed in much the same style as those already described, with this exception, they are never complete without a bow in front, or behind, or in the centre of the crown. When there is no bow in front, it will generally be wreathed with flowers—purple heartsease on yellow tulle or satin, or yellow heartsease on mauve or violet velvet, brilliant carnations on black straw covered with lace, bouquets of violets on white tulle, or white satin trimmed with a green piping, tiny damask rosebuds on black or brown lace, ears of barley dotted with glass beads on light-blue velvet bands, golden buttercups on folds of black lace, and flowerbuds and fruit blossoms of every shape and hue posed on lace, tulle, velvet, satin, or straw of some appropriate shade of colour, with a full-blown flower usually on the left side.

Next there is the *chapeau bourrelet* of fancy straw, with the rim rolled back, and occasionally bound with ribbon of the same tint, ranging from the palest maize up to a rich golden brown, or with cerise or light maroon. Any of these bonnets may be trimmed in front with a single row of wheat ears, culminating, perhaps, in a cluster at the left side. Those of yellow straw occasionally have a bunch of corn flowers in lieu of the cluster of wheat ears, and some are wreathed with small yellow rosebuds, or Parmesan violets, in preference to ears of corn.

Attempts are being made to introduce a *chapeau* of the antique model—that is to say, the antique of eight or ten years ago—but of the smallest possible dimensions, so as not entirely to outrage present taste. The rim points upwards in a vertical direction from the crown, admitting almost of a perfect *parterre* of flowers being displayed in the inside. The few *chapeaux* of this character, however, which we have noticed, have been trimmed with feathers only on the outside.

If we sum up the *chapeau* at present in vogue at the headquarters of fashion, this is the result. First of all, it must be very

small—the shape is an affair of minor importance; the size—or rather the deficiency of size—is everything. Secondly, it must have what is termed a *diadem* in front, which may be either of metal, jet, flowers, buds or blossoms, ribbon, lace or tulle, provided they be puffed. Thirdly, if a flower—the rose has the preference, remember—or a few ears of corn, or a tuft of feathers, or some fancy grass in which a metallic dragonfly or grasshopper will be occasionally half hidden, be posed on the left side, it should rise usually above the highest part of the bonnet. Fourthly, bows or rosettes may be worn almost anywhere outside the *chapeau*, and also to secure the strings when a flowerbud is not used for this purpose. Fifthly, metal ornaments, except those of a greenish golden tinge—and even these but sparingly—are no longer worn. Sixthly, that lace strings, with a veil to correspond, may be said to be indispensable.

As regards robes, the robe *courte* has attained its utmost degree of shortness, so as to display at times the *petit cols* and tassels of the *bot-times à mi jambes*, and though it will always be in favour for *toilettes de promenade*, it is quite certain that our Parisian *élégantes*, or our *modistes*—and they are perhaps the most powerful of the two—are bent upon making the robe *à queue* the *hante mode*. No one can question the grace, the elegance, and, one may say, the dignity of this costume, which being adapted only to persons of large means, is certain to preserve its character of exclusiveness. Even robes *du matin* are now made of the richest materials, and *à queue*. For *toilettes de visite*, the robe *à queue* is made slanting off from the waist, and is bordered with a *ruche*, or an elegant leaf-shaped trimming of ribbon, finished with a fine silk fringe; the front part of the skirt, which is usually of a lighter shade, and forms a simulated under *jupe*, being trimmed all the way up with bands of satin ribbon, decreasing in length as they approach the waist. Frequently the

train will be cut into a bold leaf-shape pattern round the edge, and be bound with piping, and more or less embroidered with silk or jet beads. If the corsage is made low, a fichu Marie-Antoinette will be worn crossed over the breast, and with the long ends falling down the back of the robe after being fastened at the waist behind. For a toilette de soirée over the robe à queue of some light colour satin, a rich white lace upper jupe, short in front and taking the form of the queue behind, will be worn; over this again, at the back of the robe, will be disposed a series of embroidered basques, falling one over the other, bordered with plaited ribbon, and of the same material as the robe itself. In front hangs a tablier, trimmed with a double ruche of ribbon, placed some distance apart, the intervening space being richly embroidered. The corsage is low, and the sleeves short. A toilette de promenade à queue is of violet-colour silk, with four large bows with long ends, finished off with silk fringe, arranged at equal distances round the bottom of the skirt; the corsage is entirely concealed by a cape, bordered with fringe, which reaches to the waist, where it is fastened behind with a large bow. Over this cape falls a small pointed hood, terminating in a tassel which hangs level with the waist. This costume is particularly rich and elegant in silk of some delicate shade, when trimmed at the lower part of the skirt with a deep border of white lace, spangled over with glass beads, and with a narrower lace border round the bottom of the cape. Another style of toilette de promenade is in mauve-colour taffeta, à queue and en tablier, bordered all round with a satin band of a deeper shade, varied with narrow stripes of black velvet. The hindmost portion of the robe overlaps, as it were, the front on either side to within about a dozen inches of the bottom, where the robe is sloped away both in front and towards the queue, so as to show the deep ruche of a white cambric jupon, which has a singu-

larly fresh and piquant look after the coloured jupons with which we have been so long familiar. The corsage, consisting of a bertha, is, together with the tablier and the long ends of the ceinture écharpe, trimmed with a dark mauve and black silk fringe; long silk tassels fall from this bertha over the centre of the large bow which fastens the sash. This style of costume, comprising alike the queue—which, by-the-way, can be so arranged as to be looped up at pleasure—the tablier, the ceinture écharpe nouée, and the light jupon with a very deep ruche, promises to be the mode during the present season, in such light materials as poul-de-soie, faye, foulard, mohair, and piqué; the jupon commonly being white, with stripes of some breadth of a light bright colour, when it is not plaited.

Toilettes de réception à la Pompadour—possibly one of the most elegant of feminine costumes, named after the Marchioness *par excellence* of the eighteenth century, the beautiful, brilliant, gay, coquetish, charming, abandoned woman, who, spite of the Salic law, sat for twenty years on the throne of France, after ensnaring Louis XV. during his hunting expeditions in the neighbourhood of her husband's château in the forest of Senart, where she was continually chasing the royal hunter; one day bursting upon his astonished sight seated in a rose-coloured phaeton, drawn by the most beautiful horses, and arrayed in an azure robe; and on another occasion dressed in rose colour, in an azure phaeton—the toilette de réception à la Pompadour consists of an open robe, of some delicate shade of shot silk, with a long train, trimmed or embroidered at the edges with a bold floral or leaf-shaped pattern, and an under jupe, also of shot silk, but several shades lighter than the robe, trimmed with three or four rows of rich white lace. A ceinture écharpe, also of lace, partially raises and supports the train about half-way down the figure, leaving only a moderate length to trail upon the ground. The corsage is décolleté

of course; but a lace chemisette can be called into requisition to 'half conceal and half reveal the beauties it is meant to hide.' As regards ball dresses, the corsage of these is little more than a dream: it exists in name and a narrow strip of lace, and there certainly are women who consider this sufficient—and possibly it might be so, if it were only decorously worn; but with them the splendour of the shoulders has to compensate for the deterioration of the face. Whatever is deficient in the corsage is unquestionably more than compensated for in the dimensions of the skirts, which are of an amplitude and a length passing all reasonable bounds.

The chief characteristic of the spring paletot is its being closed tightly at the waist; the loose pardessus is almost entirely discarded. The paletots Watteau and Marie-Antoinette, and the casaque or 'rotonde' Louis Quinze, are those about which Parisian modistes are just now raving. The first is a very ordinary-looking jaquette,—made to fit the figure and secured tightly at the waist with a broad belt—with rather long skirts, usually pointed at either side, utterly unlike, by the way, any one of the light and loose-fitting garments, in which Watteau, with his *spirituel* palette, delighted to robe his charming heroines. The second takes its name from the eternal fichu which, *par parenthèse*, obtained its name in a curious manner. The 'fichu' proper, introduced by Marie-Antoinette, not before the décolletée style of toilette made it positively necessary, was nothing more than a lace kerchief worn crossed over the shoulders. Of course immediately it was countenanced by the queen all the ladies of the court followed her example, much to the dissatisfaction of the gardes-des-corps, whose duties were to stand behind these ladies' chairs during the performances at the Versailles theatre. 'Fichu,' it should be remembered, is an opprobrious sort of term, and one of these militaires, unable to restrain the expression of his feelings at what he regarded

as an innovation, observed aside to a comrade, 'Confound these "fichu" things which hide what we all like to see!' The expression was repeated, and the lace kerchief was ever afterwards known by the term which had been applied to it, in a moment of indignation, by the disappointed garde-du-corps.

To return, however, to the paletot Marie-Antoinette, the distinguishing feature of which is, as we have said, the 'fichu' bordered with lace and crossed upon the breast, and, moreover, recrossed behind upon the skirt of the paletot. A belt encircles the waist, and encloses the fichu, both before and behind, within its limits. The casaque or 'rotonde' Louis quinze in certain cases loosely fits the figure—in others it is carefully adapted to the shape like the paletots just described. Its distinguishing characteristic appears to be certain large rosettes at the upper part of the opening on either side, and at the back of the neck, or, where the garment adapts itself closely to the figure, at the back of the waist; these rosettes have usually a couple of small fringed pates hanging from them.

The Empress Eugénie is supposed to regulate the mode over here, but she does so in a very slight degree. It is those modistes with the most *distinguée* and wealthy *clientèle* to whom we are indebted for the thousand and one vagaries of fashion, only some half-score of which survive the day of their birth and flourish in full vigour. A newspaper correspondent present at a recent Tuileries reception observes that, chancing to lower his eyes, he noticed the Empress wore a shorter train than usual, whereupon he reasons that the robe courte will be the coming mode. Another remarks that in abandoning crinoline the Empress has had recourse to a tournure; and a third even insinuates she has a partiality for hoops, and that consequently hoops are to be the 'only wear.' Do not believe a word of it, and more especially that the robe courte is likely to supplant the robe à queue. Over here, what, in the cant phraseology of the day, is styled the 'unbridled extra-

gance of women' has survived the philippics of the late procureur-général Dupin, the pictorial satires of Cham and Bertall, the feeble onslaughts of a thousand and one chroniqueurs, and more recently the biting sarcasms of Monseigneur Mermillod, Bishop of Geneva, in his sermon at St. Clotilde. In England too, though it may flinch at the attacks of certain Saturday censors, it will certainly never succumb to them. Do these said censors imagine because they are so supremely virtuous, that there is to be 'no more cakes and ale,' no more robes à queue, or à deux jupes, or corsages in the least degree décolleté; that there is to be an end to rouge and pearl powder, to artificially tinted carmine lips, painted eyebrows and lashes, and lids shaded with the delicatest ethereal blue; that blonde beauties will nevermore

bronze their complexions, dye their hair of the approved Bismarck, or Russia leather shade, or powder it with gold? From the days of Jezebel to the present, women have been constantly addicted to these vanities, and the hour and the man have not yet come to put an end to them.

Besides, why should not women make themselves harmlessly attractive after their own fashion? We teach them that they live for this, and besides you are not compelled to approve their fashion, or even to admire them unless you please. If there is truth in the principles of political economy, and the demand creates the supply, it is we, rather than they, who are responsible for these artifices of the toilette, which it is just now so much the fashion with public writers to condemn.

CHARADE.

I.

THOUGH it come from the land and be fashioned by man,
The sun and the moon will attest
That the sea and the river encompass my First,
Of feminine gender confessed.

II.

Though it spring with the steed over hurdle and fence,
All nations and tongues do proclaim
That my Second exists in the white man and black,
Yet is not in either the same.

III.

Though my Whole may disclose a struggle in life,
And marvellous sinew and bone,
It touches not earth but disports in the air,
And lives upon water alone.

Putney, 4th April, 1868.

A. M.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY GAMES IN 1868.

'PLEASE, sir, buy a rosette. Dark Blue twopence; Light Blue a penny,' was the appeal that greeted me as I walked down the Fulham Road on the third of April last. Why the poor girl, who was thus endeavouring to earn an honest penny, should have shown so decided a preference for the Dark Blue, I could not imagine, unless the fact of Oxford's seven years' triumph at Putney was sufficient cause. Possibly she found that she thereby drove a better trade, inasmuch as the indifferent citizen of London, who has not the remotest connection with either University, prefers to be on the winning side as long as possible, and so wears the colours of the last victor, until he in his turn suffers defeat. Certain it is, however, that not only my friend, but many other itinerant vendors of the 'blues,' found the light colour a less merchantable commodity than the dark, on this and the following days.

By the way, I felt rather melancholy as I sauntered down to Beaufort House, for I remembered that when you, kind reader, and I parted last year, we both agreed that the authorities would yield, and that one or other 'Alma mater,' probably the city of spires, would be the scene of those glorious struggles, to witness which so many of us take our annual pilgrimage. But no! Stern dons—and perhaps, for all we know, wiser judgments than ours—have decreed it otherwise, and so we pilgrims are deprived of a pleasant trip, and the meeting is shorn of, to my mind, its best distinctive feature.

However, while the games are held in London, I for one do my best to enjoy them; and no small part of my pleasure consists in watching and listening to the various groups of 'Varsity men who pass me by with quicker steps, or who impede my progress by stopping to speculate *mediu viâ*. One and all afford me food for amusement and meditation, from the boyish freshman of two terms or

less residence, who talks loudly—nay, almost shouts—in the exuberance of his youthful spirits, to the stern old don (of whom I saw not a few) who, like myself, make remarks in a quiet undertone, and wonder, with a feeling almost akin to regret, whether one of these boys—for they are boys—ever heard that we rowed head, or bowled three wickets in one over, or did a mile under—Well, our time was not quite so good in those days, perhaps, but then watches do vary so!

If I go rambling on like this, I shall never get to the scratch, much less to the winning-post of the last event; so I must at once proceed to strip and go hard at it, to describe as well as I can something of what I saw, and heard, and envied on the third of April last; and I hope that some few true blues far away in other lands, where 'London Society,' however, sheds a friendly light, will believe that more than half my pleasure consists in feeling that they at least will like to read even a poor account of feats which we old ones love to witness, though we can no longer emulate them.

There are few who have watched athletics with the keen interest with which I have; and few indeed who have sufficiently vivid athletic memory to recall without difficulty the exploits of Wilkinson, Collins, Jones, Stephen, Flintoff, Mason, and Edwards, much more the victories of Astley, Bathurst, and Burnett.

'Card, gentlemen?' shrieked the boy; and so I bought one, if only to stop his voice for a moment, while he produced by a tardy process my change, longing all the while for me to say that he might keep it. The programme in its details is the same as last year, save that the two-mile race is changed to three miles. Another mile more would have been, to my mind, a further improvement, but still it is a step in the right direction. The order of the events I need not here specify, as they will appear in their proper place in my narrative. For the arrangements of the ground I can only say that

they showed' such improvements over former years as are sure to suggest themselves as we live and learn athletics. It may, perhaps, render my description of the several races clearer if I give a short description of the shape of the ground. The actual path itself is a few yards over one-third of a mile, and consists of two comparatively straight pieces of about 160 yards each, and two curved ends joining them of about 130. No part of the path, except about 120 yards on one side, is really straight, and the whole, therefore, forms a kind of flattened oval. The path was in fair order on the inside; but no part of it was really first-rate, or, in fact, to be compared with the Oxford or Cambridge grounds.

The third of April, on which the games were held, was a glorious day. Blue above, and blue below; scarcely a cloud in the sky, and the air having that fresh warm feeling of a true spring day. The ground was literally thronged with spectators, and such a display of blue has never been brought together for an athletic meeting before; and as, at a few minutes before two, I stood waiting for the high jump to begin, the contrast between Beaufort House of 1868, and Christ Church Ground in 1864, or Fenner's in 1865, came across my mind with singular force.

The hour had scarcely struck when the four high jumpers entered the enclosure, and the sports really began. For Oxford there appeared F. W. Parsons, of Magdalen, and F. S. O'Grady, of St. John's, both of whom jumped for their University last year, and Parsons in 1866 also. Cambridge was represented by the veteran C. E. Green, of Trinity, and a new champion, in the person of G. Hoare, of Trinity also. The high jump, in the Oxford 'Varsity Games, was won by Parsons with 5 feet 6 inches; O'Grady being second at 5 feet 5 inches. At Cambridge, however, Green and Hoare both cleared 5 feet 8½ inches, from soft turf, and the consequence was that the Cantabs' chance was much fancied.

The bar was placed at 4 feet 10 inches, which all cleared easily;

and it was then raised, two inches at a time, to 5 feet 4 inches, which height they all again cleared; but to the surprise of every one, and perhaps of none more than himself, the great C. E. Green failed to clear 5 feet 6 inches. Parsons and Hoare were unable to jump 5 feet 7 inches, which height O'Grady alone cleared, whereby he scored the first event for Oxford, and the victory was received by the usual Dark Blue cheers.

I really feel disposed to congratulate myself on what I said of O'Grady in 'London Society' last year. That he won very cleverly this year no one will deny, for he only once touched the bar in the course of the contest; and when it was raised to 5 feet 8 inches, he cleared that height with his feet, but unfortunately tipped the bar in coming down with his body. Parsons jumped well; and Hoare, despite his small stature, and the comparatively heavy weight he has to carry, is a wonderful jumper. C. E. Green was out of all form, and in my opinion, judging from his inability at times to rise at the bar, he was very short of practice indeed; and every jumper knows how essential practice is for high jumping. I hope no University champions ever venture to throw the smallest chance away; for though these games are at present comparatively young institutions, the time will come when every victory will be counted up with little less eagerness than those of Mortlake and Lord's.

Scarcely had O'Grady made his last attempt, when the five mile horses took their preliminaries on the course. While they are so doing let us remember a few of their previous performances, for the race they have to run will be a grand one, if they come up to their early promise. Cambridge ran W. C. Gibbs, of Jesus, who ran for her unsuccessfully last year. It will be remembered that he won a handicap in 1867 in 4 min. 36 sec., and still better, his University Mile this year in 4 min. 33 sec. The second horse of the Light Blue was H. P. Gurney, of Clare, who ran third to Gibbs and Royds this year at Cambridge. Oxford was represented by even

more renowned champions, viz., W. P. Bowman, of University, who ran second to Lawes in the Amateur Champion in 1866, and after rowing bow in his 'Varsity boat last year, distinguished himself by pulling off numerous mile and half-mile handicaps this spring at Oxford, and finished by winning his 'Varsity mile with Scott and Laing behind him in 4 min. 46 sec. S. G. Scott, of Magdalen, all will remember as winner of last year's Inter-Varsity and Amateur Champion miles, the former in 4 min. 41 sec.; he ran second to Bowman in the Oxford Mile this year.

Lastly, the Dark Blue was worn by J. W. Laing, of Christchurch, the hero of 1866, and who has won more races than any amateur of the present day (P. M. Thornton only excepted). Laing, I believe, was out of form at the time of the Oxford Games; at any rate he never got near his proper place. From the foregoing statistics my readers will observe that from their trial the Cambridge men had 13 sec. to the good, though it was really somewhat less, when we take into account the quick times that are made on the Cambridge ground.

At the word 'Go,' Laing went off with a slight lead, followed by Bowman, Scott, and Gibbs close together, and Gurney last. The four leading men were all in a cluster, and so they ran for the first third of a mile, Gurney being gradually more and more outpaced. Throughout the second third of a mile Laing led, though never getting very far from the three others, at about half a mile Gibbs running into second place, but was again re-passed by Bowman before the end of the second lap. After running about one hundred yards of the last lap, Gibbs went to the front, and running very strong, gradually went away from Laing, and won by 25 yards in very first-rate style; 150 yards from home Bowman passed Laing, but in the straight, leading home, Laing re-passed him, and gained second place by 30 yards. Scott was fourth. The time was as near as could be 4 min. 30 sec., and it was, indeed, a wonderful performance, for Beaufort

House is by no means a fast mile ground.

Gibbs showed himself a runner of most undeniable quality and form; and though he will not, I fear, run much again, he will be a dangerous man to meet at any time. I hope, like some others, he will retire from violent exertion before he overdoes it, for, constitutionally, he cannot stand very much hard work. Laing ran very well, and is a fine strong runner, but would never get any very extraordinary mile pace. There is singularly little difference between him now and as we saw him in 1866 on the Christchurch ground. On heavy ground he is a most dangerous man, but he cannot do very good time, however light the path is. Bowman and Scott disappointed us, the latter especially, not being within several seconds of his last year's form.

After the excitement of the mile the spectators were rather glad of the reflective amusement of watching the hammer thrown. I need not now go into the details of the method of throwing, &c., which I have attempted in other years to describe. The Dark Blue was worn by T. Batson, of Lincoln, and W. A. Burgess, of Queen's, who were first and second at Oxford with 88 feet 11 inches and 88 feet 9 inches. For the Light Blue appeared H. Leek, of Trinity, a novice, but a good one, and J. R. Eyre, of Clare, the winner of last year. Leek won at Cambridge 94 feet 8 inches, being nearly 6 feet to the good over Oxford. There was a good deal of exciting throwing between Leek, Eyre, and Batson, until the last, with a fine, but not very straight throw, of 99 feet 6 inches, was declared the winner. Leek was second with 98 feet 8 inches, and Eyre third with 97 feet 2 inches, and Burgess last with 89 feet 10 inches. This competition was to an expert very interesting—to a mere outsider doubtless it seemed 'slow.' Before passing on I wish, with all deference, to make a few remarks on the method of judging employed. As far as I could see, two of the judges marked as nearly as they could the spot where the foot of the thrower at the time

of delivery was, and then, with a cord on which certain lengths were denoted, the distance from this spot to the throw was measured. Now, apart from the extreme difficulty of marking on plain turf the exact position of the footprints, it seemed to me most precarious to measure distances with a cord; for, use what care you will, you cannot always stretch a cord to exactly the same extent, and that is a serious matter when one comes to a question of 2 inches, as it was on this occasion. And again; why, in this competition alone, direction of a throw should be of no advantage, I am at a loss to conceive. Perhaps the University Committees have given the subject more consideration than I have, and may have reasons for adopting this method, for I do not believe that such a method of judging was chosen by judges of such experience as those who officiated on the day. Still I cannot see what can be better than to judge on the same system as in throwing the cricket ball and in putting the weight, i.e., have a scratch of any length drawn on the ground; then let the hammer be delivered before the man crosses that scratch, and measure the length of the throw by letting fall a perpendicular from the place where the hammer pitches to that scratch. By having parallel lines at distances of 80, 85, 90, and 95 feet drawn on the ground, the exact value of a throw is estimated in a moment. I have paused too long on this subject, but I trust you will forgive me, kind reader, for I *do* regret that in these, our greatest sports, anything should depend on the stretching of a cord and the discovery of a difficult mark in the grass, or that a straight throw should have no advantage over a crooked one.

To resume, however: we gladly turn to the Hurdle Race. A good hurdle race is one of the most exciting races imaginable; the momentary pauses at each hurdle, which enable you from any distance to tell the position of each man, give it an additional charm to the spectator. There started for Oxford A. Hilliard, of Pembroke, who ran for his

third year, and L. E. Newnham, of Magdalen Hall, the Oxford first and second. Cambridge ran C. Pitt Taylor, of Trinity, and R. Fitzherbert, of John's, the latter for the second time. The times at the two Universities were very nearly the same. Pitt Taylor came out from the very first, and running throughout in almost perfect style, won with ease by 3 yards, Newnham being second, two feet in front of Hilliard. Fitzherbert, though he ran a dead heat with Pitt Taylor in the games at Cambridge, was never in it. No man in the race touched a single hurdle. The time was taken as 16½ sec., which is very fast, for the hurdles were all above the average. I regretted the absence of C. N. Jackson, of Magdalen Hall, who, but for lameness, would have run again for Oxford, and had he been in his last year's form, Pitt Taylor might perhaps have had to run even a little faster, but the latter is quite first-rate. Newnham (who also, by the way, comes out of the true hurdle stables) defeating Hilliard surprised me, though some, I believe, expected it. Pitt Taylor's style was much the best, though his was not very safe.

Immediately after the hurdles the course was cleared for the 100 yards, and the men trotted down to the start. The Light Blue sprinters were C. A. Absalom, of Trinity, and C. C. Corfe, of Jesus, who ran a dead heat at Cambridge. The Dark Blue, J. P. Tennent, of Wadham, and F. O. Philpott, of St. Edmund Hall. Corfe was the only old performer, he having run in 1867. After one false start they got away, Absalom having decidedly the best of it. At 40 yards he was leading by nearly 3, but seemed to tire almost to nothing before the finish, and Tennent coming with a magnificent rush, landed the Dark Blue by 2½ yards, from Absalom. Philpott was third, and I cannot help thinking that Corfe was impeded by the spectators leaning over the rope; at any rate he did not run as he usually does. Tennent is a wonderfully strong finisher, his rush being superior even to that of Pitman's last year. I do not feel justified in giving a

decided opinion upon what I am really uninformed, but it certainly struck me, as a looker on, that Absolom could not stay the course. Whether such is the case, or whether it only happened to be so on the day, is more, of course, than I can say.

It was again with a feeling of relief that, after two such exciting races, we turned to see Putting the Weight, an event which, by the way, has never yet been won by Oxford; for whom her old representatives of last year, viz., T. Batson, of Lincoln, and W. R. Burgess, of Queen's, again appeared. Cambridge sent forth R. Waltham, of St. Peter's ('The Invincible'), and C. A. Absolom, 'the' 100 yards runner. Waltham scored, for the third time, an easy victory with 34 feet 3 inches, Absolom being 9 inches behind; Burgess was next, with 32 feet 11½ inches, and Batson close up, with 32 feet 8 inches. I did not think Waltham was in quite such good form as last year: he did not seem to get his body behind his throw or even to let his arm come free from his shoulder.

A great contest was looked for in the Quarter of a Mile Race, for the first two men at each University were great indeed. The Cantabs were J. H. Ridley, of Jesus, a freshman who went up last year, having already won the Amateur 100 yards, and Quarter of a Mile. He ran several races last autumn, the Open Race, at the Oxford University Games this year, and the Cambridge Quarter. We need hardly say he was a hot favourite. A. W. Lambert, of St. John's, the Cambridge second horse, was only one yard behind Ridley, in the Varsity Quarter, and had won several open races also. Nor were the Oxonians to be despised by any means. W. J. Frere, of Magdalen, ran a magnificent race (as will be remembered) for Oxford, last year, in the Inter-University Games, and he won the Oxford Quarter in splendid time this year. R. V. Somers-Smith, of Merton, ran a very good second to Frere, at Oxford, but we fancy he was stale on this occasion. The times at both Universities were much the same. After an uneven start, of which Lambert and Ridley had the best. Lambert made the pace hot for the

first 120 yards, Ridley lying second; coming round the bend, Frere came up, and Ridley at the same time passed Lambert; Frere had a slight lead of Ridley till they entered the straight, when the latter came out and, with his magnificent stride, went clear away from Frere and won by 3 yds. in 51 seconds; Lambert being the same distance behind Frere. The whole race was a most magnificent performance from first to last. Ridley proved himself to be the very best Quarter-mile amateur of the present day in England, and Frere is only second to him. Ridley has, I believe, never been beaten at the distance, and whenever he runs seems to have a little bit in hand. Lambert has a fine turn of speed, but a quarter of a mile is a little too far for him in such company; still he would squander most fields. Ridley's style of running reminded of F. G. Pelham in his finest form, when, as in 1866, after coolly biding his time, he came out at 300 yards, and ran to the end of the race as strong as at starting, with that grand striding style which seemed enough to cut down any one.

And now our programme is drawing to its close, and we have but two more events to chronicle. The last but one, the Broad Jump, was again hotly contested, reminding us of the Absolom and Maitland contest of last year. The Cambridge champions were the same as those for the Weight, viz., Waltham and the untiring Absolom, the Oxford A. C. Tosswill, of Oriel, and Philpott, the 100 yards runner. The Oxford Long Jump was 21 feet 4 inches, the Cambridge, 20 feet 7 inches, both first-class performances. Waltham, at his third attempt, made the really magnificent jump of 21 feet 1 inch, which was unsurpassed until, at his fifth attempt, Tosswill covered 21 feet 2½ inches. Waltham did his best for his three remaining tries, but it was no go: Absolom was third with 20 feet 1½ inch, and Philpott fourth. It is impossible to speak too highly of the excellence of this jumping, which spoke as much as anything of the wonderful advances made of late years in athletics. Waltham's

performance, looking at his weight, is very first class; and Toss will has always been A 1 in broad jumping.

Lastly, we come to the Three Miles, *par excellence* the Blue Riband of the Meeting. It failed to produce a close contest, but it did produce one of the most magnificent exhibitions of running ever witnessed. The Dark Blue, in this the great event, was worn by J. H. Morgan, of Trinity, who ran third in the Two Miles last year, and ran right well, too; R. L. N. Michell, the plucky Two Mile winner of last year, and J. W. Fletcher, who also started in that race. The Light Blue flag was carried by E. Royds, of Trinity Hall, who was not far off the Mile in the Inter-Varsity Games last year; A. E. R. Micklefield, of St. John's, who ran in the Two Miles for Cambridge last year also, and the renowned G. G. Kennedy, of Trinity, last year's Four Mile champion. Five of the six competitors started for their University in the Two Miles last year and the sixth, Royds, ran in the Mile. Morgan won the Oxford Varsity 3 miles, in 15 minutes 39 seconds by 200 yards, from Michell; and Royds won the Cambridge race in 14 minutes 36 seconds being only 4 yards in front of Micklefield. It is unnecessary to stop to note any of the many races that these men have run—their names are too well known to need such reminders.

On starting, Morgan, Michell, and Fletcher ran in the order named, for two-thirds of a mile, followed by the three Cantabs all together. Before completing the mile, which Morgan did in 5 minutes 2 seconds, Royds, who was evidently unwell, dropped behind Micklefield. Throughout the second mile Morgan went on steadily, and Kennedy came up to Michell, and the two passed and repassed one another several times. Fletcher dropped behind and afterwards gave up, as did Royds, and Micklefield got more and more in the rear. The two miles were run by Morgan in 10 minutes 18 seconds. Throughout the whole of the third mile, Morgan went further and further away, seeming to run even stronger the farther he went. Kennedy dropped behind Michell and never quite reached him again,

though he tried gamely. Morgan, increasing his lead, won by nearly 200 yards from Michell, in 15 minutes 20 seconds, Michell beating Kennedy by about 40 yards.

It is impossible to convey on paper any idea of Morgan's running; it must be seen to be appreciated. He is a small, thickly-set man, and has great elasticity of action, bounding along without the slightest appearance of effort or fatigue. He was not in the least distressed, and finished, as we have said, even stronger than he began. He reminded us very much of Garnett in some ways, but his style and stride are decidedly superior. Three miles is, I think, too far for Michell, for although his fine stride enables him to get easily over the ground, yet his thighs are very weak. Kennedy ran well, but he was simply over-matched. I believe I am not exaggerating in saying that there is no amateur who is as good at the distance as Morgan, the plucky dark-blue winner of 1868. Certainly he is the best I have ever seen. This final victory for Oxford decided the odd event of the meeting, for the first time since the establishment of the games, in her favour.

Looking back at the games of 1868 there is much about them that rendered them especially interesting to any one much interested in athletics. First, then, was the fact of the really remarkable improvement in times and distances, &c., shown in almost every one of the competitions. I need not again specify, for any one on again looking through this hurried sketch will at once see how wonderfully good the standard of every contest, except the high jump, was, and that was only inferior because there happened to be for the last two years two jumpers of extraordinary excellence at Cambridge. Another feature, which much pleased me also, was the enthusiasm which each contest provoked, the cheers and counter cheers as Light or Dark Blue failed or succeeded were louder even than last, and almost equalled the uproar heard at Fenner's in 1865 and Christchurch Ground in 1866.

Lastly, it was a great pleasure to remember that in these days of rich

strangers prizes and pot-hunting the prize for all these contests was but a simple silver medal of little intrinsic worth, and the honour of having gained a laurel for one or the other of the 'Varsities.

Oxford for the first time gained the victory, and she bids fair to maintain it next year, as her team was a young one. The actual score was Oxford five first and five second, to Cambridge four first and five second. I trust, indeed, that no aspiring athlete will leave a stone unturned to secure for his University the victory in any contest for which he may enter. I know there is a school which professes to ridicule the games, and to regard the winning or losing the majority of events as a matter of no real moment. How unfair such a view is, I think that the ardent support given to boating and cricket by the greatest lovers of athletics is the best evidence.

There were several interesting statistics on the card which some old 'Varsity man may be interested in hearing. Among the colleges, for instance, Jesus, at Cambridge, that athletic school which brought out P. M. Thornton, G. R. Thornton, R. T. James, and A. J. Law, has added to her fame this year by Gibbs, Ridley, and Corfe; and at Oxford Magdalen, the college of and M^r. G. Knight, E. B. Mitchell is again to the fore with Frere, Parsons, and Scott.

As regards schools my difficulties increase year by year, for as practice at the Universities becomes more frequent, so school-training becomes of less importance, and men from private schools contend more on an equal footing with those from public schools than formerly.

Eton, however, fairly holds her own this year, boasting of no less than six representatives in the persons of Ridley, Pitt Taylor, Frere, Bowman, Royds, Somers - Smith. Harrow has two worthy sons in Morgan and Kennedy. Rugby claims Tossell and Lambert, Marlborough Gibbs; Charterhouse again appears in O'Grady, Uppingham in Green. Blackheath taught Laing to run and Eyre to hurl the hammer; whilst King's College, London, more

by good luck than by anything else, has, I am told, the honour of owning Absalom. There, I have done what I could by way of description, and trust those who detect blunders will have the kindness to correct them for themselves and forgive them. The judging was again in the hands of R. E. Webster and R. A. H. Mitchell, and the Rev. T. H. T. Hopkins, of Magdalen, Oxford, was again referee. I think the above names are sufficient guarantee that the duties were efficiently performed, and I may remark that of no contest could it be said that the best man (on the day) did not win. It is absolutely impossible this year to pick out a single 'victor ludorum;' the laurel-wreath must be cut in four pieces this year and given to Morgan and Gibbs, to Ridley and Tennent, and may they still win victories enough to complete the chaplet!

Before I bid farewell for another year to Oxford and Cambridge athletes I will not again touch on the question of the removal of the games to London except to express a hope that you and I, kind reader, may meet not many months hence to witness on Fenner's such struggles, such victories, and such defeats as I have endeavoured to picture for those who were not at Beaufort House on the 3rd of April, 1868.

I would, however, say one word on a point which of late has been much put forward. It is said that the increasing taste for athletics is the cause of the degeneracy of rowing at Cambridge. I have made every inquiry in my power, but have been informed that the number of real rowing men is even greater at Cambridge than heretofore, and that the practice is as heartily carried on as formerly. Whether there be any real foundation for the idea I know not, but I fully believe that what at least athletics have done is to find amusement, exercise, and healthful recreation for hundreds—or rather thousands—who five years ago would have spent their spare time in useless idleness. All praise to those who, in the face of opposition, have been the pioneers of the movement.

D. D. R.

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS.

PLEASANTLY bright is the Park to-day,
 With all the spring in it, crisp and new,
 Outspreading, with more of sun than shade,
 Under a heaven of April blue.

The trees are out in a mist of green;
 Its dappled shadow each quaintly weaves;
 And there steals on the ear with sweet surprise
 The glad, fresh sound of the rustling leaves.

A fair, bright scene! At its brightest now,
 In the life and stir of the day's decline,
 When England's noblest are mingling here,
 And England's fair at their fairest shine.

He who looked down from the bridge, and said
 That earth had nothing more fair to show;*
 Surely he never, with folded arms,
 Had leant on the rails that guard the Row?

Never before him, in such an hour,
 Could exquisite face have followed face,
 'Till his eyes were dazed, and his reeling brain
 Swam in a dream of beauty and grace.

This is earth's fairest sight. But, see!
 How a mounted throng the Corner seek—
 Rigidly planted is every hoof,
 Though flanks are quivering, satin-sleek.

They wait the crowning glory of all—
 The Princess rides in the Row to-day;
 And they look for her coming, loyal hearts,
 Their loving homage prepared to pay.

They wait to gaze on that gentle face,
 To mark the charm of those placid eyes,
 That, upward gazing, reflected hold
 The tender blue of these northern skies.

Loyal and loving! Nor they alone;
 Who that looks on her—pure and good,
 Sweet and gracious—but owns her sway?
 Pride and pattern of womanhood!

Who does not hold her in loving pride?
 Who does not deem her flower of our land?
 Who would not die for her? Where is he
 Would not her foe to the death withstand?

Hark! how a murmurous wave of sound
 Softly swells as it flows along!
 'She comes!' is passing from lip to lip,
 Growing stronger and ever strong.

'She is here!'—the cry is all delight,
 Simple words with the heart of a cheer—
 Eagerly, gladly carry it on,
 Echo and echo it—'She is here!'

W. S.

* 'Earth hath not anything more fair to show.'



Designed by Edwin J. Dunn

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS

A LEVÉE DAY AT ST. JAMES'S.

A FINE day in St. James's. The London Season is in the first flush of youth. The spring is obviously impatient, — And April with her white hands wet with flowers.

(what a lovely line that is of Leigh Hunt's!), is making offerings to March. The Season is not in bloom yet. The roses are to come. But the violets are every where—not only on the banks, but in the baskets, the bouquet-holders, and even the button-holes! In the world which the Season concerns all is expectation and hope. A 'hard and fast line' has been drawn at the past, and the thoughts of men—and you may be sure of women also—are directed to the future. Not that there is an absence of anxiety. A great deal of business must mingle with the pleasure of the next few months. To say nothing of affairs in which horses or politics are concerned, there will be quite enough to do in the match-making market to keep both principals and seconds well employed. There are men who must marry before July, or—as they tell you confidentially at the club—must infallibly come to grief. There are ladies whose mammas say they must marry also—they never say so themselves, of course—or come at least to mortification. The chances of these vary as they are in their first, second, or third seasons: after which latter period records become obscure. There are men and women, too, engaged in other schemes of social ambition which the Season is to assist. There is manœuvring of many kinds at work, in fact, and happy are they for whom July will bring no disappointment.

I was almost forgetting to mention a great crowd of people who are 'going in' for the Season with a pure sense of its enjoyment; who have no selfish plans to forward; who bear everybody about them the greatest good-will; who, if not married already, will marry where they

love, and who will take the pleasures as they come with all their hearts, except a little corner that they will leave for gratitude. But *cela va sans dire*, and we may take people like these for granted.

In the meanwhile we are in St. James's on a fine day. There is something unusual astir, as is evident from the number of pedestrians who loiter, and of vehicles that progress; of members at the windows of clubs, and members standing on the steps. There is a regular class of men, by-the-way, who seem to take a peculiar delight in standing upon club steps, and who ought to be asked what they mean by it. 'The sweet shady side of Pall Mall'—and the sweet sunny side, too, which has been shamefully neglected in song—gives them, however, something to see upon this occasion, for the day is one in which Her Majesty, in the person of the Prince, receives at St. James's Palace. I say there is something to see, but the attraction must be in the popular impression that there is something to see; for this is not a Drawing-room day, and there is very little to interest men to whom court dresses and uniforms are no novelty, and who know more or less of most of their wearers. And the latter, too, are tolerably well protected from the public gaze by the vehicles in which they drive. These are of all descriptions, from the family chariot and the bachelor brougham to the hack four-wheeler and hansom, the latter being peculiarly affected by officers who have cocked hats with plumes, which they cannot find room to wear upon their heads, and hold uncomfortably in front of them in the way of the reins.

The people in the streets, however, are principally interested in seeing the Prince, who must come out of Marlborough House to get into St. James's Palace, and a glimpse, at any rate, of the Illustrious Personage will reward the loyalty of those with the strongest elbows. Then it may be we might quote a poem almost

as old as the 'Rejected Addresses,' and say, in the style of Sir Walter Scott,

'Rang all the Mall with needless noise,
From topmost Sams to Moon and Boys.'

But we—that is to say myself and the reader—do not wait with the crowd, and can quote only by anticipation. We have to be presented, and must follow the family chariots, the bachelor broughams, the hack four-wheelers and hansom's afore-said, to the palace gates.

Arrived at a certain point the hack carriages are stopped, the private carriages being allowed to proceed a little farther, and to set down by the side of the verandah facing the entrance. Here the company are received in the first place by some of the royal servants, who take no notice of them very considerately; and the Gentlemen-at-Arms and Yeomen of the Guard, who stand about inside, are equally obliging. There is nothing to distract the attention in the corridor except a looking-glass, in passing which bold spirits pause and make a survey of their corporeal presence, while timid spirits content themselves with a furtive glance. At the end is a table, superintended by household officials, and here you have to present one of the two cards with which you have provided yourself—large cards, with your name and rank, and the name of your presenter legibly inscribed with pen and ink—your ordinary engraved cards being inadmissible for the purpose. Your presenter, by-the-way, need not accompany you. It is possible, if he merely stands towards you in some official relation, that you have not the honour of his private acquaintance. It is sufficient that he is your sponsor upon the occasion, and, I believe, that he be present himself. It would be more genial, perhaps, were he to take you up to Royalty, and say, 'This, Your Majesty,' or Royal Highness, as the case might be, 'is my young friend,' but happily this ceremony is not demanded, or important personages who have many presentations to make would find their lives a burden to them.

Having deposited one of your

cards, and retained the other for the crisis, you proceed up the staircase, also superintended by officials, to the State Apartments. But as the State Apartments are not large—for State Apartments—it is necessary to wait at each doorway, carefully closed to prevent precipitation, until the company within have passed through the Throne Room. This waiting occupies a considerable time, and unreasonable people have been known to express themselves tired, and even bored, at the process. One youthful gentleman, bearing the rank of a cornet—and a near relative, I should think, of the one who threatened, according to the well-known anecdote, to withdraw his custom from Mr. Hoby—talked, upon the occasion in question, of withdrawing himself, being restrained only by the consideration that 'it would not look well, perhaps, to go away without seeing the people of the house.' In the last Exhibition year, 1862, when the provincial mayors came to Court in great force, one of them, I have heard, expressed his surprise that refreshments were not provided during the pauses of progress. 'I thought at least,' he grumbled, 'that there would be a cut of beef and a glass of sherry to be had at the sideboard.' The situation is a trying one, to be sure; but patient people console themselves by talking to their friends, and finding such amusement as they may in observing the pictures and the quaint decorations of the rooms, and improving their minds by recurring to the historical associations connected with the place.

It is very pleasant, however, when the sliding door at last lets you into the main saloon, immediately adjoining the Throne Room. Here you have to wait once more, but it is not before a door: you are in the midst of the mass of the company who have not passed through, and of the 'general circle' who have not to undergo the process of presentation, but present themselves as a mark of attention to Royalty, and for their own personal amusement—to see their friends and so forth. This room is divided by a barrier placed

crosswise, the other side of which leads to a narrow passage, partitioned off lengthwise, and bringing you to the door of the Throne Room. The pause on the outside of the barrier is generally a long one, and you have plenty of time to make your observations upon your neighbours.

The assembly is certainly gorgeous to the eye. Uniforms, military or civil, are in a large majority; and you meet people whom you have known in private life, and know not to be in the army, in all kinds of martial array. For nearly everybody who desires to go to Court in these days gets a right to wear a uniform of some kind, if possible, in order to avoid the ordinary 'Court Dress,' which *will* make gentlemen look like footmen, whether they like it or not. In fact they do not look half so well as 'swell' footmen, who—we have it on the authority of Mr. Sam Weller's friend, Mr. Smawker—set great store by their 'uniforms,' as being invincible to the fair sex. No; a claret-coloured coat with steel buttons, a flowered waistcoat, black breeches and white stockings, is not a costume in which, in these days, it is easy to appear to advantage. Even the wig, when it was worn, was a redeeming point. It decidedly improves the dress as we see it upon the stage; and we know how becoming it is to some faces in the case of barristers-at-law. As for the apologetic substitute provided in the bag worn at the back of the coat collar, it is worse than nothing at all. That some kind of full dress is proper for Court occasions is beyond question, unless we consent to adopt American simplicity altogether, which, however consistent with Republicanism, the Americans themselves find uncomfortable when in Europe. But there is no reason why gentlemen should not be able to go into the presence of their sovereign except in a dress of a past fashion, and one so differing in character from that which he is accustomed to wear, as not to be worn without discomfort, to say nothing of the associations that it suggests. Where special arrangements have been made for civilians, we do not find

the old type adhered to. The Diplomatic, the Consular, and the Civil Service uniforms—which are all represented at the Levée to-day—present no anomalies of the kind; nor does the Windsor uniform, nor any other dress that has been specially devised. As everybody cannot be in Her Majesty's service, it is scarcely fair to attach a penalty to non-membership, such as the imposition of the existing Court dress. Why, then, should not English gentlemen generally, who are not in the Military Service, or entitled to wear any other distinctive uniform, be assigned some sort of costume like—say the Civil Service? There need be no invasion of the particular uniform of that body, which might still retain its present exclusive character; but there would be no difficulty in assimilating the general civilian dress to the same pattern, which accords with the fashion of the day, and may be worn with ease and comfort in change with ordinary clothes. The semi-military style is no more anomalous in the case of private persons than it is in the case of civilians who are in government employ; and its adoption would involve no trouble beyond the consideration of a few simple rules embodied in an order from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As for the dress of the time of George III., which is now enjoined, it is as apart from the fashion of the day as the dress of William III., or even Edward III. or Henry III., to go a long way back. Court dress must have been changed, like every other dress, from time to time, and the period has surely arrived when it might be changed again with advantage. The black suits, by the way, look far better than the coloured ones; but these, except when the court is in mourning, are only worn by officials. One I observe to-day, of black velvet, is rather imposing than otherwise, but is still violently opposed to our habits; and no man can costume himself in such a style without feeling in masquerade, especially if he hires his attire from Mr. Nathan, as some men are said to do, who think they are not likely to appear in it more than once.

Here is a judge, in his robes. These have been unchanged for a long time past, and will be unchangeable for a long time to come. But the wig dates only from the latter end of the seventeenth century, when everybody began to wear wigs as well as the judges; and when they will be dispensed with none dare venture to say. The Queen's counsel also wear wigs of a similar kind, and look less comfortable here than they do in court, owing to the inevitable knee-breeches and silk stockings in which they now appear. The Queen's counsel—and the serjeants-at-law also—represent another anomaly in comparison with people in private life. They are shaven as to their upper lips and chins. This was not always the custom. Neither the Bench nor the Bar shaved until everybody else shaved; and now, when nearly everybody else grows the moustache, and, it may be, the beard as well, they are left behind the age. Among the junior Bar shaving is less regarded, and it will probably be regulated by the general fashion when the present generation of juniors become represented on the bench. At present the elder judges have a prejudice against the moustache, and have been known to rebuke counsel for adopting that adornment. 'Utter' barristers, of course, do not wear robes at Court, and may not be known from other people. If they appear in any distinguishing dress, it is probably in militia or volunteer uniform, or in the brilliant guise of deputy-lieutenants of counties.

Among the gowmsmen we see several Doctors of Divinity; and these, with D.C.L.'s and LL.D.'s, afford a pleasant shade from the glare of uniform, which, as I have said, has become almost the rule upon State occasions. Among these the cavalry of course carry off the palm of splendour. There are no handsomer uniforms in the world than those of the Life Guards and the Horse Guards Blue; but their wearers are not all as fine men as the picked fellows who fill the ranks. Her Majesty takes officers into her service irrespective of their size;

and hence it is that our friend the cornet already mentioned (who is still waiting to see the 'people of the house') looks all boots. He would appear with much greater effect in the Lights than the Heavies, where a neat figure fit for a jockey is thrown away.

The Foot Guards—which are the more 'swell' service of the two—have an advantage over their mounted brethren in a room at any rate. The Heavy always seems to want his horse to complete him; but the infantry Guardsman is a model officer for a court, where he looks thoroughly at home.

Here are a couple of Dragoon Guards—'Plungers'—in the most gorgeous uniforms known perhaps in this or any other country; but the two Lights to whom they are talking are as effective in a different manner. One is an hussar, the other a lancer: they are of the Court, courtly, and seem quite conscious of the fact. The same may not be said of every officer present. That old general, decorated up to the eyes, goes puffing about, evidently regarding the whole proceeding as 'A confounded farce, sir.' He has been on service in India for thirty years, and now that he has come home must come here, if it is only for once. He will probably take the same view of the matter that Lord Chesterfield did of hunting; and I doubt if you will catch him at St. James's a second time.

Who is this wonderfully and fearfully dressed officer with the great beard? He wears a short green tunic with no collar, so that his neck is quite bare. The garment is heavy with bullion—on the sleeves, and wherever else there is room for it. He wears red breeches, and high boots bound with gold at the tops. In his hand he carries a helmet covered with purple velvet, and also profusely adorned with the precious metal. He is a commandant of Indian irregular cavalry, who has just been made a K.C.S.I. He is a first-rate officer—a *bon sabreur* of the Murat type, and is very proud of his uniform, which he designed himself.

Very plain beside this magnificent man look officers of the line and the militia—indeed they could not very well appear plainer—and but for their scarlet tunics would look quite sombre and unadorned. Vanity after vanity has been cut away from them, even to the epaulettes, which are now worn only by the Navy, several officers of which service are here present, looking gallant fellows, as they always do, but decidedly uncomfortable in full uniform, as they always do also.

Deputy-lieutenants, by-the-way, wear epaulettes, their uniform not having shared the changes in that of the army since the Crimean war. And they not only wear epaulettes, but tail-coats, and sashes round the waist, instead of over the shoulder. They have a great deal of gold lace, and look very effective, especially with their cocked hats and plumes. Nobody knows exactly what are the duties of deputy-lieutenants, for the reason, I believe, that there are none. They are supposed to have local charges under lord-lieutenants, and to be responsible for certain proportions of the force of their county militia, but they are never known to act in any prescribed capacity. They rank with lieutenant-colonels; but the rank would be scarcely available in any practical manner, even to taking a place among the staff of a general officer, for they do not wear military swords, and could not appear mounted in uniform. However, the position is highly honourable, and its owner is a somebody in his county; so if deputy-lieutenants are not happy it is their own fault.

Volunteer officers are now plentiful at court, and add to the variety of the scene. Their uniforms are more ornate than they used to be at first; for the Volunteers have found out that the machinery of war will not work without something of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance,' which very few men despise so much as they would have you believe.

But I have no more time to look

about me. There is a movement towards the barrier on the left, which is now open, and the glittering throng is pushing its way through to the right, where the narrow passage already mentioned leads to the Presence Chamber. There is a little pressure at first; but presently an official, who takes your reserved card, intimates that 'Gentlemen will please to walk in single file.' This arrangement separates people who have agreed to keep together, and some of them don't like it. But they proceed in due order through the door, and close round to the right, where Royalty, with all its courtly surrounding, is receiving the visitors. The Illustrious Personage, we are glad to see, is looking quite well and happy; and as each person in succession bows his way past—his name being read aloud from his card at the same time—he finds his salutation received in the pleasantest possible manner. There is no kissing of hands, except in the case of Her Majesty; but her Illustrious Representative sometimes steps forward and shakes hands with those whom he may know, and makes some evidently cordial remark. In this manner the whole of us pass by degrees into and out of the presence—the ceremony being a great deal easier for us than for royalty, who, I fancy, must be always on the alert, so as not to forget people whom he desires to remember, or bestow extra attention upon those who have no claim.

Once through, we may depart, or not, as we please. Some of us wait, of course, and look about us again, and meet inevitable friends whom we had not expected to see. But before very late in the afternoon we all find ourselves once more in view of the public outside, claiming our conveyances, and eager to get home, or wherever else we may have arranged to get rid of the habit in which we have lived for the last few hours, and so regain our social freedom.

THE BOX WITH THE IRON CLAMPS.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

MOLTON CHASE is a charming, old-fashioned country house, which has been in the possession of the Clayton family for centuries past; and as Harry Clayton, its present owner, has plenty of money, and (having tasted the pleasures of matrimony for only five years) has no knowledge (as yet) of the delights of college and school-bills coming in at Christmas-time, it is his will to fill the Chase at that season with guests, to each of whom he extends a welcome, as hearty as it is sincere.

'Bella! are you not going to join the riding-party this afternoon?' he said across the luncheon-table to his wife, one day in a December not long ago.

'Bella' was a dimpled little woman, whose artless expression of countenance would well bear comparison with the honest, genial face opposite to her, and who replied at once—

'No! not this afternoon, Harry, dear. You know the Damers may come at any time between this and seven o'clock, and I should not like to be out when they arrive.'

'And may I ask Mrs. Clayton who *are* the Damers,' inquired a friend of her husband, who, on account of being handsome, considered himself licensed to be pert, — 'that their advent should be the cause of our losing the pleasure of your company this afternoon?'

But the last thing Bella Clayton ever did was to take offence.

'The Damers are my cousins, Captain Moss,' she replied; 'at least Blanche Damer is.'

At this juncture a dark-eyed man who was sitting at the other end of the table dropped the flirting converse he had been maintaining with a younger sister of Mrs. Clayton's, and appeared to become interested in what his hostess was saying.

'Colonel Damer,' she continued, 'has been in India for the last twelve years, and only returned to England a month ago; therefore it

would seem unkind on the first visit he has paid to his relatives that there should be no one at home to welcome him.'

'Has Mrs. Damer been abroad for as long a time?' resumed her questioner, a vision arising on his mental faculties of a lemon-coloured woman with shoes down at heel.

'Oh dear no!' replied his hostess. 'Blanche came to England about five years ago, but her health has been too delicate to rejoin her husband in India since. Have we all finished, Harry, dear?' — and in another minute the luncheon-table was cleared.

As Mrs. Clayton crossed the hall soon afterwards to visit her nursery, the same dark-eyed man who had regarded her fixedly when she mentioned the name of Blanche Damer followed and accosted her.

'Is it long since you have seen your cousin Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Clayton?'

'I saw her about three years ago, Mr. Laurence; but she had a severe illness soon after that, and has been living on the continent ever since. Why do you ask?'

'For no especial reason,' he answered, smiling. 'Perhaps I am a little jealous lest this new-comer to whose arrival you look forward with so much interest should usurp more of your time and attention than we less-favoured ones can spare.'

He spoke with a degree of sarcasm, real or feigned, which Mrs. Clayton immediately resented.

'I am not aware that I have been in the habit of neglecting my guests, Mr. Laurence,' she replied; 'but my cousin Blanche is more likely to remind me of my duties than to tempt me to forget them.'

'Forgive me,' he said, earnestly. 'You have mistaken my meaning altogether. But are you very intimate with this lady?'

'Very much so,' was the answer. 'We were brought up together, and loved each other as sisters until she married and went to India. For

some years after her return home our intercourse was renewed, and only broken, on the occasion of her being ill and going abroad, as I have described to you. Her husband, I have, of course, seen less of, but I like what I know of him, and am anxious to show them both all the hospitality in my power. She is a charming creature, and I am sure you will admire her.'

'Doubtless I shall,' he replied; 'that is if she does not lay claim to all Mrs. Clayton's interest in the affairs of Molton Chase.'

'No fear of that,' laughed the cheery little lady as she ascended the stairs, and left Mr. Laurence standing in the hall beneath.

'Clayton,' observed that gentleman, as he re-entered the luncheon-room and drew his host into the privacy of a bay-window, 'I really am afraid I shall have to leave you this evening—if you won't think it rude of me to go so suddenly.'

'But *why*, my dear fellow?' exclaimed Harry Clayton, as his blue eyes searched into the other's soul. 'What earthly reason can you have for going, when your fixed plan was to stay with us over Christmas-day?'

'Well! there is lots of work waiting for you to do, you know; and really the time slips away so, and time is money to a slave like myself—that—'

'Now, my dear Laurence,' said Harry Clayton, conclusively, 'you know you are only making excuses. All the work that was absolutely necessary for you to do before Christmas was finished before you came here, and you said you felt yourself licensed to take a whole month's holiday. Now, was not that the case?'

Mr. Laurence could not deny the fact, and so he looked undecided, and was silent.

'Don't let me hear any more about your going before Christmas-day,' said his host, 'or I shall be offended, and so will Bella; to say nothing of Bella's sister—eh, Laurence!'

Whereupon Mr. Laurence felt himself bound to remain; and saying in his own mind that fate was

against him, dropped the subject of his departure altogether.

One hour later, the riding party being then some miles from Molton Chase, a travelling carriage laden with trunks drove up to the house, and Mrs. Clayton, all blushes and smiles, stood on the hall-steps to welcome her expected guests.

Colonel Damer was the first to alight. He was a middle-aged man, but with a fine soldierly bearing, which took off from his years; and he was so eager to see to the safe exit of his wife from the carriage-door that he had not time to do more than take off his hat to blooming Bella on the steps.

'Now, my love,' he exclaimed as the lady's form appeared, 'pray take care; two steps: that's right—here you are, safe.'

And then Mrs. Damer, being securely landed, was permitted to fly into the cousin's arms which were opened to receive her.

'My dear Bella!'

'My dearest Blanche—I am so delighted to see you again. Why, you are positively frozen! Pray come in at once to the fire. Colonel Damer, my servants will see to the luggage—do leave it to them, and come and warm yourselves.'

A couple of men-servants now came forward and offered to see to the unloading of the carriage—but Mrs. Damer did not move.

'Will you not go in, my love, as your cousin proposes?' said her husband. 'I can see to the boxes if you should wish me to do so.'

'No, thank you,' was the low reply; and there was such a ring of melancholy in the voice of Mrs. Damer that a stranger would have been attracted by it. 'I prefer waiting until the carriage is unpacked.'

'Never mind the luggage, Blanche,' whispered Mrs. Clayton, in her coaxing manner. 'Come in to the fire, dear,—I have so much to tell you.'

'Wait a minute, Bella,' said her cousin; and the entreaty was so firm that it met with no further opposition.

'One—two—three—four,' exclaimed Colonel Damer, as the boxes

successively came to the ground. 'I am afraid you will think we are going to take you by storm, Mrs. Clayton; but perhaps you know my wife's fancy for a large travelling *kit* of old. Is that all, Blanche?'

'That is all—thank you,' in the same low melancholy tones in which she had spoken before. 'Now, Bella, dear, which is to be my room?'

'You would rather go there first, Blanche?'

'Yes, please—I'm tired. Will you carry up that box for me?' she continued, pointing out one of the trunks to the servant.

'Directly, ma'am,' he returned, as he was looking for change for a sovereign wherewith to accommodate Colonel Damer—but the lady lingered until he was at leisure. Then he shouldered the box next to the one she had indicated, and she directed his attention to the fact, and made him change his burden.

'They'll all go up in time, ma'am,' the man remarked; but Mrs. Damer, answering nothing, did not set her foot upon the stairs until he was half-way up them, with the trunk she had desired him to take first.

Then she leaned wearily upon Bella Clayton's arm, pressing it fondly to her side, and so the two went together to the bedroom which had been appointed for the reception of the new guests. It was a large and cosily-furnished apartment, with a dressing-room opening from it. When the ladies arrived there they found the servant awaiting them with the box in question.

'Where will you have it placed, ma'am?' he demanded of Mrs. Damer.

'Under the bed, please.'

But the bedstead was a French one, and the mahogany sides were so deep that nothing could get beneath them but dust; and the trunk, although small, was heavy and strong and clamped with iron, not at all the sort of trunk that would go *anywhere*.

'Nothing will go under the bed, ma'am!' said the servant in reply.

Mrs. Damer slightly changed colour.

'Never mind then: leave it there.

Oh! what a comfort a good fire is,' she continued, turning to the hearth-rug, and throwing herself into an arm-chair. 'We have had such a cold drive from the station.'

'But about your box, Blanche?' said Mrs. Clayton, who had no idea of her friends being put to any inconvenience. 'It can't stand there; you'll unpack it, won't you? or shall I have it moved into the passage?'

'Oh, no, thank you, Bella—please let it stand where it is: it will do very well indeed.'

'What will do very well?' exclaimed Colonel Damer, who now entered the bedroom, followed by a servant with another trunk.

'Only Blanche's box, Colonel Damer,' said Bella Clayton. 'She doesn't wish to unpack it, and it will be in her way here, I'm afraid. It *might* stand in your dressing-room.'—This she said as a 'feeler,' knowing that some gentlemen do not like to be inconvenienced, even in their dressing-rooms.

But Colonel Damer was as unselfish as it was possible for an old Indian to be.

'Of course it can,' he replied. 'Here (to the servant), just shoulder that box, will you, and move it into the next room.'

The man took up the article in question rather carelessly, and nearly let it fall again. Mrs. Damer darted forward as if to save it.

'Pray put it down,' she said, nervously. 'I have no wish to have it moved—I shall require it by-and-by; it will be no inconvenience—'

'Just as you like, dear,' said Mrs. Clayton, who was becoming rather tired of the little discussion. 'And now take off your things, dear Blanche, and let me ring for some tea.'

Colonel Damer walked into his dressing-room and left the two ladies alone. The remainder of the luggage was brought up-stairs; the tea was ordered and served, and whilst Mrs. Clayton busied herself in pouring it out, Mrs. Damer sank back upon a sofa which stood by the fire, and conversed with her cousin.

She had been beautiful, this woman, in her earlier youth, though

no one would have thought it to see her now. As Bella handed her the tea she glanced towards the thin hand stretched out to receive it, and from thence to the worn face and hollow eyes, and could scarcely believe she saw the same person she had parted from three years before.

But she had not been so intimate with her of late, and she was almost afraid of commenting upon her cousin's altered appearance, for fear it might wound her; all she said was:

'You look very delicate still, dear Blanche; I was in hopes the change to the continent would have set you up and made you stronger than you were when you left England.'

'Oh, no; I never shall be well again,' was Mrs. Damer's careless reply: 'it's an old story now, Bella, and it's no use talking about it. Who have you staying in the house at present, dear?'

'Well, we are nearly full,' rejoined Mrs. Clayton. 'There is my old godfather, General Knox,—you remember him, I know,—and his son and daughter; and the Ainsleys and their family; ditto, the Bayleys and the Armstrongs, and then, for single men, we have young Brooke, and Harry's old friend, Charley Moss, and Herbert Laurence, and—are you ill, Blanche?'

An exclamation had burst from Mrs. Damer—hardly an exclamation, so much as a half-smothered cry,—but whether of pain or fear, it was hard to determine.

'Are you ill?' reiterated Mrs. Clayton, full of anxiety for her fragile-looking cousin.

'No,' replied Blanche Damer, pressing her hand to her side, but still deadly pale from the effect of whatever emotion she had gone through; 'it is nothing; I feel faint after our long journey.'

Colonel Damer had also heard the sound, and now appeared upon the threshold of his dressing-room. He was one of those well-meaning, but fussy men, who can never leave two women alone for a quarter of an hour without intruding on their privacy.

'Did you call, my dearest?' he asked of his wife. 'Do you want anything?'

'Nothing, thank you,' replied Bella for her cousin; 'Blanche is only a little tired and overcome by her travelling.'

'I think, after all, that I will move that trunk away for you into my room,' he said, advancing towards the box which had already been the subject of discussion. Mrs. Damer started from the sofa with a face of crimson.

'I beg you will leave my boxes alone,' she said, with an imploring tone in her voice which was quite unfitted to the occasion. 'I have not brought one more than I need, and I wish them to remain under my own eye.'

'There must be something very valuable in that receptacle,' said Colonel Damer, facetiously, as he beat a retreat to his own quarters.

'Is it your linen box?' demanded Mrs. Clayton of her cousin.

'Yes,' in a hesitating manner; 'that is, it contains several things that I have in daily use; but go on about your visitors, Bella: are there any more?'

'I don't think so: where had I got to?—oh! to the bachelors: well, there are Mr. Brooke and Captain Moss, and Mr. Laurence (the poet, you know; Harry was introduced to him last season by Captain Moss), and my brother Alfred; and that's all.'

'A very respectable list,' said Mrs. Damer, languidly. 'What kind of a man is the—the poet you spoke of?'

'Laurence?—oh, he seems a very pleasant man; but he is very silent and abstracted, as I suppose a poet should be. My sister Carrie is here, and they have quite got up a flirtation together; however, I don't suppose it will come to anything.'

'And your nursery department?'

'Thriving, thank you; I think you will be astonished to see my boy. Old Mrs. Clayton says he is twice the size that Harry was at that age; and the little girls can run about and talk almost as well as I can. But I must not expect you, Blanche, to take the same interest in babies that I do.'

This she added, remembering that the woman before her was childless.

Mrs. Damer moved uneasily on her couch, but she said nothing; and soon after the sound of a gong reverberating through the hall warned Mrs. Clayton that the dinner was not far off and the riding-party must have returned; so, leaving her friend to her toilet, she took her departure.

As she left the room, Mrs. Damer was alone. She had no maid of her own, and she had refused the offices of Mrs. Clayton, assuring her that she was used to dress herself; but she made little progress in that department, as she lay on the couch in the firelight, with her face buried in her hands, and thoughts coursing through her mind of which heaven alone knew the tendency.

'Come, my darling,' said the kind, coaxing voice of her husband, as, after knocking more than once without receiving any answer, he entered her room, fully dressed, and found her still arrayed in her travelling things, and none of her boxes unpacked. 'You will never be ready for dinner at this rate. Shall I make an excuse for your not appearing at table this evening? I am sure Mrs. Clayton would wish you to keep your room if you are too tired to dress.'

'I am not too tired, Harry,' said Mrs. Damer, rising from the couch, 'and I shall be ready in ten minutes,' unlocking and turning over the contents of a box as she spoke.

'Better not, perhaps, my love,' interposed the Colonel, in mild expostulation; 'you will be better in bed, and can see your kind friends to-morrow morning.'

'I am going down to dinner to-night,' she answered, gently, but decisively. She was a graceful woman now she stood on her feet, and threw off the heavy wraps in which she had travelled, with a slight, willowy figure, and a complexion which was almost transparent in its delicacy; but her face was very thin, and her large blue eyes had a scared and haggard look in them, which was scarcely less painful to witness than the appearance of anxiety which was expressed by the knitted brows by which they were surmounted. As she now raised her fair attenuated hands to rearrange

her hair, which had once been abundant and glossy, her husband could not avoid remarking upon the change which had passed over it.

'I had no idea you had lost your hair so much, darling,' he said; 'I have not seen it down before to-night. Why, where is it all gone to?' he continued, as he lifted the light mass in his hands, and remembered of what a length and weight it used to be, when he last parted from her.

'Oh, I don't know,' she rejoined, sadly; 'gone, with my youth, I suppose, Henry.'

'My poor girl!' he said, gently, 'you have suffered very much in this separation. I had no right to leave you alone for so many years. But it is all over now, dearest, and I will take such good care of you that you will be obliged to get well and strong again.'

She turned round suddenly from the glass, and pressed her lips upon the hand which held her hair.

'Don't,' she murmured; 'pray don't speak to me so, Henry! I can't bear it; I can't indeed!'

He thought it was from excess of feeling that she spoke; and so it was, though not as he imagined. So he changed the subject lightly, and bade her be lazy no longer, but put on her dress, if she was really determined to make one of the party at dinner that evening.

In another minute, Mrs. Damer had brushed her diminished hair into the fashion in which she ordinarily wore it; thrown on an evening-robe of black, which, while it contrasted well with her fairness, showed the falling away of her figure in a painful degree; and was ready to accompany her husband down-stairs.

They were met at the door of the drawing-room by their host, who was eager to show cordiality towards guests of whom his wife thought so much, and having also been acquainted himself with Mrs. Damer since her return to England. He led her up to the sofa whereon Bella sat; and, dinner being almost immediately announced, the little hostess was busy pairing off her couples.

'Mr. Laurence!' she exclaimed; and then looking around the room, 'where is Mr. Laurence?' So that that gentleman was forced to leave the window-curtains, behind which he had ensconced himself, and advance into the centre of the room. 'Oh, here you are at last; will you take Mrs. Damer down to dinner?' and proceeding immediately with the usual form of introduction—'Mr. Laurence,—Mrs. Damer.'

They bowed to each other; but over the lady's face, as she went through her share of the introduction, there passed so indescribable, and yet so unmistakable a change, that Mrs. Clayton, although not very quick, could not help observing it, and she said, involuntarily—

'Have you met Mr. Laurence before, Blanche?'

'I believe I have had that pleasure—in London—many years ago.'

The last words came out so faintly that they were almost undistinguishable.

'Why didn't you tell me so?' said Bella Clayton, reproachfully, to Mr. Laurence.

He was beginning to stammer out some excuse about its having been so long ago, when Mrs. Damer came to his aid, in her clear, cold voice—

'It was very long ago: we must both be forgiven for having forgotten the circumstance.'

'Well, you must renew your acquaintanceship at dinner,' said Mrs. Clayton, blithely, as she trotted off to make matters pleasant between the rest of her visitors. As she did so, Mr. Laurence remained standing by the sofa, but he did not attempt to address Mrs. Damer. Only, when the room was nearly cleared, he held out his arm to her, and she rose to accept it. But the next minute she had sunk back again upon the sofa, and Mrs. Clayton was at her cousin's side. Mrs. Damer had fainted.

'Poor darling!' exclaimed Colonel Damer, as he pressed forward to the side of his wife. 'I was afraid coming down to-night would be too much for her, but she would make the attempt; she has so much spirit. Pray don't delay the dinner, Mrs. Clayton; I will stay by her, if you will excuse the apparent rudeness

until she is sufficiently recovered to go to bed.'

But even as he spoke his wife raised herself from the many arms which supported her, and essayed to gain her feet.

'Bella, dear! I am all right again. Pray, if you love me, don't make a scene about a little fatigue. I often faint now: let me go up to my bedroom, and lie down, as I ought to have done at first, and I shall be quite well to-morrow morning.'

She would accept no one's help—not even her husband's, though it distressed him greatly that she refused it,—but walked out of the room of her own accord, and toiled wearily up the staircase which led to the higher stories; whilst more than one pair of eyes watched her ascent, and more than one appetite was spoiled for the coming meal.

'Don't you think that Blanche is looking very ill?' demanded Bella Clayton of Colonel Damer, at the dinner-table. She had been much struck herself with the great alteration in her cousin's looks, and fancied that the husband was not so alarmed about it as he ought to be.

'I do, indeed,' he replied; 'but it is the last thing she will acknowledge herself. She has very bad spirits and appetite; appears always in a low fever, and is so nervous that the least thing will frighten her. That, to me, is the worst and most surprising change of all: such a high-couraged creature as she used to be.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Mrs. Clayton; 'I can hardly imagine Blanche being nervous at anything. It must have come on since her visit to the continent, for she was not so when she stayed here last.'

'When was that?' demanded the Colonel, anxiously.

'Just three years ago this Christmas,' was the answer. 'I don't think I ever saw her look better than she did then, and she was the life of the house. But soon afterwards she went to Paris, and then we heard of her illness, and this is my first meeting with her since that time. I was very much shocked when she got out of the carriage: I should scarcely have known her

again.' Here Mrs. Clayton stopped, seeing that the attention of Mr. Laurence, who sat opposite to her, appeared to be riveted on her words, and Colonel Damer relapsed into thought and spoke no more.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Damer had gained her bedroom. Women had come to attend upon her, sent by their mistress, and laden with offers of refreshment and help of every kind, but she had dismissed them and chosen to be alone. She felt too weak to be very restless, but she had sat by the fire and cried, until she was so exhausted that her bed suggested itself to her as the best place in which she could be; but rising to undress, preparatory to seeking it, she had nearly fallen, and catching feebly at the bedpost had missed it, and sunk down by the side of the solid black box, which was clamped with iron and fastened with a padlock, and respecting which she had been so particular a few hours before. She felt as if she was dying, and as if this were the fittest place for her to die on. 'There is nothing in my possession,' she cried, 'that really belongs to me but *this*—this which I loathe and abhor, and love and weep over at one and the same moment.' And, strange to relate, Mrs. Damer turned on her side and kneeling by the iron-clamped chest pressed her lips upon its hard, unyielding surface, as if it had life wherewith to answer her embrace. And then the wearied creature dragged herself up again into an unsteady position, and managed to sustain it until she was ready to lie down upon her bed.

The next morning she was much better. Colonel Damer and Bella Clayton laid their heads together and decided that she was to remain in bed until after breakfast, therefore she was spared meeting with the assembled strangers until the dinner-hour again, for luncheon was a desultory meal at Molton Chase, and scarcely any of the gentlemen were present at it that day. After luncheon Mrs. Clayton proposed driving Mrs. Damer out in her pony-chaise.

'I don't think you will find it cold, dear, and we can come home

by the lower shrubberies and meet the gentlemen as they return from shooting,' Colonel Damer being one of the shooting party. But Mrs. Damer had declined the drive, and made her cousin understand so plainly that she preferred being left alone, that Mrs. Clayton felt no compunction in acceding to her wishes, and laying herself out to please the other ladies staying in the house.

And Mrs. Damer did wish to be alone. She wanted to think over the incidents of the night before, and devise some plan by which she could persuade her husband to leave the Grange as soon as possible without provoking questions which she might find it difficult to answer. When the sound of the wheels of her cousin's pony-chaise had died away, and the great stillness pervading Molton Grange proclaimed that she was the sole inmate left behind, she dressed herself in a warm cloak, and drawing the hood over her head prepared for a stroll about the grounds. A little walk she thought would do her good, and with this intention she left the house. The Grange gardens were extensive and curiously laid out, and there were many winding shrubbery paths about them, which strangers were apt to find easier to enter than to find their way out of again. Into one of these Mrs. Damer now turned her steps for the sake of privacy and shelter; but she had not gone far before, on turning an abrupt corner, she came suddenly upon the figure of the gentleman she had been introduced to the night before, Mr. Laurence, who she had imagined to be with the shooting party. He was half lying, half sitting across a rustic seat which encircled the huge trunk of an old tree, with his eyes bent upon the ground and a cigar between his lips. He was more an intellectual and fine-looking than a handsome man, but he possessed two gifts which are much more winning than beauty, a mind of great power, and the art of fascination. As Mrs. Damer came full in view of him, too suddenly to stop herself or to retreat, he rose quickly from the attitude he had assumed when he





Drawn by John Gilbert.]

THE BOX WITH THE IRON CLAMPS.

[See 188 1887]

thought himself secure from interruption and stood in her pathway. She attempted to pass him with an inclination of the head, but he put out his hand and stopped her.

'Blanche! you must speak to me; you shall not pass like this; I insist upon it!' and she tried in vain to disengage her arm from his detaining clasp.

'Mr. Laurence, what right have you to hold me thus?'

'What right, Blanche? The right of every man over the woman who loves him!'

'That is your right over me no longer. I have tried to avoid you. You have both seen and known it! No gentleman would force himself upon my notice in this manner.'

'Your taunt fails to have any effect upon me. I have sought an explanation of your extraordinary conduct from you in vain. My letters have been unanswered, my entreaties for a last interview disregarded; and now that chance has brought us together again, I must have what I have a right to ask from your own lips. I did not devise this meeting; I did not even know you had returned to England till yesterday, and then I sought to avoid you; but it was fated that we should meet, and it is fated that you satisfy my curiosity.'

'What do you want to know?' she asked, in a low voice.

'First, have you ceased to love me?'

The angry light which had flashed across her face when he used force to detain her died away; the pallid lips commenced to tremble, and in the sunken eyes large tear-drops rose and hung quivering upon the long eyelashes.

'Enough, Blanche,' Mr. Laurence continued, in a softer voice. 'Nature answers me. I will not give you the needless pain of speaking. Then, why did you forsake me? Why did you leave England without one line of farewell, and why have you refused to hold any communication with me since that time?'

'I could not,' she murmured. 'You do not know; you cannot feel; you could never understand my feelings on that occasion.'

'That is no answer to my ques-

tion, Blanche,' he said firmly, 'and an answer I will have. What was the immediate cause of your breaking faith with me? I loved you, you know how well. What drove you from me? Was it fear, or indifference, or a sudden remorse?'

'It was,' she commenced slowly, and then as if gathering up a great resolution, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Do you *really* wish to know what parted us?'

'I really intend to know,' he replied, and the old power which he had held over her recommenced its sway. 'Whatever it was it has not tended to your happiness,' he continued, 'if I may judge from your looks. You are terribly changed, Blanche! I think even I could have made you happier than you appear to have been.'

'I have had enough to change me,' she replied. 'If you will know then, come with me, and I will show you.'

'To-day?'

'At once; to-morrow may be too late.' She began to walk towards the house as she spoke, rapidly and irregularly, her heart beating fast, but no trace of weakness in her limbs; and Herbert Laurence followed her, he scarcely knew why, excepting that she had desired it.

Into Molton Grange she went, up the broad staircase and to her chamber door before she paused to see if he was following. When she did so she found that he stood just behind her on the wide landing.

'You can enter,' she said, throwing open the door of her bedroom, 'don't be afraid; there is nothing here except the cause for which I parted with you.' In her agitation and excitement, scarcely pausing to fasten the door behind her, Mrs. Damer fell down on her knees before the little black box with its iron clamps and ponderous padlock; and drawing a key from her bosom, applied it to the lock, and in another minute had thrown back the heavy lid. Having displaced some linen which lay at the top, she carefully removed some lighter materials, and then calling to the man behind her, bid him look in and be satisfied. Mr. Laurence advanced to the box, quite ignorant as to the reason

of her demand; but as his eye fell upon its contents, he started backwards and covered his face with his hands. As he drew them slowly away again he met the sad, earnest look with which the kneeling woman greeted him, and for a few moments they gazed at one another in complete silence. Then Mrs. Damer withdrew her eyes from his and rearranged the contents of the black box; the heavy lid shut with a clang, the padlock was fast again, the key in her bosom, and she rose to her feet and prepared to leave the room in the same unbroken silence. But he again detained her, and this time his voice was hoarse and changed.

'Blanche! tell me, is this the truth?'

'As I believe in heaven,' she answered.

'And this was the reason that we parted—this the sole cause of our estrangement?'

'Was it not enough?' she said. 'I erred, but it was as one in a dream. When I awoke I could no longer err and be at peace. At peace did I say? I have known no peace since I knew you; but I should have died and waked up in hell if I had not parted with you. This is all the truth, believe it or not as you will; but there may, there can be nothing in future between you and me. Pray let me pass you.'

'But that—that—box, Blanche!' exclaimed Herbert Laurence, with drops of sweat, notwithstanding the temperature of the day, upon his forehead. 'It was an accident, a misfortune; you did not do it?'

She turned upon him eyes which were full of mingled horror and scorn.

'I do it!' she said, 'what are you dreaming of? I was mad, but not so mad as that! How could you think it?' and the tears rose in her eyes more at the supposition which his question had raised than at the idea that he could so misjudge her.

'But why do you keep this? why do you carry it about with you, Blanche? It is pure insanity on your part. How long is it since you have travelled in company with that dreadful box?'

'More than two years,' she said in a fearful whisper. 'I have tried to get rid of it, but to no purpose; there was always some one in the way. I have reasoned with myself, and prayed to be delivered from it, but I have never found an opportunity. And now, what does it matter? The burden and heat of the day are past.'

'Let me do it for you,' said Mr. Laurence. 'Whatever our future relation to one another, I cannot consent that you should run so terrible a risk through fault of mine. The strain upon your mind has been too great already. Would to heaven I could have borne it for you! but you forbid me even the privilege of knowing that you suffered. Now that I have ascertained it, it must be my care that the cause of our separation shall at least live in your memory only.' And as he finished speaking he attempted to lift the box; but Mrs. Damer sprang forward and prevented him.

'Leave it!' she cried; 'do not dare to touch it; it is *mine*! It has gone wherever I have gone for years. Do you think, for the little space that is left me, that I would part with the only link left between me and my dread past?' and saying thus she threw herself upon the black trunk and burst into tears.

'Blanche! you love me as you ever did,' exclaimed Herbert Laurence. 'These tears confess it. Let me make amends to you for this; let me try to make the happiness of your future life!'

But before his sentence was concluded Mrs. Damer had risen from her drooping attitude and stood before him.

'Make amends!' she echoed, scornfully. 'How can you "make amends?" Nothing can wipe out the memory of the shame and misery that I have passed through, nothing restore the quiet conscience I have lost. I do not know if I love you still or not. When I think of it, my head swims, and I only feel confused and anxious. But I am sure of one thing, that the horror of my remorse for even having listened to you has power to overwhelm any regret that may be lingering in my

unworthy breast, and that the mere fact of your bodily presence is agony to me. When I met you to-day I was battling with my invention to devise some means of leaving the place where you are without exciting suspicion. If you ever loved, have pity on me now; take the initiative, and rid me of yourself.'

'Is this your final decision, Blanche?' he asked, slowly. 'Will you not regret it when too late, and you are left alone with only *that*?'

She shuddered, and he caught at the fact as a sign of relenting.

'Dearest, loveliest,' he commenced.—'This woman had been the loveliest to him in days gone past, and though she was so terribly changed in eyes that regarded her less, Herbert Laurence, her once lover, could still trace above the languor and debility and distress of her present appearance, the fresh, sparkling woman who had sacrificed herself for his sake; and although his style of address signified more than he really felt for her, the knowledge of how much she had undergone since their separation had the power to make him imagine that this partial reanimation of an old flame was a proof that the fire which kindled it had never perished.—Therefore it did not appear absurd in his mental eyes to preface his appeal to Mrs. Damer thus: 'Dearest, loveliest——' but she turned upon as though he had insulted her.

'Mr. Laurence!' she exclaimed, 'I have told you that the past is past; be good enough to take me at my word. Do you think that I have lived over two years of solitary shame and grief, to break the heart that trusts in me *now*? If I had any wish, or any thought to the contrary, it would be impossible. I am enveloped by kind words and acts, by care and attention, which chain me as closely to my home as if I were kept a prisoner between four walls. I could not free myself if I would,' she continued, throwing back her arms, as though she tried to break an invisible thrall. 'I must die first; the cords of gratitude are bound about me so closely. It is killing me, as nothing else

could kill,' she added, in a lower voice. 'I lived under your loss, and the knowledge of my own disgrace; but I cannot live under his perpetual kindness and perfect trust. It cannot last much longer: for mercy's sake, leave me in peace until the end comes!'

'And the box?' he demanded.

'I will provide for the box before that time,' she answered, sadly; 'but if you have any fear, keep the key yourself: the lock is not one that can be forced.'

She took the key from her bosom, where it hung on a broad black ribbon, as she spoke, and handed it to him. He accepted it without demur.

'You are so rash,' he said; 'it will be safer with me: let me take the box also?'

'No, no!' said Mrs. Damer, hurriedly; 'you shall not; and it would be no use. If it were out of my sight, I should dream that it was found, and talk of it in my sleep. I often rise in the night now to see if it is safe. Nothing could do away with it. If you buried it, some one would dig it up; if you threw it in the water, it would float. It would lie still nowhere but on my heart, where it ought to be!—it ought to be!'

Her eyes had reassumed the wild, restless expression which they had took whilst speaking of the past, and her voice had sunk to a low, fearful whisper.

'This is madness,' muttered Herbert Laurence; and he was right. On the subject of the black box Mrs. Damer's brain was turned.

He was just about to speak to her again, and try to reason her out of her folly, when voices were heard merrily talking together in the hall, and her face worked with the dread of discovery.

'Go!' she said; 'pray, go at once. I have told you everything.' And in another moment Herbert Laurence had dashed through the passage to the privacy of his own room; and Mrs. Clayton, glowing from her drive, and with a fine rosy baby in her arms, had entered the apartment of her cousin.

(To be continued.)

GIPSY EYES.

GIPSY eyes, so dark and tender,
 Read not thus my inmost soul.
 Gipsy Beauty, in thy splendour,
 Of this heart accept the whole.
 Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
 Twined with braids of varied dyes—
 Thou who spurnest my caresses,
 Drink'st my soul up through thine eyes.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen, it needs but seeing.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Drain not thus my whole life's being!

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest;—
 Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me.
 Since to ashes thus thou burnest
 This poor heart un pityingly.
 Spare me, gipsy;—I adore thee—
 Dream of thee by night and day.
 As I bow me here before thee,
 Droop those lids and spare to slay.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—there's no gainsaying.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Spare thy lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—your soul-lit beaming
 Fills my spirit night and day;—
 Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
 Thy sweet presence haunts me aye:
 Though the dance's wildest measure
 I should seek to fly from thee,
 In the midst of mirth and pleasure
 Thy dark glance would follow me.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—I must adore thee.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
 Wheresoe'er my steps may stray?
 Nought on earth could ever daunt me
 Could I bask 'neath you for aye:
 Pride might flaunt me—wealth might shun me:
 I no fairer fate would ask
 Than that your pure light should sun me,
 While in your sweet rays I bask.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 As your dark eyes burn above me,
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 In return, I pray thee love me.



From the Painting by Guido Bach.]

GIPSY EYES.

[See the Poem.

Gipsy eyes, in gipsy archness,
 Reading thus this soul of mine—
 Driving hence all worldly starchness,
 You—and nature—are divine!
 On some breezy spread of heather,
 Scorning all the world may say,
 We will clasp our hands together—
 Live and love for good and aye!
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Subtle witchery possessing—
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Sure to wed thee were a blessing!

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS.

THERE are travellers and travellers. What some men do in a wild and random way, from the love of novelty, adventure, and excitement, other men do in a very scientific and methodical way. Professor Agassiz, we need hardly say, is one of these, and his late work on Brazil is admirably done.* The illustrious Swiss *savant* is now a naturalized American, and professor at Cambridge University, U.S. He travelled under circumstances extraordinarily advantageous. In the first place, he had his wife with him, a luxury which cannot be achieved by every traveller. In the next place, he was franked, as to all his expenses, by a generous American citizen, zealous for the interests of science. We hold up this example to the enlightened emulation of our countrymen, and may cursorily mention that we ourselves desire to explore the Nile sources, after a scientific and exhaustive fashion. Furthermore, this greatly-to-be-commended citizen furnished M. Agassiz with a whole staff of competent assistants. In addition to all this M. Agassiz received every attention from all the Brazilians he encountered, from the emperor downwards. The expedition under such exceedingly favourable circumstances was, happily, attended by commensurate results.

* 'A Journey in Brazil.' By Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Trübner.

Professor Agassiz has really wonderful things to report, and his work will mark a new era in ichthyology. He found nearly two thousand species of ichthyological fauna. A single small lake contained more species of fresh-water fish than all the rivers of Europe from the Tagus to the Volga. The Amazon contains twice as many specimens as the Mediterranean, and more than the whole Atlantic from pole to pole. Writing from Teffe, M. Agassiz gives his most marvellous entry: 'I had the most agreeable and unexpected surprise. The first fish brought to me was the *acará*, and by an unlooked-for good fortune it was the breeding season, and it had its mouth full of little young ones in the process of development. Here then is the most incredible fact in embryology fully confirmed.' The professor discovered many specimens furnishing 'a complete embryological species, some of them having their eggs at the back of the gills. In examining these fishes, M. Agassiz (it is the wife who writes) has found that a special lobe of the brain sends large nerves to that part of the gills which protects the young; thus connecting the care of the offspring with the organ of intelligence.' Some of M. Agassiz's remarks must be rather disappointing to his Brazilian friends, rather disappointing also to British

holders of Brazilian bonds. The country develops slowly; the national debt is increasing; the Paraguayan war seems interminable. Slavery remains, though the slave-trade is supposed to be abolished. The mixture of races seems to have had a much more unfavourable result than in America. To quote photographic language, man is a spoilt negative. 'It is as if all clearness of type had been blurred, and the result is a vague compound, lacking character and expression.' As a specimen of the best literature of scientific travellings, to be compared with Darwin's 'Voyage of the Beagle,' this work, in which we claim a common interest with our American cousins, must stand very high.

In Dr. Collingwood's account of his rambles by the shores of Chinese waters, we have another work which will take high rank in the literature of scientific travel.* Indeed, the literary interest is subordinate to the scientific interest, and there is more of scientific terminology than will be altogether pleasing to the general reader. Dr. Collingwood is a little mysterious in what he says about himself personally, and appears to give us to understand that his operations were more limited and curtailed by other people than was fair. He is a very acute and patient observer, and has made valuable additions to our knowledge of the fauna and flora of those regions. He hazarded the most serious sacrifices in the interests of science, for in its pursuit he would wade up to the neck in waters haunted by sharks and alligators. He ingenuously confesses, however, that 'the thoughts of them seldom left my mind quite free.' Dr. Collingwood does not give a very cheerful account of our colony of Labuan, which, some twelve years ago, was ceded to the British Government. The climate

is bad, trade is dull, and the coal, on which so much expectation existed, is of an inferior quality. On the other hand, those who have watched with interest the progress of Rajah Brooke's colony of Sarawak will be delighted to find how promising is this latest account of it. Miss Burdett Coutts' plantation is not indeed very flourishing. By some mismanagement land was purchased for her in an unfavourable district most remote from the aboriginal Dyak population whom she wished to benefit, but her agent is courageously struggling against his complication of difficulties. But civil war has ceased, and piracy has effectually been put down, and a desolated country has been made thriving, and 'every man sits under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid.' The Sarawak natives are not devoid of natural humour, as we gather from the mention of a little fact in natural history. 'Another little bird, having a note not unlike that of a yellow-hammer, was pointed out to me by the Malays as the alligator-bird, about which they had a legend to the effect that the alligators of the rivers were constantly demanding of it payment of a debt long due to them from its ancestors, to which the bird is supposed to reply, "I have nothing to give you except the feathers of my tail, and those you may have if you can get them;" a legend which seems intended to place their most dreaded enemy in a ridiculous light.' The water snakes swimming on the surface of the sea in Manila Bay are as curious as unpleasant. They are nearly all venomous, and have an evil habit of climbing into ships by the chains, and twining themselves round the legs of cabin passengers. The part of the work which relates to China is interesting. The author clears up much misconception in relation to the opium traffic, and shows that confirmed opium-eating is not so extensive or so destructive as hard-drinking in England. He partook of tea which cost ten guineas a pound, but he was not able to detect any superiority of flavour to account

* 'Rambles of a Naturalist on the Shores and Waters of the Chinese Sea: being Observations in Natural History during a Voyage to China, Formosa, Borneo, Singapore, etc., made in Her Majesty's vessels in 1866 and 1867.' By Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B. Murray.

for this superiority of price. Dr. Collingwood remarks on the beauty of the tropical midnight skies,—the Southern Cross, and the Magellanic Clouds, the wonderful nebula in Argo, and their accompanying clusters; but holds that our Northern sky is nothing inferior to the Southern, so far as regards richness in constellations. He gives a remarkable case of 'moon-blindness,' which lasted till next moon, which curiously illustrates the words 'the sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the moon by night.' In an animated description, he does full justice to that intense animation which always pervades the Canton river. His description of the moral life of the Chinese is to the last degree sad and depressing, and is to be set over against the favourable and much too highly-coloured accounts of other travellers. Even in Hong Kong, more European than Oriental, life is insecure in the broad noon-day, and hardly the smallest value is attached to human life throughout the country. Dr. Collingwood's zeal for knowledge does not seem to have persuaded him to partake of the national viands of dead rat and dog. His account of the Overland Route, and of his touching at St. Helena and Ascension, on the way home, though interesting, are too well-worn topics to need discussion.

Another work, with considerable pretensions to the title of scientific travel, is Mr. Boyle's '*Ride Across a Continent*.*' His object was to investigate the antiquities of Nicaragua, which he has done in a manner sufficiently satisfactory, but his sketches of scenery and contemporary manners will be more popular reading. He states in a note that many boys are sent from Nicaragua to be educated in England, at Stoneyhurst, which is so crowded with foreign boys as to have nothing English about it, except the locality. Mr. Boyle has a specialty for snakes and alligators, and these unpleasant animals really

make very pleasant reading. He gives an account of that rarest of reptiles, the colebra de sangre, or 'blood-snake.' The bite, in ten minutes' time, produces a sweat of blood. The entire blood of the person bitten exudes through the pores, and death comes in half an hour at the longest. On the other hand, the bite of the corale solidifies the blood. Mr. Boyle amusingly describes the cannibal fishes who harmlessly nibble at all comers.

His travelling experiences fill us with a sensation of envy. We can well understand the case of a quiet country clergyman, a few years ago, who after reading such descriptions set off for a tropical country in order to realize them, and then came home again. For instance: 'We left the forest region for a time, and entered the loveliest stretch of the "flower-prairie" that the fancy of man could conceive. Here and there was a great tree, standing by itself or in company with one or two others, and looking as if planted by man's hand. On every side of us, underfoot, overhead, and on either hand, were piles and stacks of blossom. They were heaped up as I never saw them before or since. Solid masses of leaf and flower, twisted and twined, of a hundred different species and colours, stood up twenty feet high all round, leaving smooth green alleys of grass between by which we rode along. All the conservatories of England could not have supplied such wild extravagancies of flowers, nor all the landscape gardeners in the world such dreamy order of confusion.' Mr. Boyle believes that the Anglo-American blood and the Spanish blood cannot subsist together on the same continent, and truly says that it requires no prophet to say which must 'go under.' He states, and we are glad to welcome the statement from one of Mr. Boyle's accuracy of information, that the Englishman, both collectively and individually, is almost sympathetic with the American of the States. The discovery of the cinerary urns and other antiquities is full of interest for the *savant*. Mr. Boyle believes that Central America will yet reveal the

* '*A Ride Across a Continent: a Personal Narrative of Wanderings through Nicaragua and Costa Rica.*' By Frederick Boyle, F.R.G.S. Bentley.

most astounding discoveries to the antiquary; that there are dead cities concealed in unvisited regions, of far greater size and splendour than any yet known. Even now at times the startled traveller is brought face to face with sculptures of colossal boldness. Mr. Boyle has also some interesting allusions to the strange and indomitable race of the Guatusos, or White Indians, of the Rio Frio, of whom marvellous tales are told, and believes that they are probably descended from English buccaneers.

Mr. Chapman's prodigious volumes* remind us of an expression of Coleridge's on a verbose work, 'Sir, they are a continent of mud.' We have no right to call the work muddy, but there is something truly continental about its dimensions. The taste for travel at the present time runs very strongly in an African direction. We need hardly say, in reference to Abyssinian travel, that Mr. Murray's new edition of Mr. Mansfield Parkins' travels is the very best of the set, and can hardly be exceeded by Mr. Plowden's, or Mr. Stern's work, and that the papers read at the Royal Geographical Society are of a highly scientific character. Mr. Chapman's work is of a thoroughly genuine character. He himself is not in England, but, like Mr. Boffin, he keeps a literary man, who 'edits' him. The literary man, by his system of excision or non-excision, has spared the author's feelings rather than the reader's, and we never met a work which depended more on intrinsic merit than on any charm of composition. Mr. Chapman went out to get ivory, and although he procured a prodigious quantity, he seems to have been very hardly remunerated for his trouble and expenditure. The chief interest of the work belongs to the account of the large game. Mr. Chapman knew a man who killed fifteen lions in a single night. He knew another who could reckon up his thousand slain elephants.

* 'Travels in the Interior of South Africa; comprising Fifteen Years' Hunting and Trading.' By James Chapman, F.R.G.S. Bell & Daldy, and Edward Stanford.

The exploits of Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard are nothing to this. He says that ten tolerable marksmen, with rifles, could support an army of 1,000 men across any part of Africa where guns are not in general use. We wonder if Sir Robert Napier would endorse this statement. It seems that since Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami in 1849 it has been frequented by a crowd of traders, many of whom would secure a thousand pounds' worth of ivory for two hundred of goods. The natives can now drive a very good bargain for themselves, and haggle after the most approved European fashion. In another respect the Bushman approximates to a custom which is very frequent in civilized life. We are told that 'for the father-in-law, a young man always entertains a high regard, but after marriage he shuns his mother-in-law, never perhaps speaking to her again for the whole of his life.' Mr. Chapman confidently states a fact, which it would be quite worth while to establish, if possible; namely, that the oil of the black shark—the man-eating shark—is as good, if not better, than cod-liver oil. They are common enough. Mr. Chapman speared twenty-two in a quarter of an hour, and upwards of two hundred gallons of oil can be obtained from a single fish. He speaks strongly in favour of Gordon Cumming, whose narrative was much discredited when it first appeared. The natives, called Namaquas, are fond of strong drink beyond all records that have been preserved of that propensity. When they cannot get spirits they will manufacture a tea out of pepper, and even drink colodion out of the chemical box.

Mr. Chapman's strong conviction is that the establishment of a line of commercial stations across Southern Africa from sea to sea would be fraught with the most important social and commercial results. If the information brought by the German traveller, Herr Maunch, turns out to be correct, that there are goldfields, more extensive than those in California and Australia, in the neighbourhood of the Zambesi,

there will be a migratory influx far vaster and more rapid than can be produced by any ordinary traffic. Herr Maunch is traversing Africa from Natal to the Mediterranean at the instance of the Geographical Society of Gotha. It is to be regretted that so little information is generally possessed in England of the progress of geographical investigation made under the auspices of foreign governments and learned societies. Mr. Chapman imparts a semi-scientific character to his book by a large appendix on the animals of Intertropical South Africa. We observe that Mr. Chapman, in a frank and unbiassed way, bears strong and constant testimony in favour of the missionaries, which must be set against some of the grudging statements of some members of the Anthropological Society. He mentions one important matter in which he dissents from the missionaries, that of polygamy. Bishop Colenso, if we remember aright, has also issued a publication holding the same views as Mr. Chapman. The missionaries tell the savages that they must put away their wives if they wish to be admitted to the status of Christians. The savages urge that they will be guilty of cruelty and ill faith if they abandon their plighted wives; that they will be exposing them to poverty and evil, and they talk about the polygamy of Abraham and David. There is a well-known story of a barbarian who, being told that he must put away his wives, solved the theological difficulty by eating them all except his favourite. We almost think the missionaries might condescend to this weakness of polygamy at the outset, trusting to the growth of principle eventually to exterminate the custom.

THE CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

If you make up your mind to be a fashionable physician, and really intend to aim at the topmost boughs of the profession, the first point to settle is whether you mean to live north or south of Oxford Street. I do not say that commanding ability will not win its way in Queen Anne Street or Henrietta Street, but it is a medical axiom that you ought to

be as near as you can to Grosvenor Square. How sweet are those earliest guineas which the commencing physician takes! I have known the good fellows who will write you a cheque, almost to any amount, for some cause dear to their heart, but who would absolutely refuse on any terms to part with one of those particular guineas. How exultingly they gloat over the little pyramid that rises, oh! so very slowly, perhaps under a glass cover or in some cherished receptacle. Those first thirty or forty guineas are destined, believe me, to no petty or vulgar use. They will be set aside for some sacred purpose. They are meant for some substantial present to father and mother, for a watch for a sister or a future bride, or perhaps for the wedding ring and the wedding tour. How pleasant it is to lounge away mornings with such men, brimful with science and wit and health and hope—men who must stay at home that they may not lose the chance of a patient, and yet with not much danger that they will suffer from that happiest of interruptions. And when they are so gloriously interrupted there is perhaps a little pardonable affectation of delay in order to convey the impression that they are very much engaged and winning their way to eminence at a tremendous rate. Yet they will own to me that their progress is very slow without being very sure, and will sigh for the distant sound of that river of guineas which will rapidly overflow the little drawer, and will have to be carried off once a week to Coutts's. They sometimes forget that now is their happy prime and glorious period of leisure, with the very best opportunity for study and experiment, not to mention that now is the time when they can get up little dinner-parties at Greenwich, and frequent their clubs, and have stalls at the Opera, and take a long holiday on the Continent. *O fortunati nimium boni sui norint.*

But, as Thackeray says, 'wait till you come to forty year.' Fifteen years have passed away, so interminable in the prospect, so rapid in retrospect, and my whilom friend, who when he began to practise had

so much of the rich, wild aroma of medical-student life about him, and groaned over his enforced leisure, and who made a pantomimic gesture of delight as he added another guinea to the magic store, is now a consulting physician of high repute. I go to call on Smith. I call him Smith because long experience of the world has shown me that the Smiths are a much more acute and able set of men than the Brownes, Joneses, and Robinsons. I find out afterwards what a very busy man Smith is. He goes to bed late, and yet he has to get up early to write. I wonder whether he ever does anything at poetry, or takes a turn at that contemplated domestic drama which was to appear at the Olympic. No! Smith has business of the most serious possible kind, which will tax all his powers to the utmost. He is a really worthy man, a man of high scientific character, which will perhaps stand still higher on a future day; not a heartless quack of the St. John Long kind, nor any fashionable humbug wafted into eminence by the caprice of the hour. He will have to write for hours before breakfast; letters to provincial practitioners who have sent him patients; letters to old patients who have written to him for fresh instructions; letters to unknown correspondents who are resorting to him through the imperfect medium of the post. Then till lunch-time he has to wait for the consulting patients, and then till dinner-time he has to drive out and make his calls, and after dinner he can never call his time his own, for he may have to attend some urgent case or unexpectedly be summoned into the country, and even in the midst of hard-earned repose the night-bell may suddenly sound its alarm. In the midst of such cares there is the racking feeling that, humanly speaking, the issues of life and death are depending upon him. One of those unaccountable oversights which sometimes happen to the most wary and a life may be sacrificed; a sudden, happy thought and a remedy may be chosen which will act with the charm of a specific. 'And let me tell you, my dear fellow,' said Smith, 'that this kind of fluke or

inspiration does sometimes happen to a fellow. There was a poor lady whom I used to attend who suffered from a frightful pain entirely out of our reach, a kind of case which probably had no precise parallel in England at the time; and suddenly one day a thought came into my mind that a particular medicine, whose action I could not even explain to myself, would act in her case like a specific, and by Jove! sir, so it did.' For my own part I wonder that medical men are not a wild and haggard set, instead of being, as a rule, so exceedingly composed and urbane. I must say to Smith's credit that he certainly looks rather haggard, and his brilliant laugh, which was once an illustrious institution, is now quite gone, and he now smiles seldom and smiles rather sadly.

About noon I call at Smith's house. A most decorous servant in black, with an extraordinary command of facial muscles that enables him to assume an expression of gentle condolence, ushers me into the waiting-room, which is marked off by a folding-door from the consulting-room. There are about a dozen persons waiting. One or two of them are dead men, that is, positive incurables. Others are dead men in a much milder sense, in the sense that they will bring no profit to Dr. Smith. One is an author making his thousand a year, but though well able to pay, Dr. Smith will follow the wholesome rule of not taking a fee from a literary man. There is no similar rule in the case of that hard-worked curate, but nevertheless Dr. Smith will take no fee from him. Neither in the case of that hectic, consumptive-looking girl, of the governess class, will any fee be taken. A mere fee has ceased to be a matter of importance or even of interest to Dr. Smith. Of course the aggregate of fees is enormously important to him, but a single fee, or a few fees more or less, will be of a very slender consideration to him. In the case of the incurables I have mentioned, let it not be thought that their visit to the consulting physician will be of no avail, for he will assure them all the arts and appliances by which

distressing symptoms may be modified and life be rendered more tolerable and prolonged. Now this large waiting-room is of a heavy kind, in a heavy street, and with heavy furniture. The scarlet cover of the last number of 'London Society' strikes brilliantly through the gloom. Some of those who are waiting appear to be sad enough, but others are so cheerful and conversational that their ailments must be light indeed, or perhaps they are only attending on behalf of invalid friends. There is some little murmuring of discontent, for a man has been closeted with the doctor for the last three-quarters of an hour. His case is a very complicated one, and the doctor will not be hurried in his diagnosis. Then one or two cases are disposed of with what appears to be incredible rapidity, but they are perfectly plain to the doctor, and the patients have the perfect confidence that they will get whatever time they really require.

Smith calls me in. As the folding-door opens, there is a slight murmur of dissatisfaction from a military man who has been waiting impatiently during all the time that the obscure case has been undergoing investigation.

'This is not a medical visit,' said Smith, in courteous explanation to the army man, 'and you shall not be detained five minutes.' Then Smith grasped me heartily by the hand. 'Up to the eyes in business, old fellow,' said he, 'but so very glad to see you! Rather different from the first three years, when all my guineas clubbed together hardly bought Lucy her watch.' Then came a lot of hurried questions. I rose to go, and I noted that Smith had an eye upon his watch all this time. 'We have only had three minutes,' said Smith, glancing at the hand, 'and there are two more to spare.' I had no idea that so much talking might be compressed into two minutes. 'But come and dine here to-night. Seven.'

I am there sharp at seven. I don't suppose that Smith is one of those unsatisfactory seven for eight sort of people. Mrs. Smith (or Bella Dale that was) receives me, and says her husband will be in

directly. So he is; rather anxious-looking and jaded. He is not altogether acclimatised to this sort of work, but that will come by-and-by. He caresses his children, and affectionately smooths his wife's hair. Now this is the most extraordinary thing of all. That afternoon Smith had been attending some desperate fever cases—typhus and scarlatina—and a case of small-pox. And yet his wife rejoices in that loving touch, and his children will not be restrained from his caresses. I wonder if Lucy Smith feels quite comfortable. I wonder if Smith himself does. Smith afterwards owns to me that at times he feels a little uneasy; but he takes every precaution, and knows that he is doing his duty; he trusts to Providence, and keeps his powder dry. I am the first to arrive; but Mrs. Smith tells me that they have a few friends. 'We often have a few friends,' said Lucy; 'he says that a pleasant little dinner-party freshens him up, and is a most enjoyable part of the day.'

We go down to dinner. It is laid in the large dining-room where I saw all the visitors that morning. That heavy room is transformed into a blaze of light and splendour. How odd and grim is life, so hard and violent in its ever-recurring contrasts! *Exit* a crew of spectres, and *enter* a crew of revellers! There, in that part of the room where the hectic governess sat, is a beautiful young creature in high health, and with a glowing expression of happiness. As she raises her glass of champagne to her lips, she is a fairy embodiment of the health and prosperity of this world. There is the great Sir Ralston Taylor. He was the great Court physician once, with an enormous practice, but his day is almost over now, and he is heartily glad that such should be the case. He is a fine example of what judicious self-preservation will accomplish. If people only understood the art of self-preservation, there would be no need to consult physicians. There is also a very rising surgeon present, who has recently gained immortal glory by inventing the most horrible kind of operation which it could ever enter into the

human mind to conceive. Sir Ralston tells us one of his Court anecdotes. 'One day,' he says, 'I was driving with King George IV. into the country, and we passed a fine-looking mansion, with a neat lodge and trim gardens. There was something odd and indefinable about the mansion. "Taylor," said the King, "that is the very place for a mad asylum." And would you believe it,' added Sir Ralston, 'I found upon inquiry that it *was* a mad asylum!'

The anecdote was mild; but we like Sir Ralston's Court stories, especially one that does honour to the royal discernment. Then the great surgeon told a story about Abernethy. It is very odd, but did you ever spend an evening with a set of medical men without hearing a story about Abernethy? I almost think I can defy you to say you have. It shows that he was a great and good man; and also what remarkable force of character he possessed, that he has so permanently taken possession of the medical mind. I asked Smith about the army man, the consideration of whose case I had for a few minutes retarded that morning. 'A case of approximate *del. trem.*,' Smith explains. 'Knocked him off to a pint-bottle of bitter beer, and two glasses of sherry *per diem*. A man of clubs and messes; always in a state of brandy and soda: begins to hear noises and see serpents. Told him to go down into the country and see his old father.' I ask Smith, rather seriously, whether he will come right again by-and-by. Smith thinks that the chances are about five hundred to one against him. 'A man like that has got no bones in his character,' explains Smith. 'Soddened and sottish, he has sapped all powers of mind and strength of resolution. He will pick up for a few months, perhaps, but in reality he was the saddest of all the cases I had this morning, and some of them were very distressing.'

I have had several talks with Smith since about the people who consult him. They are not all sad cases. It is a savage satisfaction to him, he says, when people come to him whose real error is over-eating

and over-drinking, to act in accordance with Abernethy's savage prescription, although he is obliged to use a more conciliatory mode. So also he is pleased to pay a daily visit to a certain rich old dowager. She is not ill, and she hardly thinks she is ill; but she cannot forego the satisfaction of a daily chat with her doctor, to whom she punctually hands a brace of guineas. This is not so bad as what the 'Saturday Review' mentioned the other day, of a physician taking his fifteen guineas for each such visit. Then again, there are some hypochondriacs who are not really ill, but make themselves just as wretched as if they were. Then again, there are some gentle chronic cases, of an interesting and even *quasi-poetical* nature, and who would almost be loath to lose the ailments which confer so many privileges. They are something like the old gentleman who, having a long painless illness, declared that he had never been truly happy and comfortable till then, and announced his intention of keeping his bed or his room for the rest of his life. There are many graver cases, on which I do not care to dwell. Mr. Warren, in his 'Diary of a Late Physician,' says there are cases so horrible, that the man who hears of them might almost fall on his knees and pray that he might forget. Once I thought that this was an exaggeration, but I hardly think so now.

DIARY NOTES.

The great political event of late was unquestionably the Irish debate. This particular Irish question, which after dismembering cabinets and upsetting the country had quietly gone asleep for a whole generation, is now once more awakening into fierce life. It is a question exceedingly well calculated to popularize the study of politics, in the higher meaning of that much-abused term. Many persons also to whom mere politics would not be attractive, will be attracted by the historical and semi-religious interest belonging to this subject. Mr. Gladstone's course will be productive of many advantages. It has simplified matters.

It has cleared the decks for action. It has raised a sharp, intelligible issue for the hustings. It has reduced into form the chaotic masses of party. It has turned the 'rabble' into a trained militia. It has reconciled the Liberal party and their illustrious leader on the basis of a common object and a comprehensive policy. It will also show the Conservative party that conservatism, and not the out-liberalising the Liberals is, after all, their most important political function, and I imagine that many observers among those who try to look far into the future will discern that this will be their chief work for many years to come.

Here is the tocsin clearly sounded for the general election. That election will probably not change the aspect of the House of Commons to a greater extent than was the case at the last general election, just before Lord Palmerston's death, when the changes were really very considerable. It will be a long time before King Demos will clearly recognize all the royalty that has been thrust upon him. In the mean time we hope to soothe him and regulate him and educate him and soften his manners, nor suffer him to become brutal. But when he finds his strength he will use it, and when he gets into a certain groove it will be difficult to resist him. I do not here argue out this vexed question of the Irish church. But its abolition will be the sliding on to a new groove, an unchaining of forces which will continue their energetic work. As soon as the cry that the church in Ireland is the church of a minority has done its work, we shall have the cry that in England the church is the church of a minority. Perhaps the church can better do without the state than the state without the church. The union of church and state exists not that the church may become political, but that the state may become religious. The ultimate tendencies of things point to a conflict not only, as in times past, against a hereditary chamber and a hereditary crown, but against capital, skilled labour, and more important things still. The Conservative party

has got their work marked out for them through the next generation.

One is very glad to find two opera-houses open, after all, this season. Mr. Gye has for years acted so admirably in every respect that, for his own sake, we should have been glad if a transfer of his property to Mr. Mapleson's company could have been effected. After so many years' active work it is only natural that he should desire to retire, and whenever Mr. Gye does retire, he may be sure that he carries with him the warmest wishes from all sorts of friends. One will in vain scan his programme for the season to discover any sign of weakness. The arrangements are as promising, and no doubt will be as perfect, as they have ever been. Whatever may be our private feeling for Mr. Gye, in the public interest we are glad that we have the wholesome competition of two opera-houses. Mr. Mapleson deserves, and will be assured of all possible sympathy and support, and under his auspices once more the glories of old Drury may revive.

I have been glancing through Mr. Disraeli's novel, 'The Young Duke.' Mr. Disraeli created a duke in fiction once, but now, if he likes, he can create one in reality. It is full of affectation and absurdity, but the writing is always brilliant, and the vitality displayed is enormous. *Query*—Was Mr. Disraeli the author of the suppressed novel, 'Almack's?' In his preface of 1853 Mr. Disraeli calls it an 'attempt to portray the fleeting manners of a somewhat frivolous age,' and if the transcript is faithful, it will not be without a fragmentary portion of historic value. Manners are indeed fleeting, for even in this novel there is something old-fashioned and even archaic. I have marked a passage, where I find Mr. Disraeli moralizing thus: 'I am one, though young, yet old enough to know Ambition is a demon, and I fly from what I fear. And Fame has eagle wings, yet she mounts not so high as man's desires. When all is gained how little then is won! And yet to gain that little how much is lost!'

'BONES AND I;' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUS IN URBE.

'*Roma Tibur Anio, ventosus, Tibur Roman!*' quoth the Latin satirist, ridiculing his own foibles, like his neighbour's, with the laughing, half-indulgent banter that makes him the pleasantest, the chattiest, and the most companionable of classic writers. How he loved the cool retirement of his Sabine home, its grassy glades, its hanging woodlands, its fragrant breezes wandering and whispering through those summer slopes, rich in the countless allurements of a landscape that—

'Like Albunea's echoing fountain,
All my inmost heart hath ta'en;
Give me Anio's headlong torrent,
And Tiburnus' grove and hills,
And its orchards sparkling dewy,
With a thousand wimpling rills,'

as Theodore Martin translates his Horace, or thus, according to Lord Ravensworth—

'Like fair Albunea's eybil-haunted hall,
By rocky Anio's echoing waterfall,
And Tibur's orchards and high-hanging wood,
Reflected graceful in the whirling flood.'

His lordship, you observe, who can himself write Latin lyrics as though he had drunk with Augustus, and capped verses with Ovid, makes the second syllable of Albunea long; and a very diffuse argument might be held on this disputed quantity. Compare these with the original, and say which you like best—

'*Quam domus Albunea resonante,
Et preceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivi.*'

By the way, nobody who has not endeavoured to render Latin poetry into English can appreciate the vigour and terseness of the older language. Here are six lines in the one version and four in the other. required to translate three of the original, perhaps without producing

after all so full a meaning or so complete a picture.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding his poetical predilections for the country, Horace, like many other people, seems of his two homes to have always preferred the one at which he was *not*. An unhappy prejudice little calculated to enhance the comfort and content of daily life.

Had he settled anywhere in the neighbourhood of our hermitage here, he need not have accused himself of this fickle longing, which he denounces by the somewhat ludicrous epithet of 'ventose.' He might have combined the advantages of town and country, alternating the solitude of the desert with the society of his fellow-men, blowing the smoke out of his lungs while inhaling the fresh breezes off the Serpentine, stretching his own limbs and his horses' by walks and rides round Battersea, Victoria, and Hyde Parks.

If you look for *rus in urbe*, where will you find it in such perfection as within a mile of the Wellington Statue in almost any direction you please to take? If you choose to saunter on a hot June day towards the Ranger's Lodge, or the powder magazine, I could show you a spot from which I defy you to see houses, spires, gas-towers, or chimneys, anything, indeed, but green grass and blue sky, and towering elms motionless, in black massive shade, or quivering in golden gleams of light. A spot where you might lie and dream of nymph and faun, woodgod and satyr, Daphne pursued by Phœbus, Actæon flying before Diana, of Pan and Syrinx and Echo, and all the rustic joys of peaceful Arcady—or of elves and brownies, fair princesses and cruel

monsters, Launcelot, Mordred, and Caradac, Sir Gawain the courteous with his 'lothely ladye,' the compromising cup, the misfitting mantle, all the bright pageantry, quaint device, and deep tender romance that groups itself round good King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table, or of Thomas the Rhymer as he lay at length under the 'linden tree,' and espied, riding towards him on a milk-white palfrey, a dame so beautiful, that he could not but believe she was the mother of his lord, till undeceived by her own confession, he won from her the fatal gift of an unearthly love. And here, perhaps, you branch off into some more recent vision, some dream of an elfin queen of your own, who also showed you the path to heaven, and gave you an insight into the ways of purgatory, ere she beckoned you down the road to Fairyland, that leads—ah! who knows where? From this sequestered nook you need not walk a bow-shot to arrive at the sea-board of the Serpentine; and here, should there be a breath of air, if you have any taste for yachting, you may indulge it to your heart's content. The glittering water is dotted with craft of every rig and, under a certain standard, of almost every size. Yawls, cutters, schooners, barques, brigs, with here and there a three-masted ship. On a wind and off a wind, close-hauled and free, rolling, pitching, going about, occasionally missing stays, and only to be extricated from the 'doldrums' by a blundering, over-eager water-dog; the mimic fleet on its mimic ocean carries out its illusion so completely that you can almost fancy the air off the water feels damp to your forehead and tastes salt upon your lips.

An ancient mariner who frequents the beach below the boat-house feels, I am convinced, thoroughly persuaded that his occupation is strictly professional, that he is himself a necessity, not of amusement, but business. He will tell you that when the wind veers round like that, 'suddenways, off Kensington Gardens, you may look out for squalls;' that 'last Toosday

was an awful wild night, and some on 'em broke from their moorings, afore he could turn out. The "Bellerophon," bless ye, was as nigh lost as could be, and that there "Water Lily," the sweetest thing as ever swam—she sprang her boom, damaged her bowsprit, and broke her nose. He was refitting all Wen'sday, he was, up to two o'clock, and a precious job he had!'

Every one who constantly 'takes his walks abroad,' in the Great City, becomes a philosopher in spite of himself, of the Peripatetic School, no doubt, but still a philosopher; so you sympathise mildly with the mariner's troubles; for to you no human interests are either great or small, nor does one pursuit nor person bore you more than another. You hazard an opinion, therefore, that the 'Water Lily' is somewhat too delicate and fragile a craft to encounter boisterous weather, even on such an inland sea as this, and find, to your dismay, that so innocent an observation stamps you in his opinion as not only ignorant, but presumptuous. He considers her both 'wholesome,' as he calls it, and 'weatherly,' urging on you many considerations of seaworthiness, such as her false keel, her bulwarks, her breadth of beam, and general calibre. 'Why, she's seven-and-twenty,' says he, rolling a peppermint lozenge round his tongue, just as a real seaman turns a quid; 'now look at the "Sea-sarpen't" lying away to the eastward yonder, just beyond the point where the gravel's been washed adrift. She's fifty-two, she is, but I wouldn't trust her, not in lumpy water, you know, like the schooner. No. If I was a building of one now, what I call, for all work and all weathers, thirty would be my mark, or from that to thirty-five at the outside!'

'Thirty-five what? Tons?' you ask, a little abashed and feeling you have committed yourself.

'Tons!' he repeats, in a tone of intense disgust—'tons be blowed! h'inches! I should have thought any landsman might ha' knowned that—h'inches!' and lurching sulkily into his cabin under the willow-tree, disappears to be seen no more.

Later, when September has begun to tinge the topmost twigs with gold, and autumn, like a beautiful woman, then indeed, at her loveliest, who is just upon the wane, dresses in her deepest colours, and her richest garments, go roaming about in Kensington Gardens, and say whether you might not fancy yourself a hundred miles from any such evidences of civilization as a pillar-post or a cab-stand.

It was but the other day, I sauntered through the grove that stands nearest the Uxbridge Road, and while an afternoon mist limited my range of vision and deadened the sounds of traffic on my ears, I could hardly persuade myself that in less than five minutes I might if I liked make the thirteenth in an omnibus.

Alone? you ask—of course I was. Yet, stay, not quite alone, for with me walked the shadow, that, when we have learned to prefer solitude to society, accompanies us in all our wanderings, teaching us, I humbly hope, the inevitable lesson, permanent and precious in proportion to the pain with which the poor scholar gets his task by heart.

Well—I give you my word, the endless stems, the noiseless solitude, the circumscribed horizon reminded me of those forest ranges in North America that stretch interminable from the waters of the St. Ann's and the Batsicon, to the wild waves breaking dark and sullen on the desert sea-board of Labrador.

I am not joking. I declare to you I was once more in mocassins, blanket-coat, and *bonnet-rouge*, with an axe in my belt, a pack on my shoulders, and a rifle in my hand, following the track of the *trebrogons** on snow-shoes, in company with Thomas, the French Canadian, and François, the Half-breed, and the Huron Chief with a name I could never pronounce, that neither I, nor any man alive can spell. Ah! it was a merry life we led on those moose-hunting expeditions, in spite of hard work, hard fare, and, on occasion, more than a sufficiency of

the discomfort our retainers called expressively *misère*. There was a strange charm in the marches through those silent forests, across those frozen lakes, all clothed alike in their winter robe of white and diamonds. There was a bold, free, joyous comfort in the hole we dug through a yard and a half of snow, wherein to build our fire, boil our kettle, fry our pork (it is no use talking of such things to you, but I was going to say, never forget a frying-pan on these expeditions; it is worth all the kitchen-ranges in Belgravia), to smoke our tobacco, ay, and to take our rest.

There was something of sweet adventurous romance in waking at midnight to see the stars flash like brilliants through the snow-encrusted branches overhead, wondering vaguely where and why and what were all those countless worlds of flame. Perhaps to turn round again and dream of starry eyes in the settlements, then closed in sleep, or winking drowsily at a night-light, while the pretty watcher pondered, not unmindful of ourselves, pitying us, it may be, couching here in the bush and thinking in her ignorance how cold we were!

Then when we reached our hunting-ground and came up with our game at last, though truth to tell, the sport as sport was poor enough, there was yet a wild delightful triumph in overtaking and slaying a gigantic animal that had never seen the face of man. The chase was exciting, invigorating, bracing; the idea grand, heroic, Scandinavian.

'An elk came out of the pine-forest;

He snuffed up east, he snuffed up west,

Stealthy and still;

His mane and his horns were shaggy with snow,

I laid my arrow across my bow,

Stealthily and still;

The bow-string rattled—the arrow flew,
And it pierced his blade-bone through and through,

Hurrah!

I sprang at his throat like a wolf of the wood,
And I dipped my hands in the smoking blood,
Hurrah!

Kingsley had not written '*Hypatia*' then. Kingsley never went moose-hunting in his life. How could he so vividly describe the gait and bearing of a forest-elk stalking warily,

* A narrow board, on which provisions, &c., are packed, to be dragged through the woods on these expeditions in the snow.

doubtfully, yet with a kingly pride through his wintry haunts? Probably from the instinctive sense of fitness, the intuition peculiar to poets, that enabled him to feel alike with a fierce Goth sheltering in his snow-trench, and a soft, seductive southern beauty, languishing, lovely and beloved, in spite of dangerous impulses and tarnished fame, in spite of wilful heart, reckless self-abandonment, woman weakness, and the fatal saffron shawl.

I tell you that I could not have been more completely alone in Robinson Crusoe’s island than I found myself here within a rifle-shot of Kensington Palace, during a twenty minutes’ walk, to and fro, up and down, threading the stems of those tall, metropolitan trees; nor when my solitude was at last disturbed could I find it in me to grudge the intruders their share of my retreat. More especially as they were themselves thoroughly unconscionable of everything but their own companionship, sauntering on, side by side, with murmured words, and loving looks, and steps that dwelt and lingered on the path, because that impossible roses seemed springing into bloom beneath their very feet, and that for them Kensington Gardens were indeed as the gardens of Paradise.

I knew right well for *me* the mist was gathering round, ghostly and damp and chill. It struck through my garments, it crept about my heart, but for these, thank God! the sky was bright as a Midsummer noon. They were basking in the warmth and light of those gleams that come once or twice in a life-time to remind us of what we might be, to reproach us, perhaps, gently for what we are. They did not speak much, they laughed not at all. Their conversation seemed a little dull, trite, and commonplace, yet I doubt if either of them has forgotten a word of it yet. It was pleasant to observe how happy they were; and I am sure they thought it was to last for ever. Indeed, I wish it may!

But the reflections of a man on foot are to those of a man on horseback as the tortoise to the hare,

the mouse to the lion, tobacco to opium, chalk to cheese, prose to poetry.

‘As moonshine is to sunshine, and as water is to wine.’

Get into the saddle, leap on a thoroughbred horse if you have got one. Never mind his spoiling you for every other animal of meaner race, and come for a ‘spin’ up the Ride from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Gate, careful only to steady him sufficiently for the safety of Her Majesty’s subjects, and the inquisition, not very rigorous, of the policemen on duty. For seven months in the year at least this is perhaps the only mile and a half in England over which you may gallop without remorse for battering legs and feet to pieces on the hard ground. Away you go, the breeze lifting your whiskers from the very roots (I forgot, you have no whiskers, nor indeed would such superfluities be in character with the severe style of your immortal beauty). Never mind, the faster you gallop the keener and cooler comes the air. Sit well down, just feel him on the curb, let him shake his pretty head and play with his bridle, sailing away with his hind legs under your stirrup-irons, free, yet collected, so that you could let him out at speed, or have him back in a canter within half a dozen strides; pat him lovingly just where the hair turns on his glossy neck like a knot in polished wood-work, and while he bends to meet the caress, and bounds to acknowledge it, tell me that dancing is the poetry of motion if you dare!

Should it not be the London season—and I am of opinion that the *rus in urbe* is more enjoyable to both of us at the ‘dead time of year’ than during the three fashionable months—do not, therefore, feel alarmed that you will have the ride to yourself, or that if you come to grief there will be nobody to pick you up! Here you will meet some Life-Guardsman ‘taking the nonsense’ out of a charger he hates; there some fair girl, trim of waist, blue of habit, and golden of *chignon*, giving her favourite ‘a breather,’ ready

and willing to acknowledge that she is happier, thus, speeding along in her side-saddle, than floating round a ball-room to Coote and Tinney's softest strains with the best waltzer in London for a partner.

But your horse has got his blood up, and you yourself feel that rising within, which reminds you of the merry youthful days, when everything in life was done, so to speak, at a gallop. You long to have a lark—you cannot settle down without a jump or two at least. You look wistfully at the single iron rail that guards the footway, but refrain: and herein you are wise. Nevertheless, you shall not be disappointed; you have but to jog quietly out of the Park, through Queen's Gate, turning thereafter to your right, and within a quarter of a mile you shall find what you require. Yes, in good truth, our *rus in urbe*, to be the more complete, is not without a little hunting-ground of its own. Mr. Blackman has laid out a snug enclosure, walled in on all sides and remote from observation, where man and horse may disport themselves with no more fear of being crowded and jostled than in Launde Woods or Rockingham Forest during the autumnal months. Here you will find every description of fence in miniature, neat and new and complete, like the furniture in a doll's baby-house—a little hedge, a little ditch, a little double, and a very little gate, cunningly constructed on mechanical principles so as to let you off easily should you tamper with its top bar, the whole admirably adapted to encourage a timid horse or steady a bold one.

All this is child's-play, no doubt—the merest child's play, compared with the real thing. Yet there is much in the association of ideas, and a round or two over this mimic country cannot but bring back to you the memory of the merriest, ay, and the *happiest*, if not the *sweetest* moments of your life. Mounted, with a good start, in a grass country, after a pack of foxhounds, there is no discord in the melody, no bitter in the cup—your keenest anxiety, the soundness of the

level water-meadow, your worst misgiving the strength of the farther rail, the width of the second ditch. The goddess of your worship bids your pulses leap and your blood thrill, but never makes your heart ache, and the thorns that hedge the roses of Diana can only pierce skin-deep.

Wasn't it glorious, though you rode much heavier then than you do now,—wasn't it glorious, I say, to view a gallant fox going straight away from Lilburne, Loatland Wood, Shankton Holt, John-o'-Gaunt, or any covert you please to name that lies in the heart of a good-scenting, fair-fenced, galloping country? Yourself, sheltered and unseen, what keen excitement to mark his stealing, easy action, gliding across the middle of the fields, nose, back, and brush, carried in what geometricians call a 'right' line, to lead you over what many people would call a 'serious' one! A chorus ringing from some twenty couple of tongues becomes suddenly mute, and the good horse beneath you trembles with delight while the hounds pour over the fence that bounds the covert, scattering like a conjuror's pack of cards, ere they converge in the form of an arrow, heads and sterns down, racing each other for a lead, and lengthening out from the sheer pace at which a burning scent enables them to drive along!

They have settled to it now. You may set to and ride without compunction or remorse. A dozen fields, as many fences, a friendly gate, and they have thrown their heads up in a lane. Half-a-score of sportsmen, one plastered with mud, and the huntsman, now come up; you feel conscious, though you know you are innocent, that *he* thinks you have been driving them! You remark, also, that there is more red than common in the men's faces and the horses' nostrils, both seem to be much excited and a little blown.

The check, however, is not of long duration. Fortunately, the hounds have taken the matter in hand for themselves, are the only person qualified to do so has had time

to interfere. *Rhapsody*, as he calls her, puts her nose down and goes off again at score. You scramble out of the lane, post-haste, narrowly escaping a fall. Your horse has caught his wind with that timely pull. He is going as bold as a lion, as easy as a bird, as steady as a rock. You seem to have grown together, and move like one creature to that long swinging stride, untiring and regular as clock-work. A line of grass is before you, a light east wind in your face, two years' condition and the best blood of Newmarket in his veins render you confident of your steed's enduring powers, while every field as he swoops over it, every fence as he throws it lightly behind him, convinces you more and more of his speed, mettle, and activity. What will you have? The pleasures of imagination, at least, are unlimited. Shall it be two-and-twenty minutes up wind and to ground as hard as they can go? Shall it be thirty-five without another check, crossing the best of the Vale, and indulging the good

horse with never a pull till you land in the field where old *Rhapsody* with flashing eyes and bristles all on end, runs into her quarry, rolling him over and herself with him, to be buried in the rush of her eager worrying followers? Would you prefer twelve miles from point to point, accomplished in an hour and a half, comprising every variety of country, every vicissitude of the chase, and ending only when the crows are hovering and swooping over a staunch, courageous, travel-wearied fox, holding on with failing strength but all-undaunted spirit for the forest that another mile would reach but that he is never to see again. You may take your choice. Holloa! he has disappeared!—he has taken refuge in his cupboard. Not even such a skeleton as mine can sustain the exorcism of so powerful a spell as fox-hunting! So be it! Who-whoop! Gone to ground? I think we will leave him there for the present. It is better not to dig him out!

MY LADY DISDAIN.

Waiting for her Carriage.

MY Lady Disdain, are you dreaming, forsooth,
Or of what are you thinking; the love and the truth
In the drama whose music still rings in your ears?
Of the *Lammermuir Bride*, of her terrors and tears?
Of the soul's young devotion, its joy and its pain?
'Pooh! fiddlestick's end,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Though a poem be nonsense, still see you no flaws
In a train like a peacock's and boots like his claws?
Though a chignon delights, might not something be said
Worth a hearing at least for the inside the head?
Such as told of the *Shield* and the tender *Elaine*?
'My shield's on my heart,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

My Lady Disdain, are you sure you are right?
Where those braids stray so soft, where that lace falls so light,
Underlies there no hint of the first silvered hair,
Which grows pale at the touch of the finger of care?
If around you young Hope should be winding a chain——
'I would snap it to atoms!' quoth Lady Disdain.

That poor younger son you betrayed with a smile?
Did you never relent; were you happy the while?
If your heart has gone wrong, has mistaken its track,
Looking straight into space will not bring it you back.
When he quits you that heart will be breaking again.
'I mean it to break,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

When he wooes in his youth some bright daughter of tears,
While you wither away in your passionless years,
Oh! what will your thought be when musing alone
O'er the wreck of your beauty thus worthless and flown?
When you count up the sum by the loss and the gain——
'What I gain I'll not lose,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

When you pass them both by on the luminous stair,
You with curl on your lip, she with curls in her hair
Unborrowed as beauty, as honour unsold,
Taking flowers for his heart-gifts and love for his gold;
And you waiting, and waiting, and waiting in vain——
'There's a coronet, see!' quoth my Lady Disdain.

My lord he may jilt you, or, granted you wed,
There are sighs to be gathered, hot tears to be shed;
Will he mingle his sighing, or weep with the eyes
Which but melted to rivet and chained him with lies?
Can the broken ring ever be soldered again?
'It will bind round a purse,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Glance behind you; yon pillar with symbols is rife,
There are serpents that creep up the pillar of life.
Down, down with your pride, let it roll in the dust,
From your lip turn the taunt, from your heart raze the rust;
With one wrench break the coils of the serpent in twain!——
'Did you speak?' rejoined coolly my Lady Disdain.

Are you really so hard? Is there nothing will move
Your body to meekness, your spirit to love?
When you sing is there really no *larmes dans le voix*,
When your eyes glare so bright is it all *feu de joie*?
Ah! you smile; like a child you are playing again——
'At "catch as catch can,"' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Now heaven grant me patience! Your once heart is gone;
Your smiles are a mockery and soul you have none.
Who will linger beside you when age shall draw near,
Who will smooth your lone pillow or dry your last tear?
Who befriend you, I ask you again and again?
'I don't care a rush!' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Beware, oh! beware of so reckless a phrase,
On your face as you speak it I shrink while I gazo.
Such a mood of defiance with peril is fraught;
'Don't Care' once got hanged, so our children are taught.
'If "Don't Care" was hanged, silly prude, it is plain
They can't hang him again,' quoth my Lady Disdain.





Drawn by Isaac L. Brown.]

OPERA SKETCHES:

WAITING FOR HER CARRIAGE.

[See 'My Lady Darnley']

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MY FIRST FLIRTATION.

THE morning sun shone brightly one July day, 1861, as I turned into St. James's Street, dressed in summery garb, and smoking a cigarette through my nose. The heat that morning was tropical. The crossing-sweeper abandoned his post and betook himself to a shady doorway. The cabmen on the rank read penny papers inside their respective vehicles, whilst the sun blistered the roofs above them. The enjoyment of the bibulous beggars at the pump, who took it in turns to be pumped for, smote one with envy on that thirsty morning. Vague yearnings after an iced Soda and B., a pipe of mild tobacco, or other light dissipation suited to the state of the thermometer and the lassitude of my system, caused me to stop languidly at a set of chambers for gentlemen. The first floor was occupied by a man named Osborne, with whom I was then very intimate. I found my friend and another man at breakfast, and after refreshing myself with some strawberries and a cool draught of seltzer and brandy, I threw myself into a comfortable chair by the open window, and began studying with a sapient air what I would have given worlds at that time to have understood, 'Bell's Life.'

I was at the time I am speaking of a shy, awkward, homebred youngster of nineteen, with a round, youthful face, whiskerless cheeks, and nervous temperament. Osborne was a cool, polished man of the world, eight years my senior, pale, with regular features, thin, sarcastic lips, cold grey eyes, and fair, colourless hair. How I envied him his taste in dress, his composed, quiet manner, his skill at billiards, and his success with women! But with all my admiration and intimacy, I rather disliked the man than otherwise. I felt a dim, disagreeable consciousness that I served principally as a butt and sport to my dear friend, and knew that he considered and generally spoke of me as 'a mannerless young

cub, who wanted a deuced deal of licking into shape.'

The man who was breakfasting with him was also my senior. He had a plain, meaningless face, long red whiskers, a falsetto laugh, and possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. His name was Anderson, and he played the concertina. I never knew what he was, or where he lived, but remember, the first time we met, his requesting of me, with a pleasant laugh, the temporary loan of half a sovereign. My future experience of the gentleman proved him to be capable of repeating the request any number of times without being struck with the monotony of a proceeding he never attempted to vary by any allusion to repayment. He was devoted to his rich friend Osborne, who found in him a willing and useful toady.

'Like a smoke, Master Charlie?' said Osborne, offering me a large, highly-flavoured cigar from his case. I received and smelt the priceless weed with the rapturous air of a connoisseur. (Lord! how faint and sick those strong cigars used to make me!) Having lighted it, I began the perusal of a 'Mill' in 'Bell's Life,' and soon was as intensely miserable as my worst enemy could have desired. Mill and smoke becoming at last too strong for me, I closed my eyes and listened vacantly to my friends' conversation.

'But we had better settle now,' Osborne was saying, 'what time we are to go to that place to-night.' Here there was a pause, during which they each beat a tattoo on the carpet and stared at each other. Osborne at length rose, and bending over his friend, whispered some suggestions which appeared to be fraught with much interest. Whatever they were, they were cordially agreed to, and carried amid much laughter from Anderson, who put on the falsetto stop, and beat Osborne hollow in the high notes. Their enjoyment of the subject

before them made them talk louder and with more animation, and thus, without wishing to divine the subject of their mirth, the following broken sentences fell upon my ear, as I half-dozed in my chair.

Anderson. 'But will *she* appear on the scene at all?'

Osborne. 'Good heavens, man! no chance of it. But don't mention her, for I can't stand it. I only promised to go there once a-year, and choose this affair for my annual visit, because I have a coward's shrinking from speaking to or even seeing. . . . ' here his voice trembled and dropped to a whisper too low for me to hear.

Anderson. 'All right, my boy—we can then have our little joke without fear of any mischance; it'll be capital fun—he's an awful fool, and, spite of his young airs, is frightened at his own shadow.'

'Deuced funny,' thought I to myself, 'particularly if I'm their awful fool, which I rather think I am;' and then I fell to wondering, gloomily, if Amandine paste and constant care would ever make my hands as white and shapely as were those of my dear, appreciative friend and model. Breakfast, pipes, drinks, and pleasant confidences being all ended, we rose, stretched, and yawned. Then, somewhat to my relief, Osborne told me he had an engagement which would occupy him all the afternoon, but hoped I would dine with him at his club the same evening, and afterwards go on with him to a very charming dance a little way out of town, where, to use his own words, 'I should meet a lot of deuced pretty girls, and perhaps pick up an heiress, old feller.' Having received my assent to what appeared to me a very agreeable arrangement, the two burst into a fit of unrestrainable merriment at the cut of my trousers and the youthful bloom of my complexion; then after poking a small volume of 'Chesterfield's Advice to his Son' into my pocket, and paying me a few sarcastic compliments on the glossiness of my hat and the growth of my whiskers, Osborne slapped me violently on the back, and allowed me

to depart, bruised in mind and body.

Of course, however, I dined with him at his club, and the night being warm, drank more champagne than my young head could well stand. A strong cigar, and a still stronger *chasse* finished me up, and when I jumped into my friend's brougham I felt most blissfully unconscious and unutterably idiotic. Half an hour's quick driving brought us to our destination, a large detached house brilliantly lighted up, standing in what appeared to be extensive garden and grounds. The lights and linkmen, the sounds of music, the glimpses I caught of seraphic beings floating airily in clouds of pink and blue vapour, partly sobered me, and caused me on entering the hall to rush anxiously to a mirror that adorned one side of it, in which to ascertain the state of my hair, and that of my appearance generally. Having finished my survey I turned round and found to my dismay that my companions had deserted me, and left me to introduce myself as I best could. This to a shy, nervous fellow like myself was anything but a pleasant business, and I trembled with anger and embarrassment. 'Just like my good friends,' I hissed to myself, 'to leave me here like a pig in a poke. How can I enter the room without an introduction to the hostess? D—n their impertinence! What did they bring me here for, and then treat me in this fashion?'

Glancing anxiously round the hall, I espied on my right hand a small room, the door of which was open. It was empty; and avoiding the severe glances of a most muscular and middle-aged set of female servants, I gave a nervous pull to the few straggling hairs it pleased me at that time to call my whiskers, and precipitated myself into the grateful privacy of the deserted chamber on my right, closing the door behind me. Here I fidgeted and fumed for some minutes, and composed a neat cutting little speech, with which, when we met, to shrivel up my friends with shame. Suddenly a door on the opposite side was opened, and in darted the most

radiant, lovely being it had ever been my happiness to behold. Her face was flushed, and her manner slightly hurried, as if she had been making a hasty toilette. As she passed me one of the gloves she was drawing on fell to the ground. In a moment, startled out of all my awkward shyness, I had the glove in my hand, and was presenting it to its charming owner, with a bow and pointed glance of admiration that would have done credit to a man à *bonnes fortunes*. Her pleasant smile, the sweet voice in which she thanked me for my civility, aided doubtless by the amount of champagne I had so lately taken, so affected me that I forgot my friends, my unknown hostess, and myself, and begged with much *empressement* for the honour of her hand for the next dance. Her easy acquiescence increased my boldness, and without giving one thought to the audacity of my behaviour, but with a vague suspicion that if I entered the ball-room Osborne would manage in some unpleasant fashion to nip my flirtation in the bud, I turned to the French window opening to the garden, and offering my arm to the young lady, suggested how much pleasanter would be a quiet stroll in that lovely moonlight, than the heat and crush of the crowded ball-room. To this she at first demurred, but as I stood firm, she gave way, and with an adorable little *moue* of defiance, a shrug of her ivory shoulders, and a deprecatory side-glance at me, she put her arm in mine, wondered faintly what people would think of her non-appearance, and allowed me to lead her from the close, oppressive atmosphere of the house to the fresh scent-laden breezes of an English garden in July.

By Jove! how triumphant I felt! I—the shy, mannerless boy—the butt of that wretch Osborne! I, who was supposed not to be able to say *Bo* to a goose, much less a pretty woman! Here I was with the loveliest girl I had ever met on my arm, pressing her hand, gazing into her eyes, murmuring soft speeches in her ear, and meeting with no repulse. On the contrary, there was actual en-

couragement in the bright flush which came and went on her young cheek, in the downcast lashes, the pleading looks of her violet eyes, in the unresisting passiveness of the soft small hand I held in mine. We instinctively chose those paths which were least overlooked by the reception rooms. This was not so easy a matter. The gardens, though prettily laid out in smooth-shaven lawn and brilliant flower-bed, had a tasteless absence of shade about them. Each path and walk were so open to inspection, and the bright July moon, though so fair and beautiful, seemed that night to be too vivid in its beams—exceeding its *métier* in fact, and so becoming rather unpleasant than otherwise. This idea appeared to strike my fair companion equally with myself, for, with a gentle pressure of my arm, she drew me into a side path away from the house, which I had imagined in my own mind to be a No Thoroughfare, it being ended by a high iron gate. Of this, however, she seemed to know the secret, for she quickly opened it, and stood leaning against it, waiting for me to pass through. What a picture she made standing there! the light breeze stirring her golden hair, and the pale moonbeams shedding an unearthly radiance over her finely-chiselled features, her lithe, graceful figure, and the soft crape and water-lilies of her dress. My young pulses beat fast as I gazed, and only a dim feeling of respect for her trust and loneliness prevented me from kissing her outright. The young lady's vivacity seemed to increase as we left garden, music, lights, and supervision behind us. There was a wild sparkle in her eye, and a kind of fierce energy in her manner as she suddenly faced me, and said, 'Now, sir, you will be pleased to tell me who you are, where you come from, and why you came here?' Taking her hand in mine, and murmuring, 'I am your devoted slave, and I came all the way from Pall Mall only to see you,' I followed her into the fruit garden, the iron gate closing slowly behind with a dull, cruel sound.

'Now for the gooseberries,' said the lady. 'I know the finest bushes, and if you are really my devoted slave you will not mind picking me some; but, for heaven's sake,' she added, with a sudden shiver, 'take care and do not prick yourself!'

Now I cannot say I have ever felt well-disposed towards the gooseberry. I consider it a vulgar fruit, and none of my associations connected with it are of a pleasurable description. From my earliest infancy I was told that my grandfather had played 'old gooseberry' with the family estates; an interesting hoyden of thirteen more than once informed me that my eyes closely resembled that fruit when boiled; and I have never met my friend in society, sailing under false colours in a thin disguise of tin-foil, wire, effervescence, and ice, that I have not said to myself, in the words of Mr. Wittitaterley to his wife when she was enjoying the too-exhausting society of the nobility—'You will suffer for this to-morrow.' Therefore do I loathe the gooseberry, even when plucked and prepared on the dining-room table; but, oh dear! to pick them yourself by moonlight! To bend your back, soil the knees of your trousers, prick your fingers with their venomous thorns, feel their sickly contents bursting in the wrong place and oozing out over your snowy wristbands! this is an amount of downright misery for which the fruit itself offers no compensation. But for that violet-eyed vision in crape and lilies, what would I not have gone through! So, drawing off my gloves, and taking a small penknife from my pocket, I knelt down by the side of the bushes and began picking the plump, ripe berries, and giving them to my fair enslaver, who ate them with much satisfaction. I plucked and cut; she ate, the monotony of the proceedings being relieved by some delicious pauses, in which our eyes and hands would meet, and our hearts thrill with mutual sympathy. In my entranced state I forgot the young lady's caution, and gathered the fruit heedlessly enough.

'Deuce take the things!' I exclaimed, as the sharpest of pointed blades struck deeply into my finger; and, thinking we had had enough of gooseberry picking for the present, I rose from my labours, and gave the last few I had gathered to my companion, who was standing against a small fruit-tree by my side. In doing so, a drop of blood fell from my cut finger on the little white hand held out to receive my offering. The moon was shining more brightly than ever, and lit up the whole scene with the clearness of day. The girl cast her eyes to her hand, and marked the crimson stain glistening there in the mellow light.

Good God! What was it? Why did my blood suddenly freeze within me? What was this awful terror which was taking possession of me? Why do her eyes change and her mouth lose its lovely expression in those fierce, unnatural lines? Why is her small hand rigid with rage as she points to the hateful stain? I know not. I know and feel nothing but a frantic wish to run—to run from this awful spectre, standing in the moonlight by the dark green apple-tree. I see the froth seething through the pale lips, the wild roll of the fierce eyes, the livid pallor of the fair cheeks. I hear her shrill scream of triumph as she sees and seizes the small knife glittering on the ground, where I had dropped it; and with supernatural will I lift my feet, which seem rooted to the earth, and run—run for dear life. I hear still ringing on my ear that fearful burst of unnatural, dreary laughter bubbling from her lips—the sharp, hysterical, animal-like cry of 'Blood! Blood!' and then the swift light steps of pursuit. I know not which way to turn, when I suddenly think of the gate, and rush in that direction. I hear her steps gaining rapidly upon me, I feel her hot breath upon my neck as I turn the corner and see the gate at the end of the walk. I fly like the wind. Shall I reach the gate in time? It may be locked, I think. No, mercy! it is ajar. I am just through when with a savage

yell and cat-like spring she is on me. I feel her iron grasp upon my throat, and my heart stands still with terror. A passing cloud had obscured the moon, and now I felt more than saw the ghostly shimmering of her white dress, the faint, distorted outlines of her terrible face, and the convulsive strainings of her frame. I think of the knife—nay, feel its sharp point touching, wounding my cheek. With sudden, desperate effort I shake off the paralysis of terror which is freezing my blood to ice, and with all the strength I am master of wrench myself free from her murderous grasp, and, seizing her wrists, fling her violently, savagely from me. She falls. It is no time for qualms; and I rush on, bleeding and breathless, through the gate, up the walk, over lawn and flower-bed, straight to the open window of the ball-room. As I reach the terrace I hear the gate open and my pursuer's rapid footsteps on the gravel path. I have only time to wrap my handkerchief round my bleeding hand and enter the ball-room, when she rushes after me with the spring of a tiger, shrieking, with foaming lips, the same fearful cry of 'Blood! Blood!'

Four of the muscular attendants seize the lithe, struggling figure of the poor maniac—for maniac she was—and bear her, in spite of her

terrible shrieks, out of the apartment.

'I'll never come to these asylum balls again,' said a nervous, corpulent old gentleman, who had been a near witness of the scene. 'I thought these violent ones were never allowed to be present. I shall see after my carriage at once. Too bad—too bad!'

I understood it all now. The little practical joke, so pleasantly arranged by my friends in the morning was to take me unwittingly to this annual asylum ball, that they might extract a little fun out of me—amuse themselves, in fact, at my freshness and innocent mistakes. I went up to them, and was on the point of seeking an explanation of the whole business, when I stopped short. For the first time in his life Osborne was not up to a taunt or a sneer. His lips were bloodless, his whole aspect that of a man shocked to his very marrow; and as I reached him he fell senseless to the ground.

The unhappy girl I had so strangely met was his sister—the only being he had ever really loved.

I was, as may be imagined, much shaken by what I had gone through; and I saw the last of my friend Osborne when I left him safe at his chambers on that eventful July evening.

L. C.

NOTES FROM KING THEODORE'S COUNTRY.

King Theodore as a Diplomat.

HAVING been originally intended for the clergy, King Theodore has had ample opportunity during his studies for perfecting himself in that peculiar art which every diplomat must thoroughly possess—the art of evasion and of saying 'no' when he means 'yes,' and *vice versa*.

Comparisons are odious, but Bismarck and Theodore are very much of the same stamp of intellect. Daring, unscrupulous, pitiless where it is necessary; bland, courteous,

winning where fascination is required, both are alternately hated or admired, feared or loved by their subjects. No one can be more amiable than Theodore, even to the very persons he intends sacrificing to his interests half an hour afterwards. So well guarded are his speeches, that it is almost impossible to doubt his good faith, although the most flagrant breach will afterwards be found in accordance with his words—though the

very opposite meaning had been impressed on the recipient's mind. He will not even allow the poor consolation of believing the very contrary to what he apparently says, and always does that which would appear farthest from any one's thoughts. Inasmuch, then, as these arts are necessary elements of diplomacy, Theodore may seek his equal in vain. He is a perfect master of that crafty cunning which is always the more dangerous from the apparent frankness with which it is accompanied, and which is especially the attribute of the Orientals in general. He will win perfect confidence and violate his word the instant afterwards with that charming grace and nonchalance which is considered the acme of diplomatic excellence in statesmen and minister. And besides all these qualities he possesses a vein of humour, coupled with a strong portion of sound common sense, which makes him a still more formidable adversary. His objective judgment is exceedingly keen and just; his subjective opinions, however, too much swayed by his passions and desires to be always equal to the emergency. But then, where words fail, force steps in: and genius supported by force is a very mighty thing. His exact appreciation of mankind as represented by the Abyssinians is proved firstly by the influence he has over them, and, secondly, to our satisfaction, by the various traits and anecdotes recorded of him. But in nothing has he shown more tact and cunning, decision and inflexibility of will than in his procedures against the power of the clergy.

There was a cartoon in 'Punch' some time back which most of us recollect: Lord Westbury delivering his judgment in *Re Gray versus Colenso*,—half a dozen of the one and six of the other. It would seem that Abyssinia is but as one of Mr. Chappuis's distorting mirrors, in which our own errors are represented in all their ugliness; for an exact parallel is to be found for this case in the dispute between Salama, patriarch of Abyssinia, and his metropolitan, Daoud, Coptic patriarch of Cairo. Said Pasha of

Egypt, who had heard of the great progress this new king was making, and in fear of an attack upon the Soudan, had sent the Coptic patriarch on a political mission to King Theodore. Daoud, a proud, haughty man, avaricious in the extreme, assumed such airs that he soon made himself thoroughly disliked by the Abyssinian cloth. He even endeavoured to awe the king by his overbearing conduct. One day, when he had been holding forth against him in his usual haughty manner, Theodore, without saying a word, suddenly drew a pistol from his belt and presented it at the head of the trembling priest. Every instant the Abuna thought would be his last, till Theodore peremptorily said—

'Holy father, give me your blessing.'

The Abuna fervently complied; but nevertheless, when once out of reach of the obnoxious weapon, Daoud excommunicated the king, who thereupon sent for the Abuna Salama to remove the ban. As soon as he arrived in the camp, Theodore had the tents of the rival chieftains pitched close together before his own, each one surrounded by a 'zeriba,' or hedgerow of thorns, whence each could excommunicate the other, like a couple of bantams over their rival spouse.

'I am your superior,' said Daoud, proudly. 'You have to obey me.'

'In Alexandria and Cairo, yes,' answered Salama; 'but here, in my own see in Abyssinia, I alone am the sole authority.'

'Turbulent priest!' cried Daoud, 'I excommunicate thee as well as thy king.'

'And I excommunicate thee,' replied Salama, coolly; 'for I alone have the right and authority to pronounce the ban in this country.'

And thus the dispute continued for five or six days, till Theodore, who wished to let the people have a little insight into the state of their holy church, sent Daoud back to Cairo, after having pronounced this remarkable judgment:—

'Having been chosen by me and accepted by the people, by us, who have paid the sums necessary for his

ordination and consecration to his office, Abuna Salama is the only legal head of our church. Having once been ordained by the Abuna Daoud, that ordination can no more be recalled than the thought that has once been spoken. But though the office cannot be destroyed, its execution may be stayed, and if it be exercised to the detriment of the country, the country, which is I, has then alone to use its own discretion in deposing the priest who instead of a blessing is a curse to his people.'

When the French government attempted to induce King Theodore to allow the establishment of a Jesuit mission in his dominions, he replied with a letter, quite worthy of European authorship:—

'It is a disgrace to Christianity that it should have been divided and split up into so many different parties, each at war with the other, whilst the Islam presents one firm compact body of unity. Why cannot a general council be called, which could there deliberate on the questions in dispute and determine upon one general doctrine? I would gladly submit to the resolutions of such a body. But, till that be done, I prefer to adhere to the religion of my fathers, and shall not allow dissension to spread any more than it has amongst my people.'

Theodore often makes a happy hit in his administration, which from its novel character and apparent justice endears him to his people, whilst instilling at the same time a wholesome fear. And be it well borne in mind, he *acts* all this. He will have no scruple in sacrificing a man's life, not because he really believes it necessary to his own safety, but to support his acting, and therefore I may call it diplomacy. For then in the eyes of the audience he is no longer the actor off the boards, but in the full glory of his assumed character. And Theodore is a consummate actor, ever since he adapted the prophecy to himself, that a king named Theodore should restore the ancient Ethiopian empire. He has so long persisted in his *rôle* that he has perfectly identified himself with it, and

merged his whole being into his assumed character.

The following incident will exemplify the mixed love and fear which his peculiar mode of dispensing justice inspires his people with.

Shortly after he had taken the fortress, Amba Gesen, belonging to the Gallas, not far from Magdala, many of these Moslem tribes joined his army. In consideration of their alliance he allowed them perfect freedom amongst themselves. They administered their own affairs, appointed their own judges, in fact acting the part of vassals to the supreme monarch. One day a Gallas soldier, in passing through a village, demanded some tobacco of a peasant. Having received it, and being asked for payment, he abused the peasant, who, on endeavouring to regain his property, was shot dead by the irate soldier. The wife followed the man and demanded justice from the head of the tribe. The judge, on hearing the case, fined the murderer ten dollars, which he handed to the widow as a compensation for the loss of her husband. The woman indignantly refused and complained to the king. Theodore at once had the judge brought before him, and asked by what code he had judged the murderer.

'The Koran is our only code, and by the Koran has he been judged.'

'And does the Koran say that ten dollars is the price of a man's life? Show me that sentence.'

Of course the Moslem was unable to do so, and tried to get out of his difficulty by saying—

'The exact punishment, O king, is life for life; but that is only the law for true believers not for *giaours* (heretics). The sentence I have pronounced is also a decision in respect to the soldier's avocation, who, continually risking his life for his country and even for people of other belief, has a claim to more indulgence.'

'Where is the man?' said Theodore: 'bring him to me.'

The man was brought, and Theodore asking him whether he had been punished for his crime, the man impudently answered he had.

'What was the punishment?' asked the king.

'A fine of ten dollars!' was the reply.

'Oh!' said the king, 'that was it, was it? 'Tis cheap: I can afford that.'

And so saying he drew his pistol from his belt and shot the man dead. Thereupon he quietly laid down ten dollars before the startled man of justice.

'There,' he said, 'I too risk my life for my country, and for people of other faith than my own. I have, therefore, the same right as this man had. And thank thy Moslem god that my sense of justice does not allow me to punish the murderer's judge as the murderer himself.'

Such wild justice has an immense effect on a turbulent, warlike race like the Abyssinians; and it is only by such means that Theodore has been able to acquire the influence he has over his people.

THE WAGSHUM.

So much has been said about this remarkable person, and his still more remarkable occupation of 'watching' King Theodore, that a few words concerning him may be of interest.

His proper name is Teferi, Shum of Wag, 'shum' denoting judge, and he boasts a descent very nearly as ancient as King Theodore's from the noblest family in Lasta, of which province he is the ruler, and as vassal to King Theodore commands over a body of troops numbering some thirty thousand to forty thousand men. From his bravery he has always been a favourite of the king's, who doubtless feels the loss of his ancient vassal severely. In fact he is the only man that can at all succeed in evading him, and that being the most he can do, it is the best proof of Theodore's power, for the Wagshum, as he is generally called, is a universal favourite with the people. Still, 'watching' King Theodore has become a byword in the British camp, and with all his bravery he cannot bring

his men to face the 'Scourge of the Rebels,' as Theodore styles himself. The men of Lasta are as celebrated as the Schoans for their exquisite horsemanship and *élan* in the field. Enveloped in long black mantles, and armed mostly with only short broadswords and lances, carelessly thrown over the shoulder, they scour the country like a horde of Cossacks over the Steppes. Their horses are small, wiry, long-enduring animals, and are seldom shod. It is perfectly wonderful to see the breakneck pace at which they will fly over the rocky, broken ground, and traverse the giddy paths overhanging the deepest precipices with as sure a step as though on plain turf.

What with the Wagshum, Kassai, King of Tigree, and other rebels, Theodore is seldom without having some rebellion to subdue. One of these takes possession of an amba and defies the king, most likely in the remotest corners of his kingdom; and as soon as he has crushed one, another arises. It is a kind of a Jack-in-the-box warfare. Put him down and he keeps down as long as you hold your finger there; but remove it, and up he starts in all his pristine youth and energy. And they dare not unite, because then they would have to face the whole of his forces, besides which, even supposing Theodore to be vanquished, the old story of the Kilkeny cats would only be enacted over again in Abyssinia. Consequently the country is perpetually in a state of ferment, which Sir Robert Napier most decidedly will not diminish.

TESE.

This is the intoxicating beverage of the chivalrous Amharas, which warms their courageous hearts to doughty deeds of daring and bravery; in which they pledge their dusky maidens, and drink eternal enmity to the usurper. This is the beverage *par excellence* of the good old times, when our ancient forefathers, the British lions of yore, dressed themselves in a simple pattern tattooed on the native skin,

and indulged in the orgies of their favourite mead.

This *tetah* is made by mingling six-eighth parts of water with one of honey, and is allowed to ferment for about a week or ten days. When the scum and refuse have carefully been removed some of the leaves and twigs of the *gesho* are added, which gives it a peculiar and very agreeable bitter flavour. When it is good, it is of a clear, light-yellow colour, and often sparkling.

Another national beverage is a kind of Abyssinian beer called *tala*. It is made from barley and from the native grains *dagusa* and *sorgum*, the flour of which is mixed to a paste and then baked in thin round cakes. These cakes are then put into earthenware pots and water is

added, the whole being put into a warm place. Shortly afterwards a small quantity of sprouting barley is thrown into the mixture, which, after it has fermented, is then filtered off. Every guest is provided with a pitcher of this *tala*, and if he wish to give a servant or some person of low rank a proof of his satisfaction, he tells him to hold out his hands and pours as much into them as the hollow of the united palms will contain. Whatever may be left in the pitcher is also the Abyssinian *James's* perquisite, always provided he do not pollute the vessel by any touch of his plebeian lips, and pour it out into the natural cup nature provided him with in the hollow of his hands.

H. A. BURETTE.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. IV.—*Spring Song in the City.*

WHO remains in London
 In the streets with me,
 Now that spring is blowing
 Fresh winds from the sea;
 Now that trees grow greener,
 And the sun shines mellow,
 And with moist primroses all
 English lanes are yellow?

Little barefoot maiden,
 Selling violets blue,
 Have you ever pictured
 Where the sweetlings grew?
 In the cool dim forest,
 Deep in dewy grasses,
 Where the wind-blown shadow drifts
 Scented as it passes.

Pedlar breathing deeply,
 Toiling into town,
 With the dusty highway
 You are dusky brown,—
 Have you seen the meadows
 Dark with flying breezes,
 Downy blow-balls flying fast
 Where the wild wind pleases?

Out of yonder waggon
Pleasant hay-scents float ;
He who drives it carries
A daisy in his coat.
Oh ! the English meadows,
Sweet beyond all praises,
Freckled orchids blowing bright
'Mid the snow of daisies !

Now in busy silence
Broods the nightingale,
Choosing out a dwelling
In a dimpled dale ;
In the dark she buildeth
High where leaves are growing ;
'Neath her nest the brooklet sings,
Through the green haze flowing ;

She is still and silent
As a bird can be,
For the red buds only
Fill the red rose-tree,—
Just as the buds blossom,
She'll begin her tune,
When all is sweet, and roses blow,
Underneath the Moon.

Nowhere in the valleys
Will the wind be still,
Everything is stirring
Wagging at his will :—
Blows the maiden's kirtle,
With her hand prest on it ;
Lightly o'er the leafy hedge
Blows the ploughboy's bonnet.

Oh ! to be a-roaming
In an English dell,—
Every nook is wealthy,
All the world looks well,—
Tinted smile the heavens
Over earth and ocean ;
Waters flow, fresh winds blow,
All is light and motion !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

WHATEVER may have been the shortcomings as in style and pace of the University eights of this year, the seasonable hour and fair weather of the day drew a larger concourse than had ever before congregated to witness the closest of races between the most *élite* of crews. The furore for the race and its result grows greater each year; the mere daily practice at Putney, especially on a Saturday afternoon, draws a larger audience than condescended to come to the race itself in the palmy days of Chitty and Meade King, fifteen or sixteen years ago. From the Ship, at Mortlake, to the Aqueduct, at Putney, the banks from ten to thirty yards deep, according to the accommodation, are lined with a close-packed, seething mass of the British populace. Hammersmith Bridge is impassable and almost invisible, every available inch of standing or hanging room, from the pavement to the chains, close covered with expectant sight-seers, till the roadway sinks, under the pressure, eighteen inches below its orthodox level, and makes us fear a repetition, on a colossal scale, of the great Yarmouth catastrophe of twenty-five years ago.

House-tops, balconies, steamers, pleasure-boats, contribute in smaller proportion their quota to the general gathering, till half a million would fall far short of the concourse; and even Epsom Downs, on the Derby-day, would look foolish for dirt alongside of Father Thames on the day of days.

And for days and weeks past, not only with the crews in training, but with the general British public, the note of preparation had been sounding, steamers chartered, railway fares tripled, windows and balconies bespoken; ties, bonnets, rosettes, and parasols, of the rival hues, sold by the hundredweight. No Court-mourning would inflict one half such injury to trade as the withdrawal of the race and its concomitant sources of plunder and profit. Betting, of course, there was in plenty; not

that one in a thousand of those who betted upon the race knew anything about rowing, or could have distinguished one crew from the other, by its style, or anything, except the discrimination of uniform; but the result was a convenience for gambling, and the 'odds' were quoted accordingly in the return from Tattersall's as systematically as the Derby and Two Thousand prices of the day.

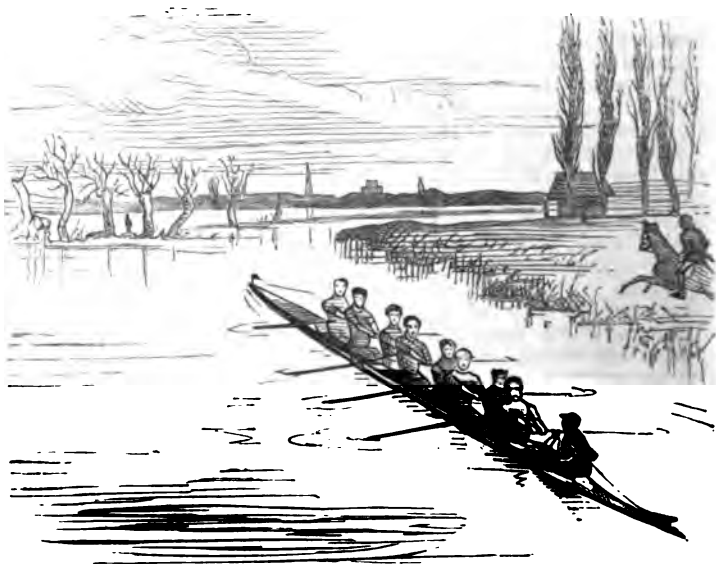
*'Qui studet optatam curru contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit, et alac,
Abstinnit.'*

How few of those who recently gazed, in their holiday outing, at the eights as they flashed by them on April 4th, can appreciate the patient endurance, toil, trouble, self-denial, that those eighteen 'ceruleans' have undergone before they came fit to the post, to do justice and honour to themselves and their University. Hardly has the October term been inaugurated, and the repose of Long Vacation roused once more into life, than the President of the U.B.C. has to set to work to compile the 'trial eights.' Every man in the University of any reasonable merit or promise has a chance and trial for that; and after a few weeks two crews are finally selected, balanced as equally as can be, and set at the end of term to test their individual merits, in a race on the broad reaches of Ely, or the open waters of Nuneham.

From the commencement of the ensuing Lent Term the University eight is set going; the trial eights have pretty well sifted the merits of aspirants, and before long the crew has settled into something like regular shape and practice. Three or four weeks bring them to Lent, and with it the commencement of training. Out of bed by 6.30, or 7 o'clock A.M., every morning, and a mile or two of walking before a breakfast of regulation steaks and chops. Light lunch about 1.30, and then the day's grind; whether a short course day, of twice to Ifley and back again on the Isis, and down to Baitsbite on the Cam, or a long

course to Abingdon Lasher, and its equivalent of Clayhithe. Through rain, snow, and wind, through fair and foul alike, no rest, no reprieve. If floods have not put the water meadows along the banks of Isis completely under its flow, there may be seen some five or six times a fortnight, and oftener, a group of horsemen waiting at the first gate below Sandford, while the 'pets' peel to their jerseys in the teeth of a gale, and set off for the long row

of 3½ miles, which, upon a narrow river and slacker tide, fully equals the 4½ miles from Putney to Mortlake. For the first mile or two the high bank to the westward shelters the boat from the wind, which blowing across can raise but little surf, but lower down, so soon as the circuitous navigation of Nuneham island has been completed, symptoms of 'open sea' begin to be painfully apparent. 'Hold your oars tight, all,' squeaks



LONG COURSE IN A SOU'-WESTER.

the coxswain, as they round the corner of the rustic bridge, and two or three long rollers lap up bow's back, nearly float five off his seat, and land themselves in the shivering steerer's lap. 'Get well forward!' 'Keep it long!' as the men can hardly bend forward against the blast, and here and there the oars come whack against a great breaker, extracting a stifled curse from the oarsmen, a snarl from the coxswain, and a vicious scolding from the 'coach' on the bank. Three minutes of this purgatory and then the Railway Bridge gives a temporary respite from the gale, which only meets them worse than ever in the long bend below, and makes her

jaded crew groan over the cruel mockery of 'take her in all,' as they reach the creek corner above the lasher, and are called upon for the customary final spurt. The sedgey waters of Cam can never produce such miniature sea as this; but a good bleak row from Ely to Clayhithe, through fourteen miles of dreary fens, under March east wind, and a run of a mile or two at the end of a hard day in pelting rain or driving snow, will bear a good comparison with the roughest pleasures of the Oxford course.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and of all others the president's is least of all a bed of roses. He has the whole onus of the selec-

tion and training of the crew, though when the time comes when he can no longer coach his recruits, but must himself take his place in the boat, he may, if he is fortunate, secure some friend to undertake the tuition from the bank during training. Apart from the practice, the 'condition' and health of the crew form a most important item in his cares. In order to keep so many men in strict obedience and discipline, it is necessary to have fixed rules of régime and diet, and no appearance of caprice; and yet at

the same time the work and treatment that suits the physique of one man will hardly suit all, and continued variation, adjustment, and grace have to be apportioned by the captain to meet emergencies. Then, again, some members of the crew, especially if well scolded for a fault, are invariably finding out something wrong and uncomfortable with their oars, stretchers, rowlocks, &c.; and much scientific knowledge of work and mechanics is needed to discover whether the fault really lies with the oarsman or with his tool.



'TAKE HER IN, ALL.'

Then, if the crew goes at all amiss, or does not please the fancy of interested critics of other colleges, he is inundated with suggestions, anonymous letters, and hints that he has not selected the best men available for use, or is badgered to change the stroke, or transpose 7 and 6, &c. And well-meaning busybodies from town and country write wholesale to him offering their experiences and suggestions. One recommends the crew to train on eggs and sherry; another, whose consumptive wife has lately been restored to health and strength upon

asses' milk, suggests in gratitude that the O.U.B.C. or C.U.B.C. should follow suit to the remedy. Another wants to see oars of some new-fangled shape of his own tried; another asserts that if the President will only build a boat about 8½ feet 7 inches in length, he will win in a canter, and go so fast that he will lose his own breath. And the touts of trade are equally pestilent; every dabbler in collodion and nitrate of silver petitions to be allowed to photograph the crews, and is aggrieved if refused, for to accommodate all would be to keep the

men standing in open air six hours a day. One patentee solicits the adoption of his novel corn-flour, 'especially suitable for dyspeptics and invalids;' another forces his way at breakfast-time with a novel garment, combining shirt, trousers, socks, and pocket-handkerchief all in one piece, 'admirably adapted for walking, riding, racing, hunting,' &c., and pleads that the race is a moral for the men if they will only row clothed in this nondescript. If the tide compels an early start, some hundred letters come in from patres and matres familiarum, whose digestions would be ruined by such unearthly

hours, or whose daughters would be at that time engaged in a music lesson, pointing out the propriety of changing the hour. No sooner is the umpire's steamer chartered—the private property of the two clubs—and the reserved rendezvous for the one especial day in the year of all old champions of former 'Varsity races, than every puny outside reporter who thinks that nothing can be lost for the asking, pesters the president for a ticket, pleading the 'liberty of the press' as a reason for locomotion at the expense of the crews instead of his own, and ignoring the fact that his presence



'PLEASURES OF LONG COURSE.'

will exclude from that precious gathering some old thranite who has toiled in auld lang syne for the honour of his blue, and that the race could be reviewed and the report compiled just as easily from other free steamers if the 'liner' be but content to pay for his passage thereon.

And during their sojourn at Putney, during the last week or two of training, the crews—lions of London, *pro tem*.—are mobbed and hustled wherever they go. They have to fight their way through an admiring crowd of counter-skippers and cos-

termongers before they can launch their boat for a row, or return from it, pumped and wearied, to their dressing-rooms. Their coach from the bank has all his work to do to pick his way through a mass of galloping snobs, who mob him wherever he places himself, as if the only correct view of the crew were to be obtained between him and the river; while, unless his lungs are stentorian, he has little chance of being audible above the clatter of the hoofs of equestrian cockneys.

And at last the ordeal is over, the

finishing touch has been added, and myriads, and tens of myriads, came out into the wilderness for to see two crews, of whose merits they know nothing, except by hearsay—a multitude, not one of whom in a hundred has personal interest in the honour of either University, except where the sordid gains of bets has lent its bias; and few of whom could tell the difference between one eight and the other, did they come out in plain white instead of in uniform. Yet the rabble come and see, and go, because it is the thing to do—because they like to say that they have seen the race, and have not yet arrived at the possession of sufficient confidence in themselves and their friends to satisfy their reputation and save exertion by the simple mendacity of saying that they have been there, yet stopping peacefully at home meanwhile.

It is 11:30 before the crews make a move to their boat-houses, and launch their ships. A threepenny-bit has at last changed the luck of six successive years, and has won the choice of sides for Cambridge; a good omen for the Light Blue to start with. Then they get afloat and paddle to stations, Oxford first, Cambridge following in decidedly slovenly style, very inferior to some of the even rowing which they have exhibited during the last week. A good deal of mist hangs over the river, though the sun is fighting his way through overhead; so dense has the fog been in early morning at London that hosts who have come to the race have breakfasted by candlelight. As it is even now, out in open country, the general landmarks are obscured, and the coxswain's office is more arduous than ever, for in the centre of a wide stream, the shores, even if visible in a mist, are a poor criterion of correct direction, and in front, at the end of the reaches, they are quite invisible. There is an even start, but by no means a rapid one, such as is often seen in a University race. The Oxford stroke, unused to starting from a stationary position, with the tide flowing past him, adding to the dead pull a re-

sistance equivalent to that which would be if the boat was running sternwards three miles an hour, at the signal for the start, misses the first stroke almost entirely, and for the next two or three strokes the boat 'lollops' uncomfortably. Cambridge set off after the first three or four strokes to a racing stroke of 41 a minute, not a bit too fast for a really first-class crew, but infinitely beyond their power to maintain for more than a few minutes, and so it is proved; though they secure a lead of half a length by the lower willows of Craven, that is the extent of their tether, and a little beyond the Cottage, Oxford, working up to a good 39, have overhauled them, and the next quarter mile is rowed by each neck and neck. Even thus early the pace has begun to tell upon Cambridge, and the time, especially on the stroke side, is none of the best. The styles of progress of the two boats themselves are palpably distinct; Cambridge take a shorter time to come forward through the air than to row through the water; they go much further backward than Oxford, and are very slow in getting the hands off the chest; their boat is drawn through the water at each stroke, but has hardly any perceptible 'lift.' Oxford, on the other hand, besides rowing in good time, swing just the reverse of Cambridge, a long time in getting forward and very fast through the water, driving the oars through with a hit like sledge-hammers, while the boat jumps out of the water several inches at each stroke. Cambridge have shot their bolt by the 'Crab Tree,' and rapidly Oxford pass them and take a lead. By the Soap-works they are clear, and taking the shore arch at Hammersmith Bridge, go still further away round the bend in their favour off Chiswick. As they enter Corney Reach, Cambridge go all to pieces, and lose the last vestige of form and time, while Oxford also become a little wild on the stroke side, for no excusable reason, for they are not distressed, and have all their own way. The steamers rather overruled Cambridge in Corney Reach, and though not heading them, draw

away the water from them, and to some extent check their speed and spoil any chance that might be left; but that is remote indeed, to judge by the men in the bows of the eight, each rowing his own stroke and swing, such as it is, with sublime indifference to the time set by stroke. The continued plucky spurts of the latter, and the rowing of the president, No. 7, who keeps his shape and form manfully, even under the pressure of pace and distress, and does more work than any other two put together, gains great *κέρδος* from critics near enough to see and judge the merits of the rowing; but beyond the performances of these two, there is nothing to be observed to the credit of the bulk of the Cambridge crew, except their unflinching pluck and perseverance. Thus they shoot Barnes Bridge, Oxford swinging and hitting the water, Cambridge scrambling and tugging at it. Four clear lengths separate them, and a terrific 'crab,' caught by No. 4 of Cambridge off the marshes (the first *bonâ fide* crab recorded since the introduction of outriggers in a University race, though oars have twice been knocked out of the hand at the start by steamers—in 1858 and 1864,—and there were sundry minor shell fish in the Oxford boat of 1860), puts the *coup de grâce* to Light Blue discomfiture, and lands Oxford winners in 20 min. 56 sec.

The time of the race is the fastest recorded of these races upon flood tide; though practice is continually much faster, when the crews can choose their own time, on a good stream clear of wind, such as was the day of this race. The misconduct of steamers, delaying the start till the tide had run 'slack,' and even turned, has marred the time of some of the strongest and fastest crews on record, and spoilt the average of pace over the course. Till, however, some future race shall eclipse this last, the Oxonians have a feather in their caps. The fastest race on record is that of '63, rowed from Barker's Rails upon the ebb, a distance of little more than 5 miles, which

occupied 23 min. 6 sec., and the time over the last $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the legitimate course, 20 min. 5 sec. On that occasion wind and stream were both in favour of Oxford, easy winners by some 200 yards, and had a good crew fairly contested them, the pace might have been much greater. The quickest practice time was made by the Oxonians of 1857, upon a terrific spring tide, in 19 min. 50 sec.: and 20 min. 10 sec., 20 min. 20 sec., and 20 min. 30 sec., were accomplished variously by the Oxonians in '63 and '66 at only half a racing stroke, upon good tides and smooth water. Till this year the fastest race on the flood, and second fastest altogether was made by the Cambridge eight of 1846, the first year of outriggers, in boats far heavier and slower than those of the present day. After all, so much depends upon the wind and tide, which vary so much from day to day, and hour to hour, that time is but a random test of merit on Putney water, whatever it may be on the more evenly-regulated course of Henley, and even there a breeze may spring up or fall in an hour, and alter the pace of a race by half a minute.

The obvious impression from viewing the race of last month is that Cambridge, who had made a great stride in improvement during the three past years have suddenly relapsed and failed in the simplest desiderata for a crew of boys or juniors,—time and swing. General style may deteriorate, and be hard to regain in a hurry, but any style, such as it is, should, after ten weeks' practice, be uniform among the crew who practise it. Strange to say, Cambridge rowed very nicely together when they first came to Putney a fortnight before the race, while Oxford were decidedly rough; the latter, however, improved, and though never first-class, were a good average crew, while Cambridge, during the last few days, fell all to pieces, without being in the least over-trained. The sluggish recovery of the hands from the chest ruined them when they came to try a racing stroke. In fact, they could not row (though they might snatch)

a racing stroke, and could not, as did Oxford last year, win at a mere half-speed stroke.

The general style of Oxford has not deteriorated; though many outsiders fancied that Oxford rowed a short stroke, it was more that the time occupied by them in slashing the oar through the water was short, than the reach itself; this deceived inexperienced eyes, especially when compared to the slow 'draw' through of Cambridge, which often appeared for similar reasons a longer stroke than it really was. But the pace of Oxford this year was hardly so good as formerly, though their trials with the watermen were not so bad as made out, for the professionals always poached a stroke or two before the word was given, and Oxford were besides avowedly slow in getting away; Oxford always made up their lost start before 100 or 200 yards had been rowed, and the watermen stopped as soon as collared. Yet there is no doubt that though the weight of the Oxonians was up to the average (12 stone), and the general way of doing the work orthodox, yet two or three of the men did hardly so much work for their weight as they should, and so fell short in pace of harder working yet lighter weighted crews of former years. So long as the general style of rowing is kept up to the average, the pace can be improved by introduction of stronger men another year, or the advancement in strength of those as they fill out with age.

Cambridge had this year a finer average set of men than Oxford, but threw away their chances by employing an incompetent 'coach,' who at best had steered, but had never rowed in his life. However, they may have thought that he possessed more than ordinary experience from the fact that his services had in former years not only been confined

to Cambridge, his own University, but had been freely applied, though unsuccessfully, to Oxford, when for the time being the authorities of the Cambridge boat repudiated the counsels of their former mentor. Be it as it may, his experience availed nothing to teach the modern style of light-boat rowing, and the miserable failure of Cambridge this year, the utter waste of one of the finest set of men that they ever sent into training, may be attributed to his management.

For one thing, however, all praise is due and freely accorded to Cambridge, for that, after a seventh successive defeat, they came forward again, as a matter of course, to try their fortune. Long may such spirit exist in both Universities! Rightly said the Cantab President at the dinner of the crews after the race, that to abandon the race would be to relinquish and extinguish the main incentive to boating on the Cam, to smother rivalry, and lower the standard of rowing 50 per cent. There has been fault as well as misfortune in the turns of Cambridge affairs, and wisdom will surely though slowly come by experience. The temporary relapse of this year from the gradually improved standard of the former three has been due to error in the selection of a coach, and that error can be avoided for the future. Sympathy is universal for Cambridge; Oxonians themselves would gladly see them win, if only Oxford were up to the mark, and Cambridge beyond it. We cannot afford to lose what has become almost a national institution, an annual holiday, the leading feature in a leading sport, and that one in which the sole prize is one of honour,—honour dearer, in the heat of the struggle, to any of the competitors than health, strength, or even life itself.



MR. WILLIAM SPAVINGER'S SPEECH ON HIPPOPHAGY.

REPORTED BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

AT the beginning of the past month the following advertisement, in the shape of a handbill, was freely circulated amongst the cat and dog-meat dealers of the metropolis:—

'A MEETING

OF THE VENDORS OF HORSEFLESH

will be held at the Union, Eastnor Street, Somers Town, on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, to take into consideration the contemplated advance in the price of Meat, and to adopt such other resolutions as may be there agreed upon.'

It had been suggested by the more enthusiastic advocates of the meeting that as a public question of great importance was involved, pains should be taken to make the demonstration as imposing as possible. One gentleman was of opinion that every cart and barrow in the trade should join in procession, the vehicles being empty except for a starving dog, provided that the hospital for the reception of the animals in question could supply them in sufficient number. This idea, however, although it possessed attractions for many of the vendors, and was warmly pressed by them, was negatived by the majority; and it was decided that the proceedings should be conducted with as much unobtrusiveness and modesty as was consistent with the magnitude of the interests at stake. And so strictly was this decision adhered to, that, although by a quarter past eight, two hundred and fifty cats'-meat men were assembled in the commodious club-room of the Union, the next-door neighbours scarcely knew that any business of an uncommon nature was afoot. They were not conspicuous men, these two hundred and fifty, except from the prevalence amongst them of extremely fancy waistcoats and ample silver watchchains. Some few attended in their working clothes; but these were as well-behaved and quiet as

their better-dressed brethren, and when the waiter, being 'in the room,' had attended to their various wants, and they had settled down comfortably to long pipes and gin and water, a more orderly company it is hard to imagine.

Mr. William Spavinger occupied the chair, his claim to that honourable post depending no less on the fact of his being a venerable and stanch member of the guild than on that of his being the owner of three 'purveying' carts and seven barrows, and in the enjoyment of one of the most extensive and lucrative beats in London. Rising on his sturdy and neatly-gaitered legs, he addressed the meeting.

'Fellow-tradesmen, the object of our collecting together being well known to you all, I need not waste time in explaining it. It is owing to the notice that the "wholesale" have give us, that on and after Monday next the price of meat will be eighteen shillings a hundredweight, its present price being, as you are well aware, only sixteen. ("Quite enough too," and groans.) It may be hurtful to your feelings, but you mustn't kick up that row whenever I come to anything you don't like, or we shall have the landlord up. As I was saying, my fellow-tradesmen, it is to resist this advance of two shillings a hundredweight in the price of meat, or rather to calmly inquire into the reason of it, that we are met here.

'Now how does the matter stand? Although perhaps not exactly of the tiptop educated class, we know the spiggot on which all these questions turn. It is profit. That is the spiggot on which this question turns. "Live and let live to everybody barring horses," is our motto. (Laughter.) Well, we look around us, and what do we see? I look around me, and I see you all before me, all hearty and tidy well to do, if gentlemanly appearance stands for anything, and I'm glad of it. I'm gladder of it because I know, and

you all know precious well, that you ain't been a-grinding of your prosperity out of your neighbours. Least of all you haven't been a ruining the "wholesale," and what's more, so long as they are able to buy clean, meaty cattle at thirty shillings each, take the average, and retail 'em billed at sixteen shillings a hundred, there isn't much fear of their being reduced to cracking stones in the workus yard at three-halfpence a bushel. I'll prove it. Do you know how much meat a fair average horse, fit only for the knacker, will yield? I'll tell you. It will yield four hundredweight of meat, which, at sixteen shillings, reckons up to three pun' four; and that is saying nothing about the bones, or the oil, or the hide. Very well then, what's the matter? The slaughterer gives thirty shillings for a horse, and gets close on four pounds for him; and we cheerfully pay him a price that enables him to do so. What's the reason we are coming to a lock? Is corn here so very cheap lately that the man with a sold, used-up horse has been able to cocker him up with warm feeding, and so keep him going a bit longer? No, corn has not been cheap; it's been precious dear. Have people with dead horses on their hands been striking for higher prices for 'em? If they did, they would have to "strike while the iron was hot," if you'll excuse me quoting poetry, or they'd soon come to loggerheads with the sanitary inspectors. (Laughter.) No, my friends, it isn't from either of these quarters that the ill wind blows. The slaughterer gets his horses for killing at the old price, and he pays his servants the same wages he has always paid 'em, and he gets the same prices as he always got of us. Whereabouts, then, is the loose screw that has set us all a jolting? I'll tell you, my brother tradesmen. It is because a set of—well, I won't call 'em hard names, poor fellows, with all their sufferings before 'em—because a set of sociicides have gone rabbit and foaming at the mouth, in a manner of speaking, and spent their days in snatching the meat out of the mouths of dumb animals to pre-

serve it for their own eating. That, my friends, is the reason of our meat rising in price. Mr. Jack Atcheller and the rest of 'em are not fools. They read the papers, and learn how the sociicides are going ahead with their banquets and patent horse feeds; they listen and take observation of all the talk about raising what is now called cats'-meat to the high social position Nature ordained it to occupy; and they hain't the least objection to back the endeavours of the sociicides so far as to increase the money value of the article. And the worst of it is, they'll go 'on raising it. If we only let them get in the thin end of the wedge it is all over with us. It isn't the two shillings a hundred extra that would fret us; nor it isn't the sociicides taking to horseflesh as their natural food that would fret us. Let 'em eat it, as many of 'em as like it, at a reasonable price. Speaking for myself, I ain't a Conservative; these are free-trading times, and if I am required to leave a couple of penn'orth, cut extra thin, with a genteel skewer through it, for the missus's lunch or the master's supper, I'd do it as cheerfully as I'd chuck a ornary hap'orth down the area to Tibby. (Cheers.) George, bring me another fourpenn'orth, with lemon in it.

'Brother tradesmen, I've had my eye on this movement since it first started, and I've give a good deal of my mind to its consideration. I binds it up in the papers, and make notes of the most interesting features of it. A penny a week used to be my allowance of newspaper reading, but I reckon that for the last three months it has cost me fifteenpence a week, if a copper. (Cheers.) The rummest part of it is that the newspaper, or journal, or whatever they call it, in which I found more valuable reading than in all the rest put together, is not a newspaper that you can buy at the shops, but a private sort of affair, wrote a-purpose for learned and scientific swells, and put about amongst 'em free gratis. Here's a copy of it. (Cheers and groans.) Never mind how I came by it. P'raps the scientific swells have got

a traitor in their camp. (Laughter.) P'raps I'm a scientific swell in disguise. (Much laughter, and an audible remark that he—the chairman—was artful enough to be a'most anything.)

'You must understand,' continued the chairman, referring to the journal he held in his hand, 'and I am glad to mention it, as showing that the societies are not *quite* so audacious as they might be—that they sail under false colours. They don't call themselves horse-eaters, but they are so very polite as to go to the Greeks for what dawgs'meat eating is in their language; and they call themselves hip—hippo—blest if I can pronounce it. (Some intelligent member of the company suggested "hypocrites.") No, that won't do—hippophagists: that's what they call themselves; and, better than that, what on earth do you think they call the meat they've suddenly found and such a bankering for? Not cats'-meat; oh, dear no! They didn't go to the Greeks this time; they went to the French, and they found that what stands for cats'-meat in that noble language was *chevaline*—pronounced *shiverlean*. I asked my daughter about that, so I know that it's all right. "I prefer to call it shiverlean," says the scientific gentleman, who's a lecturer on the subject in this paper, "because it's more musical." I reckon if he had about a hundred and a half of it to sell in ha'porths, and to call out every ha'porth of it, he'd soon find his musical pipe put out. (Laughter.)

'Now let us regard the matter from a matter-of-fact point of view, and see what there is in it. As far as my reading goes, I find that the strongest point of argument with our enemies is that the meat we supply to dogs and cats is shamefully wasted, while so many hundred labouring men go without animal food from one week's end to the other. "All they want," says the hippophidgits, "is to have their prejudices against horseflesh conquered, and then they'll take to it kindly." And how do the hippophidgits set about conquering the poor man's aversion for what his

instinct tells him is not proper food? Do they sit down to a plain bit of flank and shiverlean with a few taters and dumplings? Do they take a half a dozen pounds of undisguised top ribs of horse and pop it across a batter pudding and send it to the baker's? No. They send over to France for French cooks, who, as everybody knows, can make a delicate feed out of the leg of a wheelbarrow if you only give them gravies and sauces enough. They give the shiverlean into their hands, and they take it down into the kitchen, and they conjure with it with their stewpans and their seasonings and their smotherings, so that when it comes up to table its nature is altered to that extent that if it were set before a dog or a cat they would turn their nose up at it, not knowing it as their natural food in disguise. (Hear, hear.) To be sure, there is not much fear of the working man being moved to eating horseflesh under these conditions; since in the first place it would cost more for the sauce and the seasoning than a good joint of mutton not ashamed to appear in its naked juiciness and goodness; and in the second place, if French kickshaws and flavours and disguises might be had for nothing, they wouldn't entice the English working man, whose appetite is as blunt and plain as his manners. (Hear, hear.) The only sauce that would induce the English working man to go in for a feed of horseflesh is hunger. That is a sauce he's had plenty of, goodness knows, poor fellow, of late years; but it hasn't prevailed on him to tackle cats'-meat; and if the hippophidgits imagine that their fancy arguments and their playing at eating horse will ever have more weight with the hard-up man than the goadings and temptings of his necessity, why, in my opinion, the hippophidgits will find themselves mistaken. (Hear, hear.) When I say that the necessity of the out-o'-work has not been strong temptation enough to induce him to tackle cats'-meat,—of course I mean to tackle it openly and without shame or concealment. Does the hippo-

phidgit imagine that the taste of horse is unknown to the starving poor; that he is opening their eyes to a means of satisfying their hunger that never occurred to them before? He makes a great mistake if he thinks so; and this at first sight may seem like yielding a chalk to the other side; it is nothing of the kind. I see before me men whose places of business are in what we call 'skin and bone' neighbourhoods, from the poverty-stricken homes of which such luxuries as cats and dogs have been long ago banished, but where the trade in horse-flesh is brisker than ever. (Hear, hear.) Good Lord! you'd think that things never were so flourishing with 'em; that, not only can they afford to give themselves a bellyful, but also to put their cats and dogs on double rations. And to be fastidious, too, about the cut and the quality! "Let it be well done, please," or, "all in one piece, please, and no gristle, because our cat's teeth are bad." (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) It is no laughing matter, worse luck, but hard fact, as a dozen men present could bear witness. What did it prove? Why, what the poor wretches every one of them would rather die than have proved against them—that to stave off starvation they now and then turned to horse-flesh, buying it under false pretences and by stealth, and devouring it in loathing. (Cheers.) And how is that loathing to be altered to a liking? Is it the style of cookery in use at the slaughter-yards that was the main objection? What is the worst that can be said on that score? Why, that the knacker's butcher worked with his sleeves tucked up, and wore a leather apron, instead of a serge one, and used an axe and a prong instead of a knife and steel, and that the knacker's cook was not a genteel individual in a snowy smock and a bibbed apron, but a rough, ramshackle sort of fellow, who smoked a short pipe as he bundled the chunks of meat in and out of his big coppers with a pitchfork. But what of all that? A hungry man don't haggle over how many grains of salt should go to a pinch, neither will he let his

biled mutton chill while the waiter goes to look after a finger napkin for him. (Laughter.) A hungry man will, and does, eat things that have been cooked and made up for sale in a way not a bit more tempting than the boiling of horseflesh. Look at tripe! Look at faggots and saveloys! (Hear, hear.) Look at trotters! Why, trotters furnishes an answer at once. Thousands and thousands of sheep's trotters are sold in the streets and the public-houses every day, and relished, although the people who buy 'em know very well that they are boiled at the tan-yards, and that French cooks are not paid for getting 'em ready for the pot. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) No, my fellow-tradesmen, it isn't the knacker's copper at which the hungry man takes fright; boil him a jolly good feed of beef and carrots in the same vessel, and ask him to dinner! I'll lay a wager that he doesn't object to the cook smoking a short pipe, or to the joints of meat being of an ugly shape. But he won't tackle cats'-meat kindly. You can't make him do it; he can't make himself do it. You may get over him so far as to admit that all you say about the horse being as likely an animal as the ox, and that the two meats placed besides each other are more alike than chalk and cheese. You may even coax him to put a bit of shiverlean in his mouth, but there you lose your hold on him; there he loses his hold on himself. He's got the gorge that Nature gave him, and that gorge will rise, even though a whole troop of Horse-guards should be galloping round him to prevent it. (Much cheering.) You can't convince him against his nature; when the hippophidgits try it on, they don't succeed. How can they? Why, all their fussing and flourishing of trumpets tell against 'em. "Hi! hi!" they're always a shouting. "Hi! hi! walk up, and look here! Here's five-and-forty of us, wonderfully plucky individuals, have actually succeeded in forcing down our gullets a good many mouthfuls of shiverlean! We liked it; it's beautiful; we shouldn't a-known it from beef or from mutton, or from any other delicious meat;

its flavour was so very remarkable. Oh! look here! we've been eating shiverlean baked, and biled, and made into soup, and here we are alive!—alive!—alive, oh!" (Cheers and laughter.) I don't say that they all go prancing and capering at this rate; some of 'em, like the unfortunate gentleman who is reported in the learned newspaper I hold in my hand, take to it solemnly, and do their best to talk cool and scientific about it; but looking on from the outside the working man listens, and winks, and puts not a bit more faith in one than the other, having a suspicion that they kick up their heels and look grave for one and the same reason, and that is, that they are very much astonished and very grateful for their wonderful escape. (Cheers.)

'And now, my fellow-tradesmen, if I haven't got to the end of your patience, I should like to make a few observations on one or two of the arguments on which the hippophagist rests his case. Humanity towards the horse, as well as justice to the cravings of his appetite, is a virtue that the shiverlean eater claims as his. He says here, "Under the present system, the latter days of our faithful friend and companion the horse must ever be shrouded in misery. As his ears decline and his strength fails him, so is it his hard lot to pass into the hands of taskmasters more and more severe, till the lease of his life wearing to a narrow extremity, he is sold for just a few shillings over the knacker's price, and his brutal owner's one thought is to make the best of his bargain, and screw as much work as possible out of the poor brute while breath remains in his body." Further, he says, "If the horse was recognized as fit for man to eat, the value of his carcass would increase at least fourfold, and the wretched creature that now limps in agony into the slaughterer's yard, fit only for the poleaxe, and worth no more than five-and-twenty shillings, would, if he were killed a year or so earlier, and while he was yet in tolerable good condition, realize five or six pounds. We might very safely depend on the

owners of horses seeing which way their interest lay; and if hippophagy were universally adopted, the sight of hundreds of gaunt, wretched-looking horses toiling over the London stones would be spared us." Very good; that's humanity towards the horse, that is, and as such I have no objection to it. It is an out-and-out principle—almost as good as humanity towards your fellow-men. Not quite so good, though, and that's why I can't give my vote for it. (Hear, hear.) Yahl! it's almost as sickening to me as their precious shiverlean itself to be made aware of such meanness. See how they are cornered at starting, these valiant hippophidgits! It is too much to ask any reasonable creature to crave after for their eating the poor, mangy, big-heeled brutes that may be seen tied in a string, tail and nose, and making their way towards Belle Isle; so what does Mr. Hippophidgit do but set his humanity astride of one of 'em, and from that elevation make an appeal to the tender feelings of the public! "Old horse is very good, my friends," says he; "rather more juicy and tender than spring lamb; but it smells a little strong; therefore we most recommend it; we nail our colours to fat young horses who are killed by accident, and elderly horses who are worth more in the dead than the live markets." Now just let us suppose that our friend had his way, what would be the consequence? In the first place, being a swell, and knowing no more about horses than Mr. Tattersall tells him, he sets down every awkward-looking, bony animal he meets in a pair of shafts as a miserable creature only fit for the knacker. He isn't aware that, for years and years after he has lost his beauty, the horse can be happy and contented on a well-stuffed nosebag and jog-trot work. He doesn't understand that in London alone there are *thousands* of poor men—small greengrocers, and goods-movers, and carmen—owning such horses, and treating them fairly; and—and this is the main point—that such horses can be bought in the market any market-day for three pounds

ten or four pounds. If you abolish horses in this stage of life, and eat 'em up off the face of the earth, what's to become of the thousands of hard-working men I'm speaking of? They can't afford to give eight or ten pounds for a horse; all they gave over three or four would come out of their small profits—out of the bread-basket at home. They'd be ruined. (Hear, hear.) And would the horse be benefited? Isn't it as possible to over-work and ill-use a middle-aged horse as an old one? and does it stand to reason that a brutal man would spare his beast, if it was fixed in his mind that he was worth just as much dead as alive? As the case now stands, there is a long jump between three pounds ten, about the lowest price you can buy a live horse at, and thirty shillings, about the highest that may be got for his dead carcase; and it isn't often that you find a deliberate brute at the same time such a deliberate fool as to squander away two pounds, which is the difference. (Hear, hear.)

'Then, still sticking to the "humanity" view of the matter, what is to become of cats and dogs if you take the food out of their mouths? They are not useless or ornamental pets, like canaries or parrots; they

are useful, and entitled to be fed. They earn their living in an honourable manner, most of them—dogs especially. (Hear, hear.) Rob them of their horseflesh, how are they to subsist? Will it be said that there is horse enough for all, and that pussy need not go without her dinner because there is boiled crupper or baked withers on the family dining-table? or Ponto be deprived of his paunch because there is a shiverlean tripe-supper going on up-stairs? (Laughter.) Is this the idea? or is there a dark design, secretly promoted by those in power, to cut off every dog and cat in the land? (Tremendous cheers, and shouts of "Dog-tax!") Is there any truth in the whisper that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has turned hippophidgit, and intends to——'

At this interesting part of the speech an emissary from Mr. Atcheller's establishment arrived, and entered the room with the announcement that the heads of the firm had resolved for the present to abandon the proposed increase of two shillings a hundredweight in the price of horseflesh; whereon Mr. William Spavinger, remarking that under the circumstances he would cut it short, resumed his seat amid loud cheering.

A SPRING-TIDE TALE.

THE days have grown, the years are long
Since first I drank that fount of song.
The failing lips were faint and old
From which that stream of beauty rolled.
The waning eyes were touched with night
Which lent to me that inward light.
He fast was fading from his place,
I knelt, a child, before his face;
Yet were our lives not far apart,
The poet is a child in heart.

It was a simple Spring-tide tale.
I feel it now, the breathsome gale
That swayed and kissed the almond flowers
Which flushed that sunny nook of ground,
By cedars flanked, with mountains round.
From peak to peak the joyous hours
Danced in the sunlight, each alone,
And following each a sister flown.

I mark the chasing shadows pass
 The lark's light spur along the grass.
 With gold encrowned, yet humbly sweet,
 Fair blossoms breathe about our feet.
 Roused to what glory round him lies,
 The cuckoo shouts his quaint surprise.
 A sympathetic music weaves
 A chain of song through all the leaves :
 To that same strain 'twixt heaven and earth
 Which heralds here the violet's birth
 Some wild bird, singing on its spray,
 Rocks in the dim woods far away.

He sang: I seemed to live anew.
 A child I sprang; a soul I grew.
 The common room with books strewed o'er,
 Thus listening, seemed as heaven's floor.
 Soft in that gathered hush-like rest
 I drew the Spring-tide to my breast.
 Never again should pastime weak
 Keep back my foot from mountain peak.
 Never again should heedless prate
 Knock idly at my soul's shut gate.
 I was awake, abroad, and full
 Of that keen joy no time can dull.
 Henceforth, the world of my delight
 With other grace was robed and dight;
 The gracious clouds grew arched with light,
 The cedars plumed before my sight.
 The happy brooks with silver feet
 Came rushing forth my steps to meet.
 The surging winds through inland trees
 Bore me rich sounds of far-off seas.
 With song and I 'twas May-time weather,
 And we two danced the woods together.

Thou art not silent, art not gone,
 O! living soul, in meekness flown;
 True Poet, father of all good,
 Who ever gave me flowers for food.
 Who cannot read the scroll on high
 When such a sun goes down the sky;
 And though its own long day be o'er
 Leaves still a light unknown before?
 He to his steadfast course was true,
 I the soft cloud that took his hue.
 'Twas his to warm my duller frame,
 To set my misty mind aflame;
 'Tis mine alone—'tis all I crave—
 Even with the parting light he gave
 To cast a glory on his grave.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.





DESIGNED BY WILLIAM LAYTON.]

A SPRINGTIDE TALE.

[See the Poem.]

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.



A TRIO OF THE PART.

THE Monday Popular Concerts may be regarded as one of the very few musical institutions which really flourish in England, and have taken root in the heart of our public. The experiment of offering the choicest musical classics to a mixed audience, paying from a shilling to five shillings a head for the privilege of listening to them—or of being sent to sleep by them, as many thought must be the inevitable result—did not seem very hopeful when it was first proposed. But there are liberals in art as in politics; and it is part of the liberal artistic creed that the people have a greater capacity for the enjoyment of works of a high class than they are generally credited with. Nevertheless, a heart of oak, and a purse triply lined with money, must have belonged to the man who first embarked in Monday

Popular Concerts. Good music was, no doubt, to be heard in England before the days of Mr. Arthur Chappell; but it was not within reach of the people—by which we do not mean the populace, whose taste can only lead them to music-halls; but the great body of the public, *minus* the aristocracy, who, in the matter of classical music, have long had a special caterer and instructor of their own. Mr. John Ella made it his business some years ago to educate the upper classes in chamber-music; and he carries on that business still in connexion with the series of concerts known as the Musical Union. In awarding to Mr. Arthur Chappell the praise due to him as founder of the Monday Popular Concerts, we must not forget the distinguished *virtuoso* and critic who had already established an exclusive and anti-popular series of

entertainments, at which the programmes (annotations apart) were precisely of the same character as Mr. Chappell's. But while Mr. Chappell boldly called upon all whom such music might concern to come and enjoy it freely and almost for nothing, Mr. Ella warned the profane to keep back, and imposed severe tests, and the most stringent conditions on all candidates for the honour of hearing quartets performed under his personal sanction and superintendence. One word of encouragement, and Mr. Ella would have insisted on applicants for admission being balloted for. As it was, he contented himself with requiring an introduction from an actual subscriber to the Musical Union; and, as a testimony of good faith, half a sovereign, which was not returned. Although half a sovereign was the fee expected from the would-be possessor of a single ticket, a reduction (if in such case the language of commerce may be employed) was made on taking a quantity. A person of good social position and distinguished manners could, if properly presented, be allowed to hear six concerts for two guineas (payable in advance). To be sure, he got something more than sweet sounds for his money. He gained the opportunity of moving—in a peripatetic sense, at least—in the very best society. He acquired, too, on being appointed a member of the audience of the Musical Union, the right of giving books to an establishment in connection with it, called the Musical Institute, and of receiving gratuitously the current numbers of the 'Musical Record,' a very original sheet in which Mr. Ella's opinions on himself, the Musical Union, the Musical Institute, and other topics of minor importance are faithfully set down. Signing his own criticisms on himself and his own doings, Mr. Ella, not to lose countenance, used formerly to publish in the 'Musical Record' the names of all other critics who discussed the concerts of the Musical Union. If they objected to this, he rebuked them, and told them to consider the ways of the French press, in which all criticisms

are signed. He also rebuked them if they did not express sufficient admiration of his concerts; and, on a repetition of the offence, expelled them. More than one critic has been driven from Mr. Ella's concerts as Adam was driven from the garden of Eden. They may have learned to bear their punishment by reflecting that the Musical Union was, after all, not Paradise.

Nothing whatever is to be said against Mr. Ella's concerts in an artistic point of view. To judge from a collection of programmes submitted to us, they must have been interesting entertainments; only they were too dear, too exclusive (or at least had the appearance of being so); and Mr. Arthur Chappell rendered an immense service to the public when he organized a series of similar concerts on a much wider basis.

It must be admitted that, without a certain amount of previous cultivation, no one can appreciate the highest productions of art. This is especially true in regard to musical art. Music is a universal language; but it is only the simplest utterances in this language that are universally intelligible. Beethoven's Choral Symphony might appeal equally to the sensibilities of uneducated Englishmen, uneducated Frenchmen and uneducated Russians, and, beyond impressing them all through the mere force of sonority, would say very little to either. A rustic audience, from no matter what country, would probably derive some pleasure from the Pastoral Symphony. The imitations of natural sounds would interest them—as the merest cockney might be interested by Shakespeare's bad puns, and by the trivialities, if not absolute laws, to be found in so many poetical masterpieces. If our subject were, not the Monday Popular Concerts, but music in general—and not only music in general, but art in general,—it would be interesting to consider what the chief elements of popularity are in those musical, artistic, and poetical masterpieces which have really become popular.

Why does 'Don Giovanni' attract large audiences more constantly than any other opera? Why is the Madonna della Seddia the chosen design for such numbers of cheap pictorial brooches? Why is 'Hamlet' the play of plays to fill the shilling gallery on a Saturday night? Not, as one species of cant would have it, because the public have a blind traditional reve-

rence for the works of Mozart, Raphael, Shakespeare; nor, as cant of another kind puts it, because the general body of the public are, in their *naïveté* and sweet susceptibility, more open to grand impressions than their so-called superiors, whose sympathies have been dulled by cultivation. Our simple, direct explanation of the phenomenon in question is, as regards opera,



HEADS FROM THE BALCONY.

that number of people like the tunes in 'Don Giovanni,' without appreciating the beauty of the entire work; as regards the Virgin of the Brooch, that they are charmed by the lovely face; as regards the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' that the story interests them apart from the poetry and philosophy in which it

is clothed. The shilling gallery may admire 'Hamlet,' in all sincerity; but they cannot admire it so much as a Goethe, a Schlegel, or a Hazlitt; nor for such various, nor, above all, for such lofty reasons.

We should like very much to know what the shilling public, on the nights devoted at St. James's



HEADS FROM THE STALLS.

Hall to Monday Popular Concerts, finds so much to admire in certain specimens of chamber-music, full of very choice, but also very recondite beauties? say, for instance, the last quartets of Beethoven. Perhaps, treating each programme as an entire work, it may be affirmed that in each—as in the opera of 'Don Gio-

vanni'—there is something for the general public, while there is also a great deal which speaks eloquently to the regularly instructed musician, and even to the self-educated connoisseur; but to the great outside mass, says only what the celebrated sonata did to the celebrated French philosopher, who, listening did not know

what to make of it. 'Sonate que me veux tu?' exclaimed jesting Fontenelle; and receiving no answer, concluded that the sonata of which he could make nothing must somehow be in the wrong. Without being blind worshippers of mere names, we may hope that the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts do not, when they find that they cannot place themselves *en rapport* with some work of great repute, at once make up their minds that the work is to blame. The sonata's reply to Fontenelle has never been made known, often as his triumphant, one-sided conversation with that unhappy piece of music has been repeated. But, before giving any answer, it might

well have said to him, in the name of all music: 'Que me veux tu Fontenelle?' The true complaint of the philosopher against the sonata appears to have been, that it could not utter witticisms, or discourse to him on the 'Plurality of Worlds.'

The scheme of the Monday Popular Concerts, though it gives no place to frivolous *ad captandum* pieces, yet includes, within certain limits, a great variety of music. Music written merely for the sake of display—that is, for the display of certain qualities on the part of the executant—is absolutely proscribed. At the Monday Popular Concerts the leading pianist will never play Thalberg's pianoforte fantasias; nor the leading violinist, Paga-



HEADS FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

nini's variations on the 'Carnival of Venice;' nor the leading violoncellist, arrangements and disarrangements of popular operatic airs. We should be astonished, too, in the way of vocal music, to hear Signor Arditi's world-famed 'Il bacio' at these entertainments, or any ordinary operatic air. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the vocal music is not always so strictly classical as the instrumental music invariably is. We have heard songs at the Monday Popular Concerts which would have made quidnuncs look aghast through their spectacles, and pedants shake their wigs in dismay.

Since the word 'classical' has, at last, escaped us, let us ask the precise signification of that word, in connection with music. The director of the Monday Popular Con-

certs does not employ it at all, and we applaud him for it. He gives his concerts a name which implies nothing more than that they take place on Mondays, and are addressed to the 'people,' in the full and proper sense of the word—the public of all classes. Nevertheless, in describing them briefly, one must say that they consist of 'classical' music; and for our own sake, as for that of musical readers and musical writers in general, we should like to see this word properly defined.

We all know what the words 'classic,' 'classical,' ought to mean. A 'classic' should be a work placed and maintained in the first rank by the consent of the best judges of succeeding generations. After a certain lapse of years, a work that has once been fairly recognized as a classic continues to pass as such without further question; and though

no one—perhaps because no one—takes any further interest in it will be so esteemed until the end of time. There was a period when the only classics in literature were the Greek and Latin classics; and, by a pardonable abuse of language, the term 'classical' is still applied emphatically, if not exclusively, to those works and all their belongings. Thus 'a classical education' has come to mean an education in Greek and Latin; 'a prize for classics,' a prize for proficiency in Greek and Latin; 'a classical master,' a master who gives instruction in Greek and Latin, and so on. A classic in our own literature is called 'a British classic'—as though it were to the real thing what Britannia metal is to silver, or British brandy to pure cognac. And there is, after all, some meaning in this. For Pope, Dryden, and Milton were very modern poets indeed, compared to Horace, Juvenal, and Virgil; and, classics or not, the poets of the last two hundred years have not been tested like the poets of the last two thousand years. There is a difference, too, between a reputation enjoyed in one particular corner of the earth and a reputation spread over the whole civilized globe. 'Civilization ceases,' said Joseph le Maistre, with indisputable truth—whatever the significance of that truth may be—'where the study of the Latin language ceases;' and authors, whose writings influence in different degrees all civilized men, and have been exercising this influence for nearly twenty centuries, may well be styled 'classical.'

In the drama and in painting, the word classical has a special and very restricted meaning. A classical drama is a drama founded on a subject already treated by one of the dramatists of Greece, or, by exception, Rome. (Corneille's 'Horace,' for instance, is an adaptation from the Latin of Seneca.) At the same time the French recognize in their drama a clearly-marked classical form. A classical subject is to be preferred—either the subject of an ancient classical drama, or, failing that, any subject borrowed

from antiquity; but the division of the drama into five acts, and the observance of the three unities, must, in any case, be insisted on. Indeed, in the present day, classicality in the French drama is, above all, a question of form. There is also, however, the question of classicality in language, which we feel to be somewhat beyond our competence, but as to which we may, nevertheless, say a few words. The language, then, of a French classical drama should be in strict accordance with the teachings and traditions of the French Academy—of which Molière was never a member. It should be correct, chaste, not given to metaphor, not fertile in imagery—unless indeed it be second-hand imagery already approved and sanctioned by the Academy; devoid of humour; the servant of one idea—that idea being never to deviate into originality, but to walk in the ancient ways, after the manner of the French classical writers of the French Augustan age, and in constant fear of the French Academy. The classical drama in France is the drama as moulded by the classical writers of the French stage—or those who, for a time, were so considered. It is admitted now that the French classical drama is dying out; and Schlegel demonstrated years ago that it possessed none of the elements of vitality. What, then, is to be said of so-called 'classics' whose existence cannot be prolonged for two centuries? Simply that they are not classics at all.

In pictorial art there are two kinds of classicality. In one sense a classical picture is any picture painted on a subject from *Lemprière's Classical Dictionary*—a work which, perhaps more than any other, after the *Peerage*, and the authorized version of the *Scriptures*, deserves to rank as a British classic. David, the author of the naked *Romulus* in the Louvre, was at one time the head of this classical school of painting in France. But true classicality in the pictorial as in other arts, consists in the study and imitation of what are generally recognized as the highest models; and, whatever a classical picture may be, a classical

painter is one who endeavours to follow in the steps of the great masters. Thus Ingres, the chief classical painter of modern France, devoted himself at one time exclusively to the study of Raphael, and was said to have familiarized himself with all that Raphael had produced down to the smallest sketch. Let us add, by way of memorandum, that for the classical painter the great textbooks are not the classical authors, nor even Lemprière's dictionary, but the Bible, the New Testament, and

the 'Lives of the Saints.' Indeed, in representing what in literature would be called classical subjects, David was nothing less than an innovator.

As regards both the French classical painting, in place of the word 'classical,' the word 'traditional,' or 'conventional,' might well be used. If an artist in the present day should so far forget himself as to paint what is known as a classical landscape (a student fresh from the Ecole des Beaux Arts might do



PIANO QUARTETT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
Madame Goddard, M.M. Benedict, Joachim, Strauss, and Plattl.

such a thing) it would be a good thing to explain to him that there is nothing 'classical' at all in such productions. Our readers are aware that a so-called 'classical' landscape is a landscape *plus* a temple (the temple, however, may, on occasion, be omitted), *plus* one or more human figures, who are indispensable, inasmuch as it is only, through the imaginary enjoy-

ment of the beauties of the landscape by these imaginary personages that any real enjoyment of them can be obtained by the actual spectator of the picture. Such at least is the ingenious theory on the subject; which is about as reasonable—indeed less reasonable—than to pretend that no man thoroughly admires a pretty girl unless he sees some other man admiring her.

What a variety, then, of things classical there are in the world! The classics properly so called—the chosen reading of a large portion of educated society for the last two thousand years; the pseudo-classics of modern literature, in which the mere outside forms of the ancient originals are reproduced; the genuine classics of modern literature; the classics of painting, including the works of the old masters and those pseudo-classics, the imitations of the works of the old masters; and, finally, the classics of music, concerning which we should like to have clearer views than we actually possess. Hitherto writers have been able to give a far better account of themselves, their works, and their manner of working than painters; while painters have, in these respects, shown themselves superior to musicians. We admit that it is not the proper business of a musician to deliver lectures on his art for the enlightenment of the heathen. Nevertheless we should like to hear the answers of the first half-dozen who should be requested to explain what is, and what is not, classical music. In the opinion of myriads of young ladies—the chief students of music in this and all other countries—‘classical music’ is a name used to designate any sort of music in which there is more harmony than melody, more learning than inspiration, and which is generally dull.

Some hold that the ‘classical’ in music corresponds to the ‘legitimate’ in the drama. In the drama everything is ‘legitimate’ that is in five acts. Is it true that in music everything is ‘classical’ which is in the form of a symphony, a concerto, a sonata, or any other of the recognized forms which the great masters of instrumental music have systematically employed?

As a general rule no Italian music is considered classical—or, at least, not until half a century or so after it has been composed. German music, on the other hand, is almost classical by birth.

We fancy a certain amount of seriousness—is thought absolutely necessary in ‘classical’ music; and

though satire—thanks, no doubt, to the salt that is in it—lasts as long as any kind of poetry, it may be true that comic music and lively music, in general, are less permanently impressive than music of a serious cast. In the meanwhile, in the absence of all definitions and laws on the subject, ask any member, or dozen members, of the concert-going, opera-going public, whether Rossini’s ‘Barber of Seville’ is a classical work or not, and be sure he will answer in the negative. Yet it is Beaumarchais in music, and as admirable musical comedy as ever was produced. The claims of Mozart’s ‘Marriage of Figaro’ to be considered classical would, of course, pass unquestioned. We fully believe, too, that the music of Mendelssohn’s ‘Son and Stranger’ would be declared ‘classical’ even by those who never heard it, and solely on the ground that it is the work of Mendelssohn. If, indeed, ‘classical’ were an epithet reserved for the works of all great, earnest composers, it would at least be intelligible, though incorrect. As it is that term is applied, not only to the works of the great masters, but to all very serious, and more or less learned, music written in observance of their forms.

However, musicians, great and small, musical young ladies, amateurs of both sexes, and the public in general, will certainly agree in regarding the instrumental music performed at the Monday Popular Concerts as ‘classical,’ though, as we have before observed, the director never makes use of the word in his announcements. If Mr. Arthur Chappell were bound by law to describe the exact composition of his concerts, it would be enough for him to say that they are made up of the finest examples of chamber-music left by the great masters; by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn. Nor are more modern composers neglected—Schumann, for instance, whose works, whatever may be their merits, can scarcely as yet be styled ‘classical.’ The Roman Catholic Church does not canonize its saints until five hundred years after their

death. It would be too much to ask for such a delay in the case of a composer claiming classical rank. But it is evidently of the essence of classicality that the title of the composer to the epithet of 'classical' should be indisputable and universally recognized.

The best music cannot, like so much of the best literature, make its way unaided. Like the literature of the stage, it needs eloquent interpreters; and in this respect the admirable music presented at the Monday Popular Concerts has been most fortunate. Mr. Arthur Chappell has made his immense audiences acquainted, not only with the best music, but also with the best musicians. The names of the distinguished artists who have at various times taken part in these concerts would, together, make a long list. The *habitués* will recognize by their portraits those chief favourites who, more than any others, have helped to establish the 'Monday Populars,' and to gain for them the large amount of public estimation which they actually enjoy. Each of these artists, like the music they jointly and separately execute, has been heard, not in England only, but in all parts of musical Europe; and it would perhaps interest some of our English readers — it might even benefit those among them who claim to be considered judges of pianoforte-playing — to hear what the celebrated German critic, Herr Louis Rellstab, said of Madame Arabella Goddard's playing, when, in the year 1855, that lady was performing at Berlin.

'The whole of the second part,' wrote Herr Rellstab, 'was supported by the fair concert-giver alone, who performed Beethoven's colossal sonata in B flat major, the most impracticable of all his pianoforte compositions. Only those who, by careful study, have gained an insight into the difficult and complicated nature of the work, are fully capable of appreciating the extra-

ordinary and masterly performance of Miss Arabella Goddard. . . . The sonata in B flat, during the thirty years, or thereabouts, that it has been known to the select musical public, has constantly employed the utmost energies of all musicians, who have in vain exercised their powers of execution and judgment on this enigmatical sphinx. For our own part we have only heard it played in private by a few, and that more as an attempt at detached portions than as a great whole. A less celebrated pianist, Mortier de Fontaine, intended to play it in public; Liszt is said to have done so; while Mendelssohn, we are assured, several times attempted it, but declared he found the last movement insurmountable on account of the long, continuous exertion requisite. One thing is certain; it is a stupendous task for the pianist; and even supposing others can accomplish it, the young and gifted lady has, in the present instance, the threefold merit of having played it here first, of being a lady who did so, and of having done so with a fluency and perfection in which it is doubtful that any man ever equalled, much less surpassed her.'

It is noticeable that of the four artists engaged in the performance of the pianoforte quartett represented in our engraving, each belongs to a different country. Herr Joachim is a Hungarian, Herr Strauss a German, Signor Piatti an Italian, Madame Goddard an Englishwoman. Mr. Benedict, the able and indefatigable conductor of the Monday Popular Concerts, who, with characteristic politeness, is turning over the leaves for Madame Goddard, is, by birth and education, a German—he was the favourite pupil of Karl Maria von Weber. But Mr. Benedict has so long been settled in England, and has worked so earnestly and with such good results for the English public, that we should be glad to think we might claim him as a fellow countryman.

LONDON SOCIETY.

JUNE, 1868.



MY FIRST DAY'S FOX HUNTING.

(See page 565.)

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

QUEEN VICTORIA ACCORDING TO BARON BUNSEN.

THE biography of Baron Bunsen, just issued, is on many accounts one of the most remarkable works which have been issued for many years past. We observe, with re-

gret, that nearly all the literary periodicals have complained that these volumes are a great deal too bulky, and might advantageously be cut down to something exceed-

ingly under their present size. We can by no means agree to this. The editing, by the Baroness Bunsen, is most carefully done, and there are very few pages which we could spare. Baron Bunsen was emphatically a many-sided man. He combined the student-life and the practical life to an extent quite unparalleled among his own countrymen, and almost unparalleled among ourselves. He was linguist, scholar, and critic. He was a 'philosopher. He was a profound divine. He was a man of the world. He was a politician and a statesman. We hardly wonder that the critics are weary of tracing him through all these complicated ramifications of character and career. To many of them his social and political sketches will be full of interest; but they will be tired and perplexed by his heavy learning, his philosophy, and that intense religious feeling which he threw into all his actions and speculations. Others, again, will be delighted with his speculative and metaphysical tone of mind on all religious and philosophical subjects, and his vast learning on so many contrasted fields of human knowledge, and will care little either for the broad historical interest or the lighter charms of biography. It is the duty, however, of critics, though they may have greater sympathy and intimacy with Bunsen in some particular direction, to endeavour to understand and appreciate him in walks furthest removed from their ordinary cognizance. In the compass, activity, benignity of his nature, Bunsen appears to us to have been one of the greatest men who have adorned humanity. Moreover, there were circumstances which specially imparted to Bunsen a cosmopolitan character. He married an Englishwoman, a sister of Lady Lilanover. The best years of his life were spent on the Capitol in Rome, and in Carlton Terrace. Fame, friendship, and relationship, all preceded him into England. Many of his warmest friendships were among Englishmen, and he regarded London as the metropolis of the world.

The chief interest of these volumes* lies in the development and progress of Bunsen's life, so varied, happy, and, so to speak, perfectly rounded. He was a poor man, and the son of a poor man, but he became ambassador and peer, and even these distinctions are trivial and vulgar compared to his achievements as a thinker and writer. We can easily understand his exultant language to his wife when appointed minister to our court: 'I am so moved by the thought that you will be, by the man of your choice, upon whom, a youth and a wanderer, you bestowed heart and hand, conducted back to your country, there with him to represent, in the presence of your own Queen, the noblest, and most beloved of kings.' On another occasion we shall probably recur to these fascinating volumes, as, for our own part, we only wish there were more of them. From their bulky contents, we shall now only select a single subject for discussion, which will be of the highest interest to us all. We have here a most valuable contribution to the contemporary history of our Queen and her court, given too with a fulness, accuracy, and fairness which leave little to be desired. There is about as much personal information concerning her gracious Majesty in the volumes as in the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' or the 'Highland Journal.' As the Queen has taken her loving people into her confidence, and bestowed upon them much personal knowledge of herself and her court, it has been permitted to the Baroness Bunsen to publish many passages which otherwise might have been allowed to rest for many years. We propose to bring the most important of these together, which may not be without use to all readers, as the passages are scattered over many hundred pages, and the index is not of a very satisfactory kind.

* 'A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty Frederic William IV. at the Court of St. James. Drawn chiefly from Family Papers by his Widow, Frances Baroness Bunsen.' In two volumes. Longmans.

Bunsen's first visit to England was after he had left Rome, and before his high diplomatic appointment at Berne. We do not find him presented to the Queen, but on intimate terms with many of the best known men in England. He first stayed at his brother-in-law's, Sir Benjamin Hall, and found himself eagerly sought for in every direction. Lord Devon, always remarkable for his hospitality to good men, made him come down to his sea-girt domain in Devonshire, and the Bishop of Exeter preached a sermon which was supposed to be entirely on his account. 'I thank him for it the more, as it has left me a soothing impression: I should otherwise only have had before me the eloquent and sarcastic statesman.' Here he became acquainted with Mr. Gladstone, 'the first man in England in intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than any one else in the island.' Lord Melbourne characteristically complained to him that all the young people were going mad about religion. He was much delighted by his first acquaintance with a debate in the House of Commons: 'I saw before me the empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged by this assembly. I felt that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English.' 'On Sunday I went at eleven, with Gladstone, to his parish church, after which we began our conference, closeted in his room. At five minutes before three he stopped me, in order to introduce me to his father, who was pleased to hear from me what I was so happy to express to him about his admirable son.' One day he breakfasted with Mr. Hallam: 'I sat between Hallam and Macaulay, and the conversation was very lively and instructive; after breakfast its course was turned to what is now in everybody's mind, the Church. It was evident that Macaulay is writing the article in the "Edinburgh" on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject.' Baron Bunsen mentions that Mr. Gladstone afterwards sent Macaulay a letter of thanks for the

tone of his treatment of the work. 'I breakfasted with Gladstone. We had a long conversation. I never speak English half so easily as when hearing him speak, and seeing him.' We have also a testimony to Mr. Maurice's power of elocution (and something more than that): 'Mr. Maurice, not *reading the prayers* (as it is generally termed and done), but *praying* with an intensity of seriousness which would make it hard not to pray with him.' He dined with Rogers, 'all quite in the style of a rich Roman of the time of Augustus.' Thus Bunsen truly realized the intense, crowded life of a London season, saying that he had nothing to do but to open his eyes and ears to see and hear; and his visit was brought to a termination by his appointment as minister at Berne.

In 1841 he came again to England on a diplomatic mission connected with that scheme of the Jerusalem bishopric which so harrowed up the souls of John Henry Newman and his friends. He took up his abode at 8 Curzon Street, long the memorable abode of the Misses Berry. The brilliant London world was again open to him, but we find him using words which would be a truism on most men's lips, but which meant much on his own: 'Oh, what is life, if it were not a passage to eternity and bliss! Our feelings are not commensurate with this idea of existence.' He tried to induce Mr. Gladstone to co-operate in the Jerusalem scheme, but found it very difficult. 'He is beset with scruples; his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system.' This temporary mission ripened into a permanent ambassadorship. The King submitted to our Queen three names, and the Chevalier Bunsen was selected. It was the highest diplomatic post in the Prussian service. His first entry relating to our Royal Family is on Tuesday, 23rd November [1841]. 'Half-past five, afternoon.—I am just come from Prince Albert. The Queen requests that the King will come hither the middle of January, to stand *godfather* to the *Prince of Wales* at his baptism. She wishes that he should come in per-

son, and, in short, has set her heart upon it. The Prince of Wales was shown to me by his father; and all possible gracious demonstration was made towards myself.' From this time we gradually trace in Baron Bunsen's mind the growth of feelings of real affection and veneration towards the Queen and the Prince. With great skill the Baroness Bunsen inserts from time to time, 'contemporary letters,' written by herself on her children, which give completeness to her picture. We will bring together a collection of passages.

(a) Dec. 28, 1841.—'I am at Windsor Castle. . . and thank God! I am here without having sought the position; on the contrary, after having begged leave to retire from public life. Thus, I can feel thankful to be here, and hope I am so. Never was a reception more distinguished than I have here met with. I had my audience at eight o'clock, just before dinner: I was directed to conduct the Duchess of Kent to the place opposite the Queen, and then to place myself at the Queen's right hand. I had been told by Brunnow that I had no choice of a place but by the side of the Duchess or Prince Albert. In obeying the Queen's command, I thought of what the Popes say when receiving peculiar honour—"Non mihi sed Petro," "Not to me is this offered but to St. Peter," well aware that it is the King's present high position which has raised mine: wherefore I can really enjoy it much. The Queen is quite different from the representation I had heard of her—speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening. In playing at cards with the Queen, I won a *new shilling* of her Majesty's especial coin, which Fanny shall have to keep.

(b) 'To-day we were invited to Lambeth, where the Queen will take luncheon with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Howley. Her visiting Lambeth is, it seems, a novelty. Mrs. Howley said—"We have to thank the Queen of Prussia for this distinction." All turned out well; the Queen was very gracious,

and seemed pleased: the whole was beautifully arranged, with luxury of flowers and plants. The Queen noticed Sir Robert and Lady Peel more especially; she came up to the latter first, before she spoke to any other lady, and returned to her after bowing round the circle.

(c) 'I can assure you that I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last in the Queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which we ought to be thankful. It is a striking, and consoling, and instructive proof that what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. The Queen gives hours daily to the labour of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her, among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted.

(d) 'Palace of Brühl, 1845. Queen Victoria's apartment is the only thing *magnificent*, and in that the only thing *costly* is her dressing-table, with the cover of finest Brabant lace.' There is, later, the King's speech in proposing the health of the Queen and Prince. 'The Queen bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him and kissed him on the cheek. She took her seat again with a beaming countenance.

(e) 'Windsor Castle, Sept. 25, 1846.—I arrived here yesterday at six, and at eight o'clock all followed the Queen in to dinner in the great hall hung round with the Waterloo portraits. The band, so placed as to be invisible, played exquisitely, so that what with the fine proportions of the hall and the well-subdued light, and the splendour of the plate and decorations, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Dawson, and Miss Stanley were beautiful enough to personate the ideal attendants of

an ideal court. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression which she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind, which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the *fixed mask*, only too common in the royal rank of society.

(f) 'We all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and, in particular, of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a good deal.

(g) 'In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I inquired of Prince Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position at this early age (five years). He told me that last month, in travelling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of "The Duke of Cornwall for ever!" when Prince Albert informed him that there had been long ago a great and good Prince of Wales called the Black Prince, who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired that people had not forgotten him; and it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that great Prince in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

(h) 'Osborne. — We drove between rows of laurel and myrtle, as in Italy, and, on arriving, found that the Queen herself had come towards us on the lawn, but had not been perceived by the party, for which omission I was made responsible as being the only one wearing spectacles. . . . The Queen's own room has a beautiful prospect from

a balcony towards the sea, Spithead and the fleet; all decorations everywhere show good sense and real taste. . . . Seeing Prince Albert and the Queen in their beautiful tranquillity in the isle of the south, overlooking the sea, rejoiced me. I am heartily devoted to them both, and they showed me all their accustomed kindness.

(j) 'Osborne, 1849. — Prince Albert had encouraged me to send his letter by the common post; he had no objection to its being known, wherever the packet might by the way be opened, how he condemned the acts and the persons by whom Germany was betrayed. . . . It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds to her heart's content, in the prospect of the sea and the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. . . . I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance and strength, and has a pleasing countenance.

(k) 'Osborne, 1850. — After lunch I stayed in my room till half-past four, when the Queen kindly told Lord John to call me to walk out with her till seven. The air was delicious, and the conversation such as I thoroughly enjoy, open and free, and treating of things important for head and heart.

(l) 'July 3, 1850. — The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and learning everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel. The newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black out of respect for him. The Queen's grief is excessive; she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the levée, which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she her-

self and the country have sustained : "I have lost not merely a friend but a father."

(m) '17th July.—The loss of Peel can never be supplied. The Queen and the Prince have shown, on the occasion of this calamity, their own high standing in human nature. Altogether, what a treasure of sincerity, truth, and noble feeling is there in this royal pair! What a blessing for the country! A great impression has been made upon the Prince of Prussia by such a degree of mourning for a public servant.

(n) (To Baron Stockmar.)—"As I was on the way to your door in the palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle) in the fine corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded on reason, and integrity, and love—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the continent and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland.

(o) 'The Queen has been most gracious; she made me write her name and my own in the first volume of "*Hippolytus*," and made me a present of three beautiful prints, after Winterhalter, of Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and Prince Arthur. Then I have passed two hours with the Prince this morning, one hour with the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore, two with the Princess of Hohenlohe. . . . Prince Albert had been much amused by a long visit received, when at Edinburgh, from a Roman prince, dwelling with much emphasis upon the Queen's evident leaning (!) towards Roman Catholicism in spite of the persecution.(!) The Prince let him speak on, and then gave him strongly

to understand a piece of his mind as to Romanism in general and his and the Queen's opinion of it in particular.

(p) 'I had a visit from —; very full of accounts received from the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, who is the wife of a mason at Rhyl, in Flintshire, and wound up her abundant details and observations upon Court life with the expression, "that the Queen was a *good woman*, quite fit to have been a poor man's wife as well as a Queen." Such a compliment has not often been paid or deserved; it showed the woman's conviction of the Queen's intrinsic merit, sense of duty, and activity in all things. She also made the remark that the royal children were "kept very plain indeed—it was quite poor living—only a bit of roast meat and perhaps a plain pudding."

(q) 'I should best have liked to have had your children with us to see what I saw that evening between five and six o'clock, when we were allowed to follow the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside for a representation of the Four Seasons, studied and contrived by the royal children as a surprise to the Queen in celebration of the day (anniversary of the Queen's marriage). First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's '*Seasons*.' She moved gracefully, and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice sweet and penetrating like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn and the scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest-work; another change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine-leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn, looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such), and the Princess

Louise, a charming little muffled-up figure, busy keeping up a fire, the Prince reciting (as all had done) passages more or less modified from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the Seasons were grouped together, and, far behind, on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil hanging on both sides down to her feet, holding a long cross, and pronouncing a blessing on the Queen and the Prince. The Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but, by command of the Queen, the curtain was again withdrawn, and we saw the whole royal family together, who came down from their raised platform; also the baby, Prince Leopold, was carried in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, stretching out his arms to be taken by the Prince Consort.

(r) 'The same day mamma received a note from Lady Canning' [it is one of Baron Bunsen's daughters who writes], 'saying that the Queen would receive her on Thursday, 1st June, at three o'clock. This was felt to be the more kind, as it seems to be unusual. You know how faithfully my mother is attached to the Queen, and how she loves to see her and to hear her speak. The Queen detained mamma in a long conversation quite alone, mentioning the intrigues at Berlin against the whole matter of the Western Alliance—her misgiving that a letter in her own hand had not entirely been made known to the King of Prussia, as might easily be the case if his sight had been too much affected to read letters himself; and ending with the expression of her "great concern and regret" at the departure of my father and mother, and of her hope and wish for our "well-being and happiness" wherever we might reside, and then, giving mamma her hand, she dismissed her with a kiss on the cheek.'

We have passed over numberless passages well worth quotation, and have limited ourselves to a single purpose; but the work is so important that we shall probably return once more to the passages that relate to the English court and society.

A RAID INTO GLAMORGANSHIRE.

The other day I took a rapid raid into Glamorganshire, the chief industrial county of Wales. It was only a three days' run, but I especially noted it in my diary, as it furnished a striking succession of violent contrasts. These contrasts abound in this remarkable country. There are the crowded ports of Cardiff and Swansea, the simple primitive scene of the lovely peninsula of Gower, the wild furnace country, and then the sweet pastoral Vale of Neath, with its proximity to the waterfall district. An assize incident struck me as noteworthy. At Swansea some Fenians were tried, with varying results, some acquitted and others sentenced. The judge, Baron Pigott, whose careful and humane way of trying prisoners impressed me very greatly, explained to an acquitted Fenian that he had been a great fool, to which the man entirely assented and said he should go home and be wiser. I was sitting at an hotel in Merthyr when a great uproar in the street announced the return of the acquitted Fenians amid the cheers of their friends. I feel pretty well convinced that there was much more folly than treason in Welsh Fenianism, and popular panic, as usual, had greatly exaggerated things. An inspection of the Dowlais Ironworks, where some fourteen thousand people were employed, was in the highest degree astonishing. The scenery in the opera of 'Orfeo et Eurydice' was nothing to it. Accompanied by competent guides, later after dark, I made a careful circuit of the works. The scene was a wild phantasmagoria: huge blazing furnaces, with figures of men like dwarfed spectral demons glancing before them, rivers of molten iron hissing onwards with fearsome sounds, showers of red-hot sparks thrown up and then descending from on high like a rainfall, huge blocks of white metal fused to an intense heat shedding daylight round a wide circumference. Further inquiries showed me that the physical and moral effects of the system were highly deleterious. A mere child,

spending the whole night within the glare of a furnace, might earn his twenty-three shillings a week, but no mere child ought to be subjected to this. Accidents and specific diseases from this kind of life are by no means uncommon. Immorality is exceedingly rife. The next morning I saw a great number of men lounging listlessly about, and I was told that a strike had just been perpetrated. These men who strike may sometimes omit striking in the right place, but they are constantly striking in the wrong place. I have known ironmasters who have kept on their works for years for the sake of their workmen, and who have not even realized the interest of their capital.

In the neighbourhood of these works is a remarkable cluster of waterfalls. The most of them belong to Brecon, but there is a very remarkable fall at Melincourt, in Glamorganshire. A traveller tells of the Hepsta fall that when a brisk shower of rain came on he took shelter under the waterfall. The whole Vale of Neath is exceedingly lovely, and is easily to be walked in the course of a long morning. A salmon of five-and-forty pounds had been caught a day or two before my stroll. In strong contrast to its pastoral beauty is the busy seaport of Cardiff. Its old castle has its associations of Robert of Normandy so long immured here, and the modern castle its prosperous associations with the Bute family. Not so very long ago there was a large tract of land between the town and the sea called the Cardiff Moors belonging to Lord Bute. This nobleman, discerning the capabilities and prospects of the neighbourhood, determined to convert this tract into a harbour. It was looked upon as a wild speculation, and for some time the undertaking languished. But now the Bute trustees clear some fifty thousand a year from the harbour-dues; the whole town belongs to them, and the rent-roll of the whole estate is about an annual quarter of a million. The young marquis, after a long minority, comes of age shortly, and has already signalised himself by a

voyage in his steam-yacht to Iceland. There has been a great deal of distress in the town lately, and the Bute trustees declined to contribute money, but offered to give work to any one who required it. This is an admirable plan: it is the very plan pursued in France in contradistinction to our system of poor-law relief. It is a curious fact that the poor-law expenditure in each country is about the same; but while we have nothing to show for our money, France can point to roads, boulevards, docks, public monuments. It is worthy of consideration whether the example of the Bute trustees might not be followed on a very extensive scale.

About a mile and a half from Cardiff is about the smallest city in Britain, the city of Llandaff, whose cathedral, which so long lay open to the winds and rains of heaven, has at last been happily restored. There is one circumstance connected with the little city of which I heard with much regret. A publican applied for a spirit licence on the ground that candidates for holy orders asked for spirits. It appears that those gentlemen, on the eve of the most solemn event in their lives, are obliged to herd together in the local public. In nearly every diocese in England episcopal hospitality is proffered at such a time, but the example has not extended to the diocese of Llandaff.

LADIES' POETRY AND RELIGIOUS POETRY.

'Poetry,' says Heine, 'is the disease of mankind,'—as the pearl is the disease of the oysters. Sometimes one meets with critical friends. I use the word in its lower meaning, of persons who write criticisms, who are impatient of the various new volumes of poetry that are now issued with some frequency. I do not share this feeling. To me a new poem is any day preferable to a new novel. The poet—by which I mean the average poet—is superior in culture, thought, and feeling to the novelist—by which I mean the average novelist. I am fond of the musical tribe. I take up their books with a desire to be

pleased; I try and cultivate a feeling of sympathy with them; I find fault reluctantly and hesitatingly. Even from much poetry that the world flings aside with indifference there is really much to learn. We may not have perfumed airs and gorgeous blooms, but still there is so much in simple notes and simple wild flowers. And if I take up some such volume of poems, and find a mind, tender, reverent, and devout; if I detect, or think I am able to detect, a simple record of a real history of sorrow, passion, or suffering, I feel that the poetry is a good sort of poetry, and has done me good, even though there is that want of force and originality, that dearth of imaginative and creative power, which prevent me, in my critical capacity, from drawing public attention to them. At the present day, however, we have no want of men and women who are genuine poets. The age of Queen Victoria will, hereafter, be as illustrious in this respect as the reign of Queen Elizabeth or the reign of Queen Anne. It has been the misfortune of our rising school of poets that their poetry has been greatly coloured by the dominant influence of Mr. Tennyson, and in a lesser degree of Mr. Browning; but the Tennysonian mannerism is dying out, and the Laureate is only one of the influences in a wide and ample culture. Despite the iniquities and obscenities of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, *agnosco procerem*, and Mr. Robert Buchanan, despite his essays, is also a poet, and the large and growing fame of Mr. Morris is a new luminary in the intellectual heavens,—and there is a cluster of rising stars which may brighten and broaden on the horizon. I have not read Mr. Westwood's new poem of 'Guinevere,' but there seems to be something great about it, though the choice of the subject is unfortunate, as suggesting modern comparisons.

But I will take up a few volumes of recent poetry, where the merit is certainly remarkable. With the opening spring and sunshine of the year, in musical accordance, we have had many new volumes of

song. On the principle of *Place aux dames* first we look at 'The Old Story, and other Poems,' by Elizabeth D. Cross. We recognize in this lady a worthy companion for that musical sisterhood to which belong Jean Ingelow, Dora Greenwell, Christina Rossetti, and M. B. Smedley. These poems are full of pure warm feelings, of ripe and generous culture, and there is often a happiness in the words, a music in the lines, that make us linger on her pages and often recur to them. 'Lycoris' is a wonderful little poem, though perhaps too much an echo of 'Vivien.'

The poets have never ceased to sing of the roses, but their freshness and their teachings are never lost. We will give the little poem of 'Wild Roses' as an example of Miss Cross's manner. There is something very tender and suggestive in the verses. The French motto partly explains the meaning: 'Dans la vie, garde-toi de rien différer.' But this motto does not exhaust the meaning, and the poetess would probably tell us to exhaust it for ourselves.

'I walked in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

'I walked alone, in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

'Fairer than stars were the roses,
Faint was the fragrance and rare,
Not any flower in the garden
Could with those roses compare.

'But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight,
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

'Till then stay a while to gladden
The air, and the earth below,
With tender beauty and sweetness
They cannot choose but bestow.

'So I kissed the roses, and lightly
I breathed of their peace divine;
It is time, when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

'I went in the gladsome morning,
I said, we part for an hour;
The branch of wild roses trembled,
The dew was on every flower.

'I returned in the joyless evening,
I yearned with passion then
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

'For another had taken delight
In colour and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

'I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine,
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.'

But one of the most charming little volumes of poetry issued in this spring and early summer is a little book entitled 'Poems Written for a Child by Two Friends' (Strahan). This volume also is a *Lyra Innocentium*. The somewhat cold and monastic verse of Mr. Keble cannot be understood by children themselves, but this book, while it must be claimed by children as their very own and written for themselves, is full of instruction and charm for all us children of a larger growth. The work is full of genuine fun; at times, indeed, it is slightly slangy; and there is abundant use of all the familiar machinery of fairies and hobgoblins. But all these pages are fresh, as it were, with vernal airs and vernal flowers suited to the happy children. Throughout there is an atmosphere of purity; it is a book which Wordsworth would have understood and loved. The two friends are severally 'A' and 'B.' We might spend some little time, not unpleasantly, in trying to analyze the characteristics of these charming writers. 'A' seems to have done most of the writing; she seems most thoroughly to comprehend the child-like nature; her muse is thoroughly lyric; there is no more perfect piece in our language, after its kind than 'Little Pat and the Parson,' which has been so widely quoted. But 'B' has larger and more serious aims; more of reflective imagination and elevation of thought; and may be able, with a stronger pen, to mould the hearts of men and women. But they are the most amiable of initials; and we only wish that all other letters of the alphabet were equally well disposed. B, so to speak, is brunette, and A is blonde; B

stately; A frank, free, and *débonnaire*; A is facetious and B imaginative; B can be very grave, and A can be very gay. Sometimes, however, we are puzzled. B carols away like A, and A grows sententious. But they have given us a most ladylike and Christianlike book. We cannot be children, though at times we might almost sigh to be so; but this book will go far towards reviving light fancies and innocent glee. Here is an example from B, which will almost do as a double quotation, since on this occasion she writes very much in the style of A:—

'White Rose, talk to me!
I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no word to me
Who say so much to you?
I'm bringing you a little rain,
And I shall be so proud
If, when you feel it on your face,
You take me for a cloud.
Here I come so softly,
You cannot hear me walking;
If I take you by surprise
I may catch you talking.

'Tell all your thoughts to me,
Whisper in my ear;
Talk against the winter,
He shall never hear.
I can keep a secret
Since I was five years old.
Tell me if you were frightened,
When first you felt the cold;
And, in the splendid summer,
While you blush and grow,
Are you ever out of heart
Thinking of the snow?

'Did it feel like dying,
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring,
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!
Such a beautiful surprise!
What must you have felt
When your heart began to stir
As the snow began to melt!

'Do you mind the darkness
As I used to do?
You are not so old as I;
I can comfort you.
The little noises that you hear
Are winds that come and go;
The world is always kind and safe
Whether you see or no;
And if you think that there are eyes
About you near and far,
Perhaps the fairies are watching.—
I know the angels are.

• White Rose, are you tired
Of staying in one place;
Do you ever wish to see
The wild flowers face to face?
Do you know the woodbines
And the big brown-crested reeds?
Do you wonder how they live,
So friendly with the weeds?
Have you any work to do
When you've finished growing?
Shall you teach your little buds
Pretty ways of blowing?

• White Rose, do you love me?
I only wish you'd say,
I would work hard to please you
If I but knew the way.
It seems so hard to be loving,
And not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness
For all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect
In spite of all your scorn;
But, White Rose, if I were you,
I wouldn't have those thorns.'

We have to notice also that a considerable amount of sacred poetry has been accumulating. Now, sacred poetry, in general, has a certain affinity with woman's poetry. For in both we have an infinity of undertones; in both there is a certain amount of analysis, and introspection, and self-consciousness; touches of what is tender and even mournful, and both are full of irradiations of higher and better than earthly things. Of course we must not press this comparison beyond its fair limits. But still it is impossible to meet in woman's poetry that positive unbelief and that sheer immorality which we often encounter in the poetry of strong men. There is, indeed, one rather celebrated exception; Lord Macaulay met her at a dinner party, and was heard to mutter, 'And here a female atheist talks you dead.' Still, as a rule, our poetesses and our sacred poets own that calming, soothing influence which is one of the dearest attributes of poetry, of that poetry which critically may be adjudged to belong only to the second class, but which arouses those feelings which made Milton dictate the lines, 'at a solemn music;' while in the case of the sacred poets, they reach the depths of the personal being where no merely human lute or lyre can penetrate.

Dr. Newman's volume of poems

will be received with that kindness and respect due to everything that emanates from this illustrious author. If we were passing the volume, as any ordinary volume, under review, we should say that it was a performance of unequal merit, and that amid much that is touching and graceful, there are some pieces that would be amenable to a somewhat rigorous criticism. But we need hardly say that it is utterly impossible to deal with this volume after a merely critical mode. Some of these pieces have for many years been deeply endeared to many readers. Such is that most loved of lyrics 'The Pillar of the Cloud,' beginning—

'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step's enough for me!'

Many of these pieces have a biographical, we might also say an historical importance. It would be quite worth while to compare many of them with the famous 'Apologia pro Vita Sua.' The period of Dr. Newman's greatest poetical activity was during those memorable travels which preceded the commencement of the Oxford movement. Dr. Newman will forgive us for saying that since he went over to Rome he has not produced poetry which, taken as a whole, is so good as the poetry he wrote when he was an 'Anglican.' Some of these poems show clearly enough the bias of his mind in those old Sicilian and Italian days, especially in the well-remembered lines—

'Oh that thy creed were sound,
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service—'

Where Dr. Newman demurely annotates, 'Of course this is the exclamation of one who was not in Catholic communion.' Dr. Newman is distinctly a lyrical poet, and good religious lyrics are assuredly scarce enough; but at the same time the atmosphere of the Brompton Oratory appears to have hardly been propitious to the perfection of his

gift. We should be sorry not to give an example of these poems, and so take one that is brief enough, but marked by all the author's pathos and sincerity, 'The Scars of Sin.'

'My smile is bright, my glance is free,
My voice is calm and clear;
Dear friend, I seem a type to thee
Of holy love and fear.

'But I am scanned by eyes unseen
And thou no saints surround;
That mete what is by what has been,
And joy the lost is found.

'Even my good angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me
Scar-seam'd and crippled still.'

It is remarkable that most religious poetry, a generation ago, was of a High Church character, but Broad is now the order of the day. An eminent example of this is Mr. George McDonald's 'Discipleship,' &c., but its general tone is too mystical.

AN EPISCOPAL BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, of horological celebrity, has just now, with a rapidity characteristic of the Denisons, written a biography of his father-in-law, the late Bishop of Lichfield.* His book is by no means devoid of raciness, although the good bishop deserved a better and a fuller memorial. There is some amount of gossip in it about bishops with which we do not know that bishops will be best pleased. John Lonsdale was one of the best scholars that Eton ever possessed, and to the last he could not hear any insinuation against that immaculate institution. Dr. Goodall said he was the best scholar he ever had, and his academic reputation, especially for his Latin, would, without a mitre, have been permanent. He was a man of a fine, broad, healthy mind, full of kindness, simplicity, and cheerfulness. He owed his elevation at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, a statesman to whom he was deeply attached, entirely to the high character he had gained in previous

employments. Sir Robert's letter, offering him the appointment, was handed up to him one Sunday-morning while preaching at the Savoy Chapel. He used to laugh at his right reverend brothers who owed their seats to political connexion, and had to hurry down to the House because they received notes from the Treasury. No notes from the Treasury ever came to him.

In early life the Bishop was fond of shooting; to the last year of his life he continued to fish. He relished a theatrical entertainment, and saw no reason why clergymen—and even bishops—should not enjoy it. 'But so long as the world thinks it safer for young ladies than for bishops to take their chances of being corrupted by the theatre, he would by no means offend the world.' When he studiously entered memorandums at the end of his pocket-book, these were chiefly the names of flowers which he had seen in his visits, and meant to order for his own garden. He was a man with great capabilities for enjoyment, and who always looked upon life on its sunny side, with a keen sense of humour; one who liked and who could tell a good story. And yet he was a man of boundless charity and self-denial; a man of deep and real sanctity of character.

His work was enormous. His biographer calculates that he wrote some one hundred and twenty thousand letters during his episcopate. They relate to all kinds of subjects. One clergyman writes to him repeatedly concerning his scruples about the Baptismal service. Another clergyman, living in a rectory, wrote six sheets of paper to complain that the rector had not left sheets for his beds as he had promised. The specimens of correspondence given in the biography are remarkably meagre. We are, however, by no means surprised at this. Comparatively speaking, in very few of these letters would he ever turn over the first page of his sheet of note-paper. We ourselves have seen various of the Bishop's letters; they have a common character, and when one or two are printed, we really see

* 'The Life of John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield; with some of his Writings.' Edited by his Son-in-law Edmund Beckett Denison, LL.D., Q.C. Murray.

them all. The Bishop excelled in writing a particular kind of letter. It was the short letter, semi-friendly, semi-official, always terse and definite to the matter in hand, and expressed in a graceful, complimentary, and even touching way. He seems to have had a kind of gratification in writing letters of this kind, similar to the gratification of penning longs and shorts in the Eton days. The letters at last became a tremendous drag on him, but he could not be persuaded to relinquish them, although we should think that they were just the kind of letters which a secretary would dash off by scores at his dictation. He was a man of singularly catholic and tolerant views: he was free from party spirit himself; and this was also very much the case with his diocese. He conciliated an immense amount of personal esteem and affection. One of his last public acts was his presiding, with singular efficacy and good-taste, at the Wolverhampton Church Congress; and one of his last conversations with his son-in-law related to the controversy between the Bible and Science. The Bishop was not a scientific man; in fact he carried his disregard of science to a regrettable extent; but, as Mr. Denison truly says, 'though he did not profess to understand science, no man knew better than he did the difference between sound and unsound reasoning.'

Lonsdale was originally intended for the bar, of which there are other extant episcopal instances. He had some friendships with great lawyers, and he was often to be seen at the high table at Lincoln's Inn. He was a sound lawyer; not such a keen lawyer as the Bishop of Exeter, who might have been lord chancellor, but probably a much sounder one. Even among the lawyers he often showed himself the best man in company, socially. Here is a story which he particularly enjoyed. 'A blustering man in a railway carriage said, "I should like to meet that Bishop of —, I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him." "Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "then now is your time, for I am the Bishop of —"

[it may easily be guessed what]. The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said, "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Nothing is easier," answered the Bishop; "you have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."

We will ourselves mention, from our own resources, a fragment of episcopal *ana* which may be taken as a contribution to the biography of the unnamed prelate. We guarantee the anecdote, which we could give with names and locality. One day the bishop and his archdeacon, in the course of an episcopal tour, came to the house of a country gentleman, where they were most hospitably received. We are sure of the hospitality, for our own legs have reposed beneath that excellent mahogany. At dinner the archdeacon was to be observed as engaged in a little cosy chat with the lady of the house. The bishop, with the complaisant and graceful badinage of which he was a master, insisted on being allowed to participate in the apparent secret. The archdeacon informed the bishop that their good hostess, Mrs. R——, was famous for the composition of cake, and that she generally furnished him with one when he came upon his travel. Whereupon the prelate, with most winning smiles, professed himself to be a great lover of cake, and begged to be allowed to become a petitioner for the same. That most kindly lady assented with the greatest pleasure, and she and her maidens were busied in preparing one of their choicest cakes for the illustrious diocesan. The next morning, as the bishop's carriage rolled away from the ancient residence, the right reverend foot came into collision with a parcel in the carriage. 'What's this?' cried the bishop; 'that woman's cake, I suppose.' And leaving the unknown language to the imagination of the reader, I can only say that the unlucky cake was contemptuously hurled through the window to the earth. It so happened that the park was not cleared at the time when this act was done, and the hospitable lady was able to ascertain the fate

of the kindly-meant present. I need scarcely say that there were no more hospitalities there for the bishop, and the story will hardly ever be forgotten in that part of the country. This is a sort of story which could never be told of the late Bishop of Lichfield, and perhaps of none other than the present Bishop of —.

Mr. Denison discusses the subject of good Bishop Lonsdale's exercise of his patronage. He greatly praises it, and yet withal he takes exception. The bishop laid down a rigid rule not to promote any man who had not served in his diocese. The result of this was that he was unable to promote a man who was worthy of being promoted, and whose promotion he desired. This, as Mr. Denison sees, was a mistake. To wise men rules are aids and helps, but they do not make themselves the unreasoning slaves of rules. In other respects the bishop's patronage seems to us to have been unsatisfactory. He had a weakness for men of family and wealth. We remember a case where the bishop passed over the laborious and poor curate of a parish to give the incumbency to a young man of great social qualifications. He became a regular absentee, and all the work was done by the poor curate. Dr. Lonsdale probably had the notion, which is said to be strong with some bishops, that they support the church by giving their preferment to wealthy men. The notion, however, is of very uncertain value. Finally, this biography will be found to be very well worth the reading. The late Bishop of Lichfield most completely illustrated the wise motto of his predecessor, Hacket: 'Serve God, and be cheerful.' He had all the qualities of a good man, and some of the qualities of a great man.

DIARY NOTES.

A work like 'Max Havelaar on the Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company,' is to be considered on its social and political claims, and not simply as a novel, although the literary ability is considerable.

The charges made in this work are so serious, that if there is any answer to them, the Dutch Government ought to give that answer in order to satisfy the public opinion of Europe. From time to time there have been rumours of great mismanagement and oppression in the vast Dutch colonies in the East, but suspicion has never yet taken so substantive a form. In a picturesque sentence, the author dedicates his work to the King of Holland, 'Emperor of the magnificent empire of Insulind, which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds.' The work ought to produce to Holland much of the same effect which Burke's philippics against Warren Hastings produced in England. Leaving out of sight the story-telling, which nevertheless contains some good satiric writing, we have here an awful picture of grinding tyranny and oppression, exercised by the Dutch officials on the population of Java. If the statement of facts is substantiated, it would almost invite interference and remonstrance from our Foreign Office. But perhaps foreign Governments will be asking us to look at our own policy towards Cashmere.

The spring winds have been so cutting that the first month of the fishing season, which is generally the best for sport, has not tempted many of the gentle brotherhood to depart from the fires to the waters. The contemplative angler might do well in the way of angling but he would do badly in the way of contemplation. In the leafy month of June, contemplation is easy enough, but the keen March nor'easters must deter even Mr. Kingsley from his much-loved enjoyment of fishing the Dartmoor streams. In June, the beautiful fishing on the Thames will be in perfection, and invite those to whom fishing is the gentle excuse for laziness and enjoyment; and telegraphic messages will be flashed down the wires to say that some ten-pound trout has been seen near Teddington Locks, and that exquisite reach of the Thames between Windsor and Maidenhead will wit-

ness many a sylvan and piscatorial scene worthy of art and device. Now, too, the curious phenomenon of dock fishing may be abundantly witnessed, when many a London tradesman will go out for bottom-fishing to the East or West India Docks; and though there is little to be said on the score of scenery or fresh air, yet he will often obtain a most enviable amount of booty with his rod. The London Docks abound with fish, and it is said that in a couple of hours some sixty or seventy pound of fish may be procured—jack, bream, or perch of enormous weight. There are also private waters near London which are let out, and honest citizens have a day's sport for a trifling payment, which they enjoy as much as if they were spearing salmon in Scottish rivers or Norwegian fiords. Us rather it delights to wander up remote Welsh streams or by the darkling Dove, associated with honest Izaak, or by the Wye or the Derwent. Angling is the most

healthful of out-door pursuits for the sedentary, and the man who cannot play his fly, if he can contemplate, is half an angler.

Every argument against the Church in Ireland is also an argument against the Church in Wales. If the question of establishment or disestablishment is merely a question of counting noses and siding with the majority, the Church in Wales is doomed. Dissent is the established religion in Wales, and the Church is only a sect. Nowhere can the condition of things in Ireland be worse than in Wales. A dignitary lately applied to a parish priest in Wales for a return of the religious statistics of the parish. The clergyman stated, in reply, that he had just buried his last churchman. He must have realized Sydney Smith's conception of a man preaching himself 'bare to the sexton,' and now, alack! the sexton himself is gone.



PICKED UP FROM THE GUTTER.



'WHAT is the most terrible sight in London?'

Supposing this question to be put to twenty people, there would probably be at least ten different answers to it. We should hear of the dreadful places in which the poor are compelled to live; of those 'worst neighbourhoods' where all sorts of evil-doers hide from the light; of the still more painful spectacle of painted vice flaunting abroad amidst the haunts of respectability; of the quiet suburban villas, where the tenants pay the rent beforehand, and no questions are asked, and where the shameless invent names for the shameful,—names which find their way even into the newspaper columns, and puzzle modest readers at home, who wonder about that vague *demi-monde*, and somehow associate it with leading articles upon the difficulty of marrying on civil-service pay. We

should be told of 'midnight meetings' and of dishonoured homes—of the struggles of the very poor to save themselves from the last dread of living humanity—the workhouse; of seamstresses sewing away their lives for pence; of girls starving slowly in warehouses and work-rooms amidst the costly garments which they make; of women swiftly wearing away in the effort to keep themselves from thinking of the awful alternative that tempts them every night as they hurry homewards through the gaily-lighted streets, and feel the March wind penetrating their poor flimsy clothing to wake the cough that only nourishment and rest can still.

All these are terrible indeed; and thinking of them, we almost doubt which has the evil pre-eminence: but they are only results. Worse than these, and lying at the beginning of them all, is that which

mocks our full-blown protestations of humanity and benevolence, gives the lie to our boasted enlightenment, stares our smug piety in the face with a grim laugh of pain, and is already menacing our future with a penalty that no single age can pay, since it is the accumulated debt of years and years of indifference and neglect.

Looking to the future as well as to the present, the most terrible sight in London is its homeless children. The boys and girls who (such of them as do not die—and they have a strange tenacity of life) are to make the men and women of the time to come.

It is not given to many of us to see much of them, and few people believe that they form a numerous class. Homeless children! when we hear so much of Industrial Schools, and of training masters in metropolitan workhouses, and of prison discipline for the incorrigible, to be followed by the blessed ordinances of the Reformatory!

Where are they? where do they go to? They must live somewhere, call it a home or not as you like, and the casual ward affords them a legal shelter, if they choose to claim it—a shelter and a morsel of dry bread, a drink of water if not a bowl of thin salted gruel. Where are they? They are not far to seek; but they are difficult to find, for they are all at war with respectability: knowing that respectability neither believes nor pities them much, and they have enough in them that is rat-like to seek their hiding-places in dark corners not far from the great highways, and so, more secure from discovery than if they had made holes for themselves out of sight and sound of the great traffic of the streets.

Riding homewards on your omnibus in summer time, you may see some of them turning 'catherine-wheels' in the dusty roadway, and running till they are mere quivering heaps of tatters, on the chance of a penny. Going up the silent highway of the Thames on board a steamer, you have noted them wallowing in the slime and ooze of the river shore, whence they about to

you to 'chuck a copper,' that they may show their contempt for evil savours by diving for it in the mud. Plashing along the streets on a wet night, you have heard their little bare blue feet patter on the stones for the chance of risking sudden death by opening the door of a hansom cab, or defending your broad-cloth from the muddy wheel by the intervention of their poor little bodies, scarcely less dirty than the wheel itself. They start up suddenly at street corners or from the pale glare of the lamps outside a tavern door, or emerge from the black patch of the cellar flap that lies beneath the flaring gas-light of a gaudy gin-shop. They fight for orange peel, or cigar-ends, or the nameless refuse that may be found about the dim precincts of metropolitan theatres; they startle you with their plaintive wheedling whine as you pause at the entrance of doubtful and deserted streets; they seem to possess some occult property of keeping in the dim haze: the dark circumference that lies beyond all the brighter spots in all the larger thoroughfares; and come upon you suddenly from under the wheels of vehicles, with outstretched hands, asking you to buy cigar-lights, or to 'remember the sweeper,' whose useless broom-stump is his only stock-in-trade where a crossing is impossible. Some of these poor miserable little rogues affect a farcical manner and grin under the brim of a man's hat or assume a long-tailed coat, acquired no one knows how, but worn as an incentive to cynical passengers who may give for fun what they would never concede to famine. Others have caught the professional whine of the blear-eyed man or woman who waits round the corner to seize their gains and replenishes the boxes of vesuvians entrusted to the boys or the bunches of faint, sickly-smelling flowers that make an excuse for the girls to beg more boldly. In this phase of their wretched lives we all know them, and think of them sometimes with an evanescent pity, pretending to hope that 'it is all right,' but knowing full well that it is all wrong. It is only when they have nothing

to sell, and dare not beg, and are driven like vermin to their holes, where they lie shuddering in the wet and cold, dreaming those wild dreams of food that visit the starving, that we do not see them. Only a few of us know that awful side of their existence: the side that they themselves, with the shy instinct of the hunted and the hungry, hide from the eyes of society, and sometimes die without revealing.

Late wayfarers crossing some of the bridges at night may come upon them suddenly in the act of looking over the parapet into the stream below and noting the ragged patches of moonlight reflected in it from the rift in the driving bank of cloud. Something moves in the dim recess of the stone-work in which we stand, and, peering down, we see a moving form, the gleam of a white limb amidst a mass of tatters. It is difficult to distinguish whether it is a human form or not, and yet there are limbs too; — many limbs. There are stealthy eyes looking out to see what new enemy has come to this refuge for the destitute. Two or three pairs of eyes, scowling, furtive, almost threatening and with the dogged, hunted glare in them that is so sad to see. The owners of these eyes are huddled together to form a mutual shelter against the chill night air; and you had better pass on your way. What can you do except call the attention of the law to their illegal repose, and have them driven away to seek another resting-place on the damp sodden earth beneath the dark arches? Very few visitors will disturb them in these last-named retreats, whether the arches belong to the bridge or to the railway, for they lie in nobody's road after dark. The dark arches of the bridge, about which we heard so much a long time ago, have diminished in number; and though the dim light of a candle-end, and the smouldering fire of straw and shavings sometimes flickers in those awful caverns, and for a few moments reveals a glimpse of this awful mystery of London, these haunts are less sought after now that the railways

have provided better accommodation. The coal-waggons are a temptation; but the visits of the police are more frequent; the works on the river bank have opened up access from the main thoroughfares, and great gloomy spaces leading down to the edge of the shore are closed, or are taken for warehouses, to ease the great plethora of commerce. It is to the arches of the railway, those great bare blank walls of brick which are sometimes supposed to have made a clean sweep in a whole neighbourhood of evil repute, but which in reality build the traffic of foot-passengers out of the slums which crouch behind them, that the homeless children go for shelter. Happy if an empty van, a cart, a waggon, a pile of timber is lying there to keep them from the bitter wind. Is there a carpenter's shop, a smith's shop, a nook of brick-work, or any sort of projection that can hide a dog: there you may find a child for whom the law has done no more than to teach him that practically everybody is supposed to be guilty till he can prove himself innocent; and for whom the gospel has done nothing, for he has heard no part of it. The glad tidings of greatest joy to him would be to learn where to find food and fire and a bed this piercing night, without being 'jawed at' and 'knocked about,' and treated like—well no! there is a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' which would protect the dog.

As it is, the best chance of a night's lodging is that afforded by the threepenny lodging-house. There, at least, there is a fire in the wide skillet that warms the dingy cellar called by the police a thieves' kitchen. There are really no thieves' kitchens now, in the sense of places where thieves meet to carouse before retiring to their beds. All common lodging-houses are under the regulations of an Act of Parliament, which renders them liable to inspection at any time, orders the number of beds that shall be placed in each room, and can interfere to enforce a certain degree of cleanliness and order.

Are they therefore well-conducted and tidy resorts? Well, those that are really lodging-houses are better than most people would think. There is, as we have said, a fire in the dingy cellar, where a few silent and depressed lodgers sit at the rough deal table to eat such scraps of food as they have taken in with them. There is very little hilarity here; and the few wretched lads who contrive to spend threepence for the unwonted luxury of a bed generally go up to the sleeping-rooms at once to 'have their threepenn'orth out.' Happily perhaps for them they go to sleep at once, and so, though there may be thieves amongst the lodgers, though they may themselves have pilfered the threepence that enables them to rest their aching bones, there is little opportunity for evil communications. The broken-down, the weary, the miserable, the tramp who has come to seek 'a job of work,' the wretched sot who, having nothing left for gin, and being a painter and grainer, mixes the methylated spirit used in his trade with water and takes it instead of a dram; the 'flash man' out of luck, the respectably-connected youth who has 'gone wrong,' and so reached this stage on his downward road—all are to be seen at the common lodging-house more frequently than the homeless ones of London. Sometimes these poor, forlorn boys and girls get some chance lodging in a room corner where two or three families divide the few feet of space. Nothing is more common than to hear that they 'slept last night at a room where a woman gave them shelter,' somebody having died or gone away and left a vacant corner on a bed of straw or an old sack. Even this they think is better than the markets, where they sometimes sleep on damp potato-sacks, or crawl by lucky chance under the tarpaulin of a country waggon, or lie upon the vegetable refuse, amidst which they grub for scraps of carrot, turnip, or cabbage-stumps, and devour them greedily to stifle the gnawings of their tormenting hunger.

And yet, unless the bitter weather freezes the life out of them, these

wretched children do not venture to the casual wards. There are ten chances to one against half of them being admitted there; nay, we will go further, and say that there is not room for half of them in all the casual wards in London. They would be driven away, probably with curses, perhaps with blows, unless they were big enough and old enough to insist upon their right to sleep in that draughty and yet stifling shed, where the faint heat of the coke fire paralyses the very flies upon the whitewashed wall, and where every sense is offended by the blasphemous crew who hold their own when once they have passed the ordeal necessary for admission.

Yes, the most terrible sight in London is that of our homeless children.

Regarding it from the coldest utilitarian point of view as only a dreadful waste of material, it is surely time that something should be done to save these perishing bodies and degraded intelligences. Those who know something of homeless children are constantly struck with the remarkable variety of their characteristics, and with the keen ability to learn which many of them display; struck perhaps still more by the remarkable grace and symmetry to be seen in some of them when care and food and rest have been successful in redeeming their poor emaciated bodies from the disease and torture of the streets; struck, it may be, most of all, by the beauty, the refinement, of some of those faces which seem to change their lineaments when the hard mask of defiance and doubt and suffering fades off them under happier influences.

These discoveries, however, are made by few; and, alas! the objects of them are themselves few when it is remembered how large is the number of the destitute boys and girls for whom the law makes no provision except that they shall be perpetually moved on and watched and hunted *until they commence a definite career of crime*, when it at once takes cognizance of them, gives them a kind of status by its kindly

recognition, and consigns them to a home which is supplied with such physical comforts that it is a wonder more of them do not matriculate earlier for the premium offered by the prison dietary and the well-warmed cell.

This is nearly all that is done for them, and this only when they have reached a certain grade of thiefhood: for the petty pilferers who are consigned to the shorter terms of imprisonment in Coldbath Fields are but sparingly fed on bread and gruel, and among them are mere children, little fellows who, had they been born members of a decent family, would have escaped with a whipping and a bread-and-water dinner as an adequate punishment. 'The prisoner whose head scarcely reached to the top of the dock' is less fortunate. Little as he has been taught, he knows one thing well;—that he must eat to live, and that he ought to work in order to eat. Work? who would employ him? Where is his father? He doesn't know; perhaps he died when people said he had gone away. And his mother? He hasn't seen her for ever so long. She ran away and left him, and when he went one night to the room where she used to live, the neighbours told him she'd gone into the country. She may be dead too for aught he knows, and as he stands there, his little, wistful, doubtful, cunning face raised towards the bench, those who can see beneath the mask of dirt may perceive something in the child, some grace of feature, or height of brow, or delicacy of form, which leads them to say 'Who is his father, indeed? Has this child ever met his mother, unknown to himself and her, as she was flaunting her wretched finery in those West-end streets where he has crouched to see her pass in at the door of the gin-palace to find her own comfort in the London substitute for fire and food.

We hear references made now and then to the Industrial Schools founded by the government; but they do not provide for a tenth part of the number of the homeless children who are to be found in London streets—children who are guilty of no crime

except that for which the law has no sympathy whatever—destitution. It is true that in the case of a child under fourteen years of age coming before a magistrate, his worship may give a warrant for his admission to one of these schools if there is any vacancy; and under this arrangement the managers of the schools receive a fee of five shillings for every boy received; but what chance does this leave for the admission of a sick and starving lad who voluntarily seeks a refuge?

As no boys of more than fourteen years of age are received in the government Industrial Schools, and as no other resources are provided for lads who come to London from all parts of the country and find themselves starving and naked in the stony-hearted streets, where they have neither friend nor home, it becomes a very terrible question what is to be done with them. What is done with many of them depends upon their dishonesty. When once one of these boys steals something and is taken before a magistrate he becomes a candidate for a Reformatory. His best chance of a refuge where he will be fed and clothed and taught something of a trade lies in the probability of his having committed a crime.

This being the actual state of things in the 'foremost city of the world, the centre of civilization,' it is little wonder that earnest and benevolent men, who knew something of this most terrible sight, having arrived at really practical and certain information from their connection with ragged schools, and a careful inquiry into the condition of some of the children attending them, should have set about devising a remedy. It is only during the past two years, however, that the largest institution founded for this purpose in London has been able to effect a considerable work; but it has begun now to reap the benefits of its hopeful struggle on behalf of these children who may be said to belong to us all; and already four institutions have sprung from the parent society, while the secretary and the committee are asking for aid to establish a fifth.

We have all heard of this noble work—all of us who read the newspapers, at least.

Every destitute child in London has a claim on it, and that claim is allowed while there is a shilling to buy a meal and a little bed to receive the applicant. No form has to be gone through; the poor little friendless outcast goes, or is taken, to the house in Great Queen Street, Bloomsbury, or, if it is a girl, to Broad Street, close by; and there finds food, and warmth, and rest; and after a few inquiries finds also a score of friends; looks shyly and wonderingly—perhaps still doubtingly—at the smiles on faces where only frowns might have been expected; begins to grow stronger; gets an appetite for work, a larger appetite still for reading and writing and the multiplication table, and the largest appetite of all for school-feasts and occasional treats; and so becomes a regular inmate of 'The Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children.'

Of this healthy appetite for work, of which we have just spoken, we shall have the best proof by visiting the place itself—the Boys' Refuge, that is to say—at the parent institution in Great Queen Street. It looks like a place intended to answer its purpose. There is immediate aid on the very face of it, and the door opens at once upon a scene of activity which, without adopting any model principle, and in the absence of any system of election, has made this large family of more than a hundred boys a community contributing to its own support and learning daily something of the true dignity and worth of labour.

Not a very fine house—not a house at all in the ordinary sense of the term, for the place was formerly a coach-builder's factory, and the various apartments have been readily adapted to the necessity for dormitories; a great dining-room, kitchens, and workshops for shoemaking, carpentering, firewood-cutting, and tailoring. A rough-and-ready looking place enough, with very little spent for decoration, and only such necessary repairs and alterations as suffice to make it com-

fortable and available for its present purpose. Rough, but very ready, as you will admit when you hear that the larger number of the inmates came of their own accord; that pictures of the workshops and the work done here are sent to Casual Wards and other places where destitute and abandoned boys may see them, and be led to inquire how they may join the company of young shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters. Many of the inmates go out to situations, coming to the Refuge to sleep at night, and even having their meals here until they can earn money enough to keep them comfortably. Others emigrate to the colonies, where there are well-known correspondents, who write to Mr. Williams, the secretary of the institution, asking him to send out Refuge carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, servants, or nursemaids to situations which will be kept vacant till their arrival.

It will be seen from this information that the institution is not only wide in its efforts to embrace the most needy, but deeply rooted in its provision for the future of those who have once come to claim its care. The letters received from those who owe to it temporal prosperity as well as moral and religious teaching, are in themselves affecting testimonials both to the necessity for the work, and to the wise discretion with which it has been carried on.

Shoemaking is the most prominent business evidently, the lower front window being, in fact, devoted to the display of boots and shoes, mostly of a very substantial character, as suited to the customers to whom it is intended they shall most readily appeal. The moment you open the door you are in the midst of shoemaking, and the whole place smells of leather, wax-ends, and new hemp; while the thirty or forty boys, seated on the little low stools, might be so many mechanical toys with arms moved by machinery, except that they look a great deal too serious, and several degrees too sensible, for toys. Serious, that is, with the proud consciousness of earning something,

and of making something that people will come and buy at a fair market price, knowing that they have their value for their money. It is the same with the tailors, who, though they are employed principally in making and mending their own clothes and those of their fellow-inmates, are doing no less useful work. Indeed, among the admirable arrangements of this institution is included that uncommon one of beginning at the beginning; and when once the boys learn how to turn out tidy boots and shoes, or to use needle and thread skilfully, they make their own clothes, and supply both themselves and the girls with good strong neat shoes; while the girls, in their Refuge at Broad Street, make shirts for the boys, as well as their own clothes; and the girls at the country Refuge at Ealing do the laundry work for both institutions. Then the carpenters are handy fellows enough, their occupation being principally confined to plain boxes, cases, and other easy jobs for customers, together with such repairs and fittings as may be wanted in-doors. The woodcutters do a capital stroke of business, however, as may be imagined when we learn that they cut up and sold about thirty thousand bundles of firewood during last year. In the same period above two thousand pairs of boots and shoes were made, and a still greater number repaired; about one thousand two hundred new articles of clothing were made, and more than twice as many repaired, beside mattresses made and repaired, and other work done for customers. At the end of 1866 the work done for customers, and the goods sold, amounted to above 600*l.*, and the value of that done for the institution was nearly as much; 141*l.* was taken for errand-boys' work, and 35*l.* for haymaking, a pretty good proof that the appetite already twice spoken of is a healthy and a well-directed one.

There is little to arrest attention here in the place itself; it is simply a succession of workshops, and the instructors are busy directing the various operations of their separate trades; but there are indications

which give rise to much pleasant reflection. One of them is the evident admission of play as well as work, for even while we are looking about us the sounds of hammer, and saw, and plane cease, there is a hum and a murmur, and when we go down again (our visit is paid on a Saturday) the boys have doffed their aprons, washed their hands, and are busily engaged at a table cutting old copy-books into shapes which are presently to be cunningly attached to coloured paper, rosettes, and other ornaments, to adorn the great dining-room for the 'annual dinner.' Not the annual dinner of patrons and subscribers, but of the inmates themselves—of the young mechanics who are in the enviable position of hosts, the girls from the neighbouring Refuge in Broad Street, the rosy-cheeked shy country cousins from the home in the old-fashioned village of Ealing, and those fresh, broad-shouldered, breezy fellows, who have made a voyage from Greenhithe, and have only just come ashore to be present at the family party. We shall have more to say of these naval heroes presently; but first stay for a moment to look at this frame full of photographs, portraits of the once friendless and homeless who, having found friends and a home, and a new life opening to them, have sometimes developed, under the happy influences of genial charity and practical religion, from something very little higher than the rodent animal, to something not much lower than the very angels themselves. We peep into the dormitories—clean, airy, and with comfortable beds; the infirmary, with only one patient laid up with—chilblains (how tenderly the worthy secretary looks at his poor little foot, and cheers him up with a laughing remonstrance); the schoolroom, where a few of the youngest inmates are busy with 'simple addition,' and 'pot-hooks and hangers,' and we turn into the street and round the corner, where, in the midst of what was but lately one of the lowest neighbourhoods of London—and has not yet recovered from its reputation—a

large modern building has been converted into a 'Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Girls who have not been convicted of crime.' A very neat place, too, and with such wide, airy staircases, such large and lofty dormitories, that, as we enter, there is a brisk breeze blowing all through the house whenever more than one door at a time is opened, a breeze surprisingly fresh, too, when we consider that it comes through the pretty French windows direct from courts and alleys in mid-London. The schoolroom, where a number of neat-looking girls are sewing, is, if possible, still more attractively fresh; and the maps, the books, the very desks and forms, are as clean as good honest use will permit, or as equally good and honest scrubbing can make them. The kitchens, too, are just now in full swing, and as we enter them, a meaty and mealy gale salutes us, not altogether without a faint flavour of soapuds, however—a peculiarity immediately accounted for by the glimpse of a washhouse door left ajar, beyond which four energetic young women, of from ten to twelve years of age, are practising the art and mystery of laundry work, not with patent appliances and steam apparatus, but in genuine old-fashioned tubs, suited to their size; I fancy, from the briskness of their elbows, that they are engaged in the operation known as 'rubbing down,' but all is a dream of vapour and a fleecy scud of lather.

There is just time to catch the train to Ealing, where we may be in time to see another company of young women, averaging in age from six to fourteen or fifteen, at dinner. Such a quiet, wide-fronted villa residence, with such a passage, such a parlour, such bed-rooms, such a laundry, such a garden, and such a matron (a single lady, at present, though we adopt the endearing title used by her daughters here and call her 'matron') as it does one's heart good to see. Talk of boards that you might eat from! why you not only *might*, but it would be a positive pleasure to eat from the boards at Ealing, they are so much cleaner than most tables that one

meets with in a casual way. The girls here—of whom there are about forty—are trained for domestic servants; and we are not surprised to learn that they are mostly bespoken before their term of training is completed. The parlour, a handsome room looking on to the garden at the back, is furnished as it might be in any gentleman's house, and the sleeping-rooms are fitted with spotless bedding, the matron's and schoolmistresses' apartments representing the 'best bedrooms.' Here the laundry-work is a great feature, and the laundry itself with drying-room, and ironing-room is admirably arranged by the alteration of a very large coach-house, stable, harness-room, and coachman's room and hayloft which formed part of the premises. The great glory of the place, however, is a genuine old-fashioned garden, with such vegetables and such fruit trees and bushes, that the brisk lady who is matron and adviser and friend, has grand festivals of jam making, in which cauldrons full of materials for rolly-poley puddings and treat-day tarts are prepared for the winter. In fact, between preserving, and pickling, and preparing herbs, and salting down pork and bacon, and being in general everywhere and doing everything at once, but without confusion and with a cheerful vivacity, which is surely a blessing to these poor children, who are often taken to the Refuge in a very depressed condition, the matron is busier than any bee in Mr. Tegetmeier's hive,—and we mention that gentleman's name, not only because he is the great authority on bees but because he was once the representative of the intellectual honey gathered all the day at the Home and Colonial Schools, where the matron of our Home at Ealing was formerly a pupil.

Once a year the girls who have left the Refuge—no longer homeless and destitute, but in good situations—come to tea there with Mr. Williams, and perhaps one or two members of the committee. Then they may seek advice, counsel, or encouragement, the latter symbolized by a silver medal which is presented

to each of those who can bring a year's good character. It may be fearlessly asserted that at no public or private school in the kingdom could there be more encouraging instances of continued well-doing than is afforded by the inmates of these Refuges. A blessed harvest to reap indeed: a harvest from the outcast of the great city,—from the refuse of the very streets: a golden guerdon for the nation, picked up from the gutter. But why are there empty beds, why these unoccupied spaces in the rooms at all three places? Alas! the necessities are still so much greater than the means,—the space so much larger than the subscription lists. Fifteen pounds will keep a boy or girl for a year; a shilling's worth of postage stamps sent by each of the readers of this magazine would add to our country scores of decent men and women, instead of storing up a legacy of ignorance, crime, and hate in the time to come. It is a very noble work to be done at a very small cost. It might be even worth the sacrifice of a few cigars a year, or the omission of one dinner party in the London season. For there is a thing on which the committee of these Refuges have set their hearts. Weak boys, sick boys, boys poisoned with the foul odours of stifled courts and reeking sewers, and wanting only the fresh country air and the green fields to set them up into promising lads, are among the number who implore your help. At the same time there is a demand in some of our colonies (from which letters come to Broad Street, Bloomsbury) for lads who know something of farm work and the business of ordinary agriculture. To meet both these wants, a country farm is wanted. The land is to be purchased, the work may easily be done if only the funds can be obtained. It might be thought that the nation would respond by a voluntary impulse to such an appeal. It would only be a fitting return for what the promoters of these Refuges have done for it; witness the training-ship 'Chichester.' You have seen that floating ark in which so many young souls have been preserved from the

awful deluge of vice and despair? No! Then let us run down to Greenhithe, and not a hundred paces from the railway station we shall see her great black hull lying off in the stream. There is no mistaking it, for in white letters painted on her side we read 'Chichester Training Ship for Homeless Boys.' See, we slacken this rope on the signal-mast beside the little pier, and the ascending ball, seen from the deck, will bring a boat to us presently, rowed by a dozen sturdy young able-bodied mariners clad in a jolly nautical fashion in blue serge shirts, blue trousers, a great open collar of the true man-o'-war pattern, and a cap with orthodox ribbon streamers and the name of the ship upon the band. While they come you shall hear what set the 'Chichester' afloat, chartered her, and sent her here well-found and victualled, manned with as bright a crew as ever stepped a deck or lay snug in their hundred and fifty hammocks, dreaming of the murmur of the sea, or waking now and then with a vague but painful memory of that past awful life from which they have been snatched by a press-gang of which it would well become us all to be active members. This was the way of it. It began with a supper to which the homeless boys of London were invited. Invitations were sent to the casual wards, to the common lodging-houses, to all sorts of places where boys were known to lurk, starving and destitute. Just fancy that large room in Great Queen Street; the long tables filled with these poor outcasts of the town, in their rags, and with wild suspicious eyes gleaming from under their tangled hair. Could they believe it? Well, seeing was believing, and there it was. Roast beef, hot plum pudding, coffee, and a welcome from Earl Shaftesbury who went about among them. The regular inmates of the Refuge were interspersed among them too: so that there was a leaven of order; and even the grace before and after meat was sung in a way that was as affecting as the highest triumph of the musical art could have made it.

The object of that meeting was to get an answer to one question—'Now, boys, if a ship were moored in the Thames, how many of you would be willing to go on board?' Seldom has such a collection of little dirty hands been seen as that which responded to this invitation. To go on board ship: the very thing that they had all been wishing for all their lives, one might have thought; and yet there were boys there who had never seen a large ship, and didn't know what was the name of the river on the muddy shore of which they had paddled and ducked for coppers.

There only remained to memorialize the Government for a vessel (we all know that many of them are likely to lie rotting uselessly about the harbours of the world); and, in answer to the appeal, the hull of a 50-gun frigate was handed over to the committee. Only the hull, with the niggardly concession that masts, sails, and other stores might be drawn from the dockyard for the completion of the ship to the value of a little more than 1000*l.*, for which only nine months' credit was to be given.

Let this be remembered when we read the debates in the House on the Navy Estimates, and see what the nation has to pay for useless experiments; let this be remembered, too, in connection with the fact, that our navy, and especially our mercantile marine, has long been so deteriorating that merchants look to the future with dismay: and we shall then be better able to estimate what is the value of the work to be done on board the '*Chichester*,' where two hundred boys may be thoroughly trained for sea-service.

Only a hundred and fifty are at present on board, for the funds are not sufficient to fill all those neat hammocks along in the long light airy lower deck.

But here comes the boat, brought alongside in a masterly manner, and here is the stroke oar waiting to lend you a hand. Do you see that medal on his blue shirt? it comes from the Humane Society, and he gained it for jumping overboard after one of his messmates who in simple care-

lessness fell overboard from the deck. A fresh-coloured, smart, active fellow he is, too, and his boat's crew is as trim and taut as the craft itself. Easy all! Here we are alongside without so much as rubbing a speck off the paint, and now up the landmen's gangway to the deck, where Captain Alston is waiting to receive us. Captain Alston has seen service in her Majesty's navy, and is just the man to command this vessel; for he is—we entreat him to pardon what when said so plainly is almost a personal rudeness: but we may as well put it in the old formula—an officer and a gentleman. With no little experience of the subtle influences to which these boys, out-cast, deserted, and ignorant as they may be, are susceptible, we observe how this quiet, well-bred manner operates. We note—God knows how gladly—that when the Captain goes amongst them there is no half-doubting look, no sudden hush of the talk, which, by-the-by, goes on in a serene, reflective tone, as though the lads had already caught the seaman's habit of rumination. That which strikes the visitor to the '*Chichester*' at first sight is the absence of rigorous or repressive discipline—the encouraging method adopted—the frequent change of occupation, and yet the quiet and cheerful orderliness that seems to be maintained by the boys themselves. The whole crew is drawn up in file: two long rows along the main deck; all but the boat's crew, who are just now busy with their dinners, which have been kept hot for them while they came ashore for us. Would you like to know what the dinner is? Sea pie, or I'm not to be trusted as a judge of savoury smells. Yes, sea pie; and not only that, but a separate sea pie for each hardy mariner. Here it is, smoking hot on his plate at this moment. Crust, layer of mutton, layer of onion, mealy potato, rich gravy—all blending in one delicious steam. Soup and meat, or meat with a good allowance of fresh vegetables, and a hunch of such delicious bread that it beats any cake within ordinary experience: with occasional

fruit puddings and pies: is the daily dinner served at twelve o'clock. If you want to give a professional gentleman a moment's pleasure, we can introduce you to our ship's baker. A sturdy lad, with a canny expression in his honest face, as though he knew exactly where the difference lay between his batch of brown and his batch of white, but defied you to find it out, or to say which you liked best after you had eaten of both.

The bakery—right down in the hold—is a model of convenience; and the superfluous heat from the ovens, carried up a hollow iron tube, serves to warm the great lower deck and its long rows of sleepers during the cold winter nights. By the time we are on the main deck again the various classes have been drafted off. Here a dozen studious-looking fellows are learning of the bo'sun the art of making splices and knots, and the way of rigging running gear. The bo'sun gives his lesson, chaffs one or two of the slow ones a little, and then leaves them to a monitor, who sets them to work in a thoroughly professional manner. Further on, two thoughtful lads, one with a bright, open Irish face, are studying the ropes and spars of a pretty model barque, and are setting up new rigging here and there upon its masts. Divided by a wooden partition is the schoolroom, where lads of various ages are writing in copy-books, absorbed in the mysteries of compound subtraction, or are reading some entertaining book to the master, who looks as bright as everybody else does on board. Round the corner, on the other side, is a little cabin, where the matron is teaching some of the boys plain sewing, with a brisk blending of good-humoured reproof and motherly encouragement pleasant to see, especially when one clean-faced but rather clumsy-looking little fellow catches our eye, as he meekly takes his reproof and breaks out immediately into a merry grin and such an expression of comic forbearance that we go away to laugh.

Shoemaking is going on close by, under the direction of an instructor,

who comes on board for a few hours twice a week; and in another select spot, on this great main deck, is the greatest sight of all. Of course, among so many boys there must always be some two or three who want their hair cut; and this department of industry is entirely trusted to amateurs, who operate upon each other with a gravity than which nothing can be more ludicrous. Seated on a chair set upon a square piece of sailcloth, and regularly invested with the traditional drapery of the tonsorial victim, anybody would look grotesque enough; and the boys, who regard this as quite a serious performance, in that respect differ very little from other people. It is the operator, who, in his deep anxiety—his efforts to achieve a marked success, which lead him to call all sorts of bodily contortions to his aid: his frequent references to the taste and judgment of the patient is so wonderfully entertaining—almost as entertaining as the extraordinary proceedings of the swimming-class—a class, by-the-by, which sometimes includes the whole school. We sincerely hope that the results of this tuition may be speedily successful, for two lads have fallen overboard, by sheer carelessness, since the ship has been anchored at Greenhithe; and though neither of them was recovered, no blame could attach to any one on board. In one case Captain Alston himself immediately leaped into the water, but the great strength and rapidity of the tide swept the boy away before he could reach him, though he is an expert swimmer, and made every effort until he was himself almost exhausted; in the other instance, the lad already mentioned as the stroke oar of the cutter was equally prompt, and, we regret to say, equally unsuccessful. There is no danger in the method of instruction, however, except, perhaps, that of a brisk knock on the head or the shins; for, perhaps, without being aware of it, the boys of the 'Chichester' are taught on the plan recommended by Dr. Franklin in his celebrated book, 'The Whole Art of Swimming,' which com-

mences by advising the student 'never on any account to go near the water until he knows how to swim.' To carry out this admirable principle, the 'Chichester' boys are instructed to draw largely on their imaginations: to regard the smooth, clean, solid deck of the vessel as the element with which they have to contend, and then, lying down upon it at full length on their faces, to go through the proper motions at the word of command. It may be imagined that this is rare fun when all the boys are practising in more or less con-

cert; and perhaps it may form a part of the regular institution of thoroughly jovial play, which is as much a part of the 'Chichester' discipline as work or study. For they are a jovial crew there in that great black hull out in the lights and shadows of the swift river. 'Up about half-past five; then stow hammocks; and then we has a wash; and then our prayers; and then breakfast—cocoa, with plenty o' milk and sugar, and half a pound o' bread; then school, and shoemaking, tailoring, or what not; and sometimes some of us go ashore



with the boat, and bring things off; and then dinner at twelve, such as you see, and school again; and so on till tea-time—tea and bread; and then we have singing sometimes; and there's fifes and drums, and draughts, and games on the lower deck, and sometimes a meeting; and sometimes we goes sky-larking about just as we like, and abed about eight or half-past.' Such was the brief *résumé* of an A.B. aged about twelve, who formed one of a select party looking at the cutting up of skins for 'uppers;' and it doubtless represents roughly an

ordinary working day. Captains of merchant ships are already on the look-out for boys from the 'Chichester,' and with good reason. They know more than half the lubberly 'long shore men who skulk about our seaports to book as ordinary seamen; and a 'Chichester' boy with a year's training will soon command fair wages in a well-found ship. There is an *esprit de corps* among them too; and letters already received from lads who have gone to sea declare their intention to 'keep up the credit of the "Chichester."' All the crew went with

the captain to the Crystal Palace last summer to join the great gathering of the choirs; and the captain lost all hands, and grew a little anxious when the time came for returning, lest there should be some missing from the appointed trysting-place. No, not one. They were there to a boy; and so they were at the London Bridge terminus. The great roar and glare of the mighty city had no temptations for them; they had penetrated to its hard, hollow heart long ago, when they were homeless and destitute. It is a strange thought that these lads have found a home and friends by going, in a manner, to sea, and that when they stand upon the deck of that *great* ship, and

follow the river's track Londonward, they go *from* instead of going to the only home they ever knew, except the parent refuge in Great Queen Street, where the secretary knows every boy among them, his name, his face, his history, and can show you some wonderful pictures—photographs of these boys, as they are now, broad-chested, strong-limbed, open-eyed, and with the light of honest effort in their young faces: and as they were when pinched with famine, crouching, shambling, and with downcast, but defiant, cunning looks, they had just been taken from the streets. To see these photographs is in itself a strange and terrible lesson: worth much love—worth also *some* money.

T. A.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN THE MAY NUMBER

(p. 408).

Boat Race.



ROOKED IN THE CITY.

AMONGST the most infamous dens in this great metropolis are not a few City billiard-rooms. From mid-day to midnight villainous schemes are concocted within their precincts, and countless dupes become victims to the shallowest devices. Well-dressed sharpers hang about their doorways; the atmosphere as you enter is pestilential, and the scenes enacted can only be compared with those which present themselves where vice abounds, and purity cannot make its appearance without danger of contamination. The seats around the table are occupied for the most part by 'bonnets,' who will converse familiarly, gamble on the stroke or game, and endeavour to persuade strangers by such simulation or artifice as it seems fitting they should employ to play on terms at once disadvantageous to the greenhorn and dishonourable to their proposer. Experience teaches us that warnings are not altogether without avail, and I will, therefore, by relating a circumstance which occurred to myself, endeavour to caution such of my readers as have hitherto gone through a billiard-room ordeal scatheless.

One afternoon in September, 1863, I left the Bank, as usual, and repaired to a neighbouring divan, where an appointment with Rougier of the 'Eye-water Company' demanded my presence. He had not yet come, they told me; 'would I wait?' There was nothing else for it, as see him I must, and find out, too, the reason why he had failed to meet the bill, across which, 'as a mere matter of form' the sleek old gentleman who advanced the money said, I had unguardedly written my name. It was then the second day after date, and notice had been given me that the bill must be taken up by me if not by Rougier. To a man of means 50*l.* is an inconsiderable sum; in my case it represented the earnings of two long months. My situation at the Bank yielded but 30*l.* a year and an annual present; still it was too good a position to throw up on account of this amount, and

if he proved unable to meet the payment I felt bound to see him through for my own credit as well as for his. But no more backing bills; on that I was determined.

An impatient half-hour passed and he came not: so, leaving word with the waiter, I sauntered into the billiard-room. For months I had not touched a cue. Play interfered with my duties, and for a time, at all events, I determined on abandoning the game. This afternoon the old fascination crept over me as the balls 'clicked,' and although the gentlemen wielding the cues as I entered were evidently much inferior in calibre to myself, I nevertheless fell into the spirit of the competition, and silently criticised the strokes with the same eager and perhaps vain feelings as of old. It was not a great match: the tall, moustachioed gentlemen in a 'loud' shirt having evidently no very difficult task in bringing about the defeat of an insignificant-looking opponent, who, on closer inspection, turned out to be a Frenchman. They had engaged at the English game, and the 'Count'—for so his adversary addressed him—desired that they should change it for 'ze canon' of his country, alleging as the reason that 'Captain du Burgh' was too strong at 'ze hazard' for him. The Captain declined, on similar grounds, and as his antagonist declared his intention of retiring from so unequal a contest, the victor challenged any of the half-dozen spectators to a game. No one seemed inclined to play, so I, with the intention of 'taking the shine' out of the Captain, lifted down a cue and offered to compete with him. After a few strokes each, the Count, whose feelings had been hurt, showed his resentment by offering to 'support ze gentilman' (meaning me) 'for vun littil sufferin.' We were playing for a shilling only, and as I won three games off-hand, the correctness of the Count's discernment became the more apparent. He professed himself in ecstasies

with my performance, and skipped about the room, sipping *cau sucré* and rolling cigarettes, as gaily as a butterfly. We increased the stakes to five shillings, and then, on my adversary's suggestion, to half a sovereign for the last, the marker having given us notice that 'there will be a pool next, gentlemen.' I think I won six games out of seven, the last only being credited to the Captain, who, fortunately for himself, doubled the red ball when the chances were all in my favour. The Count swore in at least three languages, called the Captain '*mauvais sujet*,' to our infinite amusement, and proposed an adjournment to a private room, where he might the better revenge himself by winning from his old enemy. My opponent good-humouredly acquiesced in the arrangement, and thus I felt myself 'cornered,' as it were, and bound, having still won a few shillings on the balance, to stay an hour or two longer. Excusing myself for a moment, I looked in at the divan, but Rougier had not appeared, and, after giving directions where I might be found, followed my opponent to a room above that in which we had previously met. The table was faster, but I played all the better, having by this time warmed to my work, and side-strokes and twist hazards were scored with greater nicety and precision than before. The Captain, after another game, suggested that we should have a 'Pyramid,' and see if the luck would change. The balls were soon forthcoming, and the stakes being set at a shilling a ball and a crown on the game we went to work. The Count—who meanwhile had wagered to a considerable sum and won a 'hatful of money' from my antagonist—continued staking 'littil sufferins' on odd balls, and very frequently with success. I found that it was a better match at Pyramids, as the Captain never missed ordinary hazards, and on the first game I won by one point only. He got a 'fluke' in the second, and as his ball stopped in the centre of a group, my chance was extinguished, eight being this time credited to him. The Count was furious, doubled his

bets and tore about like a wild man. I, however, won the third game easily, and also the fourth, fifth, and sixth. Then my adversary—who seemed not the least 'put out' by my steady game and his own ill-success—offered to stake 1*l.* a ball extra on eight balls then in play. The Count snapped at the wager, and I took six of them, thus winning for him 4*l.* In the following game I was induced to give a ball on the table, and we both expressed ourselves satisfied that the match was a pretty fair one; for though I had won half a dozen games out of seven, the balance of balls was only eight in my favour. A quarter of an hour later the Captain repeated his offer to bet 1*l.* each on six balls, all apparently safe. In a weak moment I accepted the proposal; and by a remarkably fine double he managed to get amongst them, and score five: thus I lost 4*l.* The Count suggested that we were playing for ridiculously small stakes, which by consent we raised to 1*l.* on the game and 5*s.* each on the balls. Still I held my own, and, though now rather excited, I managed to clear off the greater part of the extra bet of 4*l.* during the next game. My opponent, looking at his watch, said he could only remain another half-hour, and, after reckoning up the score, which showed a balance on the afternoon of 1*l.* to me, he proposed that, for the last game, we should play 5*l.* and 1*l.* I had never risked so much before, but as I was the winner, and he a stranger whom I should probably meet no more, I agreed, not without secret misgivings as to the result; for I was by this time not at all certain he did not play a safer game than myself, if his hazard striking was not so brilliant as mine. However, we started, the Count betting my opponent 10*l.* on the game and 5*l.* on each ball. We both made careful strokes, and I again noticed that whenever occasion offered the Captain doubled me to some cushion or other quite seven feet from the nearest ball. I scored two, then, unluckily, ran in after a perfectly straight shot, thus levelling us again at 'love all.' But there were,

unluckily, three balls in the D,—all certainties. He made them, and left me close again. Once more a hard stroke was necessary, and then my opponent scored twice or thrice. So the game progressed, and at the close I was credited with three, he with twelve, making nine to the bad. The Count growled at my play, and the Captain said I had been unlucky and nervous to boot. 'Would I like my revenge in just one more for the last?' I thought the last game over: he had not made a single stroke but what I also could have scored. His only play was safety. I would try it too, and we should see who was master:—Balance 13*l.* in favour of the Captain. The Count and he agreed on still higher stakes, but I declined hazarding more, and determined to do my best, get back my money if possible, and go. Fortune, I imagined, continued dead against me, for I made a worse fight of it than before, and he got eleven balls to my two. 'A tanner each on the last two, Count!' called out my opponent. 'Done wiz you!' replied the Frenchman; and 'Done again!' cried I, too, like an ass as I was.

Three strokes each decided it, and he then doubled a hazard off three cushions, leaving the player's ball far away from the other. Then followed a 'stick,' such as only a player of great power of cue can achieve with any certainty; and it was again my turn to play. I tried a cut, and used a good deal of opposing 'side,' but my ball after running dead for a time 'fell off,' towards a baulk pocket, and was scored by my antagonist, in whose debt I was now 51*l.*—just 1*l.* more than I had brought for the liquidation of Rougier's bill. A dead silence followed the issue of the last game; and as I was about to explain the state of my finances, who should come rushing upstairs but Rougier. He gazed first at one, and then another, and at last, addressing the Captain, exclaimed—

'You here, Royds, and again with that man?'

My late opponent lost colour, and his former presence of mind and heartiness seemed altogether

to desert him as Rougier drew me aside, and asked how matters stood. I stated the full facts, and, after hearing them, my friend, greatly to my surprise, expressed no feeling of astonishment.

'Take not the least notice of anybody,' he said, 'but go down to the divan and wait for me.'

I did so, and half an hour later was joined by Rougier.

'You are in luck this time,' he said; 'I dropped upon you in the nick of time.'

Since his appearance on the scene, and evident acquaintance with my late antagonist, I had been in a state of the most perfect bewilderment, and felt unable to utter more than—

'For goodness' sake, explain!'

'So I will,' answered Rougier; 'but, as it's already late, you must come to my rooms and hear the story. In the mean time, let me tell you that my unhappy bill is settled, and your losses this evening also for the modest sum of 5*l.*'

Now more surprised than ever, I could but follow him in silence, and, after a short drive, we reached his neat and well-appointed chambers.

'Now, old fellow,' said he, 'first let me thank you for your kindness in the little transaction with which your name was so unpleasantly associated for my sake, and then I'll give you a brief history of the harpies out of whose clutches you have escaped almost scot-free to-night.'

'The Frenchman is a returned convict, with three years yet to run. He was sent out of the country for using (uttering, I think, is the word) some one else's name in a transaction out of which he netted a considerable sum. By delicate diplomacy, however, he managed to obtain a ticket of leave after the expiration of half the term; and since his return his attention has been devoted to the lighter and safer arts, including hazard, rouge et noir, and faro, varied now and again by a little "flat-catching," at billiards or what not. His plausibility, and skill at all games render him a dangerous opponent, but a propensity for gambling on horse racing very often leaves him with hardly a shilling.'

'His companion was once my col-

league in office, and, with the advantages of a good connection and remarkable abilities might have succeeded in whatever he undertook. Unhappily, however, he was a slave to the game at which you have just "broken a lance," and falling, soon after his arrival in town, amongst a gang of sharpers, he lost heavily to them, embezzled to pay with, and, finally, whilst endeavouring to make good the money he had purloined, was led to practise fraud by leading on inferior players and then, with the aid of an accomplice like the "Count," "rooking" them.

'Probably you think that you play about an even game with him?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'Just so,' said Rougier. 'Well then, I may as well let you know that he can give you, with safety, 30 in 100 at billiards, or three balls at Pyramids.'

'But how,' asked I, 'was it that I beat him on the average?'

'Simply,' answered my companion, 'because he was "fiddling:" that is, persuading you by giving what appeared proof of your superior game, and so causing you to continue playing for higher stakes. Did you not notice how he won towards the end?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but he showed no dashing hazards, nor scored anything that was beyond me.'

'He, however, played for safety in wondrous style, you'll admit?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'that's true.'

'Well, then,' said Rougier, 'that very safety, which you appear to hold in contempt, is the most im-

portant part of Pyramids. Besides, did you not see he never, in the games he won, failed to score probable hazards, nor neglected to take the fullest advantage of any mistake on your part?'

By this time I felt quite convinced of the truth of my friend's statement, and, fully admitting the entire probability of what he had told me, I asked him by what means 5*l.* had been made to pay 5*l.*

'It was not easy,' he said; 'however, I managed it by working on the Frenchman. Your opponent needed hardly a word. My assurance of your friendship with me satisfied him, for he is yet under obligations in which I am concerned; but the "Count" (Bertini his name is, and he was formerly a marker in Paris) could not be made to distinguish between you and any other dupe. We had quite a scene at first, and I was obliged to mention his antecedents, and remind him of the surveillance of the police before he became at all pacified. Eventually, I offered him, once and for all, 5*l.* as payment, and he accepted it. There's the acquittal, and you need not repay me until it's convenient.'

I pulled out the notes brought specially to meet his bill, and, after telling him my intentions, we shook hands heartily and vowed mutual obligations.

After all, you see, I got off easily; but I cannot help feeling, whenever the circumstance occurs to me, that I was, without the slightest suspicion on my part, 'Booked in the City.'

H. B.





THE MAIDAN, CALCUTTA.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

M AIDAN, Maidan! what does it mean? Calcutta; surely one heard of Calcutta during the Indian mutinies? but what an odd picture! Pretty-looking children without hats and under an Indian sun.

During the mutinies our troops suffered from that terrible sun of India as much as from the enemy.

Here are the children exposed to the sun, while their native servants are sitting unperturbed as if their charges ran no sort of risk: even the little baby is unprotected by umbrella or parasol. Surely that pretty young ayah cannot be alive to the danger of *coup de soleil*, imminent, one would suppose, to her little charge. Can the artist have been hoaxing? Can the picture be of the type of that steeple-chase of elephants which appeared some years ago, where elephants were shown topping hurdles as neatly as if each pachyderm had been a clever hunter? One has lived to learn how much of that sketch was purely imaginary, and that elephants cannot so cleverly cross a flight of hurdles, or even one.

If, reader, after looking at our sketch, your surprise has led to some such soliloquy, let me explain what the sketch means. Maidan is Hindustani for a plain. Probably you have never been in Calcutta; there are places in the world cooler and healthier. Do not regret an irremediable misfortune that neither business, pleasure, or duty has ever sent you to the City of Palaces, for so it has often been called, nor, *primâ facie*, is the title inappropriate. When viewed from the glacis of the fort, with Government House and the Esplanade on the left, and Chowringhee on the right, or when viewed as one enters from Alipore, Chowringhee, on the right, and Government House and the Esplanade in front—then, and especially if seen in a fine clear evening during the rains, Calcutta appears as if entitled to the name.

Nor is it for us to say, at least
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at present, how very much the opposite of palatial may be seen and, alas! smelt, in this City of Palaces!

The sanitary commissioners can speak on these points, and let us hope that success is crowning their exertions. Chowringhee, the Esplanade, and Government House occupy two sides of the Maidan or plain; on the side opposite Chowringhee is the river Hooghly; on that opposite the Esplanade, and Government House, is Tolly's Nullah, crossed by bridges which lead to the suburbs of Kidderpore, Garden Reach, and Alipore.

It has been a hot day in a hot month, May. In the verandahs, from soon after sunrise, 'chiks' have been down to keep out the light, and the crows with their caw-caw; a delightful sound at home is the caw of rooks when they commence nesting in some prettily situated old rookery; but terrible is the caw-caw of a Calcutta crow in a verandah, with the thermometer at 92° or 100°, where you sit a prey to an incorrigible punkah-walla, prickly heat, and arrears of work. All day have the venetians, the doors, and the windows been shut to exclude light and heat. Strangers in Calcutta must remember with what difficulty have they, on such a day, recognized in the darkness of the room the people on whom they have been calling. Such, during the day, have been the precautions against the heat; but the sun is nearly setting, the 'chiks' have been drawn up, doors, windows, venetians have been thrown open. Wives, daughters, and nieces have risen from their short afternoon siesta; husbands, brothers, cousins, friends are back from their work—the Sudder judge from his court, the lawyer from his chambers, the merchant from his Kothi, the banker from his Bunkghur.

Neat-looking steppers have rattled buggies to the clubs, where there may have been a short game at billiards. Married men have heard at home who have been call-

ing during the day, for there are salamanders, male and female, who call in such weather, and expect to be admitted. Now all is bustle for a general exodus, and wonderful is the energy after the heat of the day; all are thronging to the course to 'eat air,' as the natives say, and to secure as much as possible of the precious meal. Anxious mothers have sent out their children at the earliest minute that was considered safe, for though yet bright the sun is fast sinking, and to eyes that can appreciate the scene, a canter across the Maidan will be well repaid by the view of the sunset on the Hooghly, in the direction of the Botanical Gardens. The children have been sent out with their attendants and bearers, ayahs and dais,—as they are called—who have two or three favourite spots where they like to congregate and gossip while the children play.

The band-stand in the Eden Gardens was a very favourite rendezvous, especially on evenings when the 'Baja,' or band, was to play: another haunt was a spot on

the Maidan immediately in front of the Military Club; a house formerly inhabited by a well-known member of the medical profession, old Dr. N——, and standing at the corner of Park Street, where it enters Chowringhee: here are a group sketched by our artist.

To those who have been in Calcutta the figures will speak for themselves—the delicate, enervated look of the children, the old ayah the men sitting down with their backs to us—the chaprassy near the pony, all will recal vividly to old 'qui hais' many a similar group, which they have seen when sauntering down for a turn on the Secretary's Walk, or cantering past in haste to join some party on the Course, as the ride and drive by the Hooghly are called. In the distance we see every sign of the evening exodus. All creeds, all colours, in all sorts of carriages will be passing—the Viceroy with his postilions and outriders—baboo in 'keranchis'—Parsees in the newest of buggies, with the neatest of steppers, and all determined to 'eat air.'



THE BOX WITH THE IRON CLAMPS.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

CHAPTER II.

BELLA found her cousin sitting in an arm-chair, with the cloak still over her shoulders, and a face of ashy whiteness; the reaction of her excitement.

'My dear, how ill you look!' was her first exclamation. 'Have you been out?'

'I went a little way into the shrubberies,' said Mrs. Damer; 'but the day turned so cold.'

'Do you think so? we have all been saying what a genial afternoon it is: but it certainly does not seem to have agreed with you. Look at my boy: isn't he a fine fellow?—he has been out all day in the garden. I often wish you had a child, Blanchey.'

'Do you, dear? it is more than I do.'

'Ah, but you can't tell, till they are really yours, how much pleasure they give you; no one knows who has not been a mother.'

'No; I suppose not.'

Mrs. Damer shivered as she said the words, and looked into the baby's fat, unmeaning face with eyes of sad import. Mrs. Clayton thought she had wounded her cousin, and stooped to kiss the slight offence away; but she fancied that Blanche almost shrunk from her embrace.

'She must be really ill,' thought the kindly little Bella, who had no notion of such a thing as heart-sickness for an apparently happy married woman. 'She ought to see a doctor: I shall tell Colonel Damer so.'

In another half-hour they were at her side together, urging her to take their advice.

'Now, my darling,' said the Colonel, when Mrs. Damer faintly protested against being made a fuss about, 'you must be good for my sake. You know how precious you are

to me, and how it would grieve me to have you laid up; let me send for Dr. Barlow, as your cousin advises. You were very much overcome by the long journey here, and I am afraid the subsequent excitement of seeing your kind friends has been too much for you. You do not half know how dear you are to me, Blanche, or you would not refuse such a trifling request. Here have I been, for five years, dearest, only looking forward from day to day to meeting my dear loving little wife again; and then to have you so ill as this, the first month of our reunion, is a great trial to me. Pray let me send for Dr. Barlow.'

But Mrs. Damer pleaded for delay. She had become chilled through being out in the shrubberies; she had not yet got over the fatigue of her journey; she had caught a cold whilst crossing from Havre to Folkestone: it was anything and everything but an illness which required medical attendance. If she were not better in the morning, she promised to make no opposition to their wishes.

So she forced herself to rise and dress for dinner. She appeared there calm and collected, and continued so throughout the evening, talking with Mr. Laurence quite as much as with the rest of the company; and she went to bed at the same hour as the other guests of Molton Grange, receiving, with her cousin's good night, congratulations on the evident improvement of her health.

'I cannot quite make out what has come to that cousin of yours, Bella,' said Harry Clayton to his wife, as they too retired for the night; 'she doesn't appear half such a jolly woman as she used to be.'

'She is certainly very much

altered,' was Mrs. Clayton's response; 'but I think it must be chiefly owing to her health: a feeling of debility is so very depressing.'

'I suppose it can't be anything on her mind, Bella?' suggested the husband, after a pause.

'On her *mind*, Harry!' said Bella, sitting up in bed in her wonderment; 'of course not; why, how could it be? She has everything she can wish for; and, I am sure, no woman could have a more devoted husband than Colonel Damer. He has been speaking a great deal about her to me to-day, and his anxiety is something enormous. On her *mind*!—what a funny idea, Harry; what could have put that in your head?'

'I am sure I don't know,' was the husband's reply, rather ruefully given, as if conscious he had made a great mistake.

'You old *goose*,' said his wife, with an emphatic kiss, as she composed herself to her innocent slumbers.

But before they were broken by nature, in the grey of the morning, Mrs. Clayton was roused by a tapping at the bedroom-door; a tapping to which all Mr. Clayton's shouts to 'come in' only served as a renewal.

'Who can it be, Harry?—do get up and see,' said Bella.

So Harry got up, like a dutiful husband, and opened the door, and the figure of Colonel Damer, robed in a dressing-gown, and looking very shadowy and unreal in the dawning, presented itself on the threshold.

'Is your wife here?' demanded the Colonel, briefly.

'Of course she is,' said Mr. Clayton, wondering what the Colonel wanted with her.

'Will she come to Mrs. Damer? she is *very* ill,' was the next sentence, delivered tremblingly.

'Very ill!' exclaimed Bella, jumping out of bed and wrapping herself in a dressing-gown. 'How do you mean, Colonel Damer?—when did it happen?'

'God knows!' he said, in an agitated voice; 'but for some time

after she fell asleep she was feverish and excited, and spoke much. I woke suddenly in the night and missed her, and going in search of her with a light, found her fallen on the landing.'

'Fainted?' said Bella.

'I don't know now whether it was a faint or a fit,' he replied, 'but I incline to the latter belief. I carried her back to her bed, and gave her some restoratives, not liking to disturb you—'

'Oh! why didn't you, Colonel Damer?' interposed his hostess.

'—and thought she was better, till just now, when she had another attack of unconsciousness, and is so weak after it she cannot move. She has fever too, I am sure, from the rapidity of her pulse, and I don't think her head is quite clear.'

'Harry, dear, send for Dr. Barlow at once,' cried Mrs. Clayton, thrusting her naked feet into slippers, 'and come back with me, Colonel Damer; she should not be left for a minute.'

And she passed swiftly along the corridor to her cousin's room. As she neared that of Mr. Laurence, the door opened a little, and a voice asked huskily—

'Is anything the matter, Mrs. Clayton? I have been listening to noises in the house for the last hour.'

'My cousin, Mrs. Damer, has been taken ill, Mr. Laurence, but we have sent for the doctor; I am going to her now.'

And as the door closed again she fancied that she heard a sigh.

Blanche Damer was lying on her pillows very hot and flushed, with that anxious, perturbed look which the eyes assume when the brain is only half clouded, and can feel itself to be wandering.

'Blanche, dearest,' cried Bella, as she caught sight of her face, 'what is the matter? How did this happen?'

'I dreamt that he had taken it,' said Mrs. Damer, slowly and sadly; 'but it was a mistake: he must not have it yet—not yet! only a little while to wait now!—but he has the key.'

'Her mind is wandering at present,' said Colonel Damer, who had followed Mrs. Clayton into the room.

'Oh, Colonel Damer,' exclaimed Bella, tearfully, 'how dreadful it is!—she frightens me! Could she have knocked her head in falling? Have you no idea why she got up and went into the passage?'

'Not the slightest,' he returned. And now that she examined him under the morning light, which was by this time streaming through the opened shutters, Bella Clayton saw how aged and haggard his night's anxiety had made him look. 'My wife has been very subject to both sleepwalking and walking since my return, and I have several times missed her, as I did last night, and found her walking about the room in her sleep, but she has never been like this before. When I first found her in the passage, I asked her why she had gone there, or what she wanted, and she said, "the key." When I had re-lifted her into bed, I found her bunch of keys as usual, on the dressing-table, therefore I imagine she could not then have known what she was talking about. I trust Dr. Barlow will not be long in coming; I am deeply anxious.'

And he looked the truth of what he uttered; whilst poor little Mrs. Clayton could only press his hand and entreat him to be hopeful; and his wife lay on her pillows, and silently stared into vacancy.

As soon as the doctor arrived he pronounced the patient to be suffering from an attack of pressure on the brain, and wished to know whether she had not been subjected to some great mental shock or strain.

Here Colonel Damer came forward and stoutly denied the possibility of such a thing. He had joined his wife from India a month ago, at which time she was, though in delicate, not in bad health, and he had never left her since. They had crossed from Havre to Folkestone three days before, and Mrs. Damer had not complained of any unusual sickness or fatigue. She was a person of a highly excitable and nervous temperament, and her appetite and

spirit were variable; otherwise there had been nothing in her state of health to call for anxiety on the part of her friends.

Dr. Barlow listened to all these statements, and believed as much of them as he chose. However, he waived the subject of the cause of the disaster; the fact that it had occurred was undeniable; and the remedies then in vogue for such emergencies were immediately resorted to. But leeching and cupping, shaving, icing, and blistering, all proved alike ineffectual, for the simple reason that the irrevocable fiat had gone forth, and Blanche Damer was appointed to die.

As the day wore on, and the case assumed a darker aspect, and the doctor's prognostications became less hopeful, Colonel Damer worked himself into a perfect frenzy of fear.

'Save her, Dr. Barlow,' he had said to that gentleman, in the insane manner in which people are used to address the Faculty, as if it was in their power to do more than help the efforts of nature. 'Save her life, for God's sake! and there is nothing that I can do for you, of earthly good, that shall not be yours. Shall I call in other advice? Shall I telegraph to London? Is there any one there who can save her? It is my life as well as hers that is trembling in the scale. For the love of heaven, do not stand on ceremony, but only tell me what is best to be done!'

Of course Dr. Barlow told him that if he was not perfectly satisfied, he should wish him to telegraph to town for further advice, and mentioned several names celebrated in such cases; at the same time he assured Colonel Damer that he did not believe any number of doctors could do more for the patient than he was doing, and that it was impossible to guess at the probable termination of the illness for some days to come.

Bella Clayton gave up the duty of amusing her guests, and stationed herself at the bedside of her cousin; and the unhappy husband wandered in and out of the room like a ghost; trying to think upon each fresh visit, that there was a slight im-

provement in the symptoms, and spending the intervening time in praying for the life which he fondly imagined had been devoted to himself. Meanwhile whenever Mrs. Damer opened her lips, it was to ramble on in this manner:—

'Dying!' her hollow voice would exclaim; 'crushed to death beneath the weight of a pyramid of blessings that lies like lead upon my chest and reaches to the ceiling. Kind words—fond care, and sweet attentions—they bow me down to the earth! I am stifling beneath the burden of their silent reproaches. Two and two are four; and four is eight; eight times locked should be secure—but there is a worm that dieth not, and a fire that is not quenched.'

'Oh! don't come in here, Colonel Damer,' poor Bella would exclaim, as the unhappy man would creep to the foot of the bed and stand listening, with blanched cheeks, to the delirious ravings of his wife. 'She doesn't know what she is saying, remember: and she will be better to-morrow, doubtless. Don't distress yourself more, by listening to all this nonsense.'

'I don't believe she will ever be better, Mrs. Clayton,' he replied, on one of these occasions. This was on the evening of the third day.

'Dearest!' the sick woman resumed, in a plaintively soft voice, without being in the least disturbed by the conversation around her, 'if you have ever loved me, you will believe in this hour that I love you in return. If you have given me your love, I have given you more than my life.'

'Does she speak of me?' demanded Colonel Damer.

'I think so,' said Bella Clayton, sadly.

'Take it off! take it off!' cried Mrs. Damer, starting with terror—'this box—this iron-clamped box which presses on my soul. What have I done? Where shall I go? How am I to meet him again?'

'What does she say?' asked the Colonel, trembling.

'Colonel Damer, I must beg you to quit the room,' said Bella, weep-

ing. 'I cannot bear to stay here with both of you. Pray leave me alone with Blanche until she is quieter.'

And so the husband left the chamber, with fellow tears in his eyes, and she set herself to the painful task of attempting to soothe the delirious woman.

'If he would only strike me,' moaned Mrs. Damer, 'or frown at me, or tell me that I lie, I could bear it better; but he is killing me with kindness. Where is the box?—open it—let him see all. I am ready to die. But I forgot—there is no key, and no one shall touch it: it is mine—mine. Hark! I hear it! I hear it! How could I put it there? Let me go—no one shall hold me! Let me go, I say—I hear it; and—and—the world is nothing to me!'

At last, when they had almost despaired of ever seeing her sleep again, there came an uninterrupted hour of repose from sheer weariness; and then, wide-open hollow eyes,—a changed voice sounding with the question—'Bella! have I been ill?' and Mrs. Damer's delirium was over.

Over with her life. For on his next visit Dr. Barlow found her sensible but cold and pulseless, and broke to her friends the news that twelve hours more would end her existence.

Colonel Damer went wild, and telegraphed at once to London for men who arrived when his wife was ready to be coffined. Bella heard the decree and wept silently; and a great gloom fell upon the guests of Molton Chase, who had been left altogether on poor Harry's hands since Mrs. Damer's illness.

The dying woman lay very silent and exhausted for some time after she had waked from that brief, memory-restoring sleep. When she next spoke, she said, observing her cousin's swollen eyes—

'Am I dying, Bella?'

Poor little Mrs. Clayton did not at all know what answer to make to such a direct question, but she managed to stammer out something which, whatever it was meant for, was taken as affirmative by the one it most concerned.

'I thought so. Shall I never be able to get out of bed again?'

'I am afraid not, darling,—you are so weak!'

'Yes, I am—I can hardly raise my hand. And yet I must rise if I can. I have something so particular to do.'

'Cannot I do it for you, Blanche?'

'Will you do it, Bella?'

'Anything — everything, love! How can you ask me?'

'And you will promise secrecy? Let me look in your face. Yes, it is a true face, as it has ever been, and I can trust you. Have the black box moved out of my room before I die, Bella,—mind, *before* I die, and placed in your own dressing-room.'

'What, dear, your linen box?'

'Yes, my linen box, or whatever you choose to call it. Take it away *at once*, Bella. Tell no one; and when I am dead, have it buried in my grave. Surely you could manage so much for me!'

'And Colonel Damer?'

'If you speak to him about it, Bella, or to your husband, or to any one, I'll never forgive you, and I'm dying!' cried Mrs. Damer, almost rising in her excitement. 'Oh! why have I delayed it so long? why did I not see to this before? I cannot even die in peace.'

'Yes, yes, dearest Blanche, I will do it, indeed I will,' said Mrs. Clayton, alarmed at her emotion; 'and no one shall know of it but myself. Shall I send it to my room at once? You may trust entirely to my discretion. Pray, have no fear!'

'Yes! at once—directly; it cannot be too soon!' said Mrs. Damer, falling back exhausted on her pillow. So a servant was called, and the iron-clamped box was carried away from the sick-room and secreted in Mrs. Clayton's private apartment. Mrs. Damer seemed so weak, that her cousin suggested summoning her husband to her side, but she appeared to shrink from an interview with him.

'I have nothing to say but what will make him sad to think of afterwards,' she murmured. 'Let me die with you alone, dear Bella. It is better so.'

So Colonel Damer, although he went backwards and forwards all the night, was not called at any particular moment to see the last of his wife, and Blanche had her wish. She died alone with her faithful little cousin, before the morning broke. As she was just going, she said, in a vague sort of manner,—

'Tell him, Bella, that I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven. And that I have seen Heaven open to-night, and a child spirit pleading with the Woman-born for us; and that the burden is lifted off my soul at last.' And then she added solemnly—'I will arise and go to my Father—' and went before she could finish the sentence.

Innocent Bella repeated her last message in perfect faith to Colonel Damer.

'She told me to tell you, that she felt herself forgiven, and that she had seen Heaven opened for her, and the weight of her sins was lifted off her soul. Oh! Colonel Damer, pray think of that, and take comfort. She is happier than you could make her.'

But the poor faithful husband was, for the present, beyond all reach of comfort.

The London doctors arrived with the daylight, and had to be solemnly entertained at breakfast, and warmed and comforted before they were despatched home again. The Christmas guests were all packing up their boxes, preparatory to taking their leave of Molton Chase, for it was impossible to think of festivities with such a bereavement in the house. And Harry Clayton told his wife that he was very thankful that they thought of doing so.

'It has been a most unfortunate business altogether, Bella, and of course they all felt it, poor things; and the more so because they could take no active part in it. The house has had a pall over it the last week; and it would have been still worse if they had remained. As for Laurence, I never saw a man so out up. He has eaten nothing since your poor cousin was taken ill. One would think she had been his sister, or his dearest friend.'

'Is he going with the rest, Harry?'

'No; he will stay till after the funeral; then he is going abroad. He feels deeply with you, Bella, and desired me to tell you so.'

'He is very good—thank him in my name.'

But released from the care of thinking for her guests, and sitting crying alone in her dressing-room, poor Mrs. Clayton could not imagine what to do with the iron-clamped black box. She had promised Blanche not to confide in her husband, or Colonel Damer. The latter, having no family vault, wished to lay the remains of his wife amongst those of the Claytons in the country churchyard of Molton; but how to get the black box conveyed to the grave without the knowledge of the chief mourners was a mystery beyond the fathoming of Bella's open heart. But in the midst of her perplexity, Fate sent her aid. On the second day of her cousin's death, a gentle tap sounded at her chamber door, and on her invitation to enter being answered, she was surprised to see Mr. Laurence on the threshold—come, as she imagined, to offer his sympathy in person.

'This is very kind of you, Mr. Laurence,' she said.

'I can scarcely claim your gratitude, Mrs. Clayton. I have sought you to speak on a very important but painful subject. May I ask your attention for a few moments?'

'Of course you may!' And she motioned him to a seat.

'It concerns her whom we have lost. Mrs. Clayton, tell me truly,—did you love your cousin?'

'Dearly—very dearly, Mr. Laurence. We were brought up together.'

'Then I may depend upon your discretion; and if you wish to save her memory you must exercise it in her behalf. There is a small iron-clamped black trunk amongst her boxes, which must not fall into Colonel Damer's hands. Will you have that box conveyed from her chamber to your own, and (if you

will so far trust my honour) make it over to me?'

'To you, Mr. Laurence? the iron-bound box. What possible knowledge can you have of my cousin's secret?'

'Her secret?'

'Yes—she confided that box to my care the night she died. She made me promise to do (without question) what you have just asked me to perform, and I did it. The trunk is already here.'

And throwing open a cupboard at the side of the room, she showed him the chest which he had mentioned.

'I see that it is,' he answered. 'How do you design disposing of it?'

'She wished it to be buried in her grave.'

'That is impossible in its present state. The contents must be removed.'

'But how?' Mrs. Clayton demanded, in surprise. 'It is locked and double-locked, and there is no key.'

'I have the key,' he answered, gravely.

'Oh! Mr. Laurence,' exclaimed his hostess, trembling, 'there is some dreadful mystery here. For heaven's sake tell me what it is! What connection can you possibly have with this box of my poor cousin's, if you have only met her once in your life?'

'Did she say so?' he asked.

'No; but I fancied so. Have you known her? When? where? and why did you not tell us so before?'

'How can I tell you now?' he said, gazing into the pure womanly face upraised to his own, bearing an expression which was half-surprise and half-fear, but which seemed as though it could never dream of anything like shame.

'You are too good and too happy, Mrs. Clayton, to know of, or be able to sympathise with the troubles and temptations which preceded our fatal friendship and her fall.'

'Blanche's fall!' ejaculated Bella Clayton, in a voice of horror.

'Don't interrupt me, please, Mrs.

Clayton,' he said, hurriedly, covering his face with his hands, 'or I shall never be able to tell you the wretched story. I knew your cousin years ago. Had you any suspicion that she was unhappy in her marriage?'

'No! none!' replied Bella, with looks of surprise.

'She *was* then, thoroughly unhappy, as scores of women are, simply because the hearts of the men they are bound to are opposed to theirs in every taste and feeling. I met her when she first returned to England, and—it is the old story, Mrs. Clayton—I loved her, and was mad enough to tell her so. When a selfish man and an unselfish woman have mutually confessed their preference for each other, the result is easily anticipated. I ruined her—forgive my plain speaking—and she still loved on, and forgave me.'

'Oh, Blanche!' exclaimed Bella Clayton, hiding her hot face in her hands.

'We lived in a fool's paradise for some months, and then one day she left her house and went to the continent, without giving me any warning of her intention. I was thunderstruck when I heard it, and deeply hurt, and as soon as I had traced her to Paris, I followed and demanded an explanation of her conduct. But she refused to see me, and when she found me pertinacious, left the city as suddenly as she had done that of London. Since which time she has answered no letters of mine, nor did we ever meet until, most unexpectedly, I met her in your house. My pride, after her first refusals to see me, was too great to permit me to renew my entreaties, and so I called her a flirt, and inconstant. I tried to banish her remembrance from my heart—and I thought I had succeeded.'

'Oh, my poor darling!' exclaimed Mrs. Clayton. 'This accounts then for her holding aloof from all her relations for so long a time, by which means she estranged herself from many of them. She was working out her penitence and deep remorse in solitary misery; and she would not even let me share her confi-

dence. But about the box, Mr. Laurence; what has all this to do with the black box?'

'When I met her in your shrubbery the other day, and reproached her for her desertion of me, insisting upon her giving me the reason of her change of mind, she bade me follow her to her own apartment. There, unlocking the box before you, she showed me its contents.'

'And they are——?' inquired Mrs. Clayton, breathlessly.

'Would you like to see them?' he demanded, taking a key from his pocket. 'I have as much right to show them you as she would have had. But is your love for her dead memory and reputation strong enough to insure your eternal secrecy on the subject?'

'It is,' said Bella Clayton, decidedly.

'This box,' continued Mr. Laurence, applying the key he held to the lock of the iron-clamped black trunk, 'has accompanied my poor girl on all her travels for the last two years. The dreadful secret of its contents which she bore in silent solitary misery all that time has been, I believe, the ultimate cause of her death, by proving too heavy a burden for the sensitive and proud spirit which was forced to endure the knowledge of its shame. She was killed by her remorse. If you have courage, Mrs. Clayton, for the sight, look at *this*—and pity the feelings I must endure as I kneel here and look at it with you.

He threw back the lid and the topmost linen as he spoke, and Bella Clayton pressed eagerly forward to see, carefully laid amidst withered flowers and folds of cambric, the tiny skeleton of a new-born creature whose angel was even then beholding the face of his Father in Heaven.

She covered her eyes with her clasped hands, no less to shut out the sight than to catch the womanly tears which poured forth at it, and then she cried between her sobs—

'Oh! my poor, poor Blanche, what must she not have suffered! God have mercy on her soul!'

'Amen!' said Herbert Laurence.

'You will let me take the box

away with me, Mrs. Clayton?" he asked, gently.

She looked up as he spoke, and the tears were standing in his eyes.

'Yes—yes,' she said; 'take it away: do what you will with it, only never speak of it to me again.'

He never did but once, and that was but an allusion. On the evening of the day on which they committed the remains of Blanche Damer to the dust, he lay in wait for Mrs. Clayton on the landing.

'All has been done as she desired,' he whispered; and Mrs. Clayton asked for no further explanation. The secret of which she had been made an unwilling recipient pressed so heavily on her conscience, that she was thankful when he left Molton Grange and went abroad, as he had expressed his intention of doing.

Since which time she has never seen Herbert Laurence again; and Colonel Damer, whose grief at the funeral and for some time after was nearly frenzied, having—like most men who mourn much outwardly—

found a source of consolation in the shape of another wife, the story of Blanche Damer's life and death is remembered, for aught her cousin knows to the contrary, by none but herself.

I feel that an objection will be raised to this episode by some people on the score of its being *unnatural*; to whom all I can say in answer is, that the principal incident on which the interest of it turns—that of the unhappy Mrs. Damer having been made so great a coward by conscience that she carried the proof of her frailty about with her for years, too fearful of discovery to permit it to leave her sight,—is a *fact*.

To vary the circumstances under which the discovery of the contents of the black box was finally made, and to alter the names of places and people so as to avoid general recognition, I have made my province: to relate the story itself, since, in the form I now present it to my readers, it can give pain to no one, I consider my privilege.



A SHOW DAY AT WOOLWICH.

A SKY unspotted by a cloud, a sun as brilliant as any that ever shone upon the month of July, accompanied by a north-easter so irrepressibly nipping that it seemed to blow away the heat as fast as the sun gave it forth—this was the kind of weather that Woolwich enjoyed on the 6th of last month. And, on the whole, Woolwich looked decidedly well under it. Not that Woolwich always does look well by any means: for Woolwich is a place which is rather associated, in many persons' minds, with notions of fog and rain—just as some places always are—an impression obviously the result of a propensity to generalize hastily from a few special experiences, but a propensity as catholic as it is ineradicable. When the weather is gloomy at Woolwich it is very gloomy indeed, and when it is fine it is only right that the town should take the opportunity of showing off what natural beauties it possesses to the utmost advantage.

The day which has been specified was a kind of festival for Woolwich—the day upon which the Royal Military Academy held its annual athletic sports, and whose fairness or foulness had been a matter of anxious speculation to several hundreds of young heads for at least a month beforehand. It is upon its doings that we are now going to make a few remarks. In the often-quoted words of the Duke of Wellington, 'the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields at Eton.' By a parity of reasoning we may assume that the fate of some contest yet to come was decided in the exhibition of physical strength and skill afforded, the other day, by our future artillerymen, on the enclosure in front of their Military Training School. If you had wanted to make the acquaintance of these budding warriors, you could have chosen no better occasion than the one alluded to. The gentleman cadet, be it known and remembered, is of a species quite distinct from any under which his compeers in age

might be included. As he is not a boy, so he is most distinctly not a man; nor, on the other hand, is that awkwardness which so often characterizes this debateable period of existence so discernible in him as it is in others. There are many reasons by which we might account for this pleasing fact. In the first place, he is subject to infinitely less of that tutelage and surveillance which young gentlemen of his years usually receive elsewhere. He feels that he is 'on his own hook'; that he must make his way; and that in failure, from whatever cause it may result, he will find something directly and personally disadvantageous to himself—not merely to guardians or parents. In the second place, surrounded as he is by more fully-developed specimens of the British soldier, he assimilates his manners and bearing—unconsciously, perhaps, but still he assimilates them—to those of the type ever present before him. It is just possible that this habitual contact with his seniors, in the shape of artillery officers and others, might breed a kind of precocity; but then, against anything approaching to bumptiousness, there is to be found an effectual safeguard in the demonstrative disapproval which the slightest indication of this would elicit from his brother cadets. Hence it comes that the young officers of the Artillery and Engineers are notably amongst the most pleasant and unassuming of those who yearly recruit the ranks of the service. There may be a third cause why the genuine Woolwich cadet is a singularly agreeable specimen of the young soldier. Without throwing discredit upon the intellectual attainments and qualifications of those whose names are added to the Army List, we may say that the superior standard of proficiency demanded at the examination for admittance into the Woolwich Academy argues an amount of culture and of knowledge, in excess, at any rate, of that required for the line. The Sandhurst cadet is a pleasant youth

enough: for ourselves we prefer him of Woolwich; and we maintain that the two kinds are essentially and distinctly different. In the one, the schoolboy predominates over the soldier; in the other, the mere schoolboy is sunk, and the miniature soldier is seen. Exceptions there are, of course, but this is our general opinion.

While we have been diving down to first principles, and endeavouring to extract certain morals from unmistakable facts, the games have begun—'grinds,' if we are not mistaken, is the technical name by which they are called. We will wander into the enclosure, and take up our stand just in front of the Academy itself, with Shooter's Hill by way of background, standing out clearly in the sunshine against the glorious blue sky.

Rather late; yes, but in quite good time enough. The cadets have been hard at work ever since half-past ten this morning, and in the case of the running, the first heat of more than one race was decided yesterday. But we have not missed much. Mr. H. W. Tailour has succeeded in throwing a cricket-ball something over 103 yards, to the intense satisfaction of his comrades, for visitors at this early period of the proceedings there were none. Mr. E. H. Cameron has won a flat race of 100 yards easily, and to have missed his running is a loss; however, we shall have plenty of opportunity of seeing him even yet. The victory in a hurdle race has been carried off by Mr. C. H. Brookes, upon whom, by-the-by, we shall have something to say presently; and we are heartily glad that we have arrived just too late to see the 18-pound shot 'put,' and the 16-pound hammer thrown. Why it should be deemed necessary to retain these in the list of all such athletic festivals as the present passes our comprehension. As exhibitions both are utterly hideous, especially the latter. The aspirant seizes the hammer, goes through a series of gyrations almost as ungraceful as those with which, on the earlier nights of his performance, Mr. Billington, as Vendale, prepared

to precipitate himself into the mountain gulf below, in 'No Thoroughfare,' a prodigious deal of fuss and of most unpleasantly manifest effort is made, and at last the hammer goes swinging away in the air for a few yards, to alight no one can tell exactly where,—not by any means improbably upon the heads of some of the terrified though absorbed spectators. Therefore, not unwisely, we congratulate ourselves that we have arrived just too late to witness this demonstration of personal prowess.

The ground is crowded: for the cadets are lavish in their distribution of admission tickets, and those who receive them usually take advantage of the privilege which they bestow. Just fronting the left-hand wing of the Academy is the Grand Stand, crammed from top to bottom with an assemblage less numerous but not less brilliant than that which is to be seen in its namesake at Epsom. Bonnets and dresses there are so inspiringly beautiful to look upon that a sight of them must be almost as good to the young athletes in the execution of their feats as a few minutes of breathing-time. Let us look for a moment at the company. Ladies, as we said, by twenties, nay, by hundreds, military men, young and old, country gentlemen and country clergymen who have come up to see what these boys will do, and who, as you talk to them, repeat, in the fulness of their heart, that maxim of the Iron Duke which we have already cited, doubtless meanwhile singling out their own individual youngster as the imaginary hero of a battle with an ideal Napoleon. Perhaps, of all who are here the presence of the veteran officer is the most marked and interesting. Interesting it is to see the manner in which he talks of and to these young warriors: still more so, to note the air of respect and admiration with which the cadet addresses him and replies to his questions. Not that the cadet confines his attentions at all undividedly to veteran generals and colonels. Amongst the ladies you will see him very much at home and very busy indeed. He is lionizing them, and

in a manner that does him credit. Perfectly at ease, the simplicity of the boy and the *déagé* air of the man—these are the characteristics, in ladies' society, of the Woolwich cadet, and very agreeable ones too.

Ah! it is 1'30, and we have just timed it conveniently for lunch. Where is our host? Yonder he comes, in his cadet uniform, not altogether elegant in design, but still showing off a figure which constant athletic exercises varying the monotony of drill, have served to develop to sufficiently powerful proportions. He happens to be one of the committee, and since seven o'clock this morning he has been hard at work seeing that everything has gone off properly. There is a very apparent move in the direction of the Gymnasium, where lunch is held. At the door, when we reach it, there is a crowd, as on such occasions there will always be, but we pass in and secure excellent places. Accommodation has been made for a trifle over a thousand, and, at a small estimate, there must be close upon fifteen hundred within the room. If you wish to see the cadet as a host, look at him now. He it is who supplements, with indefatigable patience and skill, the shortcomings of the waiters. You cannot task his industry or his good-nature too much, and until you have your own plate laden with every available edible in the vicinity he refuses to satisfy his own hunger, which one may fairly suppose is not insignificant.

Lunch goes off capitally: every one has enjoyed it, and every one is, consequently, in a high state of good-humour. We are out again in the open. The sun is as bright as ever, and the wind as cold. The Artillery band is playing most beautifully 'Le Sabre' song from 'The Grand Duchess,' and during the few minutes that have to elapse before the next contest commences, the wide gravel walk immediately in front of the Academy is paraded by groups of listeners—ladies, officers young and old, cadets who are pointing out to you on their cards who are the favourites for the next race and whom they would advise

you to back. Not that they back them themselves; as, having witnessed the athletic sports which took place at Woolwich the other day, we may say this, that, though we were tolerably ubiquitous on the ground for some half a dozen hours, we did not hear a single bet made, any more than we heard a single cadet display other than the most conspicuously gentlemanly conduct—the most entire absence from 'that moral epilepsy called loss of temper.' And the stewards had not an easy time of it. It was their duty to clear the course, and certain bystanders insisted upon pressing on it and them most obstinately and inconveniently. However, it was tact and patience which were wanted, and these were plentifully forthcoming.

We have just seen the flat race of 440 yards, lost by Mr. Cameron and won by Mr. R. Hart. The high jump is gained by Mr. A. W. Stevenson, whose form, we may say, is still susceptible of improvement. A very capital hurdle race is run, in which, somewhat to the disappointment of his comrades, who manifest his popularity by loudly calling out his name, Mr. E. H. Cameron only managed to come in third. Next on the list is the mile race. Before it occurs, a cadet who is by our side tells us that it merely lies between Ross and Hassard, but that in his opinion Ross has trained a little bit 'too fine'—a circumstance which may, we are further informed, give Hassard the advantage. There is discrimination in our young friend's comment: the mile race is run, and a dead heat is the result, Ross and Hassard being bracketed equal. The time is good—5 min. and 43 sec. Infinitely better in proportion than what was done in the high jump is Mr. E. H. Cameron's wide jump, something not many inches off 19 feet being cleared. In finish and ease the achievement left nothing to be wished for. *Dura cursorum ilia*: the contest but one before this was the mile race, and now the half-mile comes on, with very nearly the same combatants once again to the fore. Mr. Ross, it is said, must

win: Hassard is in, but he is not good for that distance. Alas for mortal expectations! the pistol-cap is fired—they are off—it is the last lap. Hassard is first, but Ross is third.

The race is over, and there is evidently great excitement on the ground. The reason is this: the Prince and Princess of Wales were expected at three, and it is now nearly four. In the hope of their presence the great success of the whole affair has been. The cadets have arranged amongst themselves—a proof and token of their loyalty—directly the royal carriage makes its appearance, to unharness the horses and to take upon themselves the duty of drawing it up. But the question is, whether their Royal Highnesses will make their appearance at all. They are in the midst of preparations for the steeplechase when the carriage in which the Prince is is descried afar off; but he is alone; and though the cheers for him are as hearty as healthy lungs can muster, those who give them feel themselves at liberty to dispense with the additional exercise of performing the duty of steeds royal. Just in time for the steeplechase, *par excellence* the race of the day. The course is as stiff a one as need be wished for—more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and embracing certain jumps, which, to say the least of them, are stiff. There is a water leap of a good sixteen feet; and when it is remembered that the course has twice to be traversed over, this feature is very much the reverse of inconsiderable. Then there is another water-leap, with a hurdle surmounted with furze bushes on the take-off side. These are the two jumps of the day; and as it is pronounced that by the latter the greatest fun of the day will be seen, it is there that we accordingly take our posts. They are started; the

16-foot jump has been cleared by everyone. What will they do with that which is scarcely less formidable close to which we stand? Ah! the first is over—quite clean—Mr. R. Hart. Then come the body of the runners. One after another, in they go, emerging from the water like semi-drowned rats. One unhappy youth there is who refuses to face the peril, but he is urged on by the cries of his companions, or rather of the bystanders. He takes the fatal leap; the bush is cleared, and he alights comfortably the other side in the middle of a ditch some eight feet deep. In a moment he is out and running on again, to our imminent peril, for we are standing on a wooden seat which threatens to give way every instant. We wait to witness the second round: the order is much that of the first. Hart is still to the fore as fresh as ever, and in a few minutes we can see him running into the winning-post, victorious by at least fifty yards.

We will pass over the few minor contests that yet remain. We are nearing six o'clock, and we must be off before the half-hour. Again we are immediately in front of the Grand Stand. The Prince gives the prizes, and beautiful prizes they are. How they cheer! But there are two of the combatants who are applauded above the rest: one is Cameron, who is the winner of the greatest number of prizes; the other is Ponsonby, who was second in the steeplechase, and, as one of the best cricket and football players that Woolwich ever knew, is highly popular.

The cheers have not died away when, with a high sense of the enjoyment of our day and of the admirable demeanour and character of the Woolwich cadets, we step into our brougham, which has been waiting for one hour, *en route* to town.



A CONVENIENT BLOCKADE.

THREE weary hours before we dine!
 Come link, old friend, your arm in mine—
 We'll stroll down Piccadilly.
 Our destination do you ask?
 Well! in the setting sun we'll bask,
 And in the eyes of Milly.

Grand carriages before us creep,
 Containing dowagers asleep,
 And golden girls coquetting;
 The path of bores and belles is full,
 Snobs, swells, dear daughters of John Bull,
 And youngsters old at betting.

The Major's fawns around him skip,
 Escaping from the lady whip,
 With medals decorated;
 A *cause célèbre* is here—don't budge—
 The witnesses, the cheery judge,
 The barrister who baited.

Excitement travels down the ride,
 The cavalcade is turned aside—
 Dukes, tailors, lords, and hatters;
 She comes! the sweet ambassadress
 Of happiness—for our Princess
 A smiling largesse scatters.

Ah! cruel little Lady May,
 Your tender eyes would seem to say
 For Eros' darts you hanker;
 And yet that tell-tale 'Morning Post'
 Declares that soon you will be lost
 Upon an aged banker!

Why! here's the fellow for the pence!
 By Jove! a queer coincidence
 Occurred while you were paying:
 A block! and not a soul can stir—
 The Dowager's a prisoner,
 And Geraldine is playing—

The kind of little game which suits
 The taste of the renowned De Boots,
 Ex-Captain in the Lancers.
 Mamma looks black, her pride he hurts,
 This very worst of London's flirts,
 And best of all its dancers.

Of the sweet opportunity
 Young people make best use—for, see,
 The carriages are moving ;
 Cupid and coachmen wait commands,
 For when policemen wave their hands
 They stop blockades and loving.

The sun dips downwards, ruby red,
 And dyes the rhododendron bed
 With colouring prismatic :
 The Dowager drives home to dine,
 The Dean sighs sadly for his wine,
 The toady seeks his attic.

One minute more the merry Park
 Is stripped of finery, and dark
 Night solemnly comes creeping.
 For where by day Miss Fashion treads,
 At night pale outcasts rest their heads
 And shiver into sleeping !

CHARADE.

I.

A BACHELOR being on marriage intent
 In search of girl of the period went,
 To beg her his trouble to share ;
 But not being rich was rejected, and so
 He straight made his way to a prison, and lo !
 My *first* was betrothed to him there.

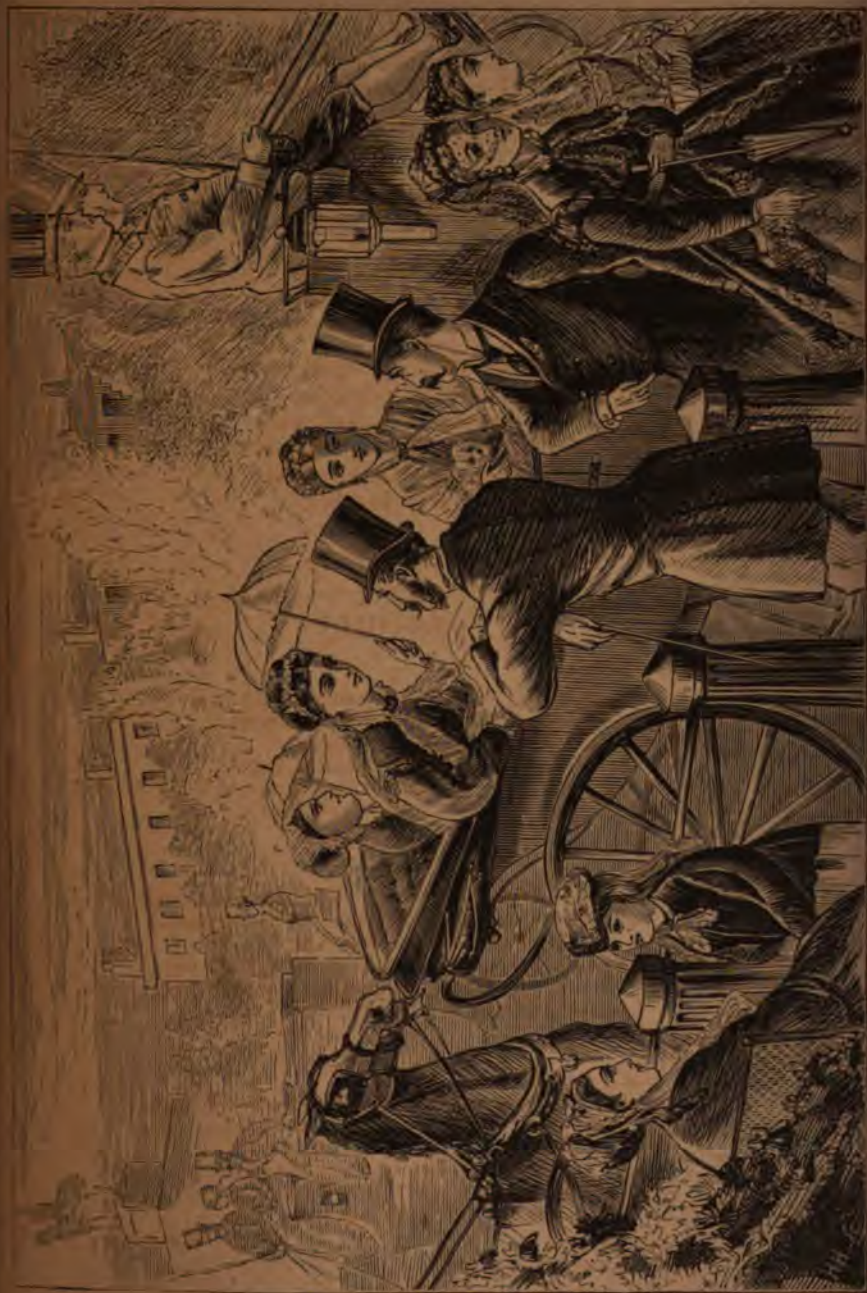
II.

The bells of the church were with music inspired,
 Six bridesmaids were each in my *second* attired,
 The altar seemed quite a bouquet ;
 When suddenly drove a postchaise to the door,
 The bride elect swooned, falling flat on the floor,
 And quickly was hurried away.

III.

The High Court of Chancery had made a decree
 That wife of a pauper my first must not be,
 His suit it could not entertain ;
 For as the poor bachelor could not afford
 My *both* to provide and find suitable board,
 In prison my first must remain.

MACARONI.



Drawn by Isaac L. Roberts.]

HYDE PARK SKETCHES:—A CONVENIENT BLOCKADE

LUCK IN FAMILIES.

PART I.

SHAKESPEARE says that some men are born to greatness, and old Fuller says that some men are born wise and witty. My friends, these are very good things in their way, and we will not speak of them with inconsideration and contempt; but it is perhaps better, after all, to be born lucky. The genuinely lucky dog is the spoilt child of fortune. He may not have brains; but then boon Nature watches tenderly over him, and gives him all that brains can confer, and something else besides. For him all the links of circumstance interweave themselves most propitiously. The school-master's wife falls in love with his infantile face; the college tutor credits him with all sorts of imaginary good qualities; the lovely heiress, cheated by her own sweet imagination, clothes him, though he be a lubber, with every fine quality; for him parents and guardians, lawyers and bankers relax their sternness; for him starts up the forgotten relative who bequeathes him a fortune; the horse he bets on wins; he cries heads, and so it is; the colour on which he lays his money is victorious; if his train is smashed into by a runaway engine, he placidly writes a letter to 'The Times' by the next post; if his ship sinks, he gets off safely in the long-boat; if his bank bursts, he has withdrawn all his money the day before. No, he is not great, or witty, or wise, but, what stands him in better stead, he is lucky! Now compare him with the unlucky man, who, after all, in the estimation of most novelists, is a much more solid and deserving character. But the unlucky man is thoroughly drubbed into a condition of disaster, and can only groan that, 'it is just his luck.' The unlucky man loseth the express by half a minute; he loseth his election for county or borough by a couple of votes. At school he has been flogged, and at college plucked. He omits paying

his insurance, and, lo! his house is burnt down. He applies for a place, and it was given away only the day before; he joins a speculation, and the shares instantly sink below par; he maketh an offer, but he has mistaken the nature of the lady's feelings. He catches cold, he breaks the knees of horses, he loses his way, he gets the toothache, he offends the people whom he most wishes to propitiate; he is cheated, snubbed, patronized, cut; he has a natural tendency to sink, to incur mortgages, to go to the dogs, generally speaking. But the other man is the moral antipodes of all this, because some kind fairy at the christening contemptuously threw away all other presents, and presented her favourite with the gift of luck.

If you sit down and reckon up your friends who have come to pre-eminent dignities and estates, why, without denying their many merits (which, nevertheless, you justly consider to have been ridiculously exaggerated), you will find that luck has been the most important element in the matter. My lord bishop, you are a worthy man, but the Premier offered you the mitre under the impression that he was writing to your worthy grandfather, who had made a reputation and passed away. My Lord Chancellor, would you have come to the seals so soon, if your senior in that celebrated trial had not mysteriously shut up, and left the management of the case to you? My baronetted physician, how well that lucky prescription, based on mere ether, served you, which so pleased the leader of fashion, and sent you all the fine ladies! My favoured State pensioner, on what a lucky occasion did your ancestor light the 'king's pipe with a portable tinder-box?

I was looking just now at an interesting book on 'Our Governing Families,' and the writer, speaking of a famous class of nobles, says

they 'are the luckiest of the great English families.' This was said of the Leveson-Gowers—men of mark and capacity, indeed, but who chiefly made their great territorial acquisitions through lucky marriage. This is true of a greater family still, that of the Hapsburgs. The House of Austria has altogether been built up of lucky marriages, although of late unkind Fate has shuffled the cards and given them unkindly deals. How historically true is the well-known epigram which tells them not to care about fighting but to stick to marrying—

'Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube
Nam quæ Mars alia, dat tibi regna Venæ.'

It is time that some wit should now elaborate a similar epigram for the lucky house of Cobourg. Again and again the luck of our great families has been owing to marriage. There was a 'prentice lad, named Edward Osborne, who was bound to a wealthy clothmaker. This merchant owned one of the old houses which used to be on old London Bridge. He had an only daughter; and, one day, the nurse while playing with the child dropped her into the river. The apprentice saw the accident, plunged into the water, and when he rescued the child he also gained a bride and an estate. The father declared that no one else should marry his girl but the lad who saved her. The apprentice became Lord Mayor of London, and laid the fortunes of the House of Osborne, which culminated in the Dukedom of Leeds. We have all heard of Bess of Hardwick, who made the ducal fortunes of the great house of the Cavendishes. In the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Chisbury we read of a marriage, lucky enough, but curious. A wealthy old baronet left his large estates to his daughter, on condition that she should marry a Herbert. The only eligible Herbert forthcoming was young Edward Herbert, if I recollect aright, about fourteen years of age. The young heiress would not very much relish such a boy husband. But the language of the will was imperative; and Edward Herbert's mother was a pushing

kind of dame, not likely to forego an advantage; so the pair were married, and the boy-bridegroom settled down at Oxford to graduate, and eventually became a great man; but I am afraid he was always only an indifferent husband. Queen Elizabeth heard the story, and expressed her opinion that the marriage was a mistake. When he grew up to man's estate, Edward Herbert explained to his wife that his early marriage with her was a mistake, and that he now proposed to see the world; and so, 'with leave given or taken,' he left his wife and children, and sallied forth on his famous adventures. Lucky marriages are an almost exhaustible topic. The Stanleys of Knowsley have seen famous for their 'marvellous luck in marriage and at Court.' The Stanley who seized the crown from the head of the dead Richard, and placed it on the brow of Henry VII., was the first Earl of Derby. They have always steered their way, through the most critical periods of history, with marvellous astuteness. Though they had lost their royalty of Man, they have acquired a still more valuable supremacy in Lancashire. The motto *Sans changer*, worn now, as at Flodden Field, by the 'On, Stanley, on' of the day, is at least true of the affections of their people towards themselves, and of the continuous family luck. It is said of the Grosvenors that, 'having been lucky beyond measure in marriage, and in the acquisition of a great Middlesex tract, they are now the wealthiest family in Europe—perhaps, due regard being had to security, the wealthiest uncrowned house on earth.' The luckiest event in their family was when Sir Thomas Grosvenor, of Cheshire, married Miss Mary Davis, of Ebury. Her father was a landed proprietor in Middlesex, and owned land which was valuable in its time, but which is now inestimably valuable when covered with the mansions of Belgrave, Tyburnia, and Pimlico. Lord Westminster is really the landlord of the members of the two Houses of Parliament. The origin of Mr. Davis's fortune is thus told. At the time of the Great Plague of London

society was utterly demoralized, and when many families fled to the country, all kinds of property and title-deeds were left with Mr. Davis, most of which the owners never lived, or returned to reclaim. By this means—and, it appears, without the least reflection on his honesty—he brought together his large landed property in the metropolis. Then, again, how many elements of luck were there in the career of that marvellous Chesterfield, 'page and wanderer, beggar and earl, who asked the hand of a Cromwell, lived with Barbara Villiers, after a life of *roué* excitement fell in love with his own wife, and, with a ruined reputation, was still one of the few men whom Catharine of Braganza, Charles II.'s swarthy Kate, dared ask to be her executor.' Many a man's fortune was made by marriage-luck in the old days, when heiresses were the wards of the king, and royalty would provide for a favourite by handing over an heiress to him.

There are some families in whom luck runs as an heirloom. Nearly every walk in life has its lucky names. What a thing it is to be born a Grey, and be in the diplomatic service. If a man goes up to college as a Kennedy or a Lushington, he is sure to get all sorts of classical honours. How a brace or leash of brethren sometimes make a sudden start, and luck helps their undoubted merit. Look on the Sumners, whereof one became Archbishop of Canterbury and the other refused the Archbishopric of York. But these are almost historical: to take some modern instances. Look at the Selwyns. Within a few months one has become a Lord Justice, and another a Lord Bishop. Within a few months the Karslakes both came into Parliament, and one is Attorney General. So true it is that there is 'a tide in the affairs of men.' If you take it at the nick of time, it leads on to fame and fortune; but if you carelessly allow it to ebb you are left stranded on the beach. Besides prudent marriages, there has been another lucky element in great houses since the peace. Of late

years luck has set in enormously on behalf of our territorial magnates, that is, of the great families. Money may be infinitely increased in England, but the land cannot be increased. Everybody wants land. Every one is ready to buy, and few are willing to sell. With the development of the resources of the country, the wealth of the great landowners has enormously increased. Sometimes they own the ground on which a whole city or town is built; or mines, practically inexhaustible, have been found on their properties; or they have opened up large seaports, with the prosperity of a Venice, or Amsterdam, belonging to them. In other places lonely shores have become fashionable watering-places, covered with crescents and villas. 'The great houses have been, and to a large extent still are, to our political system what bones are to the body. Unseen, they have given strength and firmness to what else might have been a gelatinous mass. No king, or demagogue, or soldier, has been able to mould the mass because of these hard substances. It is the element of existence, the breeze in the brick, the hair in the mortar, the fibre in the wood, the bones in the body, which they contribute to our social fabric—the quality of permanence which they add to our institutions. Let the suffrage be universal, and Earl Derby stand for Lancashire, does any one know any Hodgson who would have a chance? No trade can flourish that for every pound does not pour a shilling into the treasury of a Grosvenor or a Bentinck, a Russell or a Stanley, a Neville or a Gower. They own the soil, and rental rises with wealth, as the surface of a field rises from successive deposits of guano. Every year, too, the pedestal on which they stand, the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race, rises and spreads wider. They have besides their wealth something which the wealthiest man can neither pretend to nor buy—a direct connection with the past history of an imperial race. Dukedoms may be abolished by the year 2000, we pretend to no opinion—on that point, perhaps no man, save

John Stuart Mill, could give us even a reasonable prophecy; but of this we feel assured, that if they are not abolished, an English dukedom will in that year be a prize beyond all social compare—a prize such as a throne is now—a position the ultimate goal of all that is great, or ambitious, or rich, among a race which will by that time be directly or indirectly over half the world.' So far Mr. Townsend.

Many curious instances of individual luck might be given. Some time ago there was a paragraph in the newspapers, which, I believe, was correct, stating that an old lady, childless and friendless, suddenly made up her mind to leave a large property to the children of some chemist or greengrocer at whose shop she had always received great civility. It is worth noting that civility has always had luck as an ally. There is the story told of some gentleman, who, on a battle-field happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of the other one. The officer, when he saw his marvellous escape, justly observed, that a man never lost by politeness. Another curious story of luck on a battle-field is, I believe, perfectly authentic. A ball passed straight through a man's body, and the man recovered. Thus much is not unparalleled, but there was something more, highly curious and lucky. The man was consumptive and had formed tubercles. The ball carried away the tubercles, and the man recovered, not only from the wound, but from the consumption. There is a well-known traditional story, which I should be glad to see authenticated, of the amiable old lady who left all her fortune to the gentleman who, in a thronged church, offered her a seat in his pew. He was probably the gentleman who took two sittings, one for himself and one for his hat. I knew myself the case of a man who committed a splendid imprudence, but it turned out to be all luck. He wanted to buy a small estate in some pretty part of the country. He was one day staying

at an inn, when he encountered a very agreeable stranger. They sat deep into the night smoking and drinking. This gentleman happened to mention the kind of box he was wanting. The stranger declared he had just that kind of thing to sell, and enlarged greatly on its merits and conveniences. It will be hardly credited that before they retired to rest this gentleman had passed over to a perfect stranger several thousand pounds, receiving simply the acknowledgment of the money, and an undertaking to complete the transaction. It might have been thought that he was completely swindled, or, at all events, greatly taken in. But he was a lucky fellow, and came of a lucky family. When he went down to see the place, he found that it was everything that had been described to him, and, in fact, much better; that his investment was really one of unusual excellence. The next instance may be called one of luck, but it tends also to show that foresight and boldness are more constant elements in luck than might be imagined. One evening many years ago there was a conversation in Glasgow among some poor young men about the navigation of the Clyde. They were talking of the fast-growing commerce on the Clyde, and how it would be necessary in time to widen the river in order to allow vessels to come up the stream and discharge at the Broomielaw. One of the young fellows was greatly impressed by the conversation, and carried away an idea. He carefully inspected the ground, and saw that at some future day, at a particular bend of the river, there was a projecting piece of ground, which, in the opinion of one who believed in the prosperity of Glasgow, would one day be wanted. He strained every possible resource, and succeeded in buying the ground for two hundred pounds. The day came sooner than was expected. It would also appear that this was not a time when laud could be taken without the consent of its owner, and the question of compensation be left to a jury. The young man asked and obtained twenty-seven

thousand pounds for that piece of land, and was so started on the prosperous career of a Glasgow merchant. That career can be very lucky and prosperous indeed, for I see that 'A. K. H. B.,' who ought to know something about the subject, says there is a firm there which makes profits at the rate of four hundred thousand a year.

Our remarks on 'Luck in Families' will, however, be chiefly concerned with the great families of England. We will, in the first instance, take the fortunes of the founder of the house of Phipps, and the founder of the house of Petty, which have culminated, respectively, in the marquises of Normanby and Lansdowne. They are remarkable instances of industrial success, combined with a very fair proportion of luck. Not altogether dissimilar would be the fortunes of the house of Strutt, which appropriately culminated in the peerage of Belper.

The founder of the house of Phipps, 'this our Phipps,' as his biographer calls him, was born in an obscure part of New England, the son of a gunsmith, who rejoiced in twenty-five other children besides the future great man. From his earliest days we are told that he had an unaccountable impulse on his mind hinting to him that he was born for great matters. He was, indeed, always noted for one mark of real greatness—a greatness independent of material success, namely, that he was of 'a most incomparable generosity.' Yet at twenty-three he was only a working carpenter, who, having the good luck to marry a well to do young widow, was able to set up in business on his own account. He assured his incredulous wife that on some far-distant prosperous day 'he should be owner of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston; and that, it may be, this would not be all that the providence of God would bring him to.' His first speculations, however, despite this presage of good, turned out to be altogether of a disastrous character. In the course of his business of ship building he heard a rumour that somewhere off the Bahamas there was a

wreck that contained a mighty treasure. From shipbuilding he had turned sailor, and now, with a genuine adventurous spirit he went to England to see if he could find any encouragement at Whitehall for his scheme of recovering the wreck. After much waiting, he was at last furnished with a vessel, and sailed forth upon his adventurous quest. But precious things do not reveal themselves all at once to the seekers. His sailors rose in mutiny against him, and when he had replaced them by a new set, these proved so unsafe that he thought it best to return to England; yet before he did so, being off Hispaniola, he contrived 'by the policy of his address' to worm out of a very old man some further information about the lost treasure-ship. When he returned to the court of England of course the old story of incredulity, delay, and disappointment was once more repeated. The Duke of Albemarle, however, with one or two others, charmed with his conversation and address, were willing to run a risk; and so he was enabled to 'set sail for the fishing-ground which had been so well baited half an hundred years before.' He had with him a tender, and when he got to Port de la Plata, with infinite pains he fashioned out of a cotton tree a canoe or 'periaga,' which would carry eight or ten oars. His device was that the 'periaga' should explore the dangerous shoals which would rise within two or three feet of the surface of the water, and yet were so steep that a vessel striking against them would sink down countless fathoms deep into the ocean. These shoals were known by the emphatic title of the Boilers.

One day the men were out in the periaga, peering about, as they had done on many a fruitless day before. One of them, gazing down into the depths of the clear water, saw the marine plant called the sea feather wafting out of a rock, and desired one of the Indian divers to pluck it up that they might not return altogether empty-handed. The diver brought up the feather, and he also brought them back a marvellous story. He said that close by the

rock where he found the sea-feather there were numbers of great guns lying about. The men were utterly astonished, and told the Indian to dive again. This time he brought up a large lump of silver, worth some hundred pounds. They now fixed a buoy to mark the spot, and rowed back to the ship. They kept their discovery secret for a time, putting aside 'the sow of silver' in the cabin until the captain should notice it. 'At last he saw it. Seeing it, he cried out with some agony, "Why, what is this? Whence comes this?" And then, with changed countenances, they told him how and where they got it. "Then," said he, "Thanks be to God, we are made!"'

He might indeed well say so. That 'fair brick house in the Green Lane' was assured to him. They took up thirty-two tons of silver. Over the silver had grown a crust like limestone, several inches, which they had to break through with instruments, 'when whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight would come tumbling out.' Moreover, they found great quantities of gold, pearls, and precious stones. The value of the whole was close on three hundred thousand pounds. And now dreadful apprehensions seized upon the mind of 'this our Phipps,' at last so lucky. He was afraid lest the sailors should rise in mutiny and take the treasure for themselves. He made all sorts of vows 'if the Lord would carry him safe home to England with what he had now given him to suck of the abundance of the seas and of the treasures hid in the sands.' He came home safely, and the Duke of Albemarle, to whom the lion's share of the spoil fell, certainly had his 'fling of luck.' Phipps' share was sixteen thousand pounds; and the Duke, with much gallantry, presented him with a gold cup for his wife worth a thousand pounds. The king conferred on him the honour of knighthood. So great was now his reputation for courage and ability that James II. would willingly have retained him in England; but his heart was set upon that 'fair green house,' and with

the title of High Sheriff of New England he returned home to set about constructing it. On his way home he again revisited the scene of the wreck, and made some very handsome pickings there.

The career of Sir William Phipps henceforth becomes historical. On his return home he caused himself to be christened, being then thirty-nine. 'I have divers times,' he said, 'been in danger of my life, and I have been brought to see that I owe my life to Him that has given a life so often to me.' It is to be regretted that much of his religion henceforth consisted in burning harmless old ladies, whom, as High Sheriff, he considered to be guilty of witchcraft. His ruling idea henceforth was the conquest of Canada; and though the armament which he conducted against the French was unsuccessful, yet he paved the way for its eventual subjugation. His intense devotion to his wife, who bore him no children, is a touchingly beautiful feature in his character. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-five. Before his death we find him brought into connection with one Constantine Phipps. This gentleman was, most probably, his nephew, through one of his one-and-twenty brothers. To him also he probably bequeathed the bulk of his fortune. This Constantine Phipps was a distinguished lawyer, and became Lord Chancellor of Ireland; he is noted for his having returned to his practice at the bar after he lost the seals. His son married the heiress of the third Earl of Anglesea; and the son of this son was raised to the peerage of Ireland under the title of Mulgrave. Afterwards the title became Viscount Normanby and Earl of Mulgrave, and its last possessor, who, with all his imputed failings, was a most able and accomplished man, became Marquis of Normanby. But the honest, hardfaring man—the lucky finder of the treasures in the Spanish seas—is justly regarded as the founder of the house of Phipps, of courtier fame.

The founder of the house of Petty has told us much of his history in that curious autobiographic docu-

ment, his will. His father was a clothier, and 'also did die his own clothes.' As a boy, the illustrious Petty had a passion for knowledge and for making and accumulating money. He talks of 'getting up mathematics' and 'getting up money' as being very much the same kind of thing. Even as a lad, when he went to Normandy in a vessel, he played the merchant, and made a matter of sixty pounds. He then spent several years on the continent, and, it seems, exhausted his funds. He told Aubrey that in Paris he lived for a week on two or three pennyworth of walnuts. Later he went to Oxford, and was also admitted a member of the College of Physicians. He tells us, also, that he was admitted a member of 'several Clubs of the Virtuous.' The expression is curious enough as a description of a club, but what Petty meant was the *Virtuosi*. As a physician he performed his famous cure of Anne Green. This woman had been hung, and after execution had been suspended for half an hour, and finally her friends had rolled her about and stamped on her before she should come to the knife of the dissector. Petty succeeded in resuscitating her, and she lived for many years. But his famous pecuniary achievements were made in the settlement of Ireland, after the suppression of the Rebellion, in 1641. Petty was then physician to the army. He perceived that this was a great opportunity of making a fortune. He procured a contract for the 'admeasurement' of forfeited lands. He made thirteen thousand pounds by the contract, and then purchased from the soldiers, at low rates, those forfeited lands of which they had debentures. He must have made very lucky bargains; for Aubrey says that these lands were worth eighteen thousand a year to him. These enormous gains occasioned much envy and ill-feeling. One of Oliver Cromwell's knights challenged him; but Petty said that he was a nearsighted man, and if they fought, they must fight with carpenters' adzes in a dark cellar. The Restoration saved him. Al-

though he had been a warm Cromwellite, he dexterously contrived that he should be regarded as a devoted adherent of the new government. He was made Surveyor-General of Ireland, and all his territorial possessions were secured to him by the Act of Settlement. The survey which he made of Ireland was a great national service. From Mount Mongarto, in Kerry, his eye could sweep over fifty thousand acres all his own. Not content with this, he busied himself about mines, fisheries, ironworks, and the timber trade. Petty was clever in all kinds of ways, and had a remarkably inventive faculty; he had the manners of a courtier and the versatility of an actor; but he made money with a kind of intuition of genius. Pepys has a mention of him: '1st February, 1684. Thence to Whitehall; where, in the Duke's chamber, the King came and stayed an hour or two, laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was then about his boat, and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was, I perceived, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections, and other bystanders, with great discretion; and offered to take odds against the King's best boat; but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only.' Petty married a lady whom Aubrey describes as 'very beautiful, brown, with glorious eyes.' He died in Piccadilly, nearly opposite the office of 'London Society.' His widow was made Baroness of Shelburne in her own right; her youngest son became Earl of Shelburne. Besides his property in England, he owned a hundred and thirty-five square miles of land in Ireland. All his children died before him, so he left his vast estates to his nephew, the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, who assumed the name of Petty, and was made a British peer, under the title of Baron Wycombe. A grandson of this nobleman was the late celebrated Marquis, whose social gatherings at Bowood and Berkeley Square were so remarkable, and who is understood to have refused the Dukedom of Kerry.

The real founder of the Belper peerage was Jedediah Strutt. His father was a country yeoman, and the Derbyshire legend goes, that Jedediah, as a mere child, used to construct miniature waterfalls on the little stream that glided through his father's fields. He, too, was lucky in his marriage, although the luck is not at first sight very obvious. His wife's family all belonged to the hosiery trade, and the young man's thoughts were thus directed into a channel in which he was enabled to do justice to his remarkably inventive faculty. He constructed a curious and complicated machine, the parent of the lace frame, for the manufacture of ribbed stockings, and removed to Derby, where he worked his invention under a patent. Here another stroke of luck happened to him. A certain individual of the name of Arkwright, who had the notion that he had devised a cotton-spinning invention, applied to Mr. Strutt and his partner for capital to carry it into effect. The great scientific sagacity of Jedediah Strutt at once detected the extraordinary importance of the invention. A partnership was speedily arranged; and in that most pleasant village of Cromford, close by the lovely scenery of Matlock, the first cotton-spinning mill was erected. Soon afterwards Mr. Strutt's own invention was applied to the weaving of calicoes. Thus that great manufacture was cradled in Derbyshire which became so fruitful a source of modern industrial prosperity. He had four splendid mills at Belper, where he fixed his residence, the Cromford property, where they have a magnificent seat, eventually accruing to the Arkwrights. For three generations the family of the Strutts, widely ramifying throughout the country, were the chief manufacturing powers and great social influence in Derbyshire. They have also been largely noted for their munificence and public spirit. Their splendid liberality in the promotion of useful public objects, and especially in attending to the comfort and well-being of their work-people, is one of the most useful

and brilliant examples of the sympathy that ought to exist between the gentry and the *ouvrière* class. The great industrial success of the Strutts has always been joined with a thorough love of literature and the arts. We find Thomas Moore, the poet, when residing in Derbyshire, thus mentioning the Strutts in the year 1813:—'There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. . . . I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it is not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil and not at all spoilt by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl—a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup; so that I passed my time very agreeably among them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents.'

Mr. Edward Strutt, the grandson of the famous Jedediah, a Cambridge man, was long a member of the House of Commons, and achieved a very considerable parliamentary reputation. He was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the year 1854, by Lord Aberdeen. At the end of two years, however, it became necessary that he should resign that post, to make way for another personage. In point of fact, the place was wanted for Earl Granville. It was certainly not very complimentary to Mr. Strutt that he should thus be made a convenience of, and he frankly confessed that the matter caused him much pain. His great claim on his party was not, however, overlooked. In 1856 the Queen intimated her intention of conferring a peerage upon him. 'The Queen,' wrote Lord Palmerston, 'was desirous of marking

the interest which she took in the great manufacturing interest of the country, and she had observed that this important element of national wealth had not as yet been suitably represented in the Upper House.' Belper was very appropriately selected for the new title. We are sure that the peerage of Belper will be handed on with unabated lustre. Lord Belper's eldest son, the Hon. Mr. Strutt, was recently senior

wrangler at Cambridge, the highest possible academical distinction, that among our nobility has only been rivalled by another Derbyshire noble, the present Duke of Devonshire.

Having thus not undeservedly given the *pas* to those ennobled industrious families where great luck has been joined with great ability, we shall venture, on a future day, on more personal details and adventures.

THRICE WON.

THERE fell a shadow on a goodly house.
From wing-drooped cedar, nay, nor arm-stretched oak
The gloom descended. Down it fell like night,
A shadow deep of tyranny and wrong,
Where all had once been sunlight in the hearts
Of those indwellers. Gracious were they both,
Loving and constant; daughter and matron mother;
Purer than flowers that at hot feasts die swift,
Slain for man's pleasure.

 Drooping by the sea
They watched the barks that idly sat the tide,
Rocking at rest. Spoke then the mother heart
Out of the fulness of its fresher pain:—

' See, Iza, yonder as the tide slips off,
The boats have settled and are moved no more.
Oh, child, that so our lives might slip away
And we could rest and so be moved no more.'

But Iza, gazing where the flats grew red
With the far-flushing of the down-gone sun,
Cried ' Mother, there is hope about the sea.
For other tides will rise and lift the keels,
And they will dance upon a fresh-rolled wave
And bless the waters as they float in joy.
Nay, see, beneath the shade of yon still skiff
That darkened pool whereon no red gleam falls
Shall with a next sun's tide be lighted white
With silver rays to guide the backward roll
And heavy coming of the homebound sea.'

' A homebound bark is on the homebound sea.
How shall we welcome it? with smiles or tears?'

' With smiles, my mother; surely yet with smiles:
All is not lost, although my father's rage—'

' The husband whom he brings you, will you wed?'

Iza was silent. But the working grief
Came back upon her face like sudden age,
Until the two seemed sisters in their years.

'If only I could know,' she cried, 'if only know
My way beyond this labyrinth of ills.—
To do my father's will were simplest, best,
If but I wronged no other. I might learn
In time—please God—to do my duty straight
By even a stranger husband; and might learn
To love him for the duty that I owed.
If not,—why then a grave beneath the sea
That flows in pity, granted to my prayers,
Would drown out all.'

'But Sydney? What of him?
Your Sydney, whose mysterious absence weighs——'

'Ay, but my Sydney! Better had I died
When o'er the Afric wave you bore me home:
Oh, mother, mother, better had I died;
Far better the deep waters than these tears
I shed for him. Oh, better, better, flung
Even to the hungry shark that followed fast
The poor dead mariner cast dead a-lee
Had I, too, perished; better 'neath the whirl
And froth of the vexed ocean had I swooned
Than die this living death. Oh, I am mad
To voice my griefs in the dread face of yours.—
Forgive—forgive me!'

As she spoke she cast
Her face upon her mother's bosom down,
And lay enfolded in the sheltering arms;
The same that bore her o'er the Afric wave,
Defying the dread monsters of the deep,
And laid her softly in her English home.

Long rested they thus mute; no stir of words
More breaking the sweet strain of that great chime
Of liquid music whispering speech with heaven—
As the receding waters wept their way
And down the sandy rills left tears behind.

Meantime the living tides grew strong once more
With a fresh murmur; and the up-called waves
Made motion like a joy that would come back.

Lifting her face to listen, Iza drew
Her mother's arm through hers. Thus, waiting long,
Until the unmistakable flow of floods
Drew sundry pools in one, and the long stretch
Of water-meadows clothed the half-way sands,
The two kissed silently, and moving slow
Drew home. And bitter word no more was spoke
Of all the day might bring of all its dread:
Love was on earth, and God was on the sea.

With morning, came the fruitful ship to shore:
With morning, leaped her eager crew to land.—
Two men, the first to quit her deck, set forth
For that lone house on which the shadow fell.

The doors flew wide at their dread master's call.
The wife unto her husband's bosom drew,
Forgetful half of written wrongs in sight

Of that familiar form so long unseen,
Of that familiar form so once well loved.
The daughter next, with soft unlifted eyes,
Yielded her lips to a cold sire's caress.

Apart the moody stranger stood ; his face
Turned to the far west window of the hall,
His back towards the sunlight, moveless, mute.

The household greeting o'er, the father turned
And gave his daughter's hand to that strange guest
On whom no welcome fell. Still mute he stood,
Like statue of a king. Sweet eyes, that rained
Pearls at his feet, not moved him ; nor the cry
That from the mother's bosom burst.

He turned

At length, and, setting back his steps, stood far,
As though he shook the dust from off his feet
That, caught from those inhospitable floors,
Had thrown a stain upon his nobleness ;
Nor deigned to take the hand thus offered up
In sacrifice.

'A little span,' he cried,
'The victim asks before the sacrifice.
Wert thou old Jephtha, hardened man, and this
The daughter of thy promise, still awhile
Among the glorious mountains should she go,
Before the sword. Thy stroke is swift and sure.
See! The sharp edge of pain hath cut her breast
So deep, her constant heart itself is dead.
She was a plighted maid, serene in love.
What is she now? A sold and bartered wife!
Yet will I take her—when her tears are dry.
I think that I may stay them, for I see
A soft light lurking in their soulful depths
As now they first meet mine. Oh! sainted eyes,
Look up, and fear not! Lovelier sweet to me
For duty done, mistaken though it be.
Be restful, sweet! and leave all care to heaven ;
Thy duty now and love go hand in hand,
Like children of one home amid the flowers,
Bound by a chain of flowers. You marvel, love?
Hear me ;—hear all ; my words will be but brief.'

'No sooner did I hear of that mad rage
Which stood between me and my life-set hopes,
Than I recalled how Afric's suns 'fore now
Have turned men's brains. Some leechcraft had I known
In earlier years. This stood me now in stead.
Far sailing towards the burning Afric plains,
I sought this man whose raging brain the sun,
Sole riding shadeless o'er the arid wastes,
Had smitten. Tender as a son to him,
He said, was I. In God's sweet truth I was
His son—the chosen husband of his child.
Of that hot malady heaven saw him cured.
But still the deadlier malady remained ;
That moral blindness justifying wrong
Under a specious name, turning blest duty

Even to a heinous crime. Forgive me, sir,
If I speak plainly; honesty is best:
You loved me for it when you knew me first.
I spoke you plainly, as I speak you now,
When first you feed me with a daughter's hand.
I said it was a sinful, grievous wrong,
This forcing duty from its one smooth way,
And heaping peril on immortal souls
Through strong temptation in the barren heart
Robbed of its rights. You, in your right of love,
Took this dear lady, Iza's mother, here:
How had you raged, if sire of hers had turned
An adder's ear unto your true beseeching?—
Yet, if you will, forbid me now my suit.
My name is Sydney. I am he you swore
Should never wed with Iza. Duty, too,
I owe her sire, or worthy less were I
To mate with her. Say that you now forbid
That suit of love which made me quit my love
To sue for life for you 'neath Afric's suns.
Why, then I shall go hence a little space,
And wait till you are stricken down once more
With sight of sorrow in your one child's face,
As, wasting day by day, her sweet eyes seek
That far-off sun that shines on me alike
As even on her, though Afric's land be mine
And England's hers, crying, "We have one Father
In heaven, but neither has a sire on earth."
Nay, Iza, cast not at his iron feet
Your knees; his malady is past cure now,
If now it yields not. Mother of my love!
You, too, a suppliant? He is worthy, sure,
Who, thus supported, asks a priceless gift
Twice given already. Turn you, sir, at last,
A father's eye upon me? Is it so?
You gave her to me once, beyond the deeps,
A poor physician's fee, in promise held.
She's mine, you say? Why, then, I take soft leave
To clasp her. Here, upon this sheltering heart,
Tender and duteous, lay thy burthen down!
See! the great waters have returned their tides.
The gallant argosies of all the world
Are coursing to their havens;—we to ours.
The hillyow crests that lift the freighted craft
Sparkle to heaven; the very air is filled
With breezes by the wings of angel hosts
Set stirring. Oh! the world is wonderous fair:
Bless heaven for all things, O my love—my wife!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.





Drawn by Marcus Stone.]

THRICE WON.

[See the Poem.

'BONES AND I;' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HAUNTED.

A HUNDRED years ago there was scarce a decent country-house in England or Scotland that did not pride itself on two advantages—the inexhaustible resources of its cellar and the undoubted respectability of its ghost. Whether the generous contents of the one had not something to do with the regular attendance of the other, I will not take upon me to decide; but in those times hall, castle, manor-house, and even wayside inn were haunted every one. The phantoms used to be as various, too, as the figures in a pantomime. S. rains of unaccountable music sometimes floated in the air. Invisible carriages rolled into courtyards at midnight, and door-bells rang loudly, pulled by unearthly visitors, who were heard but never seen. If you woke at twelve o'clock you were sure to find a nobleman in court-dress, or a lady in farthingale and high-heeled shoes, warming a pair of ringed and wasted hands at the embers of your wood-fire; failing these, a favourite sample of the supernatural consisted of some pale woman in white garments, with her black hair all over her shoulders and her throat cut from ear to ear. In one instance I remember a posting-house frequented by the spirit of an osler with a wooden leg; but perhaps the most blood-chilling tale of all is that which treats of an empty chamber having its floor sprinkled with flour to detect the traces of its mysterious visitant, and the dismay with which certain horror-stricken watchers saw footsteps printing themselves off one by one, on the level spotless surface—footsteps, plain and palpable, but of the Fearful Presence nothing more!

As with houses in those, so is it with men in these days. Most of the

people I have known in life were haunted: so haunted, indeed, that, for some the infliction has led at last to madness, though, in most instances, productive only of abstracted demeanour, wandering attention, idiotic cross-purposes, general imbecility of intellect, and, on occasion, reckless hilarity with quaint wild incoherent talk. These haunted head-pieces, too, get more and more dilapidated every day; but how to exorcise them, that is the difficulty! What spells shall have power to banish the evil spirit from its tenement, and lay it in the Red Sea? if indeed, that is the locality to which phantoms should properly be consigned. Haunted men are, of all their kind, the most unhappy; and you shall not walk along a London street without meeting them by the dozen.

The dwelling exclusively on one idea, if not in itself an incipient symptom, tends to produce, ere long, confirmed insanity. Yet how many people have we seen going about with the germs of so fearful a calamity developing themselves into maturity! This man is haunted by hope, that by fear,—others by remorse, regret, remembrance, desire, or discontent. Each cherishes his ghost with exceeding care and tenderness, giving it up, as it were, room after room in the house, till by degrees it pervades the whole tenement, and there is no place left for a more remunerative lodger, healthy, substantial, and real. I have seen people so completely under the dominion of expectation, that in their morbid anticipation of the Future, they could no more enjoy the pleasures afforded by the Present than the dead. I have known others for whom the brightest sunshine that ever shone was veiled by a cloud of apprehension,

lest storms should be lurking below their horizon the while, who would not so much as confess themselves happy because of a conviction such happiness was not to last,—and for whom time being—as is reasonable—only temporal could bring neither comfort nor relief. It is rarer to find humanity suffering from the tortures of remorse, a sensation seldom unaccompanied, indeed, by misgivings of detection and future punishment; still when it does fasten on a victim, this Nemesis is of all others the most cruel and vindictive. Regret, however, has taken possession of an attic, in most of our houses, and refuses obstinately to be dislodged. It is a quiet, well-behaved ghost enough, interfering but little with the ordinary occupations of the family, content to sit in a dark corner weeping feebly and wringing its hands, but with an inconvenient and reprehensible tendency to emerge on special occasions of rejoicing and festivity, to obtrude its unwelcome presence when the other inmates are gladdened by any unusual beauty of sight or sound.

Discontent, perhaps, should hardly be dignified with the title of a ghost. He resembles rather those Brownies and Lubbers of northern superstition, who, unsightly and even ludicrous in appearance, were not yet without their use in performing the meaner offices of a household. If properly treated and never dragged into undue notice, the Brownie would sweep up the hearth, bring in the fuel, milk the cows, and take upon him the rough work generally, in an irregular, uncouth, but still tolerably efficient style. So perhaps a spirit of discontent, kept within proper bounds, may prove the unsuspected mainspring of much useful labour, much vigorous effort, much eventual success. The spur is doubtless a disagreeable instrument to the horse, and its misapplication has lost many a race ere now; but there is no disputing that it can rouse into action such dull torpid temperaments as, thus unstimulated, would never discover their own powers nor exert themselves to do their best.

But I should draw a wide distinction between the discontent which instigates us to improve our lot, and the desire, the *desiderium*, the poisonous mixture of longing and sorrow, defiance and despair, which bids us only rend our garments, scatter ashes on our heads, and sit down in the dust unmanly to repine. It is the difference between the Brownie and the Fiend. Of all evil spirits I think this last is the most fatal, the most accursed.

We can none of us forget how our father Abraham, standing at his tent-door on the plains of Mamre, entertained three angels unawares. And we, too, his descendants, are always on the look out for the visitors from heaven. Do they ever tarry with any of us for more than a night's lodging? Alas! that the very proof of our guest's celestial nature is the swiftness with which he vanishes at daybreak like a dream. But oftener the stranger we receive, though coming from another world, is not from above. His beauty, indeed, seems angelic, and he is clad in garments of light. For a while we are glad to be deceived, cherishing and prizing our guest, the more perhaps for those very qualities which should warn us of his origin. So we say to him, 'Thou art he for whom we have been looking. Abide with us here for ever.' And he takes us at our word.

Henceforth the whole house belongs to the ghost. When we go to dinner, he sits at the head of the table. Try to shame him away with laughter, and you will soon know the difference between mirth and joy. Try to drown him with wine. No. Don't try that. It is too dangerous an experiment, as any doctor who keeps a private mad-house will tell you. Our duties we undertake hopelessly and languidly, because of his sneer, which seems to say, 'What is the use? Am I not here to see that you reap no harvest from your labour, earn no oblivion with your toil?' And for our pleasures—how can we have any pleasures in that imperious presence, under the lash of that cruel smile?

Even if we leave our home and

walk abroad, in hope to free ourselves from the tenacious incubus, it is in vain. There is beauty in the outside world, quiet in the calm distant skies, peace in the still summer evening, but not for us—never more for us—

'Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.'

Ay, therein lurks our curse. We bear the presence well enough when cold winds blow and snow falls, or when all the landscape about is bleak and bare and scathed by bitter frosts. The cruel moment is that in which we feel a capability of enjoyment still left but for our affliction, a desire to bask in his rays, a longing to turn our faces towards his warmth—

'When that strange shape drives suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.'

There is no exorciser from without who can help us. Alas! that we can so seldom help ourselves. The strength of Hercules could not preserve the hero from his ghastly fate. Our ghost is no more to be got rid of by main force than was Dejanira's fatal tunic, clinging, blistering, wrapping its wearer all the closer, that he tore away the smarting flesh by handfuls. Friends will advise us to make the best of it, and no doubt their counsel is excellent though gratuitous, wanting indeed nothing but the supplementary information, how we are to make the best of that which is confessedly at its worst. Enemies opine that we are weak fools, and deserve to be vanquished for our want of courage—an argument that would hold equally good with every combatant overpowered by superior strength; and all the time the ghost that haunted us sits aloft, laughing our helplessness to scorn, cold, pitiless, inexorable, and always

'Betwixt us and the sun.'

If we cannot get rid of him, he will sap our intellects and shorten our lives; but there is a spell which even this evil spirit has not power to withstand, and it is to be found in an inscription less imitated per-

haps than admired by the 'monks of old.'

'*Laborare est orare,*' so runs the charm. Work and worship, and a stern resolve to ignore his presence, will eventually cause this devil to 'come out of the man.' Not, be sure, till he has torn and rent him cruelly—not till he has driven him abroad to wander night and day amongst the tombs, seeking rest, poor fevered wretch, and finding none, because of his tormentor—not till, in utter helplessness and sheer despair, stunned, humbled, and broken-hearted, the demoniac has crept feebly to the Master's feet, will he find himself delivered from his enemy, weary, sore, and wasted, but 'clothed, and in his right mind.'

Amongst the many ghost stories I have read there is one of which I only remember that it turned upon the inexplicable presence of a window too much in the front of a man's house. This individual had lately taken a farm, and with it a weird, long-uninhabited dwelling in which he came to reside. His first care, naturally enough, was to inspect the building he occupied, and he found, we will say, two rooms on the second floor, each with two windows. The rooms were close together, and the walls of not more than average thickness. It was some days ere he made rather a startling discovery. Returning from the land towards his own door, and lifting the eyes of proprietorship on his home, he counted on the second story *five* windows in front instead of four! The man winked and stared and wondered. Knowing he was not drunk, he thought he must be dreaming, and counted them over again—still with the same result. Entering his house, he ran up-stairs forthwith, and made a strict investigation of the second floor. There were the two rooms, and there were the four windows as usual. Day after day he went through the same process, till by degrees his wonder diminished, his apprehensions vanished; his daily labour tired him so that he could have slept sound in a grave-yard, and by the time his harvest was got in, the subject

never so much as entered his head.

Now this is the way to treat the haunted chamber in our own brain. Fasten its door, if necessary brick up its window. Deprive it of air and light. Ignore it altogether. When you walk along the passage never turn your head in its direction, no, not even though the dearest hope of your heart lies dead and cold within; but if duty bids you, do not shrink from entering—walk in boldly! Confront the ghost, and show it that you have ceased to tremble in its presence. Time after time the false proportions, once so ghastly and gigantic, will grow less and less—some day the spectre will vanish altogether. Mind, I do not promise you another inmate. While you live the tenement will probably remain bare and uninhabited; but at the worst an empty room is surely better than a bad lodger! It is difficult, you will say, thus to ignore that of which both head and heart are full. So it is. Very difficult, very wearisome, very painful, yet not impossible! Make free use of the spell. Work, work, till your brain is so overwrought it cannot think, your body so tired it must rest or die. Pray, humbly, confidently, sadly, like the publican, while your eyes can hardly keep open, your hands droop helpless by your side, and your sleep shall be sound, holy, un haunted, so that with tomorrow's light you may rise to the unremitting task once more.

Do not hope you are to gain the victory in a day. It may take months. It may take years. Inch by inch, and step by step, the battle must be fought. Over and over again you will be worsted and give ground, but do not therefore yield. Resolve never to be driven back quite so far as you have advanced. Imperceptibly, the foe becomes weaker, while you are gaining strength. The time will come at last, when you can look back on the struggle with a half-pitying wonder that he could ever have made so good a fight. Do not then forget to be grateful for the aid you prayed so earnestly might be granted at your need; and remember also,

for your comfort, that the harder-won the victory, the less likely it is you will ever have to wage such cruel battle again.

'Would it not be wiser,' observed Bones, quietly, 'never to begin the conflict? Not to take possession of the haunted house at all?'

There is a pseudo-philosophy about some of his remarks that provokes me intensely.

'Would it not be wiser,' I repeated, in high disdain, 'to sit on the beach than put out to sea, to walk a-foot than ride on horseback, to loll on velvet cushions in the gallery, than go down under shield into the lists, and strike for life, honour, and renown? No. It would not be wiser. True wisdom comes from experience. He who shrinks from contact with his fellow-men—who fears to take his share of their burdens, their sorrows, their sufferings is but a poor fool at best. He may be learned in the learning of the schools, but he is a dunce in all that relates to "the proper study of mankind;" he is ignorant of human nature, its sorrows, its passions, its feelings, its hidden vein of gold, lying under a thick crust of selfishness and deceit; above all, he knows nothing of his inmost heart, nothing of the fierce warlike joy in which a bold spirit crushes and tramples out its own rebellion—nothing of that worshipper's lofty courage who

"Gives the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars,"

who feels a stern and dogged pride in the consciousness that he

"Knows how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

No: in the moral as in the physical battle, though you be pinned to the earth, yet writhe yourself up against the spear, like the "grim Lord of Colonsay," who, in his very death-pang, swung his claymore, set his teeth, and drove his last blow home.

'Besides, if you are to avoid the struggle entirely, how are you ever to learn the skill of self-defence, by which a thrust may be parried or returned? the art of tying an artery or stanching a wound? How are you to help others who cannot help yourself? A man is put into this

world to do a certain share of the world's work; to stop a gap in the world's fencing; to form a cog, however minute, in the world's machinery. By the defalcation even of the humblest individual, some of its movements must be thrown out of gear. The duty is to be got through, and none of us, haunted or unhaunted, ghost or no ghost, may shirk our share. Stick to your post like a Roman soldier during the watches of the night. Presently morning will come, when every phantom must vanish into air, every mortal confront that inevitable reality for which the dream we call a life-time is but a novitiate and a school.

CHAPTER X.

WEIGHT CARRIERS.

Fifty years ago, when the burning of a bishop at Smithfield would scarce have created more sensation in clerical circles than a Ritualistic Commission or a Pan-Anglican Synod, our divines took their share of secular pastime far more freely than at present. It was the parson who killed his thirty brace of partridges, and this, too, with a flint-and-steel gun, over dogs of his own breaking, on the broiling 1st of September. It was the parson who alone got to the end of that famous five-and-forty minutes from 'The Church Spinneys,' when a large field were beat off to a man, and the squire broke his horse's back. It was the parson who knew more about rearing pheasants, circumventing wild ducks, otter-hunting, fly-fishing, even rat-catching, than any one else in the parish; and it was the parson, too, who sometimes took the odds about a flyer at Newmarket, and landed a good stake by backing his own sound ecclesiastical opinion.

Concerning one of these racing divines I remember the following anecdote:—

Returning from afternoon service on a Sunday, he happened to witness a trial of speed between two of his schoolchildren. Unequally matched in size, the big boy, as was natural, beat the little one, but only

by a couple of yards. The parson stood still, watched them approvingly, and meditated.

'Come here,' said he to the winner. 'Go into my study, and fetch me my big Bible.'

The urchin obeyed, and returned bearing a ponderous quarto volume.

'Now,' continued his reverence, 'start fair, and run it over again.'

The competitors wished no better fun, and finished this time with a dead heat.

'Good boys! Good boys!' said the parson, reflectively. 'Ah! I thought the weight would bring you together.'

Yes; how surely the weight brings us together! How often have we not seen the universal handicap run out over the course of daily life? Some of us start so free, so lighthearted, so full of hope and confidence, expecting no less than to gallop in alone. Presently the weight begins to tell; the weight that we have voluntarily accepted, or the weight imposed on us by the wisdom of superior judgment. We labour, we struggle, we fail; we drop back to those whom we thought so meanly of as our competitors; they reach us, they pass us, and though punishment be not spared, they gain the post at last, perhaps many, many lengths a-head! And even if we escape the disgrace of having thus to succumb, even if our powers be equal to the tax imposed on them, we are not to expect an easy victory; there is no 'winning in a canter' here. Every effort tells on mettle, nerve, and spirits; on heart, body, and brain. We want them all, we summon them, we use them freely, and then, it may be within one stride of victory, comes the cruel and irretrievable breakdown.

Men, like horses, must be content to carry weight. Like horses, too, though some are far more adapted than others to the purpose, all learn in time to accommodate themselves, so to speak, in pace and action to their inevitable burden. How they fight under it at first! How eager, and irritable, and self-willed it renders them; how violent and impetuous, as if in haste to get the

whole thing over and done with. But in a year or two the back accustoms itself to the burden; the head is no longer borne so high, the proud neck bends to the curb, and though the stride be shortened, the dashing, bird-like buoyancy gone for ever, a gentle, docile temper has taken its place, with sufficient courage and endurance for all reasonable requirements left. Neither animal, indeed, is ever so brilliant again; but thus it is that both become steady, plodding, useful creatures, fit to perform honestly and quietly their respective duties in creation.

We think we know a great deal in England of athletics, pedestrianism, and the art of training in general. It may astonish us to learn how a Chinese postman gets himself into condition for the work he has to do. The Celestials, it would appear, like meaner mortals, are extremely particular, not to say fidgety, about the due transmission of their correspondence. Over that vast empire extend postal arrangements, conducted, I believe, as in our own country, by some mandarin of high rank, remarkable for their regularity and efficiency. The letters travel at a uniform rate of more than seven English miles an hour; and as they are conveyed by runners on foot, often through thinly-populated districts in which it is impossible to establish frequent relays, the pedestrian capabilities of these postmen are of the greatest importance. This is how a Chinaman prepares himself to accomplish his thirty miles in less than four hours.

He has a quantity of bags constructed, which he disposes over his whole person, like Queen Mab's pinches.

'Arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins.' Into these he dribbles handfuls of flour before he starts for walking exercise, increasing the quantity little by little every day, till the bags are quite full, and he carries clinging to every part of his body several pounds of dead weight, nor considers himself fit for his situation till he can move under it with the freedom and elasticity of a naked man. He will then tell you

that, on throwing off his self-imposed burden, he finds all his muscles so invigorated by their own separate labours, his strength so stimulated, his wind so clear, his condition so perfect, that he shoots away over the plains, mountains, and tea-gardens of the Flowery Land less like John Chinaman with a letter-bag than an arrow from a bow. What would our old friend Captain Barclay, of peripatetic memory, say to such a system as this?

I doubt if the Chinaman's theory of training be founded on sound principles; but I am quite sure that in bearing our moral burden we cannot dispose it over too extended a surface, or in too many separate parcels. I see fathers of families carrying surprising weights, such as make the bachelor's hair stand on end from sheer dismay, with a buoyancy of step and carelessness of demeanour only to be accounted for by an equal distribution of pressure over the entire victim. A man who has his own business to attend to, his domestic affairs to regulate, half a dozen hungry children to feed, and a couple of poor relations or so to assist with sympathy, counsel, and occasional aid, finds no time to dwell upon any one difficulty, no especial inconvenience from any one burden, because each has its fellow and its counterpoise elsewhere. It is not only in pharmacy that the principle of counter-irritation produces beneficial results. A man with two grievances never pities himself so much as a man with one; and a man with half a dozen treats them all with a good-humoured indifference little removed from positive satisfaction.

Some people even appear to glory in the multitude of their afflictions, as though the power to sustain so much ill-luck shed a certain reflected lustre on themselves. I recollect, long ago, meeting an old comrade hanging about the recruiting taverns in Westminster. The man was a clean, smart, active, efficient non-commissioned officer enough, with the average courage and endurance of the British dragoon. A year before I had parted with him, languid, unhappy, and

depressed, longing only to return to England, but not yet under orders for home. Now he looked cheerful, contented, almost radiant. I stopped to inquire after his welfare.

'I landed a fortnight ago, sir,' said he, with something of triumph in his voice, 'and a happy home I found waiting for me! I haven't a friend or a relation left in the world. My father's absconded, my mother's dead, my brother-in-law's ruined, and my sister gone into a madhouse!'

It sounded melancholy enough, yet I felt convinced the man reaped some unaccountable consolation from his pre-eminence in misfortune, admired his own endurance, and was proud of his power to carry so heavy a weight.

Custom, no doubt, in these as in all other inflictions, will do much to lighten the load. There is a training of the mind, as of the body, to bear and to endure. With wear and tear the heart gets hardened like the muscles, and the feelings become blunted by ill-usage, just as the skin grows callous on an oarsman's hands. There is some shadow of truth in the fallacious story of him who carried a calf every day till it became a cow. None of us know what we can do till we try, and there are few but would follow the example of the patient camel, and refuse to rise from the sand, if they knew how heavy a weight is to be imposed on them ere they can reach the longed-for diamond of the desert, gushing and glittering amongst the palms! It is fortunate for us that the packages are not all piled up at once. Little by little we accustom ourselves to the labour as we plod sullenly on with the tinkling caravan, ignorant, till too late to turn back, of the coming hardships, the endless journey, or the many times that cruel *mirage* must disappoint our fainting, thirsting spirits ere we reach the welcome resting-place where the cool spring bubbles through its fringe of verdure—where we shall drink our fill of those life-bestowing waters, and stretch ourselves out at last for long, unbroken slumbers under the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

But the worst method of all in which to carry our load is to build it up on the pack-saddle so as to attract notice and commiseration from those who travel alongside. The Turkish *hamals*, indeed, may be seen staggering about Constantinople under enormous bales of merchandise, twice the height and apparently three times the weight of the herculean bearer; but a Turkish *hamal*, notwithstanding his profession, ignores the meaning of a sore back, moral or physical. Other jades may wince, but under all circumstances, you may swear, *his* withers are unwrung. To be sure, the first article of his creed is resignation. Fatalism lulls him like opium, though, kinder than that pernicious drug, it leaves no torment of reaction to succeed its soothing trance. Hard work, hard fare, hard bed, hard words, hard lines in general, a tropical sun and the atmosphere of a jungle, it is all in the day's work with him! *Back-sheesh!* he will accept with a smile if he can get it, or he will do without, consoling himself that it is *kismet*, for 'There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' With this philosopher, indeed, 'a contented mind is a perpetual feast,' otherwise how could he sustain his stalwart proportions on a morsel of black bread and a slice of water-melon? His dissipations, too, are mild as his daily meals. A screw of weak tobacco, folded in a paper cigarette, wraps him in a foretaste of his anticipated paradise; a mouthful of thick, black, bitter coffee stands him in lieu of beer, porter, half-and-half, early purl, blue ruin, and dog's-nose. Once a week, or may be once a month, he goes to the bath for two hours of uninterrupted enjoyment, emerging healthy, happy, refreshed, and clean as a new pin.

Perhaps it is his frugal, temperate life, perhaps it is his calm, acquiescent disposition, that enables him thus to carry weight so complacently. He never fights under it, not he! Through the narrow lanes of Stamboul, across the vibrating wooden bridge of the Golden Horn, up the filthy stairs, not streets, of Pera, he swings along with regu-

lated step and snorting groans, delivered in discordant cadence at each laborious footfall; but he carries his weight, that is the great point—he carries a great deal of it, and he carries it remarkably well—an example of humility and patience to the Christian who employs him, an object of comparison not much in favour of the latter, between the votaries of the Crescent and the Cross.

When I protest, however, against making a display and a grievance of the load you have to bear, I am far from maintaining that you are to keep it a profound secret, and hide it away in unsuitable places under your clothes. A man can carry a hundredweight on his shoulders with less inconvenience than a few pounds about his heart. If you doubt this, order cold plum-pudding for luncheon and you will be convinced! A secret, too, is always a heavy substance to take abroad with you, and your own seems to incommode you more than another's, probably because you are less indifferent about letting it fall. As for attempting to dance lightly along with the jaunty air of an un-weighted novice, be assured the effort is not only painful but ridiculous. No! Never be ashamed of your burden, not even though your own folly should have clapped an additional half-hundred on the top of it. Get your shoulders well under the heaviest part, walk as upright as you can, but do not try to swagger; and if you have a friend who likes you well enough to give his assistance, let him catch hold at one end, and so between you move on with it the best way you can.

Some packages grow all the lighter, like a contraband trunk at the Douane, for being weighed and examined, or, as our neighbours call it, 'pierced and plumbed.' Some again gather increased proportions when we enlarge upon them; but it is only those of which we dare not speak, those which no friend must seem to see, for which no brother must offer a hand, that sink our falling strength, that crush us down humbled and helpless in the mire. There is but one place for such bur-

dens as these, and we never lay them there till we have tried everything else in vain; just as we offer the remnants of a life from which we expect no more pleasure, where we ought to have given all the promise and vigour of our youth, or take an aching, hopeless, worn-out heart back to our only friend, as the crying child runs to its parent with a broken toy.

'The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass up flinty paths
Plods with its weary load.'

says Macaulay in his glorious '*Lays of Ancient Rome*,' and something in the nature of both these animals fits them especially for the endurance of labour and the imposition of weight. It is well for a man when he has a little of the bovine repose of character, a good deal of the asinine thickness of skin and insensibility to hard usage. Such a disposition toils on contentedly enough, obedient indeed to the goad so far as moderately to increase the staid solemnity of his gait, taking the flinty path and the weary load as necessary conditions of life, with a serene equanimity for which he has the philosophical example of the ass! The ways are rough, you know, and the journey long. Depend upon it these animals arrive at its termination with less wear and tear, more safety, and even more despatch, than the sensitive, high-spirited, and courageous horse, wincing from the lash, springing to the voice, striving, panting, sweating, straining every muscle to get home.

In the parable of the '*Ancient Mariner*'—for is it not indeed the wildest, dreamiest, and most poetical of parables?—you remember the hopelessness of the weight he carried when

'Instead of the cross the albatross
About his neck was hung.'

It was not his misfortune, you see, but his crime that bore him down. Its consciousness lay far heavier on his spirit than did his after-punishment, when, weary and desolate, he wailed that he was

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.'

The saints, indeed, might not have heard him, how do we know about that? but he *was* heard nevertheless, and thus he got rid of his burden to raise his head once more in the face of heaven.

He look'd upon beauty, nature, animate life, the wonders of the deep, the creatures of his Maker, and 'blessed them unaware!'

Enough. The hideous dream vanishes, the unholy spell is broken, and he cries exulting,

'That self-same moment I could pray,
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.'

I sometimes think that women bear their burdens with less apparent struggle, less toil or complaint, than men; and this although they own more of the horse's anxious temperament than the sluggish nature of the ox and the ass. If they have less 'nerve' than ourselves—less of the coolness which springs from constitutional insensibility to danger, they have more of that mettlesome spirit which is sometimes called 'pluck,' that indomitable courage which acknowledges no failure for defeat, which never sleeps upon its post, which can bear up bravely even against the sickness and depression of unrelenting pain. It is proverbial that in all phases of mere bodily suffering they show twice the patience and twice the fortitude of the stronger sex; while who shall say how much of silent sorrow they can cherish and conceal in troubled hearts while

they go about their daily business with smiles on their gentle faces, with a tranquil, staid demeanour seeming to chant in soft, harmonious cadence the watchword of All's Well!

Do you not think they, too, keep their favourite skeletons (far less perfect than yourself) hoarded, hidden away, locked up, but not to be buried or forgotten for the worth of kingdoms? Do you suppose they never bring them out to be hugged, and fondled, and worshipped, and wept over?—

'In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain
Is on the roof.'

Bah! It is a world of shams. If a woman is not a hypocrite she must be a stone!

We should give them greater credit though could we learn more of the weights they have to carry. But their training is known only to themselves; their trials come off in secret; the saddles they wear are jealously locked up, and they take care to keep the key! I think the reason they run so kindly is that they apply themselves very frequently to the last resource of the Ancient Mariner when he saw no escape from his punishment, when he was over-weighted with his curse.

I know not: I only know that the quiet courage, the generous spirit, the untiring endurance with which they perform the journey of life is too generally ignored, unappreciated, and thrown away. How often have we not seen a thoroughbred horse ridden by a butcher? a being little lower than an angel submitting, gentle and patient, to a creature little higher than a brute.



THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

A London Story.

I.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

THERE were no pleasanter rooms in London than those of my friend, Edward Maynard, Esq., artist and Bohemian, or, as his friends called him, 'Teddy.' There was no occasion to repeat his surname, for London contained but one 'Teddy' for us, Teddy Maynard.

When I say Bohemian, I do not mean that Teddy's existence was spent in the haunting of disreputable taverns, and the consumption of alcoholic mixtures, the characteristics of many of the Bohemians of the present day; but that his tastes were of a delicately unconventional kind, and that while no cavalier looked more irreproachable at the 'Zoo' on Sundays, he had gone through adventures in France and Spain which served to show he had deserted his vocation in being an artist, and should have 'gone in for' knight-errantry.

To return, however, to Teddy's rooms, in which I was sitting on one pleasant afternoon, just when the spring was about to surrender herself to the kiss of summer. They were decorated after a design of his own. Dark maroon-coloured panels, edged with gold, with hangings and furniture to correspond. Over the mantelpiece was a curious old-fashioned glass, set in an oak frame. Cabinets and bookcases of the same wood stood in various parts of the room, and the walls were adorned with some good pictures in oil and water-colours, the production chiefly of Teddy's artist friends, who had given him those 'nice little bits,' which delight painters and puzzle the public. It was not far off Regent Street, a quiet row of houses within sight and hearing of that gay thoroughfare; and the distant echoes of voices and footsteps, mingled with the roll of carriages, brought one's thoughts back to London, when the beauty of the afternoon had carried them away into dreamy

visions of how the country was looking in the spring-time.

Teddy was out. He was always out when you called, and I was waiting for him, in obedience to a note left for me with his Cerberus. Having to wait, it was natural that I should light a cigar, and then looking about for that mischief which Dr. Watts declares the enemy of mankind will always find for idle hands to do, I seized upon one of the photographic albums which ornamented the table, and commenced an investigation as to whether Teddy had picked up any new *cartes-de-visite*. I may mention that he had a perfect mania for these little pictures, and was always having them presented to him on his first introduction to people, and buying any pretty faces that he took a fancy to in his walks abroad. I saw a good many old favourites in his book. The pretty girl in the riding-habit he had the happiness to call cousin; the young lady with charmingly dishevelled hair, who had distinguished herself so in private theatricals, and a good many more; and then I hastily turned over the leaves to get nearer the end of the book, where any new faces would be found.

And how was I rewarded? How can I put upon paper the impression that a photograph, the last in the album, made upon me? I was at first quite startled. I was only looking at the pictures carelessly, but something in the face of this one made me start up and go to the window with the book, to get a better light upon it. The photograph was a wonderfully good one. The sun, glad to limn so fair a face, had done his work lovingly and well. It was the most beautiful, the most expressive face that I had ever seen. Dark hair, as far as I could tell, a face classical in its perfection, lit up with eyes that seemed

almost to have the power of speech as they looked at you. An exquisite mouth, small and not too full, while the curve of the chin, and the way in which the head was posed on the bosom, 'like a bell-flower on its bed,' might have inspired Mr. Browning with that simile.

It was not only love at first sight, but love with a photograph. I had not thought my susceptibilities easily roused, but here I was in a fever of love about a small picture on a piece of pasteboard. Who was this girl? That was the question. I hastily took the photograph out of the book, and looked to see who the photographer was. There was no name at the back of it! Plain card-board, that was all. The usual photographer's imprint, and number of the negative absent. Where had Teddy got it? Was it a *carte* of one of his friends? or had he picked it up somewhere? Was she married? or engaged? in short, who and what was this mysterious girl, who had changed me from a sober and rational being into a strangely frantic and excited creature?

When would Teddy come in? I paced the room impatiently, holding the photograph before me. I opened the window, and looked up and down the street many times, and at last, after what seemed hours, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, and he lounged into the room.

'Well, old man, how are you?' he said; 'glad you got my note and waited.'

'Teddy,' I said, without returning his greeting, and showing him the photograph. 'Tell me whose likeness this is?'

'Oh!' said Teddy, prolonging that exclamation in the most aggravating way possible, and coolly lighting a pipe. 'How excited we are about it?'

'I know I am excited,' I said, for I had worked myself up into a perfectly ridiculous condition. 'But do answer my question. Who is this girl? I must know.'

'Let me see,' said he, pretending not to recognise it. 'Oh, yes, that—that—a photograph of my aunt, the Empress of China. Nice old girl, isn't she?'

'Teddy!' I said, impatiently, 'please be serious. I'm awfully spoony upon this picture. Pray tell me where you got it, and all about it.'

'I tell you my aunt—,' he began, and then seeing how annoyed I looked, he said, 'Well, my dear boy, the fact is, I don't know who it is any more than you do. I thought it was a tidy face, and bought it of some photographic chap in the suburbs somewhere, for a shilling.'

I was bitterly disappointed, and sat down in a disconsolate way, still keeping hold of the photograph. I had almost rather he had told me the unknown beauty was married, or out of my reach in some other way; it was the suspense, the absence of any knowledge whatever about her that was so hard to bear.

'Why, Frank, old boy,' said Teddy, 'you look all knocked of a heap. You don't mean to say that you are really spoons on that *carte*. Why, she may be the mother of any number of promising children. She may be a blessed barmaid. She—'

'Teddy, please don't. I'm hard hit. I know I'm an ass, but I can't help it. I will find out about this girl, if possible. Can't you remember where you bought the photograph?'

'No, upon my honour I can't. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, I fancy. I was dining in Bayswater, I know, but I can't be sure.'

'I may have it, I suppose?'

'Certainly. But if you'll take my advice, Frank, you'll put it into the fire.'

'Thank you. I shan't do that.' And I placed the *carte* carefully in my pocket-book. 'Now, good-bye. Look you up again to-morrow.'

'All right. But where are you off to in such a hurry?'

'Well,' I said slowly, 'I think I shall take a walk in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.'

'You old ass,' was the complimentary rejoinder, and then I went away.

II.

WESTBOURNE GROVE.

Westbourne Grove, as most Londoners know, is not to be understood in a sylvan or rural sense, for but few trees grace the pleasant Bayswater thoroughfare which goes by that name. It is a sort of miniature Regent Street, many of the shops being offshoots from parent establishments there; and it is the favourite lounge of the female part of the Bayswater population. Bayswater, as everybody knows, is given up almost entirely to stockbrokers, retired Indian officers, and Jews: it is a sort of metropolitan Asia Minor; and about four o'clock on a fine afternoon all that is fairest of the female, and most Israelitish of the male sex, promenades Westbourne Grove.

Native Indian nurses may be seen in charge of perambulators full of innumerable children; invalids are dragged about in bath-chairs by the most malevolent-looking ruffians in existence; maiden ladies stalk on with an evangelical and tract-distributing air; the British curate may be seen ambling along as if conscious of the nimbus with which the imagination of his female votaries invest him; Jews hideous in aspect, with their eyes meeting, their hair hanging over their coat-collars, bedizened with false jewellery, and smoking unsavoury cigars, leer at Christian girls; the Bayswater swell, a distinct type, very weak about the legs, hangs on to his eyeglass, and nods to a passing acquaintance; a ladies' school—some ten hapless maidens—is marched sternly past the attraction of shop windows full of bonnets and earrings; the pavement is hidden by waving dresses, and the air is redolent of scent, while from every sloping shoulder the curl called by the profane 'Follow-me-lads' waves in the summer breeze.

Such is Westbourne Grove; and for this promenade I started when I left Teddy Maynard's rooms with the precious photograph in my possession.

When I got into Regent Street I hailed a hansom, and was soon

speeding westwards towards the Grove. As soon as I was safely ensconced in the vehicle I took out the portrait. It looked lovelier than before, the face still fairer than when I had first seen it; and by the time I got to the Marble Arch I was more in love with it than ever. It was madness, I knew, but men had been mad before my time for love of a woman's face; and wiser men than I was, had engaged in the mad tournament in olden times to win a smile from a lady that they could never dare to love. I had imported the old-world madness of chivalry into the nineteenth century; and it was nobody's business but my own if I chose to go on what every one of my friends would call a wild-goose chase after a *carte-de-visite*.

In the mean time I was speeding towards Westbourne Grove, wrapt in the contemplation of my beloved photograph, and with no very definite idea of what course I was going to pursue when I reached my destination.

Teddy had given me no clue whatever to the photographer; there would be a dozen in the Grove, and I was not even sure that his purchase had not been made in some street in the vicinity; so that to take the picture round to every photographer in the neighbourhood seemed likely to be a very hopeless business, which would lead to no satisfactory result. It was probable, I thought, that the portrait had been privately taken, and that possibly a few copies had remained in the photographer's hands. There was some chance, then, that finding the picture had sold, he might, if he possessed another, have exposed it also for sale. I accordingly dismissed my cab at the end of the Queen's Road, and commenced an investigation of the photographers in the Grove.

It was weary work, for, as I might have expected, I could find no counterpart of my portrait. I even went into several places and made inquiries as to whether it had been taken there; but my question was met with a supercilious negative, one magnificently-attired artist informing me that their work was

'infinitely superior to anything like that.' It seemed like sacrilege to be thus exposing my picture to vulgar gaze, and I determined to abandon the search, at all events for some days. I thought that in the meanwhile I would try and extract from Teddy more exactly the whereabouts of the place at which he had bought it. I would make him come with me to Bayswater, and go over the ground which he had traversed on the day when he discovered the photograph. If that plan failed, I should have no alternative but to try every photographer in the district; and I determined that even if the search lasted for months, I would persevere with it, and not rest until I had at least discovered who the original of my cherished portrait was, where she lived, and what was her position in life. It was a mad resolve, but I am a man of a very obstinate nature, and I determined to accomplish my end.

On application to Teddy next day he received me with a great deal of unfeeling chaff; and I found that it was quite hopeless to attempt to get any more precise directions from him. He had gone in a cab to Bayswater, he said, and had stopped to get some cigars. He had seen the photograph near the tobacconist's, had bought it, and then driven on, and had 'not the vaguest notion'—so he said—as to what street it was in. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, that was all he could tell me; and he concluded his information, as he had done our previous conversation on the subject, with the gratuitous statement that I was a great donkey to go running after a photograph. Thus far Teddy: of no use at all to me.

And in truth, after many inquiries in various quarters, I began in some measure to doubt the wisdom of my proceedings myself. Not a very surprising thing, perhaps, when my situation was calmly reviewed. Here I was, rushing all over town after photographers, only to meet with perpetual disappointment; and even if I was so far successful as to find out who my portrait was, I might be as far off

knowing her and winning her as ever. I looked at the fair face, and the wonderful eyes that met mine so steadily in the picture, and I was driven nearly mad by the thought that they might even then be smiling upon some one else; that some one with a good right to such happiness was even then caressing that sweet face. She might be another man's wife, and all I could do when I found her out would be to accept my fate, and leave the place where she lived, to hide my hopeless love, as the old song says, 'for ever and a day!'

At last, after visiting scores of photographers, I began to think my search hopeless, and to despair of ever finding my visionary lady love. I did not swerve, however, in my allegiance to her charms. I still held my *carte-de-visite* to be the portrait of the fairest, sweetest woman upon earth. I would continue to hold that belief, no matter whether I ever found her or not. The said portrait in time, after much affectionate saluting of an osculatory nature, began to get somewhat faded, and to lose some of its original brilliancy. I determined, therefore, to have it copied by a first-rate artist, and I thought that at the same time I would have it enlarged. I was doubtful about having it coloured, for I hardly knew the exact tints to order. So I took the *carte* to one of the greatest photographers in town—a man, by the way, to whom I had before applied to see if he knew anything of it—and I gave orders for an enlarged copy to be made of it in the very best possible style.

The attendant to whom I gave the order, after looking at the portrait for a few minutes, said, 'An enlarged copy of this, sir? You can have it directly. Didn't you order one the other day, sir?'

'No!' I said, in the utmost astonishment. 'But I order it now.'

'Well, sir, I think we have one on hand. Will you walk this way?'

In another instant I had followed him into an adjoining room, and there, on an easel, stood a large portrait of my darling!

Enlarged evidently from a copy

of the same *carte* as I possessed, but it was coloured; and now that I could see the exact shade of the hair and complexion, it looked more beautiful than ever.

'I have been looking for this everywhere,' I said, eagerly, to the attendant. 'Pray tell me who it is?'

'Who it is?' the man repeated, looking at me suspiciously. 'Why, it's an enlarged copy of the portrait you have in your hand to be sure.'

He thought of course that I must know the original; and I saw the necessity of being cautious, or he might refuse to give me the information I wanted.

'Ah, yes,' I said; 'but I was to order this enlargement for a friend of the lady's, and I was not told the name. Can't you tell me?'

The man still seemed suspicious, but took up an order-book, and said—

'Well, sir, I'd better take your order, and we shall see the name here, I dare say.'

I gave my order for an enlargement like the one before me, and begged the man not to mention it to the persons who had ordered the first one, as it was intended as a surprise to some relatives. I enforced my request by a liberal *douceur*, and the man, who seemed quite mollified, turned over to some previous entries, and said, showing me the book—

'There you are, sir. Miss Vane, 28, Worcester Square, Hyde Park. W.'

My heart beat, and I felt my face flushing, as I read the address. I had found her at last—and she was still Miss Vane—unless, indeed, 'Miss Vane' was only some relation.

'I suppose this is the lady herself,' I said, carelessly.

'Yes, sir, I think so,' the man said. 'for I waited on her.'

'Thanks,' I returned, and after mentally noting the address, I rushed off to Maynard's rooms.

III.

IN THE PARK.

Teddy was seated in his easiest arm-chair tranquilly engaged in the consumption of sherry and seltzer,

and smoking an enormously long wooden pipe. He looked up as I entered, and said, 'Ah! the photographic maniac, and how are we and the picture to-day?'

'To-day,' I said, in a tone of triumph, 'we have found out the address.'

'Indeed,' he said, calmly; 'then sit down and have a pipe; there's plenty of seltzer in that cupboard, so mix and be happy.'

'Insensate creature! you don't even ask who she is!'

'Not I. I have heard so much about her for the last month or so, that you'll excuse me for saying it, but I think I would rather not know her address. If you want to rave about her as usual, I'll shut my eyes and listen. Don't go on longer than you can help.'

'Wretch!' I said, laughing, 'she is a Miss Vane—lives in Worcester Square, Hyde Park.'

'Is she? Old maid, I suppose.'

'Well, if you think her photograph is that of an old maid you are welcome to your opinion. All I can say is that I don't agree with you.'

'And what are you going to do now? You don't know any Vanes, and I don't know any Vanes. I don't see how you're any nearer to your object, which I presume is an introduction. Be satisfied with the address. Give it up,—and hand me the tobacco-jar.'

'I shall do neither. I *must* know Miss Vane; and you are so insufferably lazy, that it will do you all the good in the world to get the baccy for yourself.'

'How do you propose to begin this charming plan?'

'By going off immediately to reconnoitre the house. I may catch a glimpse of her.'

'Poor fellow!' said Teddy, mockingly, touching his forehead significantly. 'How far gone we are to be sure!'

Teddy Maynard was never known to be in love with anybody himself, and he was quite incapable of comprehending it in other people. Regardless of his chaff, I set off to Worcester Square to have a look at number twenty-eight.

I found as I expected, a fine decorous-looking mansion, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses in the square. I did not imagine, of course, that there would be anything distinctive about it; but it seemed to me, in my excited frame of mind, that the careless way in which people passed it was highly reprehensible. They did not know what a pearl of price that dull casket contained. There was nothing to be gained, however, by watching the house just when the inhabitants would be going to dinner, and Miss Vane was hardly likely to appear at one of the windows for my benefit, like a princess in a story book; so I left the square and betook myself to a solitary dinner at the club, where I held a council of war with myself.

The result of that council was that I determined my first move must be to see the lady, to make sure that she was Miss Vane, the original of my photograph, and whether she was likely to stay in town during the whole of the season. In accordance with this resolve I went down to Worcester Square the next day, and had an interview with the affable policeman on duty in the neighbourhood. He knew Worcester Square, he said, well—had been in service near it before he entered the force. Yes. A Mr. Vane, Colonel Vane, lived at number twenty-eight. Any family? Yes—Miss Vane, as handsome a young lady as ever stepped. Did they drive or walk out much? Generally drove—about two or three in the afternoon. Was always glad to answer a gent's questions, when he *was* a gent: and as he spoke my informant's hand closed affectionately over the half-sovereign which I slipped into it.

This was so far satisfactory. I did not go back to incredulous Teddy to pass the morning, but strolled tranquilly into the Park, and there consumed innumerable cigars, thinking over my good fortune in having a chance of seeing Miss Vane. I began to wonder, in a foolish and fantastic way, whether she would notice me. It was exceedingly improbable that she should do

so, but I had been thinking of her so continuously for so many months that I almost believed my mind could, as some people say, have influenced hers. Our thoughts should have been *en rapport*, some knowledge of my strange and earnest love might, I fancied, have made itself felt in her heart. If the mind, concentrated on one object, has power and volition beyond the body, as has been asserted—and cases bearing out the statement are not uncommon—I know that I must have exercised some mysterious influence over her thought and feeling, although she would never know from whence it sprang.

Such were some of my thoughts as I paced up and down the broad walks of the Park, watching the workmen putting up the very un-ornamental railings, and longing for the hour to come when I might have a chance of again seeing my divinity.

I was just leaving the Park when I saw an open carriage coming towards the gates at a quick pace. I stepped aside to let it pass—and the face that had haunted me sleeping and waking for so many months flashed across me again. Our eyes met for a minute, and then the carriage bore her out of sight, and left me standing near the gates with my face flushed and my heart beating as if I had been undergoing some violent exercise.

Colonel Vane and his daughter had come for their drive earlier than usual, or I might have seen her get into the carriage. Now, however, they would probably be in the drive, and I could go and watch them pass and repass. I accordingly went and stationed myself at a convenient part of the railings, and waited for the carriage. At last, far down the line, I could see it approach. My darling had on the airiest, sweetest little summer bonnet in the world, and her beautiful brown hair shone underneath it, as it formed a coronal for the fair face and lustrous eyes that held me in thrall.

Her father, a handsome, soldierly-looking old man with a grey moustache, sat beside her, and she seemed

to be listening attentively to some story he was telling her, for she looked straight in front of her, and I never caught her eye again during the whole time that I watched her in the drive.

And yet it was happiness enough just to be within a few yards of her, to be able to see her at all, and until they drove away from the Park my bliss was complete. Then I went away also, feeling very disconsolate my vision had vanished. When was I to see it again, and how was I to get any nearer to an intimacy with her? Any one might look at her in the Park. How was I to gain a dearer privilege?

IV.

AT THE OPERA.

I determined to go to Maynard again, and, luckily, on my way home I met him at a literary and artistic club of which we were both members.

He was smoking as usual, and his first remark was, 'Well, old man, how goes it?'

'I've just come from seeing her—'

'Oh! it's her again, is it? I thought you'd quite forgotten that affair,' he said, laughing.

'Then you're doomed to disappointment, my boy. I've just come from seeing her out driving in the Park—have seen her several times, and it was glorious!'

'Ah! it was glorious, was it? And what are you going to do next?'

'That's just what I want to know—I don't know what to do next. Can you advise me?'

'Throw yourself before the wheels of her chariot, and when the hoofs of her haughty steeds are trampling out your heart's best blood, tell her how you love her.' And Teddy, as he spoke, waved his cigar dramatically, and then leaned back in his arm-chair as if the effort had been too much for him.

'Don't chaff me, please, but tell me what I'm to do.'

Teddy, who is a capital fellow at heart, looked serious for a moment, and then said—

'I have it. Write to her!'

'Write to her?'

'Yes.'

'But I don't know her, and she'll never forgive such a piece of impertinence.'

'Never mind. Risk it. "He either fears his fate too much—" you know the rest—that's my advice. If you won't take it, why the deuce did you ask me for it?'

'I think I will,' I said, musingly.

'That's right,' said Teddy, encouragingly. 'Write and say who you are: I wouldn't give your real name, but let her know you're a gentleman, and that if she takes you she'll stand a chance of being Lady Harcourt some day. Say you don't want to press matters till you can get a formal introduction to her, and,'—here he stopped a moment—'ask her, if she's not very angry with you, to be at the Opera on some night in one week, when you'll go every night it's open, and wear a white camellia in your button-hole. There's your plan all cut and dried, and you're the most ungrateful fellow in the world if you don't carry it out.'

I was rather staggered at the boldness of this proposal, and went home, after having thanked Teddy, promising to think it over. It was indeed a mad scheme, not wilder though than my wild search, after I had seen her photograph. And remember, I was madly in love with Miss Vane; so madly, indeed, that I could not be content to wait until, by some happy accident, I met her in society and got introduced to her. She might be engaged to some one else in the interval, if even she were not engaged already; she might even get married; and I was resolved at least to let her know how strange and mad a passion she had inspired. A girl with such eyes, I thought, must be romantic, and surely all the romance of her nature would come to my aid when she knew for how long I had worshipped her photograph.

For two more days I watched her in the Park, and then I determined to act upon Teddy's advice. Not without some misgivings, however, as to the romantic nature of the pro-

posal having any weight with her; for on one occasion she was riding, and was attended not only by her father but by a younger cavalier with whom she seemed to be on very intimate terms, and I fancied that she was chaffing him unmercifully about something.

Our family were famous in old days for acting without hesitation, when once a course of action was decided upon, and I was no exception to the general rule. A letter, precisely in accordance with the sagacious Teddy's instructions, was written and despatched the next day. I did not give my own name, fearing Miss Vane's indignation. Being anonymous, the letter could do no harm if it fell into the hands of any one who knew me. Of course she would see me if she went to the Opera; but I thought that, if she kept the appointment, she would hardly be so base as to betray me. There were four opera nights at Covent Garden during the next week, and on one of these four occasions I implored her to appear. I should be there with the white camellia, and I should—so I said in the letter—construe her attendance as a sign that she was not fatally angry with me, and that I might seek an introduction to her in some more conventional and legitimate manner.

It was with a beating heart that I took my seat in a stall at the Opera on the first of the appointed nights. I was absurdly early, in my eagerness to be upon the scene, and few persons but myself were in the theatre. These I scanned carefully through my opera-glass, and as the stalls and boxes began to fill I devoted the whole of my time to a steady scrutiny of their occupants. People near me in the stalls must have wondered what made me so regardless of the music, and so much on the alert when any new-comer appeared in the house. I was voted a great barbarian, no doubt, with no soul for music, and my neighbours must have speculated what had brought me to the Opera, since I had evidently not come there to listen to the singing.

But my search was hopeless. I looked in vain round the 'glittering horse-shoe,' that spread before me like a rainbow. I saw many fair faces, many bright eyes bent earnestly upon the stage; golden-haired and dark-haired beauties sat in snug boxes, enthroned like queens, while attentive gentlemen, in irreproachable evening-dress, bent over them. But nowhere in the great theatre could I see the one face that was engraven on my heart: on the first night, at all events, she had not thought fit to come; and as my mind dwelt on my disappointment, I was very angry with myself for ever having taken Teddy's advice, and having written my mad letter. I went home in a very disconsolate mood, although I was rather consoled by the enlarged photograph which had been taken for me, and which was installed in a place of honour in my rooms.

The next day I had no heart even to go to the Park; and again, punctual to the time of opening, I went to the Opera. Again I was disappointed. Miss Vane was evidently incensed at my impertinence in writing to her, and never made her appearance. I returned home the second night mad with love and disappointment. I went into Maynard's rooms and upbraided him for his advice, and altogether, as he said, I qualified myself for Colney Hatch by easy stages. I tried to console myself with my portrait; and I saw Miss Vane for an instant in the Park on the third day, but she only drove round once; and I took my seat at the Opera, so prepared for a third disappointment that when she never appeared I settled down into calm despair. There was one more night, however—one more chance for me and my white camellia; and I still dared to hope that I should see her.

On this fourth evening I was obliged to go out to dinner. My host was an old friend of our family, who had been for many years in Canada, and had now come home to settle in his native country. He had no family; had taken a handsome house in town, and was very de-

sirous of showing every possible kindness to me. I was obliged, therefore, to accept his invitation, but hoped that the Laurences would let me get away in time to go to the Opera.

I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, when on reaching their home and going up into the drawing-room, Mrs. Laurence said to me, 'My husband will have to make his apologies to you, Mr. Harcourt, for he is obliged to go off on some most important business immediately after dinner. Now, as I cannot expect to be able to amuse you all the evening, I have got a box at the Opera, Covent Garden: will you take me?'

'I shall be delighted: but I hope you don't think I should not be equally pleased to be here.'

'Well, the fact is,' she said, 'I am not wholly unselfish. I very seldom get to the Opera, as my husband does not care for music, and am glad when I can catch any one who will go with me. We shall not be alone, by-the-by, as I have a young lady coming to the box who will only need an escort to her carriage, for she is a very independent person, and goes about a good deal by herself.'

'Indeed,' I said.

'Yes; she is a charming girl, however, and I hope you will like her.'

Then Mr. Laurence came in, and shortly afterwards dinner was announced.

Such an arrangement was an extremely fortunate one for me, I thought, and I only hoped that Mrs. Laurence and her charming young lady might devote themselves entirely to the music, and leave me at liberty to scrutinize the house.

One thing I had to remember, and that was my camellia. I had left the one I intended to wear at my chambers. However, I persuaded good-natured Mrs. Laurence to drive round by my rooms, under pretence of getting my own opera-glass, which I said was specially adapted to my sight. Then I got my flower, put it carefully into my buttonhole, and covered it over with my light overcoat.

When we drew up under the portico at Covent Garden, and were entering the lobby, Mrs. Laurence said to me—

'Why, I declare, there are the Colonel and Edith going up yonder before us. I suppose he's just brought her, for I know he had to go to the same meeting as Mr. Laurence.'

'The Colonel and Edith!'—'The Colonel!' gave me a thrill, thinking of her father, and I wondered with a vague curiosity who they were.

We were getting near our box, led by an obsequious attendant, when I said to Mrs. Laurence—

'You talked of the Colonel just now: may I ask who he is?'

'Colonel Vane; an old friend of my husband's. He was quartered at Quebec a long time. Edith is his only child, and they live in Worcester Square.'

I sometimes wonder now that I didn't faint at this intelligence. I am sure unsuspecting Mrs. Laurence must have felt the arm on which she was leaning tremble, and I fancied even the boxkeeper must have been able to hear my heart beating. Edith Vane! This, then, was the name of my idol; and I thought never did name sound so musical. In a few seconds I should be in her company. I remembered my letter and the camellia. Had she come, I wondered, on this last night? But just as we reached the box-door, I tore the flower from my buttonhole, and put it into the ticket pocket of my coat. I was about to be properly introduced to her, and I thought I would dissociate myself from my foolish letter.

We got to the box; the usual introductions followed; and then Colonel Vane departed, and left me with the ladies. They had a great deal to say to each other, and for some time I occupied myself with sitting in the back of the box, just content to look at Edith. If I had thought her beautiful in her photograph, and when out driving, think how I worshipped her loveliness when I saw her in full dress. I was glad that I had some time given me to recover myself, and to collect my thoughts, for I was so

THE WHITE CAMELLIA

Drawn by George (for Mauney.)



stunned by this unexpected good fortune that I should have acquitted myself badly had I been required to make myself agreeable as soon as we were seated in the theatre. I was glad Edith had so much to say to Mrs. Laurence, and I was amusing myself by comparing her real face, as I saw it before me, with my photograph, when Mrs. Laurence turned to me and said, laughingly—

‘Mr. Harcourt, you have perhaps sharper eyes than Edith or myself. Can you see any gentleman in the theatre with a white camellia in his buttonhole?’

A pleasant occupation for me truly! How thankful I was I had taken the odious flower out.

‘Yes,’ said Miss Vane, merrily, ‘do you see any swain in the stalls who looks particularly love-stricken?’

‘May I ask the reason of this investigation?’ I said, as lightly as I could, although I felt very nervous. ‘Is this an appointment?’

Miss Vane glanced quickly at me for a moment as if some suspicion had entered her head, and then said, smiling—

‘Well, I suppose it is. The fact is, Mr. Harcourt, I have an unknown admirer, who implored me to be at the Opera on one night out of four. I did not intend to come, but papa wished me to do so to-night: so, if the enterprising individual is in the house he will be gratified.’

‘The faithless creature is not here, apparently,’ I said, scrutinizing the house through my opera-glass: ‘at least I don’t see any white camellia, if that was the sign.’

‘I’m afraid he’s not,’ said Miss Vane. ‘How very ungallant of him, is it not, Mr. Harcourt?’

‘Poor young man!’ said good-natured Mrs. Laurence, who was of rather a sentimental character. ‘He may have seen you, and be really in love with you, Edith; and you said you thought, from his letter, that he was a gentleman.’

‘Well, he has not kept tryst,’ I said, leaning forward to get a good view of the house, and wondering whether any wretch would be present with a conspicuous white ca-

mellia, who would be singled out as the hero of the romance.

When I next turned to speak to Miss Vane, I noticed a new and curious expression on her face, as if something was occupying her thoughts that she was trying to conceal: something amusing, apparently, for her eyes were laughing, although her face looked quiet and demure. She answered some question I put to her about the music, and then said—

‘Do you often go the Opera, Mr. Harcourt?’

‘Oh, yes,’ I said, carelessly. ‘I’ve been three times before this week.’ And then, remembering my letter, I turned away to hide my confusion.

The hours went swiftly by: far too fast, I thought, for I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and Mrs. Laurence seemed very pleased that Miss Vane and I got on so well together. I heard little of the opera that evening. ‘Diva’ Patti was entrancing all hearts upon the stage, but my Diva was beside me in the box, and I had no ears for the music.

But the happy evening ended at last. We escorted Edith to her carriage, and then I drove home with Mrs. Laurence, both of us singing a chorus in her praise. One thing deserves to be noted about that evening at the Opera. When I got home, strange to say, I could not find my camellia anywhere, and imagined that it must have been jerked out of my pocket. However, I had, luckily, not needed it, and I went to bed happy, and dreamed of Edith Vane.

V.

THE EPILOGUE.

Mrs. Laurence, who, like all middle-aged ladies, was very fond of matchmaking, had evidently made up her mind to foster my love affair as much as possible; for I was continually being invited to her house and always met Edith Vane. I came to know the Colonel also, and in time was invited to Worcester Square, where Edith played the

hostess like a little queen. Need I say that I came daily to love her more and more? And I had the happiness of believing that she was not indifferent to my devotion. Riding by her side in the Park, I used sometimes to look back upon the old days when I worshipped her at a distance, and hardly dared to hope that I should ever be so blessed as to be daily in her society.

One afternoon I had gone to Worcester Square, and as Edith was too tired with a ball the previous night to go out riding, I stayed chatting with her in the pleasant drawing-room. And that summer afternoon I put my fate to the touch; and a strange answer I received to my pleading, when I told Edith Vane how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

She did not reply at once, but at last she said—

‘Please do not think unkindly of me, but I have a confession to make.’

‘I cannot think unkindly of you, Miss Vane—Edith! You know it would be impossible.’

‘Do you remember,’ she said, ‘that night at the Opera, when a gentleman was to meet me with a white camellia in his buttonhole?’

‘Perfectly. How can I ever forget it?—it was the first time I met you!’

‘Well,’ she said slowly, ‘although perhaps you did not see him, I saw the gentleman with the camellia that night.’

‘Did you?’ I said, feeling terribly annoyed. Some fellow had been there with the flower; camellias were common enough. How was it I hadn’t seen him?

‘Yes,’ she went on, ‘and I have seen him since—very often!’ And as she spoke she hung her head down, as if to hide her blushes.

How I cursed Teddy and his hateful advice! Some one had

heard of the letter and had taken advantage of my plan to steal my darling’s heart.

‘And—and—’ I said trembling, ‘I know I have no right to ask—you love him?’

A burning blush came over her face and neck as she looked into my eyes, and said—

‘I do!’

I clasped my hands over my face, and groaned. Here was a pleasant end to all my plotting! And yet she had given me many reasons for believing that she had some love for me. It was very bitter to hear her confess her love for another man, and to know that it had been brought about by my agency.

I was startled by a laugh. Edith Vane was sitting near me—positively laughing at my misery.

‘I hardly thought I should have been insulted,’ I said, indignantly.

But still Edith did nothing but laugh.

‘How have I insulted you?’ she said.

‘How have you insulted me? Why, by laughing at my disappointment when you have confessed your love for another man!’

‘But I have not done that!’

‘I cannot stop to guess riddles, Miss Vane,’ I said, abruptly. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Why, I mean that I love’—and here she half turned her head away—‘the gentleman who had a camellia that night at the Opera, and he says I insult him by saying so. Oh, Frank!’

And then, looking divinely beautiful, she held out to me—my white camellia! And in another moment she was hiding her rosy face on my shoulder.

So I won my darling. The original of the cherished photograph was mine. The appointment with the wearer of the white camellia was kept for life.



THE ROYAL VISIT.

AIR—'THROUGH ERIN'S ISLE.'

IN Dublin Bay
 One happy day
 The Prince and Princess landed—
 And on the deck
 Stood handsome Teck,
 So gay and open-handed.
 The Duke of Cambridge, known to fame,
 Of soldiers the completest,
 And Leiningen,
 Of sailor men
 The nattiest and natest.
 Ooh! the Princess,
 The noble royal Princess.
 Hip! hurrah!
 Right welcome are
 The noble royal Princess.

May heaven bless
 The fair Princess,
 That purtiest of craythurs!
 Her sunilin' face,
 Her perfect grace,
 And most enchantin' saytures.
 Said she, 'Bedad,
 My royal lad,
 We'll laugh at all their snarlin',
 I'll sail with you,
 So fond and true'—
 And here she is—the darlin'.
 Ooh! the darlin',
 The purty wilful darlin',
 Come at last.
 We'll hould her fast,
 Ould Ireland's royal darlin'.

The gallant Prince
 Doth not evince
 A thought of green or yellow.
 He's just a king,
 The raal thing,
 And such a pleasant fellow!
 He didn't fear
 To bring her here.
 Sure he's the boy to know us!
 He's proud galore,
 And plinty more,
 With such a wife to show us.
 Ooh! the Princess,
 The purty, peerless Princess.
 Lucky boy!
 We wish you joy
 Of such a purty Princess!
 VOL. XIII.—NO. LXXVIII.

Lord Abercorn,
 That blessed morn,
 Is through the curtains peerin',
 And to his wife,
 Says he, 'My life,
 The weather favours Erin.
 Is all prepared,
 The bed well air'd?
 The puddin' fryin' swately?'
 Says she, 'My dear,
 Don't have a fear,
 I've done the thing complately.
 Ooh! the Marquis;
 The darin', dashin' Marquis.'
 Make a duke,
 Without rebuke,
 Of Ireland's model Marquis!

To Punchestown
 They rattled down
 How gay the royal pair is!
 'Ooh, sure!' says he,
 'My wife shall see
 What racin' in Kildare is.
 She's Ascot seen,
 At Epsom been.
 But, faix, those famous races
 A rushlight ould
 Could niver hould
 To Erin's steeplechases.'
 Ooh, the races!
 Those tearin', slashin' races!
 A thing or two
 She niver knew
 She'll loarn at Paddy's races.

So light of heart
 The jockeys start;
 Full in the front we find most—
 Great and small
 Dash at all,
 And—devil take the hindmost!
 Says he, 'My duck,
 That's Irish pluck—
 Now somethin' else we'll tache her.
 The shamrock fair
 We'll make her wear,
 And drown it in the craythur'
 Ooh, the craythur!
 The saucy, saucy craythur!
 Jist one taste—
 The very laste.
 Now *don't* you like the craythur?

Says Dublin's mayor,
 'Faix, boys, don't stare.
 Mee ball went off divoinely.
 Tho' not so thin
 As once I've bin
 Meeself can jig it foinely.
 And tho' from Vokes *
 The Prince—(who smokes)
 May purchase his tobaccy,
 To my deloight,
 When I'm a knight,
He's only Misther Macky!
 Och, the dancin'!
 The Princess loik'd the dancin'.
 Ne'er a ball,
 At all, at all,
 Can bate the Daublin dancin'!

Och, task too hard,
 For mortal bard
 To sing the Installation;
 Where in one threet
 Contrived to meet
 The whole of this great nation!
 When in his best
 The Prince was drest
 In azure robes, 'I'm thinkin'
 The purty lad
 Don't look so bad;
 The Princess whisper'd, winkin'.
 Och, St. Patrick!
 What saint can match St. Patrick?
 Duce a bit
 Is any fit
 To clane your brogues, St. Patrick.

And when she saw
 Wid love and awe
 That church of noble beauty
 To which one man
 (Pass him who can!)
 Has paid his matchless duty,
 She murmur'd thin—
 'Sir Benjamin,
 Meeself, mee sons and daughter,

For sartin' shure, will ne'er en-
 dure
 A dhrop of dhrink but porter.
 Och, our Guinness!
 Our glorious member, Guinness,
 Of his sex
 Double X!
 We'll have no man but Guinness!

And whin she hears
 The rousin' cheers
 And sees the smilin' faces
 And shining show'rs
 Of flags and flow'rs
 In unexpected places.
 'Are Irishmin,
 She axes thin,
 'All loyal in opinions?
 Do tell me though
 (I'd like to know)
 Where *have* they put their
 Finians?'
 Och! those Finians,
 Those poor deluded Finians.
 Gone away
 To 'Merica,
 Ould Ireland's not for Finians.

Princess asthore,
 Don't lave us more.
 'Och, hone!' says she, 'you'll miss
 us!
 But, shure, at home,
 Across the foam,
 Our childher want to kiss us—
 Such broths of boys
 To make a noise.
 Their very laugh is cheerin'.
 We'll bring them here
 Another year,
 They're just the lads for Erin.'
 Och, the childher!
 The little darlint childher!
 Bring them here
 Without a fear.
 'Tis we will pet the childher.

A.

* Candidate for the Mayoralty in 1868.



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MAHABHARATA

THE MAHABHARATA
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY

WILLIAM G. SMITH
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





Drama by J. D. Watmar.]

ONE YEAR AGO.

1890 No. 100

ONE YEAR AGO.

LAST year, under the chestnut trees,
 Under the chestnuts white ;
 Two of us walked, two of us talked,
 Would it were so to-night!

Two were the voices, tremulous, sweet,
 Two were the heads, bent low ;
 Two were the hands, together clasped,
 One, white as the flower-snow.

One year! But a year, when all is told,
 Twelve months, and a day! no more—
 Yet my footsteps flag, and my youth seems old,
 And my seared life feels fourscore.

Two were the hearts that together beat,
 Two were the hearts, yet one ;
 Two were the figures that, interlaced,
 Strolled, 'neath those trees, in the sun.

Those trees, those leaf-laden, bloom-strewing trees,
 That glorious sun of June!
 Now they strike the golden chords of my soul,
 Sound sweet on it, love's own tune.

Ah, leaves! ye fall, and grow green again,
 Nor mourn for the spring-time fled ;
 Ah, trees! ye bloom, in another June.
 But the life of *my* life is—dead!



THE COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD.

FEW are the hours, the moments rare,
 When Love descends to sweeten care,
 When in each cloistered quad's retreat
 Is heard the tread of maiden feet,
 That scarcely seem to touch the ground,
 And trip like airy forms around.
 Commemoration! how each day
 Seems dallying in unkind delay!
 Haste, haste, ye days! speed swiftly by!
 Ye hours, on lighter pinions fly!
 Haste, festive time, and bring with thee
 The fairest flowers from Beauty's tree,
 The tresses' hyacinthine flow,
 The blushing features' rosy glow,
 The slender neck of lily hue,
 And eye that steals the harebell's blue.
 These luring treasures thou must bring
 To woo our minds from Learning's spring,
 Till, spurning classic founts, we sip
 Love's nectar from the yielding lip.
 Ah! who can tell that golden joy
 Unmarred by duty's stern alloy,
 That pulses in each student's brain
 With pleasure that is almost pain,
 That makes the idle idler still,
 Such raptures through his senses thrill,
 When lovely visitors intrude
 Upon his lonely solitude.

Then, O Sheldonian, shall thy pile
 Throw off austerity the while,
 Forget the anxious careworn eye,
 That oft has pored in agony
 O'er crabbed questions in thy walls,
 For 'Greats,' for 'Mods,' for hateful 'Smalls,'
 And yielding greet th' invader's form,
 When Beauty deigns thy fort to storm.
 No need is there the cheers to tell
 That through thy lofty building swell,
 That greet 'the ladies dressed in blue'
 And every other varied hue;
 No need the bitter gibes to state,
 The odious proctor's certain fate,
 Who, with an unrelenting mind,
 Each hapless man has harshly fined,
 Forgetting mercy's golden rule
 For maxims learnt in Draco's school.
 But see! the business all is o'er,
 The pattering chaff is heard no more,
 And streaming forth each joyous band
 Admires the charms of Nature's hand,
 Pausing to note the kindly aid
 Of classic art—her trusty maid—
 Where college gardens sweetly bloom
 Around the quad's majestic gloom.
 Then, Oxford, are thy proudest hours,
 When, lingering near thy hoary towers,

Fair faces gaze with fond delight
Upon each pile, each hallowed site,
Till evening's chimes to joyaunce call,
To concert or to mazy 'ball,'
And pleasure still with pleasure vies,
Creating fresh festivities.

Magd. Coll., Oxford.

MY FIRST DAY'S FOX-HUNTING.

BUT that was six or seven years ago, and I frankly admit that then I was a very indifferent horseman, although I was in happy ignorance of the fact—in its integrity. I was quite conscious that I did not ride very gracefully or over-comfortably, but I always discovered that the fault was my horse's and not mine. My cousins used to think otherwise, and I have spent hours at a time in trying to induce them to give up their opinions on the subject and to adopt mine. I should explain that my cousins being orphans, and my father being their guardian, they lived with us as part of our family, and that whenever they rode out they seemed to think they had a right to insist upon my accompanying them. I at length got tired of riding out with my fair cousins, and of hearing them titter as, at their suggestion, we went down steep hills at full trot (I confess I was never great at trotting down hill), and so I resolved to take to *hunting*. I had heard that some horses, though the worst of hacks, made the best of hunters; and I thought that something of that kind might apply to horsemen also, and that I myself might shine more in the field than I did on the road. It was the end of February, and the Coverbury pack were meeting three times a week at places within easy reach of the Stonington Station. That was jolly! I could buy a hunter, keep him at Philley's livery-stables, and on hunting-days send him by train to Stonington, meet him, have a day's hunting unknown to my cousins, and thus enjoy myself with perfect freedom. I at once drew a cheque for 50*l.*, with which

I determined to buy the best hunter in all Blankshire! I called at Philley's and told him of my intention, and asked him how much a week he would require to 'board and lodge' my steed when purchased. The man smiled—he seemed to have a habit of smiling; but seeing from the seriousness of my manner that I was in earnest, he replied that his charge for keeping the horse would be thirty shillings a week; and he added that if I wished to buy a 'slapping' hunter he'd got just the horse for my money. 'Of course,' said he, 'you don't want a pony, but a good tall horse as 'ill keep you out of the dirt; and,' he added, scanning my figure from top to toe, 'you don't want no cart-horse to carry your weight neither.' I admitted that my ideas on the subject coincided with his exactly, and he at once called to a stable-boy to bring out 'Iron Duke.'

'There,' said Philley, as the horse was trotted into the yard, 'you might go a day's march and not come across such a hunter as that—extraordinary animal, I assure you, sir.' Not understanding the points of a horse, I deemed it prudent to endorse all that 'Iron Duke's' owner chose to say in his praise; and I was thus compelled to acknowledge that his superior height (over sixteen hands), long legs, and slender build, gave him an advantage over every other horse I had seen in my life, as regards carrying a light-weight over a high-stone-wall country.

As we stood discussing the merits of the horse I happened to turn round, and there I saw the stable-boy grinning and 'tipping the wink'

to a companion. This aroused my suspicions that all mightn't be right; so instead of at once buying and paying for the horse, I mustered up courage to say 'Well, Mr. Philley, I like the horse's appearance, but are his paces as good as his looks? Will you let me try him with the Coverbury pack to-morrow?' Mr. Philley paused, thought a few moments, and then observed, somewhat solemnly, "'Iron Duke,' you see, sir, is a very valuable horse, dirt cheap at fifty pounds; in fact, it's giving him away, it is really, and I shouldn't like anything to happen to a horse like that whilst he's mine. We don't generally let him out for hunting; he's too good for most of our customers. But I'll tell yer what we'll do; we'll let you have him to-morrow for two guineas, and then (if you have no accident with him, as of course a gentleman like you won't) you can please yourself whether you have him or not. But if you *should* have an accident—of course accidents *will* happen sometimes—why then the horse will be yours and the fifty pounds mine.' These terms seemed fair, and I accepted them, though not before they had banished my suspicions and almost induced me to buy and pay for the horse there and then.

In the morning I called at Philley's for my hunter, and the boy brought him out bridled and saddled. As he stood straight in front of me his tall, slim-built figure looked as sharp as a knife. I ventured to express this idea, but being doubtful as to whether sharpness was a good point or a bad one, I did so in a manner which might be taken as in earnest or in jest. The dealer chose to take it in the latter sense, and after laughing heartily at my 'good joke' assured me that I should find my horse 'as clever as a cat.' I then attempted to mount, and after some time (during which the ostler gave me a 'leg up' and over the other side) I was successful. The stirrup-straps having been adjusted, I set out for the station; and in my journey thither I was conscious that the commanding presence of my horse and the easy, graceful attitude of his rider were fully appreciated

by the numerous passers-by who stopped to stare at us—doubtless in admiration. One thing, though, nettled me a bit. Just as I got opposite the club, and was waving my whip to Fitz-Jones, De Brown, and some other fellows who were standing in the portico, my horse shied at a wheelbarrow, and I had some difficulty in getting comfortable in the saddle again. I gently remonstrated with the boy who was wheeling the barrow for not getting out of my way, when the impudent little scoundrel turned round and shouted, 'Oh, crikey! yer ain't very safe up there! Get inside; safer inside!' Whereupon the whole of the bystanders, including my friends of the club, burst out laughing. I of course could not descend from my high horse to chastise the young urchin, and as I couldn't think of anything smart to say to him, I treated him with the silent contempt he deserved, and rode on. But still, as I said before, this nettled me.

With the exception of this trifling *contretemps* I arrived safely at Stonington Wood, the place appointed for the meet. There was a good muster of ladies and gentlemen on horseback (some ten or fourteen of the gentlemen in scarlet coats), and a condescending old gentleman with grey hair, neatly-trimmed whiskers, and rosy cheeks, remarked that there was a 'good field,' but I couldn't see it. All that I could see in the shape of a field was a small patch of turnips enclosed with a stone wall, the remainder of the surrounding country being common and wood, or, as I afterwards learned to call it, 'cover.' I soon began to appreciate my 'Iron Duke,' for I found that he was the tallest horse there, and his legs seemed as light as an antelope's in comparison with the legs of the other animals, some of which seemed almost as heavy as cart-horses'.

The clock of the village church struck eleven, and three or four of the men in scarlet began to whip the dogs to make them go into the wood. I thought it was the proper thing to imitate their example, and seeing one of the dogs scrambling up the wall I instantly rode up and

gave him what I thought a 'lift up behind' with my whip. To my astonishment the animal, instead of going over into the wood, tumbled down at my feet and yelped most piteously. 'Iron Duke,' not liking the noise, turned round suddenly and kicked out, and the hound had an almost miraculous escape of having his skull cracked. All this happened in less than a minute, and seemed to cause a 'great sensation,' for two or three of the roughest of the men in scarlet were instantly attacked with a fit of cursing and swearing, of which I took no notice, believing it to be lavished on the head of the unfortunate hound. But I soon had my doubts; for one of the gentlemen in scarlet rode up to me and with much severity informed me that he could not have his hounds 'served in that way.' I protested that it was an accident, and that I thought 'there could be no harm in doing what the others did.' With this explanation he seemed quite satisfied, for he at once left me, and even smiled as he did so. The dog must have been a young one, for as I passed two gentlemen who were doubtless discussing puppies in general, and I suppose him in particular, I overheard one of them say, 'He's evidently green.' The dogs having got safely into cover, the ladies and gentlemen began to ride along the outside of the wood—cover, I mean—and I did the same, taking care, though, to keep well in the rear, that I might see what the others did. I kept clear of every one I could possibly avoid, as I found that the people who hunted at Stonington indulged in a peculiar kind of slang which I could not well understand. I had not gone far before I heard a loud laughing in my rear. I seemed to be familiar with the sound. I turned 'about' in the saddle, and who should I see but my cousins not twenty yards behind me! I was inclined to go home, and I should have done so only I saw that my cousins, besides being attended by Evans in livery, were accompanied by their old school-fellow, Miss Trafford, a young lady to whom I had been introduced at

our last county ball. To enjoy her presence I determined to brave all. I turned my horse round and raised my hat as much as the tight guard would let me, and in another moment I was at the mercy of my tormentors. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed my cousin Emily; 'we saw you stealing out of the garden-gate at six o'clock this morning.' 'Yes,' chimed in Julia, 'and with those splendid top-boots on! You thought to avoid us, did you?' 'I say, Adolphus,' continued Emily, 'when you hire a horse-box again, and don't want any one to know, don't let your name and destination be labelled on it like an advertisement! Ha! ha! ha!' I was completely sold, and I was obliged to acknowledge it; and when I heard that my cousins had actually ridden ten miles to the meet whilst I had come by train, I felt that I must do something to retrieve my reputation in the eyes of Miss Trafford.

The cover was a very large one, and whilst we had been talking all the people had disappeared. I told the ladies where the dogs were; and Emily at once came to the conclusion that, if we went round the other way, which was shorter, we should meet the 'field' at 'Keeper's Clump.' Acting on this suggestion, we turned back and cantered round to the other side of the cover. As we did so I felt that field riding was my forte; it was so much more comfortable than hard road riding, and I at once resolved to make hunting my study and only amusement. My cousins continued to tease me as we went along; but to my delight Miss Trafford sided with me, thus giving me confirmation of the hope I had cherished at the ball, that she was not indifferent to the attentions I then paid her, slight as those attentions necessarily were.

Our passage of arms was suspended by our arrival at the far end of the cover, where the field were awaiting, as I was informed, the decision of the master as to what cover to 'draw' next. I wondered whether they had any artists with them, and what good could come of *drawing* a cover with which nearly

every one seemed familiar. But this is parenthetical. A stone wall, about four feet high, separated us from the rest of the field.

'What have you lost?' said Emily to me, as my eyes wandered up and down the wall.

'Nothing,' I replied; 'I am looking for the gate.'

'Then you are looking for something you won't find this side a mile and a half; that's the road—over the wall. Come! give us a lead.'

Here was a pretty state of things! I, who had never in my life been over anything higher than a mushroom or wider than a gutter, and who had in my charge three ladies, suddenly required to give them a lead over a four-foot wall, in presence of the whole field! The perspiration stood in great drops on my brow, and I would have given any amount if I could but have sunk into my boots. But I couldn't; and all eyes being on me (including *hers*) I had no time to say my prayers. I had to choose at once between disgrace and the chance of being 'sent to my account with all my imperfections on my head.' One glance at Miss Trafford decided me; and I put my horse's head towards the wall and then my spurs into his sides. When I was within three feet of the wall my courage failed me, and I pulled up; but it was *too late*. 'Iron Duke' had already risen; and in doing so had nearly rolled me off, first over the cantle, and then the pommel. Ten thousand years rolled over my devoted head in these few moments, and then all was still—i. e., as regards motion; but my ears were assailed by a deafening cheer—mixed, I must candidly admit, with some laughter. When I 'came to' I discovered that I was still alive, and still in the saddle, and that my horse was, in the most matter-of-fact way possible, spanning the wall like a bridge, fore-legs on one side, hind-legs on the other. I hastily congratulated myself that things were no worse, and then began to consider what was the proper step to be taken by a man in my situation. 'Pull him back!' 'Job him over!' 'Stick to

him!' 'Get off!' and similar advice came to me from every quarter. I resolved to act on the 'get off' principle; and with some difficulty I *did* get off, taking care to be on the right side. I then endeavoured to pull the horse over with the reins; but he resisted with all the obstinacy of a costermonger's donkey—which circumstance seemed to add to the amusement of the field, for their laughter increased. Growing desperate, I slashed my whip several times over the animal's neck; at which treatment he kicked and plunged until, to my great delight, he kicked the wall down!

'Thank you for your easy lead, my dear cousin Adolphus!' said Emily, as she and the two other ladies came through the breach in the wall.

'You're quite welcome,' I was about to reply, when I was interrupted by a coarse-looking lad, whose spindle-like legs were covered with breeches and gaiters.

'I say, guv'nur,' said he, 'you rode your horse over that there wall about as well as I'd a' rode my mother's clothes-horse over!—do it again, do!'

The ladies could not refrain from laughter, in which I made a miserable attempt at joining them; and then I tried to remount. But this was a difficult task; for my legs were short, my horse's were long, and his recent adventure had made him fidgetty, and I was at last reduced to the necessity of accepting an offer from the lad with the spindle legs to give me a 'leg up.' With his assistance (for which I gave him sixpence, and I have no doubt he threw his bad joke into the bargain) I managed to scramble into the saddle again. As we rode to the next cover I felt exceedingly sheepish, and the unfeeling laughter of my cousins, added to the now cool manner of Miss Trafford, and the quiet grimaces of old Evans, the groom (who of course kept pretty close to us), made me desperate, and I was determined to do something to recover my lost prestige, even if the next day's 'Times' had to record a 'Fatal accident in the hunting-field at Stonington.' Emily

asked me tauntingly, whether I had 'done leaping for to-day?'

'Not exactly,' I replied; 'I intend—'

'Will you take a lead from me?' she interrupted.

'I'll take any lead that you dare give me,' I replied, haughtily.

'Done!' And she had no sooner said the word than the fox broke from the cover, about two hundred yards in front of us, followed in a few moments by the hounds, so close together that (as I afterwards heard one gentleman remark to another) you might have covered them with a blanket. Away they went, and away went we after them. My enthusiasm was raised to the utmost pitch, and I was determined to stop at nothing. Emily and Julia kept on my left, a few yards in advance, whilst Miss Trafford, on my right, kept about the same distance in my rear. The fox, luckily, had taken the open, and the ladies prophesied a half-hour's run with no checks. But before ten minutes of it were over, I perceived, about a hundred yards in front of us, a thick, well-laid quick-set hedge, about four feet high, and as we neared it I thought I saw water glistening on the other side. There was no escape; my time had come; I was led in front, and driven in rear; and leap I must.

'Now for your lead!' cried Emily, waving her whip in the air as she cleared the fence and the brook beyond it. My horse followed bravely—and so should I, if I hadn't, by some unfortunate mishap or other, rolled out of the saddle, and in the midst of my victory fallen into the brook! As I lay sprawling on my back, and before I had time to think where I was, I saw the belly of Miss Trafford's horse as he carried her over the fence, the brook, and me!

'Stop my horse! stop my horse!' I roared, as I came dripping wet out of the brook. 'Stop my horse!' But I earnestly hoped that no one would stop him, for this last *contretemps* had considerably damped my ardour and cooled my courage; and I thought that if nobody *did* 'stop my horse,' he would eventually find his way to the pound, and his ab-

sence would afford me a decent pretext for going home. To my horror, though, 'Iron Duke' was brought back by the wretched lad of the spindle legs. 'Be the saddle greased, air!' said he, wiping it with his nasty dirty pocket-handkerchief. I could have kicked him, and should have done so, only I thought he might have kicked back, and so I swallowed his affront, and actually gave him another sixpence. Having learned from him the road to the station, I was just stealing off when I heard in my rear the cry of 'Tally-ho back!' The fox had come back—doubled, I mean,—and I was forced to join the others and run after him again. But, fortunately for me, he did not run far before the dogs caught him and killed him, and then one of the men in scarlet cut off his nice long tail and gave it to Emily. She actually accepted it, although I am nearly sure she had never seen the man before in her life! I thought young ladies ought to accept presents from no gentlemen but their relatives and accepted suitors; and, besides, I don't believe that this man *was* a gentleman, for when I whipped the hound to make him get over the wall (which, as I have before stated, he most unreasonably declined to do), this fellow was the loudest in his oaths and curses, which he showered broadcast on the hound, or my horse, or something—I have never ascertained what—and in the presence of ladies! Emily said something about making a hair-brush of the fox's tail (what an absurd idea! but she always was queer); and as the man cut off the fox's head, she gave me to understand that that would be mine if I asked for it. I *did* ask for it; but for some unaccountable reason or other, I *didn't* get it. The remainder of the poor fox was thrown to the dogs, who soon tore him to pieces and eat him. It occurred to my philosophic mind, as I witnessed this spectacle, that the fox, like me, was a hero; but, also like me, an unsuccessful one. What a number of men, women, horses, and dogs to conquer one little fox! These and similar reflections were soon cut

short, for the dogs having finished their lunch the men and women began to think about theirs; in fact, Sir John Hausie had invited them all, including me, to lunch with him at the Manor House, about half a mile distant. As we journeyed thither I began to feel very uncomfortable, for my coat, waistcoat, and shirt, although not dirty (for the water in the brook was clean), were wet through, and, the warmth of exercise and enthusiasm having subsided, I felt very cold. When we arrived at Sir John's, I was so stiff with cold that I could scarcely dismount, which Sir John observing, he came and very kindly accosted me. He also inquired as to the cause of my fall—spill, he called it—and offered me the loan of a coat whilst mine was hastily dried at the kitchen fire. Sir John was an exceedingly pleasant man, and had a jolly, cheerful, laughing face, and we soon understood each other. I accepted his proffered loan with many thanks, and then took Miss Trafford in to lunch. As I sat by her side in the baronet's coat, and gracefully helped her to sherry, the frost of her manner gradually thawed; and when we returned to remount we were as jolly as toppers—sand-boys, I mean. I of course assisted her to get into the saddle; but I was so stiff and so giddy (from the excitement of the morning) that I very nearly let her down. We were some time without finding another fox; and as my cousins had gone off with old Evans and Captain De la Grace, and as Miss Trafford seemed so amiable, I determined to improve the occasion. We were on the common just outside Sir John's park, the beauties of which I was very particular in admiring; and having thus got Miss Trafford to lag behind, I took the opportunity of unbosoming my

heart to her. I got very excited, and my voice trembled with emotion (or something of that sort), as I made her a pathetic offer of my heart and hand. I paused (as well as my excitement would allow me, for it had brought on the hiccups), and she replied. I can't remember exactly what she said, but it was something about sparing me the pain of a refusal, and about not marrying a man who couldn't take a fence. I offered to jump the park wall, if she would only listen to my suit. She agreed; and bracing up all my spirits, I rode full tilt at the wall; and over I went, leaving my horse on the wrong side! And as I turned an involuntary somersault I thought I heard sounds like 'the receding footsteps of a cantering horse.' (Note.—This is a quotation from some lines I afterwards wrote to Miss Trafford.) There was then a slight break in the thread of my thoughts, and after that I found myself lying in the midst of some young fir-trees, whilst 'Iron Duke' was quietly browsing on the leafless twigs of a tree on the other side of the wall. Gentle reader! I am sure you must feel for my unfortunate position. I will not torture you further by relating the painful particulars of how I scrambled over the wall; how I got on 'Iron Duke,' only to tumble off again; how I nearly broke my neck before I got home; how Philley declared I had broken the horse's knees; how he made me pay 50*l.* for the animal; how I sold him the next week for 10*l.* (less 2*l.* for carriage); and, worst of all, how Miss Trafford jilted me, and my cousins—cruel girls—laughed at my misfortunes and made sport of my troubles. Indeed, with all these we have nothing to do, for they happened after 'My First Day's Fox-hunting.'

CHARLES EVELYN.





Drawn by J. D. Watson.]

IN DULL COURT.

'NO FRIENDS—NO MONEY!!'

(See 3 Front Dull Court in *Picture*.)

LONDON SOCIETY.

The Holiday Number

FOR

1868.



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

'But are you quite sure you can catch me?' she asked.

'Quite!' he said, and he caught her; though, afterwards, there were found unpleasant people who said that *she* had caught *him*.

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B

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF RECREATION.

RECREATION occupies a very large, and certainly the pleasantest part of human life. Most people give up to it several hours in the day, a day or two in the week, and a few weeks in the year. It is worth while to construct some kind of philosophy on the subject, and to place this important department of human life, if we may use a current expression, on an 'intelligible basis.' Now no theory of recreation will be satisfactory that does not have respect to work. They are connected as inseparably as sunshine and shade, up-hill and down-hill, morning and evening. I do not say that this is altogether satisfactory; but this is the case, and we must suit our theories to our facts. It is commonly said that the curse of labour is converted into a blessing, which is probably true; but then there is a great deal of the curse about it after all. As an abstract opinion, I hold that it would be more desirable to obtain all that labour can get for us without the anxiety, wear and tear, and protracted toil which labour implies. Still, upon the whole, however repugnant the notion of work may be to our feelings, and however conscientious a dislike we may entertain towards it, most men see reason why, upon the whole, it should be worth their while to work. It is even said that work is the law of our being, and that no one is really exempt from work. We are told that those people who do nothing but amuse themselves really make amusement a labour. We can only say that it is a kind of labour on which most people would rather be employed than on any other. Still, by the very force of terms, such amusement is not recreation, and is excluded from the notion of freshness and elasticity which make up the best part of recreation. Now it is a most important fact, underlying all discussion on the subject, that there is a real correlation between work and relaxation. The social law is, that the longer and more thorough the

recreation, the better will be the quality of the work, and there will be no deficiency in its quantity. I, the writer, have reason to remember a particular period, when I was a young man at college. I was writing for a University prize. It so happened that I was out every night of my life for a dinner or a dance, and some other entertainments as well. At first sight it seemed to be very dissipated; but I found that every day, before my amusement began, I really got through a great deal of writing—say, as much as would fill two leaded columns of 'The Times.' This amount was considerably in excess of what I did in professedly studious times; neither could the quality be so very bad, as it got the gold medal, if, indeed, that trivial fact is worthy of mention. I found, for myself, that the quantity and quality of my work both improved with the extension and intensity of my recreation. The real drawback I did not at that happy age perceive, namely, that this was a system of high pressure which did not admit of repose, the most important of all elements in the matter. But the high-pressure system is not a bad system, at least for a time; that is, if you do not carry it on too far, but promptly turn the steam off when necessary. But the correlation of physical powers, if I may apply Mr. Grove's expression to work and recreation, is constantly evidenced. The man who works continuously seven days in the week does not work so well as the man who takes his Sunday. The knowing reading man, who will not be tempted to work more than six hours in the day, will beat the man who reads ten hours. The young operative, who is protected by the Ten Hours Bill, has more work in him, in the long run, than he had before such protection was conceded. There are some persons who will deny this, theoretically or practically, directly or indirectly. The grim remark of Sir George Cornewall Lewis will be recollected, that life

would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements. A friend of the late Lord Macaulay's told me that he used to see that great man, when fresh from college, eating his dinner with an open book on each side of him. In the first place, these telling instances must be taken *cum grano*. People are not always so intellectual as they may be on particular occasions; and, in the next place, men of great physical stamina, who have got thoroughly acclimatised to their work, may venture on exertions whereon ordinary brittle humanity would be simply shivered. Neither of these great men I have mentioned are examples of longevity; and I have noticed, in many instances, that where men are feverishly anxious to achieve an enormous amount of work, they generally develop some dormant weakness of heart, lung, and brain, and break down before they reach the point where their energies would be most required.

Amusement, therefore, is not simply an amusing subject, but is surrounded with a variety of solid considerations which concern a man's aim and usefulness in life. It has always been a characteristic of English people that they 'take their pleasures sadly,' and many persons do not get so much out of the sunny side of life as they might most beneficially obtain. It will be worth while to examine the ordinary notion of the subject. The simplest and most rudimentary notion of recreation is the constitutional walk. Now I do not object to a constitutional walk, if you argue the matter on constitutional grounds. I do not, however, see why the people who indulge in constitutional walks should assume such an arrogant moral superiority over their unconstititutional brethren. Still, I could wish that the custom were carried even further than it is. That stream of cabs and omnibuses setting in eastward every morning is a great pity. Why don't the young men resolutely walk through the long range of our gardens and parks, even if they have to traverse a little more ground and spend a little more time? I do not object

to a walk; but, as a rule, I like it to be accompanied with one of these qualifications—that it be taken with a particular object, or lie over fresh country, or that it is taken with pleasant companionship. To some persons a solitary walk is the highest gratification; but it is to be observed that the capability of being thus gratified belongs to some particular period of life, and is outgrown in a subsequent stage. Those persons who have the true peripatetic gift can derive very great pleasure this way. Their faculty of observation is strong, and has been cultivated. They note, accurately and carefully, every natural object of the skies and of the wayside. The varying and peculiar flowers of each month, the varying tribes of birds and their distinctive melodies, the very cattle 'taking their mornings,' the fall of country, the configuration of clouds, the direction of the wind, with its currents and eddies; the effect of light and shadow everywhere, from far-distant hills to the nearest foliage; the various seasonal signs, and gradual progress of husbandry; the garb and physiognomy of each chance wayfarer,—these, and such as these, are objects which completely fill the eye and attention of the pedestrian, who has an attuned and educated sense for them. You must thoroughly understand the country before you can gather up this quiet harvest of enjoyment. For most persons the solitary walk is no real recreation beyond the merest exercise of muscles and the monotonous imbibing of fresh air. You mean well, and you really intend and hope to invigorate yourself; but your mind is all the time in harness; you are not divested of the saddle and the curb, and you are really pacing in the usual mechanical, business-like trot; you begin thinking about your essay or your sermon, your letters or your bills; how you shall act in that troublesome trustee business; how you shall make up your mind on that difficult subject of the Irish Church; or you are immersed in some still more abstruse problem; or you suddenly fly off at a tangent to your own private troubles and

worries : and if this sort of walk be recreation, why, bless my soul ! give me some light sort of work in preference. I am not objecting to the solitary, thoughtful walk ; only do not give it a wrong name, and call it recreation. A solitary walk is often the best opportunity for thought—and very hard thought too ; and it is valuable as being a propitious season for such thinking. It is literally true of many a problem *solvitur ambulando* ; only place the time that such walking occupies among your hours of work, and not among your hours of relaxation. When some one asked leave to see Wordsworth's study at Rydal, a servant showed him the place where master 'kept his books,' but he always 'studied out of doors.' And if a walk out of doors is really a season of study, it needs some relaxation afterwards, and is not to be considered as being in itself a relaxation.

I am now more particularly looking at the case of sedentary people who chiefly require recreation and least of all get it. Now in most businesses a great deal of recreation is mixed up with the business itself. How much downright physical enjoyment is mixed up with the business of a farmer ! What is work to the farmer would, in fact, be play to the student. Again, in the case of the lawyer, merchant, or physician, how much of brisk dialogue have they, of incident and character, of real dramatic action ! Of course even this sort of thing gets monotonous, and recreation is needed ; but still this kind of work has a large admixture of living interest and amusement about it, which is a missing element in employment purely sedentary. Now what are the amusements of reading men generally—the average parson or public writer ? The young lady thinks that she has been improving her mind when she reads a clever novel ; but the ordinary student, having studied a heavy book in the morning, often takes his relaxation by reading a light one in the afternoon. Then there is the formal call or the formal dinner party and the visit to the seaside, where, whatever

else is forgotten, a profusion of books is generally provided. The consideration arises—and such a consideration is the only one which will have weight with that sort of people—that something in the system will certainly snap if the strain is so intense and prolonged. Archbishop Whately used to study till his head felt rather queer, and then he would rush out of doors and hack away at some tree with his hatchet like a regular forester. A story is told of some visitor to the archiepiscopal palace who saw an old man in an old coat, working very hard in very hard weather ; and while in his own mind he was severely blaming the Archbishop for cruelties towards his servants, he discovered that it was the Archbishop himself. Whately ought not to have worked till he felt queer, but then he did quite right in taking to axe and hatchet. The precedent is a good one. Outdoor work is the true complement to indoor study. But still people in town cannot easily have gardens, and people in the country do not always care about them.

I like walking abroad in the garden, particularly, I must confess, when the strawberries are fresh, or, later, when the wall-fruit is ripened. But a Londoner does not ordinarily shine to advantage in a garden. Make him handle a spade for three-quarters of an hour, and his back is dreadfully tired, the heart shows symptoms of distress, and the man himself almost dissolves into a puddle. He is as much unable to dig as he would be ashamed to beg. Indeed he would be forced to beg if his livelihood depended on the diggings. He ought, when a boy, to have been taught how to handle a spade, and never in after life to have lost the accomplishment. That was a glorious old heathen notion to teach every boy to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. And it was not a bad Jewish idea to make even the richest people teach their children a handicraft. And the old monkish habit was a good one, that holy men should till the soil and subdue it. I know some very gentlemanly men who have made them-

selves exquisite carpenters, and derive a great deal of recreation from the pursuit. Farming is not a bad pursuit, and it is certainly as natural, healthy, and useful a pursuit as can be. It may be objected that farming is too costly and losing an affair. So it may be to those who have the money to lose, and keep a bailiff to help them lose it. But there are hundreds of men with limited means, professional men and people with modest fixed incomes, who really make and save money by farming, say the manageable amount of seventy acres. They rely on their own diligent supervision, cannot afford to be ruined, and are ready to turn their own hand to any matter instead of calling a servant to do it for them. It is remarkable how much they raise and how much they sell, and what a store of health and recreation they thus obtain for themselves.

While I have been meditating on this paper I have been wandering by the side of a wide, swift stream, with pool, rapids, and shallows, thronged with trout and not destitute of salmon. Thick woods rise on the steep slope of an overhanging hill which is crowned by the extensive ruins of an ancient castle. I intend on days, cloudy after a fall of rain, and with a swift south-west wind, or in long still twilights, secreted as far as possible from the trout's eager senses of sight and smell, to troll for prey; not, indeed, standing up to the knees in water, after the manner of weakminded brethren, with imminent risk of ague or rheumatism, nor yet marring fine sport with sordid and ignoble considerations anent the frying-pan. Or deep-sea fishing has perhaps a still stronger attraction. You must rough it in a boat, taking the chance of a ground-swell, if you do not mind, or, if you do mind, looking out for a perfectly calm day, giving the boatman some modest remuneration, and proffering him a little hospitality out of your stores, which his converse and his foresight for you will well deserve. As your boat reposes on the calm level, you may easily image to yourself, far below in those unruffled depths, the shadowy outlines of

towers and temples buried many fathoms deep, or some long-submerged tract of territory. At other times, if sport be favourable, you may pull up mackerel with no other bait than a shining bit of tin, or whiting with bait of mussel, or, again, make friends with some trawler after flat fish, or drop from point to point among the rocks to examine the lobster-pots. Take that kind of fishing which really requires thorough attention, if you would not be drowned, whether in salt water or fresh. For this, be it observed, is the true secret and the great canon of all recreation—that it should overpoweringly *absorb your attention* and take your mind entirely off from the old track into an entirely new track. For this reason, though I am no sportsman, I am always using firearms in the winter, and though no whip, I am always driving about in the summer, because one is obliged to be very prudent, and these things fully take up the attention and will not allow a man's mind to wander to literature and politics. I repeat that this is the true secret and canon of recreation. You must have thorough change, let in ozone and oxygen on the dull motionless air; turn some fresh, living current on the stagnant waters. The problem for each man is how he can best obtain the sort of change he wants. Goethe had a notion that a man ought every day to read some good poetry, look at a fine picture, and talk to a beautiful woman. But these things really take it out of a man. It requires real attention to master real poetry, still closer attention to understand the picture, and to talk to a beautiful woman in a way that will really do justice to the breeding, sense, and information on both sides (unless you are deeply in love with the lady) is a distinct and rather fatiguing intellectual effort. It might be recreation to do this now and then, and the chances of most of us hardly go beyond that, but the basis for daily recreation must be something infinitely less æsthetic.

I have laid down the general theory of recreation, which is that active pursuits should be mixed

with sedentary pursuits—farming, carpentering, riding, hunting, fishing, shooting. Two points should be noted in passing. First, these should not be mere interludes and *parerga*, but should be carried on in an earnest and vivid way. Secondly, that though active exertion may be carried up to the point of fatigue, it should never be carried beyond that point; otherwise the whole system suffers and you lose more than you have gained. Such recreation is both an end in itself and, moreover, has an object and final cause in securing the highest efficiency in body and mind for whatever may be the great work in life.

Let us now glance at anything that may be specially said in reference to the summer holiday season. In reference to travel, without any doubt the most thorough kind of change is to be obtained in foreign travel, more especially if you strike out a line for yourself remote from the beat of the ordinary tourist. You have a thorough change, in air, sights, manners, diet,—a change in some cases as absolute and entire as if you were suddenly transported from this world into some neighbouring planet. Even if you do not know the language, you may contrive to jog along through the expressive pantomime of gestures. I knew a man who went out into Russia, of all countries in the world, and got on very well, although he was not only ignorant of the language but was also deaf and lame. Of course it is best to know the language, advisable also to be furnished with letters of introduction, but throw yourself boldly into the enterprise, and you will not do amiss. Seek out the remote villages in the Apennines near the head waters of Italian streams, if you can find any that are safe from banditti, or visit the less frequented cities of Spain, or sail down the remoter waters of the Danube until you are amid oriental influences, or choose any other scenes where the change will be most thorough and the renovating influence most complete.

Pedestrianism is a very important topic in the general subject. I have a great leaning in this direction, but I do not confine pedestrianism

within very rigorous limits. I have heard of pedestrians, who, in nervous fear lest they should forfeit the title, will never use any other mode of locomotion than 'Shanks's mare.' This is an utter mistake. If you want strong muscular exercise, to climb, to go where your own feet and none other will carry you, to shoot wherever you like, to be independent of all external aid, pedestrianism is all very well. But it is far better to economize your time and energy, and when the country is dull and uninteresting, to post over it as quickly as possible. Life is short; too short for dogged walks against time and space. Switzerland is, *par excellence*, the country for pedestrianism. Well does the Swiss landlord know the walking British tourist! There was a time when he could hardly comprehend him. The overworked and travel-stained figure with knapsack and alpenstock, so unlike the 'milors' who travelled with servants and horses, appeared to him to be only an unpromising subject. But it gradually dawned upon his slow intelligence that this eccentric and incomprehensible Englishman was not really in a state of extreme impecuniosity, in spite of his apparently distressed condition. On the contrary, as he called for everything that was best in the house, and showed wonderful powers of imbibing, his respect for him arose correspondingly. It is now said that the tour to Switzerland and back may be achieved for ten pounds, and so it may as a feat of financial legerdemain; but I would not advise those who really care much for comfort to try it on. Mr. Ball, a recent President of the Alpine Club, in one of his Swiss volumes, admonishes the tourist that 'a considerable number of napoleons may be carried without inconvenience in the waistcoat pocket.' So they may, when once the preliminary inconvenience has been adjusted of getting the napoleons, and then any further inconvenience in their transport may be borne with much equanimity. You can hardly do Switzerland very comfortably on a limited stock of napoleons, unless, indeed, you penetrated

into regions that have escaped the deluge of tourists and the general rise in prices.

Still I cannot admit that travelling generally, or its special form, pedestrianism, should be practised much abroad until our own country is thoroughly well known. Good scenery is closely packed in England. There is hardly any country where you may see so many interesting objects within so narrow limits. Travel in England and Scotland has special charms for those who are shy of the water or shy of foreign countries. The Channel steamboats are almost the worst anywhere, and as you get your misery in its concentrated essence, the passage across is about as bad as a voyage to the West Indies and back. Again, you may get all the home travel by a rapid raid into the country at any time, when your limited space of time hardly makes it worth your while to cross the water. If you do not so much object to the water as to a strange tongue, cross over to Ireland. At the present day tours in Ireland and America are the course of travel most fruitful in social results and in political knowledge. A friend of mine, when those continuous riots happened at Belfast some time back, promptly set off there in order to see the fighting, and, as he is a man of combative mind, he probably took part in the row, and would greatly enjoy the giving or receiving of a broken head. I know a man who has a strong idea of going over to Ireland and joining the Fenian brotherhood under false pretensions, in order that he may possibly have the excitement of night drills, and observe Irish life in its obscurer phases. But you are a man of an orderly and quiet turn of mind, and wish to turn your moderate furlough to the best account at home. Then according as your leave is longer or shorter, investigate some district nearer or more remote. If you prefer it, the sea is always accessible, and the pleasures of the shore are inexhaustible. But it is a good plan to choose some district really worthy of close personal examination, and to do it as well as you can. There is no river

in Europe which has as reach so remarkable for scenic loveliness and national associations as the whole course of the Thames from London to Oxford. Then there is a fine hill country in Surrey, a genuine forest tract in Sussex, goodly woods, manors, and most-encompassed castles in Kent; but you had better make out a list for yourself, not forgetting the treasure-houses of art which abound in home regions. But the further you get away the more thoroughly you will enjoy yourself. Try the moors on the coast line of Devonshire, the uplands and retired bays of Cornwall, or the English lakes, or the fine scenery of Wales and Scotland. I can say with truth that my travels in these regions were as much productive of fresh interest and pleasure as any I have ever made abroad.

But we must get back to London. It fortunately happens that the season falls in the spring and early summer, when people can get out of town. The water party and woodland party are the best of all, and Richmond and Ascot are great inventions. It has been calculated that if a line were drawn round London, and for forty years none were permitted to pass beyond it, the metropolis would in that time be depopulated. Let those, however, whose hard fate confines them in town in the later summer and the autumn, accept the consolation that London is really never more pleasant than in these months. What shall we say of the recreation of the regular denizen of London whose lot is almost entirely cast there? First of all let him have some pursuit in doors or out of doors that will give him physical exertion, and also let him constantly seize any occasion that offers for sleeping in country air, and refreshing his mind with country sights and sounds. His town life may be full of recreation if he so chooses. Even his flirtations and his dinners might be sources of recreation; but it is the misfortune of English people that they grow miserable in their loves and dyspeptic over their feeding. The great resources of the Londoner, which give him so enormous an advantage over his country cousins,

is the supply of evening places of amusement. Most entertainments are good in their way, and music is both entertainment and education, but the most thorough change is to be found in the drama, and in the opera. To my own mind the Italian Opera is the very flower and summit of all intellectual and pleasurable recreation, although I am aware that excellent judges—such, for instance, as the late Baron Bunsen—gave a distinct preference to the drama. It is a matter of regret that so large a proportion of the London middle-class debar themselves from those excellent amusements so truly bracing, alterative, and tonic in their effects. Many of them regard them as unallowable dissipations. They should see the good German matrons at the small German towns quietly working all through the opera, which closes somewhere about nine o'clock. There is nothing in the least degree dissipated in the abstract idea of an opera or drama. If the elevated morality of our middle-class object to some particular houses (not sometimes without too much reason, and managers are blind to their own interest in permitting the existence of such reasons), some other house may be found to which their objections do not apply, or such houses will arise in obedience to any real and strong demand for them. A mind duly regulated and instructed will not have any great danger of carrying this or any other amusement to excess. It is remarkable how such a mind, having received its due amount of recreation, will reject any plethora of it, and feel a positive delight in returning even to hackneyed duties. I rank dinners and evening parties very high among amusements. It is easy to be satirical about both; some writers can be peculiarly witty at the expense of their hosts, but far from me to be in such an ungrateful mood. Indeed social festivity is a most important department of human life. It indicates the gains and results of work, the balance at the banker's, the efflorescence of every-day existence, the bloom on the peach, the down on the wing. It is a great object with many people

to give a certain amount of entertainment to introduce their children into the world, and to uphold their own place in society. And generally this reasoning is valid enough, and the expense wisely incurred. There is nothing better for a young man, to keep him from low amours and disreputable haunts, than to give him plenty of society; nothing better for our maidens also, than that they should enjoy their youth, and see and know something of the world before they settle down in it. It is astonishing with what vigour and alacrity they will move in their appointed grooves of duty when their minds have been refreshed and their lives brightened by cheerful amusements and congenial companionship. Surely, too, these evening parties, which we sometimes laugh at as a mere waste of time, are among the most important transactions of the day; for you are forming character, giving shape and colour to it, storing the mind with subtle influences, making acquaintances which may largely tinge subsequent life. All this is quite as important as the reading of books and the transacting of business. The transacting of business, indeed, is simply a bore, which, nevertheless, has to be done as well as you can, if simply with a view of assuring the pleasanter evening hours of recreation.

But I have left the most important element of recreation to the last. The true opposite to labour, and the truest form of recreation, is not exertion of any kind, but is rest. It avails little to hurry from active exertion in work to active exertion in pleasure, unless there is also an abundant measure of repose.

'We never fold our wings,
Nor cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm,
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm."'

Even the rudest form of calm, the permitted indulgence of sheer laziness, is much. To throw off all ideas of work, listlessly to fold the hands that have been so long busied, passively to abandon the mind to outward impressions that has been so long concentrated on some special pursuit—there is real rest in



this, the rest that recreates and makes fit for the morrow. Ah! rush not away, in this direction and in that, wherever the ingenious fancy or the sated desires may direct in a feverish thirst for recreation that may long elude your grasp, but find it here—here, under the open eye of heaven, on the smooth sward or the fresh green grasses, in the living breeze, in the living light, of day; above all, in the grateful and satisfied mind—in the quieted conscience—in the sense of duty done and leisure earned—in a fearless affiance, in a loving guidance beyond this world, throughout all ages to come—

in the sweet blended influences of resignation and of hope. What men mostly need is tone, shadow, and repose after the heat, the conflicts, the difficulties of life. Do not ever be seeking for outward change and pleasures, but seek them in the mainsprings of being, in the fountains of immortal aspirations, in the heart. Without this great recreative influence men will vainly race across the sea for recreation; and with it all human joys shall have an added blessedness and grace, and even those who continue weary and heavy-laden shall yet find rest unto their souls.

F. A.

THE HOLIDAY OF THE HARDWORKED.

THAT 'copy' promised for L. S.

Is rather overdue, I guess—

And I've not penned a line!

Well! editors must know of course

One can't keep working like a horse

When one's at Shanklin Chine.

On yellow sands a sapphire sea

Breaks, faintly whispering to me,

'Your pen and ink resign!'

The breeze sighs, 'Don't your mind distress!'

The very bees preach idleness

Down here at Shanklin Chine.

Don't tell me that the ocean breeze

With saltiness strings the energies—

I am not braced by brine;

For with a sense of full relief

I soak in it, like passive beef,

Down here at Shanklin Chine.

Slide, sleepy clouds, slide slowly by,

Scarce noted by my lazy eye!

And, slumb'rous sun, decline!

Sink softly in the sapphire sea;

They won't get any work from me

While I'm at Shanklin Chine,

Oh! golden guineas may be nice,

And work is pleasant—at a price:

But sweeter, I opine,

To lie and smoke a careless pipe

Mid nodding grasses over-ripe

By shady Shanklin Chine.

The influences of the place

All thoughts of labour quite efface—

The air is poppied wine.

The Zephyrs' fingers close my eyes—

I drowse! The trees sing lullabies

At dreamy Shanklin Chine!

Oh! many a holiday I've spent,
 When pleasant days too quickly went—
 But ne'er such joy was mine
 As now, when placidly I view
 The fact that I have work to do—
 And shirk—at Shanklin Chine.

Yet, though my copy's overdue—
 No editorial threats pursue—
 But why, I can't divine!
 I thought to have a missive stern—
 'Please send those verses per return
 Of post from Shanklin Chine.'

And lo! the fancies I rehearse
 Have run insensibly in verse—
 Some stanzas eight or nine:
 And so—his memory to jog—
 I'll post them off to Mr. Hogg,
 And date them

SHANKLIN CHINE.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.



WHERE to go this summer? That has become the question ever since the limes were out, the laburnum was bright with gold, and there began to come upon us all that 'thirst to be away,' that 'feeling which is like a sense of wings,' as Willis has so neatly put it. But I maintain that the 'Where to go?' is not half so important a point as the 'Who to go with?' Pleasure is, after all, little dependent on place. The prose of Herne Bay has, depend on it, yielded as much as the poetry of Venice. Change of scene, with plenty of sunshine and fresh air, are the essentials of a summer trip; and what matters where these may be secured? There is a romantic sense of adventure in seeking change in the Pyrenees, or sunshine on the Bosphorus; and there is certainly air of the freshest to be inhaled on the higher Alps: but the tourist is dependent on other things for real enjoyment.

Above all he is dependent on his *compagnons de voyage*. There are people whom one feels instinctively it would be impossible to travel with. You might as well go about with the pest, and spend your holiday in doing quarantine at successive stations provided for that purpose. Imagine a yachting month with the club bore—there always is a man who enjoys that distinction *par excellence*—or carrying off in triumph, to some

quiet Welsh bay, one of those Gorgons who haunt five o'clock teas; women about whom nothing is absolutely and undeniably real except their high-noses, high cheek-bones, and mouths formed on that model which is seen to highest perfection in the codfish! The bare idea is enough.

Once—it was in my salad days—I had the misfortune to venture on the continent with a funny man. It was late in the season, and I found him solitary at the club, grimacing over a chop which he assured me, in confidence, he believed the hall porter had cooked in the intervals of doing nothing in the hall—for even the cook had his holiday and was off. Compassionating his situation—he said they were going to whitewash the club ceilings to-morrow, and how would I like to be there then?—I proposed, and we then and there arranged a short tour on the other side of the Channel. Circumstances prevented our crossing together; but on the following Saturday I landed at Dieppe. As we steamed in, I saw a little group on the quay, close under the tawdry crucifix,—a crowd of fish-girls and *gamins*. They were in roars of laughter; and in the midst of them I recognized my funny-man. He was attired as for the Derby; had his white hat and green veil, and light silk overcoat; but in hideous congruity with all this, he wore carpet slippers! At the moment of my catching sight of him he was shading himself from the heat under a huge umbrella of red and white stripes, and with yellow fringe, which he had just succeeded in purchasing of a fish-stall woman for a sovereign—a bad one! On catching sight of me he suddenly furled the umbrella, and led a mighty cheer of his friends the Dieppeoise in my honour. In spite of this, our meeting was not cordial. I am afraid that I mentioned the word ‘boots’ with some acerbity. ‘Boots!’ cried my hilarious friend; ‘I never wear them out of England. To do the continent with ease and comfort, you *must* do it in slippers!’ My dismay

at the prospect of going from place to place with a companion in a green veil, carpet slippers, and an umbrella of three colours is not to be expressed in words.

My funny-man could not speak a word of French; but he held that to be an advantage. His philosophy was this: ‘I do as I like, you know; because they get tired of telling me I mustn’t when they find it makes no difference; and so I see places that nobody else does. If you see anything about *defendu* written up you go away, because you know what it means; but I march in as bold as brass, because I don’t speak the language. Perhaps there is nobody about, and it’s all right; perhaps there marches out a beadle in a cocked hat and no end of moustache, with a drawn sword in his hand, and he orders me off in an unmistakeable manner by prodding at me with the sword-point. Well, I go; I don’t mind: I’ve been in, and am happy to oblige him by taking my leave, because I’ve seen what I wanted to see by that time.’ I might have admired the wisdom of this all the more had I not found that the philosopher was given to insulting and irritating those in authority by dancing round them in an idiotic fashion, and then leaving me to appease them as best I might. Before quitting Dieppe we visited several of the churches; and what occurred in one of them enlightened me as to the pleasant time I was likely to have with such a companion. It was noon, and the church was almost dark in comparison with the blazing heat without. Service was over, but, as usual, there were worshippers scattered here and there, kneeling in solitary devotion or communion with their own hearts. Apart from the rest knelt an aged woman. At sight of her, up steals my comic friend on tiptoe, puts an arm round her neck, and, to her inexpressible dismay, imprints a sounding smack on her chaste lips! She was on her feet in an instant, glaring at him with fierce eyes; but he, bowing profusely, and kissing his finger-tips with excess of politeness, quickly

backed out of the church and was gone. This was trying enough; but our church experiences reached their climax at Rouen. We had toiled up the hill to the gorgeous fane dedicated to Notre Dame de Bon Secours. To enter this is like opening an illuminated missal; from roof to floor it is painted in the brightest hues and blazes with gold. At that time workmen had it in their hands, and we did not find any one in attendance. My nuisance's first impulse was to carry off a votive tablet hanging in one of the chapels, inscribed, 'At Sebastopol, in the thickest of the fight, I called upon Mary and she heard me!' He urged that it would form a charming addition to his collection of knockers and bell-handles; but on my entering a strong protest he relinquished the idea. A few minutes after, as I stopped to examine a tomb, my ears were assailed by a sudden outcry. Then a fierce commotion prevailed. The workmen had apparently trebled in number, and in the midst of them, making for the door like a maniac, was my Incorrigible, pelted with books, bricks, paint-brushes, and twenty other missiles. I afterwards learned that he had boldly marched up to the high altar, and audaciously profaned its sacredness with the dust of those execrable slippers!

How we escaped from Rouen I don't know. Certainly we parted company there; and I registered a vow never to travel again in the company of a funny-man.

As a rule never to be departed from, I would say—never travel with nervous people. They will be in a perpetual fidget from beginning to end, and will worry your life out. Oh, I know them! They start with luggage on the brain: 'You're sure our luggage is all right?' is the incessant cry. 'The two portmanteaus, and the little valise, and the hat-box—by-the-way, did I lock it?—and the tin case, and the sketch-books,—I hope they are all right; the porter took them down from the hotel, for I stood at the window and counted them. Well, I suppose it will be all right; but,

—oh, did you bring the two umbrellas? That's right: and the wraps? I was so afraid.' And so on, and so on. This is the sort of person who gets you called at four in the morning in time to catch the boat at eight; who magnifies the molehills of travel into mountains; who is always sure you will never get anywhere in time for anything, and foresees all the mishaps of no accommodation at inns, and nothing to eat or drink; who is haunted by phantom terrors in the way of passports lost, money running short in strange places; luggage—that confounded luggage!—carried off; damp beds; thieves in the night; rumours of cholera in the next town; dishonesty of couriers; suspicious behaviour of fellow-travellers, &c., &c. Such a man gives one the horrors. He has no idea of travelling for pleasure. With him, going from home is merely an extra toil, a gratuitous torturing of his nervous system; and the worst of it is, that your nervous system is persecuted also. You lose all that pluck or audacity might gain you; lose repose, satisfaction, pleasure, everything—except your precious companion! Him you would give the world to mislay and forget, but that never happens.

As the great charm of a tour is the sense of freedom, and the opportunity of doing just as you like, without even the restraints of society upon you, nothing is more irksome than your conscientious traveller as a companion. This is the individual under a moral obligation to do 'the proper thing'; to follow in the beaten track; to see all that others have seen, apparently with the sole purpose of verifying their assertions, and stating ever after that such assertions have been so verified. Such people do not see or discover; they simply audit the sights and discoveries of others. Murray has to them a liturgical sacredness: he is a form to be gone through on certain occasions. So with Bradshaw, Black, or whoever may be the accredited nuisance of that route. Do I speak of our

guides, protectors, friends irreverently? Well, admitting all our obligations to them, they still are nuisances. They have so pertinaciously forestalled one of the greatest pleasures of getting about. People used to indulge in 'Voyages, travels, and discoveries,'—that was the title of more than one delightful old book—but that sort of thing is past. You may voyage and you may travel; but you cannot discover. Everything has been discovered for you; unless, indeed, you strike away and break entirely fresh ground. Central Africa is open, and the Himalayas will probably serve for a season or two, not more. There are, it should be added, a few bye paths of continental travel which have not yet been worn as dry and sterile as the Queen's highway, and it is just possible to shirk the absolute tyranny of the guide-book if you are so minded; but woe to you should you have linked yourself to a companion of the conscientious order.

Ladies are the more willing and uncomplaining victims of travelling conscientiousness. I met a charming specimen victim in Wales last year. She was a very high and mighty, yet withal gracious personage, wonderfully aristocratic, with a tossing head, a defiant Roman nose, and an inflexible backbone. She was the ideal of 'a person of quality.' She seemed to have been dragging all her life at the wheels of Fashion, tugged and hurried along in perpetual triumph, until she had become not only resigned to her fate, but considered herself essential to the pageant, and was decidedly proud of being so. In virtue of this position, and of many lengths of jet and silver fetters with which she was hung, we christened her Boadicea on the spot, and never knew her by any other name.

The strong mental point about Boadicea was her faith in the Welsh Tourist Liturgy, as set forth by Black, and the necessity of doing 'the proper thing' under all conceivable circumstances. Whatever Fashion ordained she complied with, no matter at what cost. Whenever

Fashion lifted its hands, or raised its eyebrows in condemnation or surprise, Boadicea lifted her hands, or raised her eyebrows with a commendable shudder. My impression was, that she didn't care twopence for Wales; but she had undertaken the task of seeing it, and was evidently prepared to die in the discharge of that self-imposed duty. Only one petulant expression escaped her lips. It was in relation to those interminable ruined fortresses,—'Why do they give us so many castles?' She spoke of them as if they had been *entrées* at a dinner, and were reprehensible on the *toujours perdrix* principle. But had there been a thousand more I am persuaded that Boadicea would have visited them, every one of them. It is in this spirit that your conscientious companion, your slave of the Murray, drags you about on the continent to all the churches, all the galleries, all the museums, all the innumerable nothings in which you have no interest—plunging your mind into a kaleidoscopic state in which everything is jumbled up together—while life, character, all that 'makes' the places visited, and gives them tone and individuality, and worthiness to hold a place in the memory, is wholly ignored.

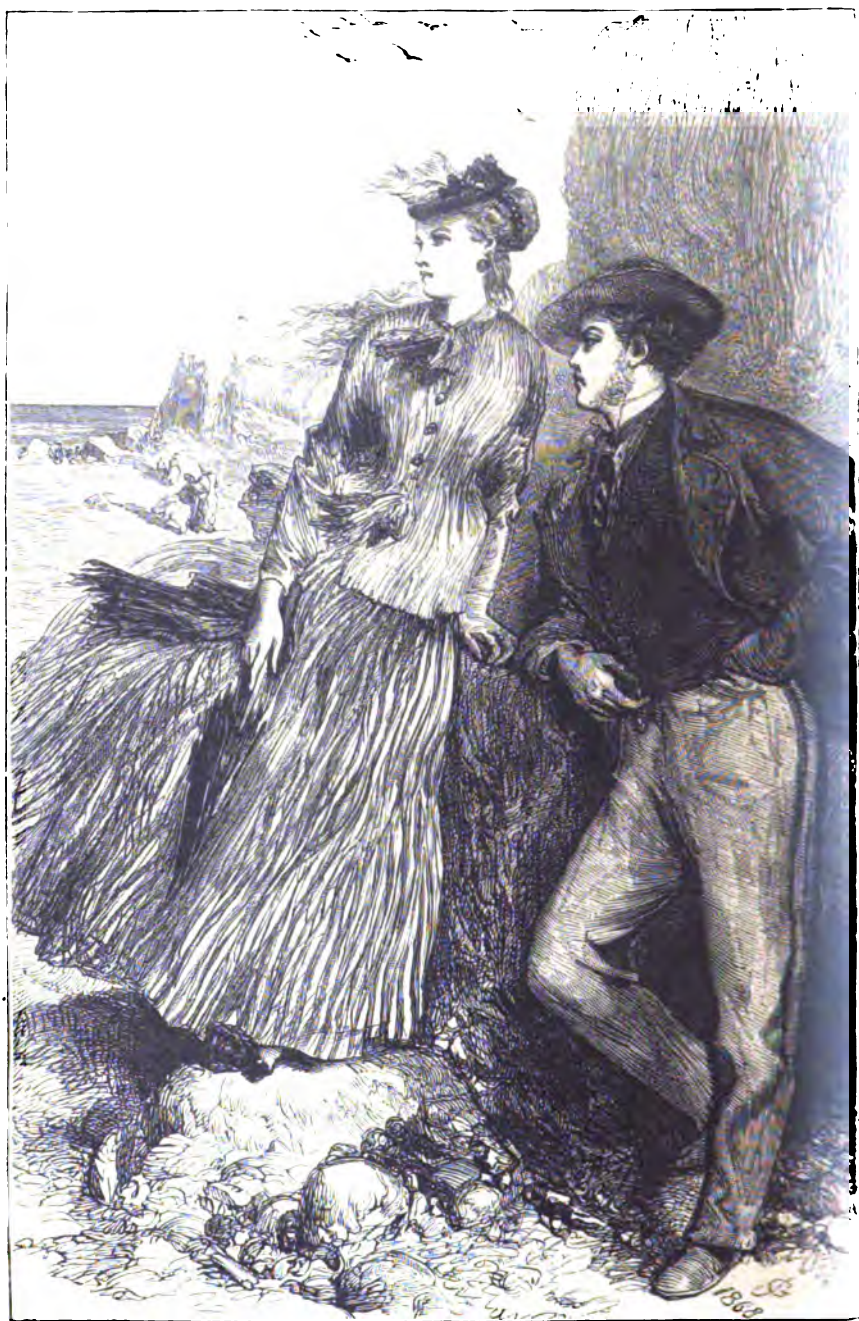
I have a group of companions in my mind's eye presenting some little difficulty. What is to be said of the 'well-informed man?' He is an estimable person; but as a rule he is a bore. He takes at starting a false position—that of superior, for I assume that two 'well-informed men' never travel together. They would be mutually intolerable. Thus at the very outset he is an offence to his friend's *amour propre*. Then, while information is a capital thing, nobody likes to be 'informed,' in the sense in which I use that word, namely, as implying instruction *plus* priggish mental inflation, smacking of the pedagogue and utterly insufferable. Going out with the master is not a schoolboy's notion of a holiday; and dreadful encyclopædic people who know everything, who respire history and archaeology, who reduce your food

to its elements—subjecting to chemical analysis the *menu* of the Louvre or the Trois Frères—who lose the poetry of scenery in its botany, and whose talk is of strata—bah, how they fatigue one! I would rather travel with a Newfoundland dog. Next in my group I find what Scumble calls ‘a pair of contrasts.’ Which is worst, the enthusiast or the person of no enthusiasm—the gusher or the Sir Charles who admits that ‘the dome of St. Peter’s is nicely scooped out, but there’s nothing in it!’ The gusher is oppressive enough. That head eternally on one side, those ever upraised hands, and interminable exclamations, ‘Delicious!’ ‘Entrancing!’ or the mincing ‘Dear, dear!’ or ‘Oh my!’—how one comes to execrate them! Yet, on the other hand, save me from the *blasé* or the stupid companion, never animated, never excited, never yielding to any generous outburst of enthusiasm, or rising above the level of a vapid witicism.

Selfish people are, of course, to be avoided on this as on every conceivable occasion. Ladies with a genteel taste for smuggling will be found trying. A deaf friend is better left at home. People with strong religious or political views ought never to be suffered out of their own country. Artists should travel alone, or accompanied by artists, as that propensity of theirs for catching ‘effects,’ and sketching in ‘bits,’ and the rest of it, becomes inconceivably irritating. A couple of artists will sit in a bleak wind, or soaked to the skin, washing in a view, and enjoying it; but whoever has acted the part of an artist’s friend can testify to the trials of patience and the long-suffering this sketching business entails on him. Besides, your artist is always disposed to loiter. When you would be pushing on, some irresistible ‘bit’ arrests his fancy, and there you are, in for half a day of it. But above and beyond all, never travel with a fat man. Lay this counsel seriously to thy bosom, and act upon it. Consort thyself with the Old Man of the Sea, but not with

Falstaff. He will be to thee a perpetual burden and weariness of the flesh. Consider! There are two of you, but you are not pairs. The elephant and the antelope cannot be matched. You balance in no vehicle made by man, and on foot your progress is irksome as if you had taken the walrus into companionship. The fat man is destruction to springs, and fatal to furniture. Horses are never forthcoming for him. He cannot share a bed. Tempt him to ascend column or tower, and he becomes wedged therein, and has to be drawn up or down even as a sucker in a pump. On the water he is even more terrible than on the land. Conceive of him in a skiff! Nothing but the omnibus gondola at Venice is adapted for his conveyance. If the fat men must see the world, let them see it in pairs, even as the elephants came out of the ark side by side.

From this brief survey it will be seen that *compagnons de voyage* are not easily chosen. There are so many to be avoided. Yet the negative side of the question is that most easily set forth. Whom to avoid is a simple matter, as compared with the problem, whom to choose? The desirable friend, and the qualities he or she ought to possess cannot readily be indicated. Even the rule I am going to give takes a negative shape. I would say, Never travel with a man whom you do not feel to be essentially a gentleman; and the same with regard to ladies. After a day or two all the French polish wears off, and the cad reveals his caddishness, and the vulgar or insipid woman her vulgarity and insipidity, at the very time when these things are most painful and cannot be escaped from. When you have once set out your doom is sealed. Extreme circumstances alone justify the desertion of the friend whom you have bound yourself to accompany. So if you cannot choose as your companion one in whom you have entire confidence, refrain from making any choice. Take the advice of a Mentor, and—go alone. Trust to the fortunes of the way.



Drawn by John Gilbert.]

BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.

[See the Poem.

Accept the casual intimacies of travel. Rely on the courtesy of strangers. Attach yourself with blind confidence to the agreeable unknown. Their society will at least have the charm of novelty, and you can always take Dogberry's advice, and 'steal out' of it when it be-

comes irksome, offensive, or compromising. Friendly intercourse is a delightful thing; but if the rosy bonds uniting friends are to have the weight of fetters, then, for my part, I would rather contrive to do without them.

W. S.

BY THE MURMURING OF THE SEA.

WHEN I think of the days of my youth that are gone,
I could break my heart; from my life's froze sea
Has faded the flower of the hours, and done
Is the song I heard by the sea.

I shall spend such a time, ah, never more!
I think I was in it from earth set free,
And fetter'd again, when I saw the shore
No longer, nor heard the sea.

Or is it the cheat of memory brings
Despair, as sweet as a reverie,
For the days that are dead, that were bright as the wings
In the sunlight, over the sea?

I forgot the world in that morning dream,
And a dull, long vengeance life wreaks on me;
And thrice as sweet is what sweet did seem
By the murmuring of the sea.

When fragrant round me are memory's flowers,
I walk among men disdainfully.
Golden, indeed, are these traders' hours,
But not like mine by the sea.

The mood came on me to-day; my feet
Fared up the town, but my soul did flee
From the sordid murmuring of the street
To the murmuring of the sea.

And I was wild for the idle days—
I, whose set life is now more praiseworthy
Than it was, when, younger, I watch'd the bays
Grow bright, grow dark, of the sea.

For the idle days when I found a love,
And lost her again; and I wonder if she
Thinks that *her* oasis had cliffs above,
And wings, and was by the sea.

But I—oh, is it because thou art lost
That I pine, my love, so much for thee?—
That my soul has arms to embrace the ghost
Of the days that went by the sea?

Yet who would again live his best time o'er,
That was spent upon blowing hill, maybe,
Or in breathless dale, or, as mine, on the shore
By the murmuring of the sea?

ARENÆUS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIC-NICS.



THE last pic-nic at which I 'assisted' was in its way of a very pleasant and even a memorable character. It is worth while to say a word or two on the locality. It was one of the most secluded and picturesque districts of the southern coast. There is a broad land-locked estuary, and from this estuary the sea ramifies widely up the country, in a way that recalls the dark fiords of Norway; in this direction and in that there are tidal rivers, and in another direction the water resembles a system and suc-

cession of lakes—sheets of gold in the sunset; and in another direction, as in the Scottish lakes, the sea wanders far away amid woods and mountains, and its ebbing and advancing waters lap the final, tiny beach in some far inland nook. Now this pic-nic embraced partly a riding expedition and partly a yachting excursion, and also our paths lay through woods and over abundant, soft greensward. I felt obliged to the handsome boys and girls who made me join the party, for I am not young, and I am not

eligible, and I possess the wholesome humility which such radical defects should impart. I have to re-echo the lyrical regret of old Barham, of Ingoldsby fame,

*'Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Anni labentur, lost to me, lost to me!'*

I trust I did not abuse the good-nature shown towards me. There was one very sumptuous little girl, pretty and dewy as a star, soft and gracious as a summer sunset, who purled out most musical prattle, who, I believe, would at any time favour me with a stroll or with a song. I carefully talked with her, while that handsome Lothario army man, not worth more than the well-turned boots he stood in (on the favourable hypothesis that they were paid for) was hovering around her like a hawk o'er a dove; but I surrendered her cheerfully to her well-mannered, well-soured squire, the country gentleman who will be the county member. And, remembering pretty Bella, let me admonish all young ladies to try and be gracious and sweet-tempered, the proper disposition that suits the summer pic-nic—a disposition which even without beauty is so often successful, and with beauty is absolutely irresistible. I noticed, at the outset, with the eye of generalship, that the party was very ill-chaperoned. Poor Lady Green was utterly weak and commonplace, and so far from being able to exert management and influence—the dowagers will tell you that both are often really necessary at a pic-nic—would, at any difficulty, sink into a state of the feeblest nonentity. Mrs. Totteridge, on the other hand, would manage admirably till sunset, and if she could then bring her brood into covert all would be well; but she would not encounter any evening breeze that might threaten rheumatism or lumbago. We had a glorious day and a magnificent feed, and then the little loves, who were obviously ignorant of the fact that they possessed digestive organs, commenced their playful terpsichorean preludes. Dancing is not in my line, and I stroll away with that worthy man and well-known

historic character Dr. Dryasdust, to look at some curious Roman remains that had lately been disinterred a few miles off. The music of voices lessened and grew still as we boated up the river, and soon we only heard the ripple of the stream and the gentle swaying of boughs. We worked away at the ruins, when I think I satisfactorily demonstrated the site of the old *atrium*; and, let it be recorded to the immortal honour of Dryasdust, that he had surreptitiously conveyed some bottles of claret into the boat, which, cooled in the stream, formed a truly refreshing beverage.

The shadows were gathering as we rejoined the party. Some ingenious wretch had discovered an adjacent barn, which had been extemporized into a ball-room. Tea was being handed about, and an intimation was conveyed to me that there would be supper in a few hours' time. But we found Mrs. Totteridge compassed about with wraps and complaining of premonitory symptoms of lumbago. She immediately ordered her carriage, into which Dr. Dryasdust incontinently sneaked. Let me confess that I followed his example, for, alas! I am no longer young, and I begin dimly to perceive the advantage of regular hours. My last glance at Lady Green revealed her simpering, insipid, and somnolent. I got home, staying at a house which had furnished a considerable contingent to the party. I retired to rest, and soon in my dreams Dr. Dryasdust was dancing a reel with Mrs. Totteridge over the Roman *atrium*, and standing on his head afterwards. I had omitted to close the shutters, and I was aroused, cheerful and refreshed, by the powerful rays of the morning sun. I quickly dressed, and was coming down stairs, when I heard a tumult of multitudinous voices in the garden. It was seven o'clock in the bright morning, and the pic-nic party was only just returning home. Some excuse was alleged on the ground that it was low water, and they could only get the yacht off with the tide. All the responsibility was of course attached

to that helpless Lady Green, who was utterly crushed by sea-sickness, and unable to give any lucid account either of herself or of things in general. But since then I have heard astonishing accounts of the love-makings which went on in the charmed summer night, and various 'adventures which the liberal stars have winked at;' three several marriages are properly attributable to this particular pic-nic. Among the rest my gracious little maiden became engaged to the right man, and threw over that Lothario whom any chaperone except that feeble-minded Lady Green would condemn as bad style.

That pic-nic was very well in its way. Indeed, I have given it the place of honour. That little love affair of sweet-natured Bella makes it a kind of landmark for me. But, oh, my young friends, what pic-nics are those which came to pass when I was young! The girls are as pretty as ever, but not so stately now as they were then, and as for the men, the old cavalier traits and touches are each day becoming fainter and rarer. When the summer revellers had gone to their repose I took my dip in the sea, and then strolled along the beach. I came shortly to a cave which I knew and loved well. In its recess I was sheltered from the scorching sun, and the sea-breeze blew towards me with a gentle violence. The water, even at the highest tide, would hardly come up to the first foot of ground within the cavern, but to those who did not know the place it would seem intercepted by the sea. There I sat down in secure loneliness and mused. First of all, doubtless, about the cavern and its belongings—the stalagmite and the stalactites, the osseous remains, the Celtic drift, the flint instruments, &c., and speculated whether Adam ever really had a grandfather, who must have lived in such a cavern, and what sort of a grandfather he might be likely to be. And then my mind, by a natural association, wandered away to old pic-nics, forgotten long, but which now recurred with only too faithful recollection.

Again old gardens bloomed; again the lilies and roses revived on now faded cheeks; again the corridors of old castles rang with merriment and music; again we trod softly on the lone shrine of a disappointed abbey, or wandered in leafy woods, or sat down, as in this cavern, by the lone, remote sea.

In the scheme and construction of a pic-nic the choice of a locality is of great importance. For there are those whom, like Hamlet, man delights not, nor woman either; those who, like Barzillai, care not for the voice of singing men or singing women; who have yet an educated and attuned sense of scenic loveliness, and can appreciate, with a mind stored with associations, every fragment of historical ruins. Looking back upon my pic-nics, some are conspicuous for personages and incidents; and some, with a less chequered interest, for their locality. It is a lone, sequestered glen, gradually narrowing to a rocky defile, and a waterfall makes its bold leap and shout at the further extremity, and not far off is the sleeping blue of a mountain-shadowed lake; and it is not alone the voice of waters that we hear, but the songs of great poets, who have loved and frequented this scene, men of pure hearts and almost inspired intellects, seem to arise in mystic unison of melody. It is an ancient castle; the keep crowns the crag; the circumvallation of wall is still perfect; still perfect are the gateway and portcullis; the long, broad fosse is around it, where the peaceful cattle are now knee-deep in the summer grass. We mark the places where the bees were roasted whole in the great kitchen; the narrow apertures where the watchers watched for any coming lances glimmering through the cloud of dust; the battlements, manned by the garrison to repulse the escalade; the long corridors, the subterranean chambers, the hidden dungeon, the secret spring of water, which will enable the keep to hold out even if the inner court be taken. Here, we say, was the retiring-room of the ladies, whence they gazed upon the broad

prospect from the mountains to the sea; here the pleasure, where, in the summer afternoons of long ago, they tried feats of archery, or listened to the song or tale of the minstrel, or watched deeds of prowess among the knights. And now we tell how the castle held out for so many days or weeks against the rude cannon of our ancestors, and was only subdued when some traitor revealed the secret of the spring. Here, too, was the unfortunate earl or prince confined; long years he was confined, and at last he severed the bars of his dungeon and emerged into the sunlight, but only to be cut down by the remorseless guards. Those of our pic-nic party who are familiar with all the pages of Sir Walter—and commend me to those lads and maidens who, in these days of sensational literature, know and love their Scott!—will recall all manner of real and imaginary scenes for which the castle might form a stage. The scene is now an ancient abbey, and we have all lingered late that we may see the moonlight play upon the buttresses and pillars, according to Sir Walter's fine notion. Many an ancient abbey has looked down upon our revels—rather frowningly, perhaps, but not frowning too severely, and with something of sadness in its impassive gaze. We try to summon up the vanished picture of the past; the Lord Abbot, the Sub-Prior, the Sacristan, and all the sacred train; the resounding music of the chapel choir, gladly heard afar by wandering pilgrim or belated traveller; the good cheer in the refectory; the holy penances in the cells; the crowd of poor or ailing people at the monastery-gate, relieved by hospitable hands, and cheered by godly counsel. And now the king's messengers approach the monastery, and the tramp of armed men is heard in the cloisters, and for the last time, amid tears and sobs, the holy brotherhood hear vespers in their stately choir, before they are driven away into a forgotten and heartless world, and rude hands are laid upon the holy vessels, and dismantle the soaring roof, and the unwilling rustics, who have lost their friends and

gained a Poor Law, bear away the sacred stones for any sordid purpose, and the hallowed site, with its fertile gardens and sunny meadows, low woods and whispering streams, are conferred on some fawning atheist courtier, or gambled away by a tyrant king at a throw of the dice. He is a happy man who can explain to pensive Jane, or imaginative Constance, something of the history and architecture; can trace out each compartment of the old religious house, and can be learned about pillars and arches, triforia and sedilia. Then again, it is the stately modern palace. A river runs through the lawn-like park, over which are arched the ornamental bridges, and the wide parterre is gorgeous with blooms, and the air heavy-laden with scents, and the vast conservatory is close by, down whose central aisle the Duchess regularly drives her four pet ponies; and there are flower-filled urns, and fountains and cascades, and ornamental waters, with their mimic buildings and miniature fleet; and within the palace is the corridor filled with lines of statues; the gallery, crowded with tiers of pictures; all that affluence and pride of modern life which English wealth and taste can bring together. Then again, once more, a gay water-party, we stand upon the margin of the summer sea, that is now all smiles and dimples, about to launch forth to yonder fairy island, where the basaltic mural precipices make an impregnable fortress, save one inlet strewn with varied shells, on whose sands our keel may grate, where they point a hermit's ruined chapel, where the vast swarms of sea-fowl cover the rocks, where the lighthouse sheds illumination over the dangerous lee-shore; where again the dance and song and crowned goblets, until the westering sun bids us take to the boat, crowned with flags and flowers,

'Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
Unheeding of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose awaits its evening
prey.'

These are recollections of some old pic-nics, where the localities

possessed a beauty and interest of their own, independent of human companionship, and, indeed, possess an undying interest when associated with incidents and characters worthy of such associations. Ah! those old days of courting, in the glad pic-nic times, to which many an honest couple will look back as the very flush and flower of existence in the spring of life and hope! I think there is a free-masonry and honourable understanding at all pic-nics that the pairing lovers are not to be molested and intruded upon by third parties, but rather to be helped and aided by any chance kindnesses we may do them. Sometimes there are such happy and contented eyes that it is not difficult to guess that a favourable *éclaircissement* has come off in some 'bowery hollows,' and the world hears afterwards that matters were made up at such and such a pic-nic. The experienced will detect how matters stand in the happy silence, in the long drive homewards in the gloaming; or even obtain ocular evidence by spying out a clasped and unresisting hand. I am strongly of opinion, however, that on such charmed evenings the dowagers ought to keep their eyes to themselves, and allow for a little natural *abandon*. But sometimes there is a reverse side to this: the lady has been coy, and the stars unpropitious. I cannot forget how young De Burgh swore, and madly called for his horse one afternoon, and galloped off, refused or jilted, and never saw his lady-love again; and Laura looked preternaturally grave the whole evening, and a gloom settled upon all our party. As I have said something of the interest of scenery, let me say something of the human interest, which ranks still higher; and especially let me recal one pic-nic, signalised in a remarkable way, and in which I was not myself altogether unconcerned.

That was the memorable pic-nic in which Kate Russell eloped with young Lawrence. But there are always two sides to the view we may take of an elopement. It seems at the time very jolly to the lovers; whether it really was so in the long

issue is a very different matter; but it was full of consternation to the badly-treated and terrified chaperones, who received upon their luckless heads the full vials of parental wrath. It caused also considerable consternation among some very pretty girls, who were promptly interdicted by their mammæ from attending any more pic-nics that season; and, generally speaking, the glorious institution of the pic-nic was widely discredited among that set for a long time afterwards, and received a great blow and discouragement. It was very much the fault of the elderly Russells. They allowed young Lawrence to be as intimate as possible at their house, though they knew that he was only an idle law-student, with very problematical chances of getting on at the bar. And when, in the dusk of the autumn afternoon, a little before dinner-time, old Russell, coming home from his office, and letting himself in quietly by his latch-key, had ascended into the drawing-room, he could hardly believe his stolid eyes that they saw young Lawrence's arm carelessly flung round his daughter's neck, with other symptoms of their being on the most confidential terms. Old Russell was in a Government office—pretty high up the tree also,—where, like any other donkey, he had worked mechanically and regularly at the mill, and certainly received abundant fodder in the way of pecuniary oats and hay. If there was one thing he most especially dreaded, it was a young man with uncertain prospects, and destitute of any permanent appointment. What was his dismay, therefore, when a remote cousinship had brought to pass an amatory complication at his own home. I certainly think that he failed to make the best of things. Nature intended young men to love and marry, because they are young men, and not because they happen to be clerks in Government offices. Though a long engagement may not, on *à priori* grounds, be desirable, yet, when the mischief is done, it is not a bad plan to try and make the best of it. Such an engagement will steady a fellow

and if the young woman requires steadying, it will steady her as well. As a rule, even the most hopeless engagements, when maintained with honourable persistence, generally end in a fairly happy marriage. Now old Russell, having naturally a sordid and unhopeful soul, interdicted the love-affair, and forbade Lawrence the house; but what can an old man, with his time and thoughts devoted to the public, do against a young man with his time and thoughts entirely devoted to his lady-love?

He continued to meet Kate very often in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. There are those blissful institutions the Zoological and the Botanical, which, cleverly managed, can prove to be very useful on occasions of emergency. With all the parental vigilance, it was not possible to prevent young Lawrence from turning up at some evening parties, and interchanging words, looks, and notes on staircase and balcony. At this conjuncture of affairs it so happened that Arthur Lawrence suddenly came into possession of a stray five hundred pounds. I feel bound to say that he went, in a most honourable way, to old Russell, and tried to make the most of this sudden flush of affluence. The old gentleman ironically congratulated him, and inquired whether twenty pounds a year, which he pompously described as the 'approximate revenue to be derived from the capitalized sum,' would be sufficient to keep him in cab-hire. He bowed him out with a kind of grin, unpleasant to contemplate. Then young Lawrence boiled over with rage, and he declared that he would marry the girl, and that his despised little fortune should help him to do it.

There was a pleasant pic-nic to come off in the pleasantest of Kentish woods. It was joy and luxury to leave the dusty London streets for those shaded, overarched lanes of sweet Kent. Colonel and Mrs. Brinckman gave the pic-nic, and invited Miss Russell. Mr. Russell casually asked the Brinckmans if Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of the Temple, was going, and was informed that

they were not even aware of the existence of such a young gentleman. Now I myself was to go to this pic-nic and bring my friend Wreford with me. But Wreford did not turn up, as he had had a day's shooting offered him, and, showing himself a being unfit to live, preferred the shooting to the pic-nic. I happened casually to mention this to Lawrence, for the sake of vituperating Wreford, and I noticed that he brightened up immensely when I mentioned the Brinckmans and the pic-nic. He declared that a pic-nic was the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment, and asked if I could get him an invitation. He vaunted his prowess in the composition of lobster salad, and said that he should give himself the pleasure of purveying a salad and a few dozen of champagne to carry out the idea. He was evidently very flush of cash about this time, and insisted on this notion, although I gave very little countenance to it. I was very intimate with Mrs. Brinckman, the dearest of creatures, and wrote her a note, to which I supposed that no answer would be necessary, stating that Wreford had flung me over, but that, relying on her kindness, I proposed to substitute in his place a certain Mr. Arthur Lawrence. Having despatched my missive, I deserted my chambers for ten days and went down to Brighton; but if I had not left them I should have found an answer from dear Mrs. Brinckman, by return of post, saying that any friend of mine in the world would be perfectly welcome, with the solitary and unfortunate exception of Mr. Arthur Lawrence. But this important letter, for such it really was, lay unopened in my London chambers for nearly a fortnight. I returned to town, staying for the night at an hotel in Jermyn Street, where next day Lawrence' picked me up, in a remarkably neat chaise and pair, which he insisted on providing, with his normal extravagance, as I considered. Gaily and pleasantly we rattled out of town, and soon emerged on the lovely Kentish landscape. My companion seemed in high spirits, and yet a little excited and nervous. Once or

twice it seemed to me that he had something on his mind which he felt half-disposed to confide to me, and once he rather abruptly asked 'whether he could rely upon me?' But I do not care for confidences, especially from a man whom I did not really know very well, and merely answered that I was afraid I was not a very reliable kind of individual. We found no difficulty in finding our way to the rendezvous. There were some carriages and a small bucolic group gazing thereupon. I noticed that Mrs. Brinckman changed colour and looked a little surprised when I introduced Arthur Lawrence to her. 'Did you not get my note, Mr. Smith?' she quietly asked, with the sweetest of smiles, which nevertheless had some little meaning in it. 'No, Mrs. Brinckman,' I answered. 'Brighton was so tempting, that no consideration, except your party, could draw me from it, and I have not found time to go to my chambers yet. I hope it was nothing important.' 'Oh, nothing very particular,' answered my hostess. 'There is a little matter I will speak to you about by-and-by. But it will do at any time.'

Our dinner in the woods was glorious. The lobster salad, elaborated by Mr. Lawrence, and produced from his chair, was perfection. The Brinckmans gave us champagne, but the champagne produced by Mr. Lawrence must have stood him, at least, in a hundred and twenty shillings a dozen. I do not know that the young ladies were much the wiser, for they chiefly consumed tarts and custards, and were satisfied with any wine that had sparkle and foam. Now we were to have tea by-and-by, and it was voted it would be most charming to light a fire in the open air, and boil water, and to do things in a genuine Robinson Crusoe fashion. Presently Mr. Lawrence suggested that the party had better disperse into the woods and gather sticks, to make a really good blaze. With great audacity he offered to indicate to Miss Russell a locality where probably fuel might be found in abundance. I noticed that Mrs.

Brinckman observed him rather narrowly, and that she accompanied the young pair in their first stroll through the park. She could not, however, do that sort of thing the whole of the afternoon. Indeed her vigilant eye was wanted in one or two other directions. I recollect, especially, one young couple, who made a reappearance some hours later on, and with great composure proffered two small sticks and a handful of dry leaves as their contribution 'towards making the kettle boil.'

But Lawrence gently drew Kate Russell away into the wood, and penetrated still deeper and deeper into its recesses. I have reason to believe that there were some little love passages between them, but Kate could hardly have been prepared for what was to come. For Arthur told her that he had some very pretty little things to show her, and she was to make her choice of one of them. Then a small jeweller's case was produced, velvety and filled up with much soft padding; whereupon Kate's taper fingers elicited a select assortment of wedding rings. You may be sure that Kate called Arthur a silly boy, and also, in a sweet moment of reverie, was induced to make trial of the rings, and, as is usually the case, one of them fitted as perfectly as if made on purpose. I wonder if Kate noticed that all the other rings were returned to the case, but that this one was carefully laid aside and deposited in her hero's pocket-book. By-and-by Arthur asked her if she had any knowledge of law documents, and Kate candidly pleaded ignorance. Lawrence asked her if she would look at one of those wretched parchments among which his life was doomed to be passed at the Inner Temple. Kate, willing to amuse and be amused, said she would like nothing better, and a mystic document was produced, to which a huge seal was appended by a narrow parchment slip, and Kate played with this seal, regarding it in the light of a novel work of art. Then Lawrence insisted that Kate should peruse the document, which she unexpectedly found to be a

warm personal greeting from a most reverend prelate to his well-beloved Arthur Lawrence and Katharine Russell. Then the colour mounted rapidly into Kate's face, and 'Oh! Arthur,' she cried, 'what is this—and what have you done?' Arthur, with a good deal of apparent contrition, owned that he had actually been to Doctors' Commons and procured a marriage licence on speculation. At this point I am given to believe that Kate certainly manifested some little resentment. 'Was she actually to believe,' she asked, 'that Mr. Lawrence had gone to a public office and, without her knowledge or consent, had actually filled in her name to a legal document?' But Arthur soothed her with caresses and bewildered her mind with his sophistries. Had she not promised him, and was she going to deny it now, that she would really be his wife; and was he so greatly to blame if he had acted in simple and entire dependence upon her word? If she would act so ungenerously he was willing to tear up the licence into a thousand pieces. Kate ordered him to tear it up, but rather languidly, and not in that peremptory manner which might perhaps have insured obedience. But she cried a good deal notwithstanding, and gradually this little difficulty was got over. By this time Lawrence had brought her the shortest path through the wood where it abutted on another line of highway distinct from the London road; it appeared afterwards that he had carefully studied the locality. There his carriage and pair was in waiting for him according to the directions which he had given. 'And now, Kate,' he said, 'jump into this carriage and come off to be married.' Kate nearly fainted away. She was fairly overpowered. She had hardly any capacity of resistance left in her. It would not do, she foolishly thought, to have any altercation before the servants who had charge of the carriage. That passage of arms about the licence had almost exhausted her. Lawrence had carried out the maxim *frappez fort et frappez vite*. Napoleon said that there was a momentous ten

minutes in every battle which actually settled the result; and that ten minutes went against poor Kate, during which she was tempted to forgive her lover's unparalleled audacity in procuring the licence. She was partly lifted into the carriage, and driven off to a small station where they caught the express to London. Having purchased a special licence, which cost a good deal of money, the marriage could be celebrated almost anywhere or anyhow. Lawrence had arranged every detail with the utmost cleverness and forethought. He afterwards declared that the pic-nic, or something like it, was a necessary part of the arrangement, and that the champagne lunch with its charming guests was in reality the wedding breakfast.

I think it may be granted that the whole plan of this elopement was unusually bold and successful. But still I am not prepared to say that Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence really had the best of things: I think she would have been happier if she had been given away by her father instead of by the beadle in consideration of half a crown of beer money. And I think the bride sadly missed the lace veil and the orange-blossoms and the bevy of bridesmaids. And this surreptitious breakfast, taken, in fact, under false colours, was not so good as the real thing, with the throng of rejoicing friends, the speeches and bumpers, the prayers, salutations, and ovation, and the old shoes thrown after the white-favoured horses. And that honeymoon at the seaside was, after all, a doubtful and perplexed season; at home anxiety instead of peace, and instead of congratulations and blessings from relations, angry reproaches and recriminations.

I need hardly say how terribly nervous we got at teatime, when Kate did not appear. It was speedily observed that that very amusing Lawrence did not turn up either, and then a very natural solution suggested itself to the female mind, which was fully confirmed a little later by the arrival of a polite missive to Mrs. Brinckman, and another to myself, both of which Lawrence

had thoughtfully composed the night before. Mrs. Brinckman had a great deal too much justice and kindness to be very angry with myself, who might be regarded as an innocent accomplice in the matter (although I found afterwards that some people of a suspicious turn of mind regarded me as a wilful accessory before the fact); but there was a total cessation of all friendly intercourse between themselves and the Russells. Of course I cut Lawrence; but, equally of course, the cut was of no long continuance after he besought me to come and see Mrs. Lawrence at their lodgings in Pimlico. I thought the young lady looked as lovely as that day when she wandered through the Kentish woods. My further intercourse sup-

plied me with further arguments against those doctrinaires who maintain the theory of elopements. That five hundred pounds, rather melted at the outset by an expensive marriage, underwent successive throes of dissolution. Not till it was well-nigh gone, and thoughts of a charcoal fire had passed through Lawrence's romantic brain, did the stony heart of the elderly Russell in any way relent. He then allowed the young pair a hundred a year. Lawrence is now a barrister, too poor to go circuit, doing a little Old Bailey and Sessions business, and making convulsive efforts to effect a standing in the Westminster Courts. You should see how wonderfully polite he is to the solicitors in criminal business—men to whom, at



one time, of the day, he would not have condescended to speak—and how assiduously he tries to get hold of some of the crown prosecutions. They have children of their own now, which better enables them to take in all the bearings of such a case; and though I do not think that Mr. Lawrence regrets his marriage, I also do not think that he will ever advise his young Arthur, or that, Mrs. Lawrence will ever advise her young Kate to perpetrate an elopement.

Thus I mused in my sea-girt cavern over the old bygone pic-nics, especially this one, which was more momentous in its personal bearings than any other which I could recollect. To you, my friends, the pleasure of the pic-nic lies chiefly

in the anticipation; but to others among us the charm is in the retrospect. I could quote Aristotle's interpretation of this feeling in his Rhetoric, and indeed his remarks would sound grand enough in Greek. I saunter homewards, with a vague sort of idea that I must put that story of Lawrence's on paper, and thinking that by this time the revellers of last night must have slept off their fatigue. I meet the charming Bella, with her tangled golden hair like a mermaid's, fresh from her bath in the sea, like an Aphrodité Anadyomené. And though she is to belong to that wealthy squire, she tells me, with laughing lips and eyes, of all the dissipation of the night before, whereat she professes to be greatly horrified. I leave her

to concoct an article, and to pay a call on Dr. Dryasdust.

Now I hope the fine ethical aim of this paper will not be overlooked. It has a moral for parents that they should be lenient, and for chaperones that they should be vigilant; a moral to young men not to be rash, and to young ladies not to be

weak; a moral to all, that when anticipations yield to recollections, they should be as pure and unalloyed and unselfish as may be. If the little loves approve of my moralising page

'Let it go with you,
And hear your music on the summer waters.'

THREE WEEKS AT THE SEASIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' ETC.

MEN are, in some respects, much alike. As with a pack of transformation cards, certain phases of mind, certain moods, certain conditions of thought and feeling, may be shifted backwards and forwards, and will fit very sufficiently well under almost any costume. On this theme I might moralize, but time and space forbid. So I will only remark that it little matters under which dress I slip the experiences, feelings, enjoyments which are to be the subject of this brief paper. Any character would suit it equally well. All men like, all men get to want, imperatively to require, a holiday—change of scene, thought, occupation. And it is but shifting the costume, and most that I say will suit as well the lawyer, the merchant, the doctor, the tradesman, the mechanic, as it does the country parson, in whose clothes it is my pleasure to dress my present every-day thoughts and experiences.

Three weeks—a clergyman's three weeks—at the seaside. How many of my brethren will be looking eagerly or placidly forward to such relaxations at the time when this meditation appears in print. All men must have a change, or pine for want of one; and when the time at which it is due comes round, lo! the uneasiness begins to steal over them, the desire to spread their wings. Just now, the warm nest and the circumscribed hedge contented them; but now they are unsettled, a restless uneasiness has dispelled their content; the period

for migration has come, and they are, for the time, weary of the locality in which the nest is built—to which they will yet, after but a few weeks of absence, be longing to wing their way home.

But my country parson is a curate, with much to spend and little to get. He, like to others, is much apt to grow tired, not of his work, but *with* his work, at least with the sameness of his work. He wants change of scene and occupation for a time; his brain wants airing—it has got close and stuffy: removal for a while from small worries, which have become big ones, would do him and his parish much good. But he has no intention of indulging in such a change. Oh no! His income does not justify (he sternly remarks) any such non-necessary expenditure. Two years ago they all went to the sea for six weeks, and forty pounds did not cover the extra outlay. They have only just recovered that drain. No! All the year through he has steadily and gravely declared that the exchequer won't stand it; that all hints and dreams of an outing for the young people this year must be laid aside. 'For the young people,' so he puts it; and, in truth, that which makes him feel such a Spartan in the declaration is chiefly the downcast look that comes over their bright eager faces.

But the prudent wife was silent. *She* knew, none better, the necessity of close economy. Still she well knows that for such economy it is necessary that the bread-winner

be kept going. And *she* knew how it would be, knowing the temperament of the man. He enjoyed and loved his work, still—

* Poor Peggy hawks roses from street to street,
Till—think of that, ye who find life so
sweet!—

She hates the smell of roses!"

She knew however well the mind's cleaned wheels ran, that in time they were apt to get clogged and sluggish, and to show piteous signs of wanting another cleaning. The pretty familiar roads and meadow paths and copees would in time be fraught with depression to the man, who—a little over-sensitive and over-anxious in tone of mind, and withal a little too much imbedded in the country—is apt to be hipped by twenty-four months' close and unbroken intencness of spirit upon the miniature government of his small community.

And now the spring is past, the summer is passing; the pupils are gone, or going; spite of his efforts against it, the poor person begins to flag, not that he gives up his work, but that it is always by an effort that he enters upon it: protracting the time and rising languidly at last for that six miles' walk of visit-making; putting off the sermon-writing till late on Saturday; writing it without enjoyment, and damped in the preaching it by the conviction that it must be poor stuff,—all this is neither good for himself nor his parish, and the prudent wife takes the side of the children now. They have had an extra pupil this year; there was that *rol. note* at Lady Kilmansegg's wedding the other day; besides, they can save here and retrench there; the children seem to want a change. Beatrice and Eva both look a little droopy; Harold certainly deserves a treat for that scholarship he has just won at school; besides, you, yourself, my dear, must positively have a change and a rest before the night-school and cottage-lecture work comes on. To this he is obdurate for some time, but she gives him line. The struggles become fainter and weaker; at last, the eldest daughter, as

it were, brings the landing-net, and the fish is laid gasping on the grass.

Once having decided on the seaside holiday, the enjoyment of it begins forthwith. Anticipation: ay, the appetite beforehand is often the best part of the meal; and there is anticipation enough in this case. There is the important question of where, and the scarce less momentous decision of when, to go. These settled, there are (for the young people at any rate) the days to count, and a heap of preparations to make. The father already begins to perk up under this watering-pot of anticipation. The children—that last seaside stay, a whole two years ago, has become a sort of fairy vision to them. Emma, the maid, is among the most elated and eager. Harold and Ambrose have long had their lines ready, and their dream is of grey mullet, sizeable dabs, and large eels. Beatrice has her sketching-block, and renews the gaps in her moist colour box. Eva has a delicious anticipation of rare seaweeds, superb shells, bright sea-anemones. Gerald remembers the shrimps for tea, and the hot rolls for breakfast. The mother is busy with all sorts of dress and other supervision. The father, sooth to say, is looking forward (although he hardly knows this) more to the pause from endless little calls and small frets, and work which never seems done. From all this he is looking forward to the sense of freedom, of absence of need to do anything except rest or amuse himself. He will read lighter books, perhaps a novel or two—pastry after his more solid fare. He will swim boats with the boys; will watch their fishing with much of their excitement; will vie with them in shots with round sea-stones at their erections of pebbles upon the break-water posts. With the girls he will paddle about the low rocks fringed with brown seaweed; he will be the referee in the question of the newness or value of pebbles, shells, of all sea-growth; he will lay the clear tints on the rough-papered block to the despairing admiration of Beatrice. He will lie on the beach at

his wife's feet, and read her Tennyson, as in old courting days:—

'Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touch-
ing of the lips.'

And so all are big with schemes; the young ones full of active, the elders full of passive plans for enjoyment. The day approaches. It is 'next week.' It is 'this week.' It is here. Oh, morning of excitement! and last twitches at corded boxes, and last bringing of just-thought-of articles to cram into already over-crammed bags. At last, the train is up: the luggage all safely in, and the journey, like no other journey, full of all delight, especially for the young, to whom journeys are of rare occurrence, begins. Who shall have the seats by the window? But they remember, they will all have to change again, and it doesn't much matter now. The great excitement will be for that long four or five hours' stretch, which ends in—

'The width of the waters, the rush
Of the grey expanse.'

O joy, if (as in my young days) the change were to the steamboat! For we used to make our excursions even to dear old cockney Margate! Do I not remember it all? Black-wall, Sheerness, the Nore; the father in his element (he ever loved the sea, and loved Margate—the scene of his old courting days; and concerning whose hoys has he not written in the venerable 'Mirror'?), we anxious (call us not greedy; but oh, the appetite that voyage in the ever-tremulous bark awoke!), anxious until the point was settled, that we were to dine on board. Then the cold chicken (poultry is ever the ambrosia of the young), the lobster salad, the Edinburgh ale! Then up on deck again, having seen only the grey sea through those porthole windows; and the excitement of noting where we were; what progress we had made. Then the for-some-time-successful attempt to mount higher and yet higher on the paddle-boxes: the taking in of every individuality of our fellow-

passengers (in whom we ever after, upon pier or jetty, felt a sort of proprietorship), the advance to the very prow, and the strong pushing forward, with that unstaying persistence, upon the waters that parted hither and thither in a green curve. At last, Herne Bay, and when the churned foam had eddied away, the eager watching for the pellucid jelly-fish in the semitransparent water. The long black pier left behind, the windmills and the new church cresting the cliffs, the jetty cleared of its ant-swarms. Margate! Then, aggravating us, having but just arrived, the busmen, with their 'Now for Rimsagit! now for Rimsagit!' the boys, with their plaintive cadence, 'Who'll chuck eysapenny into the wa-ee-ter?' the trucks of vast Whitatables (I remember, in the days of extreme youth, going halves in a halfpenny one with my younger brother; I say, I *do* remember it), the familiar bathing-houses, Beales, and Philpots, and Foata.

But I must go back to my party. It may be Margate, or it may be Scarborough, or it may be any other watering-place; wheresoever it be, they arrive at it at last. Then comes the hunt for lodgings. Here we have just the thing! The landlady—her stays creaking loudly as she went—has ascended the stairs and marshalled the way. Yes, this drawing-room is just what is wanted. Already that bundle of spades is laid upon the sofa, and the parental eye begins to plan the arrangements of the room. Well, that bedroom will do; yes, and this; and that double-bedded room; and this attic, with the best view of all, for the servant. And you are down again in the parlour, trying, with already a half ownership, the armchair. How much?—100*l.* a week, and 5*l.* for the kitchen-fire; or something equally impossible and ridiculous. That won't do, it is quite certain. Partly indignant, and partly abashed, you seize the bundle of wrappers, &c.; the parcel of spades is also resumed, and you sally forth homeless into the wide watering-place again. If you are unprosperous, your experience may be more ex-

tensive than you wish. *This* place smacks of fleas; *that* has just one bedroom short; this, again, is too dear. At last, 'Eureka!' is the cry; and the bundles are deposited, with weary satisfaction, and the luggage is soon wheeled up. Your temporary ownership is established. You can afford to pity those jaded travellers who (having come by a later boat) knock at your door—the bill having not been yet taken down. Aha! they shall not have this snug sitting-room, those bedrooms with the sea-views: not for a clergyman's three weeks (nearer four) will you relinquish possession! Is not tea being even now got ready, with that seductive cottage bread on which you batten by the seaside? Have you not collared a fellow with 'Sherimps are prawns,' and do not the large brown barley-awned—fish? must I call them?—head and tail together in a delicious bend, loaded with black or yellow spawn (which can't be got at, because of the legs)—do they not pile the dish as fresh and crisp as though longing to be helped out of their husks by a peel and a pinch? Have you not further taken black mail of that man with the truck—'An-y plum or seed-cake want-ed?' And had you not your toil and anxiety before these advantages were gained? Away, then, with foolish compassion; look with Stoic indifference at that hot, and weary, and over-burdened group, that have already tried so many doors in vain. See! the children are in the balcony, gloating on the view of the sea, frantic with anticipated delights, of donkeys, velocipedes, bathing-machines, sand-castles, seaweeds, skates' eggs, shells. But Harold, Ambrose, and you must just have a run down to the sands, and up to the plunging, retreating sea. You watch how it ever lays a white tablecloth at your feet, and, departing from the viands, ever finds its preparation sucked up by the brown sand; and ever re-lays it; retreats; returns; still laying it again and again. This is rather an epicurean simile; still, the state of your appetite (which has loathed everything for months) provokes it. And you

go back to do justice to the tea, which has brewed now; and afterwards you go with the wife (the children being in bed after their journey), for a turn in the cool evening upon the Parade, or along the wet shining jetty; and you see the 'gleaming crest' lit up of the evening star; and you watch the long broken lane of moonlight tremble upon the quivering water. Against the black, mussel-clad posts it slaps, and splashes, and rattles. The tide is rising now: it flops and beats under the planks on which you are walking. It is time to return. You are both pleasantly tired, and pleased with the newness of everything—meals, and walk, and bed, and all. And you sleep without rocking; only with a sense of always rising and falling, and with a plash and beating of water making a song without words in your sleep.

Then, next morning, there is the awaking to the consciousness of the removal from your mind of what had grown to be a load. You dress, enjoying the sea-view as you do so; you saunter out (the boys have been on the sands an hour), for a little sea-air before breakfast; also to do a little marketing. Some slices of ham and some snowy eggs, perhaps a dried haddock; some appetizing French bread. There is no doubt that eating (I blush to write it, but no one who knows the writer would call him a gourmand)—there is no doubt, I say, that eating and drinking make one of the most grave and weighty employments at the seaside. We are so hungry; and all is new and different. All sorts of enticing little eatables may be had. The breads are different; the dinner-hour is different: there is a breaking through of all the routine of home. Three-cornered puffs, or pastrycooks' tarts; all sorts of fish (but this should have come first); much fruit; cunning dinners, seductive little suppers. Then the marketing; what an enjoyment is this! Even the entry into the butcher's (you would rather be excused from such duties at home): the early visit to the fish-stall; the select plums, or late raspberries, or blunt pears. That lobster would

have been quite another thing had you not yourself picked him out, and brought him home in your own hand. Indeed all this change of life, and breaking through the everyday rules and customs of the rest of the year, form one great delight and refreshment of the stay at the seaside. For this reason, no doubt, some people—some clerics even—love to depart from their sober home customs into strange vagaries of dress. You may see them in every (remarkable) style of hat; even with the white tie laid aside for check; with cutaway coats; possibly (in extreme cases), in light slippers. For my part I, ordained later in life, love my uniform too well to endure to part with it anywhere—except for my couch, at night.

But oh, how much I had to say; and the stern Editor bids me stop even here! I meant to have lingered near my parson during his three weeks; to have wandered with his boys; to have sought specimens with his girls; to have marvelled at the youth, and health, and strength of stomach which could make a donkey-ride a delight for his youngest

ones; to have sauntered on the Parade, and listened to the band, and criticized the company; to have avoided those people that we know, but don't want to be bothered with down here; to have tried two or three churches on the different Sundays; to have indulged in divers explorations, and rocked in boats within the white chalk caves; to have watched Punch and Judy on the sands. And then to have dwelt upon the pleasure of return home; to have run into the garden to see how the things had got on; into the courtyard to see how the young rabbits had grown; to have greeted this and that familiar face, all aglow with pleasure to see them all back again 'amongst us; and sure, you be all looking so brown and well!'

All this must remain unwritten, at least at present; and I must leave our parson and his family to relish the sea-breeze alone.*

* See in continuation a series of papers from the pen of the same Author which will commence in our July Number:—
'Poppies in the Corn; or, Glad Hours in the Grave Years.'



HINTS ON HOTELS.



OOD cheer is a large subject, but a few brief practical notes on hotels may not be without their use for the summer season. In these things people like not only to do things well, but to do so economically. There was a time when profusion was the order of the day. It was thought the mark of a generous spirit to astonish servants by the amount of largesse, and to toss guineas to postboys. A man would simply be ridiculous who did so now, and safe, moderate returns are now preferred by the interested parties themselves to larger but more precarious gains. I would not recommend any one to scan his bills narrowly and suspiciously. We must all live and let live. In cases where the watering-place has only the brief season, and sometimes this is narrowed to two or three months, it is only

fair that the bills should be exceptionally high. There is generally some sort of law of supply and demand that settles these things. Still it is desirable that hotel charges should be moderate and fair; and this is a point which should be kept in view even by those to whom the amount of their hotel bills is no particular consideration. For it is desirable that the system of summer tours should be extended as far as possible, especially amid the overworked, educated class, to whom they represent such an incalculable amount of restorative influence both for body and mind. It must be remembered also that this class of hotel customers have moderate incomes that admit only of small savings, while hotel proprietors make large profits and contemplate retiring upon a fortune at the end of a certain number of years. Then they will possess fine villas and grounds, and eventually look down upon the professional men who have largely helped them in their accumulations. A fixed moderate tariff would, in many cases, be accompanied by an equable instead of intermittent stream of travellers, to the advancement of hotel interests as well as the greater comfort of a greater number of travellers. The rich tourist can fight against unfair charges with better heart and better grace than a poor man is able to do, who may be nervously afraid that his objections may be imputed rather to inability to pay than disinclination. The tourist, then, who has the requisite pluck, should not shun a little unpleasant conflict, when he recollects that he is performing an act of chivalry and kindness perhaps for ladies and children. I have felt strongly disgusted at cases which have come to my knowledge, where ladies, with limited means, have been travelling with children, and prices have been charged for children which would have been amply remunerative in the case of grown-up people. In the case of foreign hotels, I am afraid that nothing can really be done except to submit to the exaction in silence. In Switzerland, where the charges have enormously expanded of late, if you threaten to complain to a magistrate, it frequently happens that the magistrate is none other than the hotel-keeper himself. Your only resource is to write to the 'Times,' or to the Guide Books. Nor is this resource to be overlooked.

There is a penitent hotel-keeper, in a large Italian city, who is a case in point. A gentleman came to his hotel, paid his bill, mentioned that he thought the charge was high, and departed. For hotels, he was as important a personage as a Haroun Alraschid travelling in disguise, for he was the editor of one of Murray's 'Handbooks.' In the next edition the word *dear* was recorded against the hotel; and the landlord says he shall never know how many hundreds of English pounds that fatal monosyllable has cost him.

In England, however, the case is different. If you complain, there is perhaps some liability that you may be insulted, but you have also a chance of rectifying matters. A fair-minded landlord will be glad to give you every satisfaction, and knows that it is for his own interest that his guests should be satisfied. But neither landlords nor yet travellers are always fair-minded. Once I performed a feat of unparalleled boldness. At a certain hotel there was an extent of live stock on which I had not calculated, and the result was fraught with exceeding discomfort. In the morning I had the hardihood to remonstrate with the landlord on the uncleanly state of things. The British landlord got into a great rage, and shook his ugly fist in my face. Now, in the eye of the British law, to shake the fist in one's face is a legal and technical assault, and I promptly summoned the landlord before the nearest justice of the peace. He was glad to compromise the matter by paying a small sum to a local charity. I pleased myself with the idea that he would probably clean out his rooms and be more civil to succeeding travellers.

Before you come to your destination, make up your mind about your hotel or promptly do so as soon as you arrive. Generally it is best to drive off at once, in cab or 'bus, rather than be surrounded by an army of touters, and be a gaze to the curious. Hotel proprietors are generally heavy losers by their 'busses, but their business would be annihilated if they did not employ them in order to bring custom to

their houses. The choice of an hotel is often a critical matter. In most parts of England there are hotels which are widely and deservedly known for their extreme neatness, comfort, and just charges; while other hotels, more gaudy in their externals and more eloquent in their advertisements, are very much the reverse. You should get the *carte du pays*, from some one on whose accuracy you may rely, and even here you must be very careful, for there is often a sad want of accuracy and good faith in such recommendations. In large towns a private hotel is generally to be preferred to a 'Limited Liability' house, unless in those districts where such hotels have been built on the true ground that there is a want of proper accommodation. The great thing at an hotel is that the bedroom should not be damp or draughty, and that the beds should be 'well aired.' I met a man some time ago who caught a most serious illness from sleeping between damp sheets at an inn. The landlord of such a house ought to be put to death. He performs sheer acts of assassination. Delicate-chested people, and indeed all of us, cannot be too careful in precautions. Then comes the great dinner question. At most hotels you get heavy dinners at heavy charges; but attempts are now not uncommon to give lightness and variety, and every encouragement ought to be bestowed on these attempts. It is a matter of regret that, generally speaking, you cannot get light or sparkling wines at a fair rate; the hotel-keepers stick to the traditional port or sherry (so called), and for these they charge prices which would be fair enough if these wines were genuine and old, but they are hardly likely to be often genuine and old. If they give you the continental wines, at prices in accordance with the tariff of Messrs. Cobden and Gladstone, why, get them thankfully; but if not, as Mr. Dickens advises, call for a bottle of wine for the good of the house and drink brandy and water for your own good. It will be worth while for the inexperienced to remember

that we are not obliged to have all our meals at the hotel where we are staying. As a rule we should do so in England: take breakfast invariably and dinner generally, at least at watering-places; but it is not necessary to do this in continental cities. Of course the landlords wish it, and some of them even say that they do not care to receive you if you do not have your meals at their hotel. In that case, don't go to them. In Paris and most of the large French towns you may get lunch (*déjeuner à la fourchette*) and dinner both cheaper and better at the restaurants than at your hotel. If you are staying at an hotel, at the end of a day or two ask for your bill, that you may see where you are; by the time a week is out they will be sure to present it. If you think it unfair you can remove; if you think it unfair but still do not care to remove, you can feed out sometimes, or knock the wine off your dinners, and so take a mild revenge. I may, at this point, give a judicious 'wrinkle.' Tea or coffee after dinner is to most people indispensable. Now, if you call for tea, the whole tea service is brought in with all the appendages, and the charge is half a crown a-head, less or more. But if you call for a 'single cup of tea,' or a 'single cup of coffee,' the universal charge through England is sixpence, and no hotel-keeper, against your remonstrance, would venture to charge you more. At an hotel you can generally get the services of a laundress, rather dear but very promptly, which more than compensates. Then as for attendance. The rule in early life was that if the chambermaid was ugly we gave her half a crown, or, if she were pretty, half a sovereign. The one payment might be too little and the other might be too much. The system of fixed charges has not been altogether a success. You are charged for attendance or 'service' in the bill, but the attendants still look for

some gratuity. If the servants have been civil and obliging, it is well to give them something; and proprietors of hotels are glad to know that something has been given, which they take as a proof that their *clients* are satisfied and pleased. Still, if these moderate gratuities are given, the charge for attendance ought to be correspondingly abated. Just a word on the bills. I have in my time received very moderate bills. I remember going to see Burnham Beeches, beloved of poets and artists, and where I had a pleasant lavendered room, and a hot breakfast in the morning with abundance of fruit, and my bill was just two shillings. There was positive gratitude for the slight gratuity which I added. I remember once, at Amiens, paying only half a dozen francs for a really good supper, bed, and breakfast. In both cases I would willingly have increased the payment, but we have no business to raise prices. On the other hand, I have met with extortionate charges. I remember being charged sixpence for a glass of cold water. It is a pleasure to pay a fair bill, but I think I would rather fling three times the money into the sea than consent to be cheated. Once more: if you are by yourself, don't shut yourself up in a private room, but descend into the bar, and you will often hear a good deal of talk worth hearing over a little brandy and water. Neither is the old-fashioned plan a bad one to ask the landlord to join you in a bottle of his own wine. He will give you the best that he has, and you will make a friend who will post you up in all the little matters where you may desire information. You may really make yourself very comfortable at an inn during your sojourn there. Dr. Johnson delighted in an hotel; he thought there was no place like it, and many have to sigh that their 'warmest welcome's at an inn.' The words of the wise are ended.



GO TO THÜRINGEN.

WHY?—Because it is one of the loveliest, most delightful of the many delightful parts of Germany, and one of the cheapest ~~withal~~. Rich in historical associations; celebrated as a centre of art, literature, and education, there is not a country in Europe, of such limited space, that has attracted such a galaxy of genius as Thuringen. It is not merely the place where a great man was born that possesses such interest for after-generations, but the place where he lived and worked, where he gave birth to those productions of art and literature that made his name familiar amongst men. And the country that was chosen by such men as Luther, Fichte, Schiller, Goethe, Schelling, Hegel; where Wieland, Herder, Preller, Liszt, and the modern Mæcenas, Karl August, shone, can surely boast of attractions amply sufficient to repay a visit to its forests green, hills and dales, its quaint old towns and ancient castles. The past mingles wondrously with the present in Thuringen. The spirit of the middle ages, with all its mediæval quaintness, still seems astir in modern clothing, and, what is more, does not clash unharmoniously with the requirements of modern society. Old-fashioned men and women live in old-fashioned houses. The Thuringian housewife, with her bunch of keys at her waist; the spinning-wheel whirring round; the castle on the mountain-top; the village clustering round its sides, with the ancient church in the midst; the hearty goodman enjoying his tankard of foaming beer, and the host of flaxen-haired children gambolling about; the demure maidens prattling round the plashing fountain, and bashful youths, robust and sturdy, busy with the May-pole;—for most of us, all scenes of by-gone days,—are the common sights of every-day life in Thuringen. Kindly, honest, sympathising, jolly and clever withal, the Thuringian is one of the best fellows a man could ever desire to meet. Thuringen, too,

is the land of song *par excellence*; the most beautiful airs and melodies are Thuringian. In almost every house, from prince to peasant, you will find some instrument of music. It was under Landgrave Hermann, of Thuringen, that the grand trial of skill between the Minnesingers of the thirteenth century was held in the Wartburg at Eisenach; where Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogel-Weide, and Hartmann von der Aue rivalled with Tannhäuser before the nobles and princes of Hermann's court, and Elizabeth, his daughter, fell in love with the gallant young minstrel, who was banished on a pilgrimage to Rome for his presumption in pretending to have sojourned for seven years with Venus on her fabulous mountain. It is the Wartburg which Wagner has chosen for the scene of his magnificent opera, 'Tannhäuser,' which has been promised so often at the Italian Opera. It was also in the Wartburg that Luther was imprisoned, to protect him from his enemies, and where he completed his translation of the Bible. The chapel in which he preached, as well as the chamber which he inhabited, is still pointed out; and the big splash of ink, when he threw the inkpot at the devil's head as he grinned at him on the wall, still shown, as it has been for centuries. With Eisenach, then, as the most convenient, and one of the most interesting towns of Thuringen, we will commence, and make it our headquarters during our peregrinations.

The first question is, how to get there?

Pack up your portmanteau or your knapsack (don't let your wife take too much), hire a cab, drive to Shoreditch, and there take your ticket *viâ* Harwich and Rotterdam to Coblenz, *notâ bene*, second class. For though you must go first class from London to Rotterdam, which will entail an extra expense of ten shillings, second class abroad is always equal, and often superior to first class in England. Stay a day

in Rotterdam, the Dutch Venice, at the Bath Hotel, proprietor, Van Craenenbroeck, and sing with Tom Hood—

* Can you still be in England,
And I at Rotterdam?

Stroll along the Boompjes, past the quaint, prim houses; buy cherries on the market-place, and enjoy the picturesque crowd in varied costume, engaged in proxy buying and selling around the sombre statue of Erasmus, whilom Professor of Greek at Oxford, and wind up with an evening walk in the park, 'im Englischen Garten.' The next day leave Rotterdam at 8 A.M. for Coblenz, and at 2:30 P.M. get out at Cologne. Never mind your boxes; you will find them all right at Coblenz; walk to the cathedral, not five minutes off. Have dinner at the Hotel du Dôme opposite, and then 'do' the cathedral, the most wonderful specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Leave by express at 5:15, and arrive in Coblenz at 7:25, after a tour through some of the fairest scenery on the Rhine. Take up your quarters at the Hôtel Bellevue, on the banks of the river. Else you can wait for the ordinary trains leaving Cologne at 7:15 and 8:15, arriving in Coblenz at 10 and 11:15 respectively. I advise the express at 5:15. Two hours and a half are amply sufficient to see the cathedral and have dinner in. There is nothing else worth seeing in Cologne, and you get a good night's rest at Coblenz, so as to be able to rise early and take a look at the magnificent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein opposite. At 8:30 A.M., or 10:30, take your ticket by boat to Mayence, which will cost, first class, three shillings. This is the most lovely portion of the Rhine. Winding among the castle-crowned mountains and vine-clad hills, you sail past Lehnstein, Boppard with its ancient Roman walls, the ruins of Liebenstein, with the monastery of Bornhofen at the foot, where jolly Pater Clemens will accord you a hearty welcome if you choose to visit the shrine; past St. Goarhausen; the Lorelei; Caub, with the Pfalz rising out of the waters, the

ancient fortress where the countesses palatinate went to present their lords with heirs and heiresses; past the rapids of Bingen and Bishop Hatto's Tower, where he was eaten up by the rats; past Eltville and Johannisberg, whence Metternich's far-famed wine takes its name; past Biebrich, with its gleaming palace frontage stretching along the banks midst groves and shrubberies, until the red sandstone cathedral dome of Mayence rises into view. At 4:30, or 5:30 you land opposite the 'Englischer Hof,' where Herr Specht, the owner, will make you as comfortable as though you were at home. The next morning leave Mayence at 5:30 A.M., taking your ticket for Eisenach, which will cost 17. 8s. 8d. If you cannot get a ticket right through to Eisenach, take it only to Frankfurt, where you will arrive at 7 A.M., and thence, at the Thüringer Bahnhof, to Eisenach, where you will arrive at 2:1 P.M., after a seven hours' tour through a most lovely country. At Eisenach put up at the 'Hotel zum Grossherzog von Sachsen,' whose proprietress, Mrs. Roehrig, will accord you a hearty welcome, and assiduously minister to all your wants. If you are more modest in your demands, you can take up your abode with mine host of the 'Anker,' Herr Lemme. Thus you arrive at Eisenach, the basis of operations, at a cost of—

		£. s. d.
London to Coblenz, ticket available for one month, and with option to stay at Rotterdam, Gouda, Utrecht, Kevelaer, Bonn, Rolandseck, Godesberg, and Remagen	2	1 3
Ten shillings extra, first class from London to Rotterdam	0	10 0
Coblenz to Mayence by boat	0	3 0
Mayence to Eisenach	1	8 8
		£4 2 11

As I have already stated, the chief object of interest at Eisenach is the Wartburg, which has lately been restored in mediæval style. Then the mountain gorge, the Annabell, one of the loveliest glens it is possible to meet anywhere. From Eisenach, the post takes one to Ruhlra, a village about nine miles distant, at the foot of the Inselsberg.

3000 feet high. The village is celebrated for its handsome girls—and in truth, Ruhl and Bethlehem are both rivals in this article. So wives and maidens, beware! There is a great trade done here in pipes, imitation meerschaum, and various knick-knacks cut in wood. It is, however, better known by an anecdote of Ludwig der Eiserner, Lewis the Iron, who, having lost his way in the woods, sought shelter in a smithy. Whilst the smith was at work he sang at every blow he dealt on the anvil, 'Landgraf, werde hart'—Landgrave, become hard! Lewis asked him the meaning of it, and received for reply—

'Our Landgrave is a good-natured fellow, but he has no firmness. He lets himself be swayed by the nobles who grind us down, making us work for them by day, till we are obliged to earn our own livelihood at night! Landgrave, become hard.'

Lewis was so impressed with the truth of the smith's observations that he determined to profit by them. The next morning he had an opportunity. Passing by a field, he saw some nobles ordering a peasant who was ploughing his field to go with his oxen and work at the castle, and on his refusal, begin to ill-treat him. Lewis said nothing; but on his return to his castle had the tyrants brought before him, and proceeding with them to the peasants' field, had them yoked to the plough and made to do all the work which would otherwise have been done.

From Ruhl the Inselsberg may be ascended in about three hours. The view is a magnificent one. The whole of the Thüringian forest lies spread out, the Cathedral of Erfurt in the immediate distance, and on fine weather the Brocken can easily be discerned to the north. There is an excellent hotel à la Rigi on the top, but without Rigi prices. From the summit to Schmalkalden, celebrated for the confederation of the Protestant princes, known as the Union of Schmalkalden (Schmalkaldener Bund), four or five hours' walk will take one easily. Quite a different race inhabits Schmalkalden. They

are Hessians, generally known throughout Germany by the not very flattering title of 'Blinde Hessen' (Blind Hessians), and all kinds of escapades are attributed to them. In fact, they are the Abderites or Irish of Germany. Skirting the base of the Thüringian forest, past orchards, mills, and farms, a walk of eight hours brings one past Suhl, a place of great repute for its iron and salt works, to the Prussian town of Schleussingen. Nations are strangely scattered about in Thüringen. During a single day's march I have been through no less than five different countries. Suhl itself is situated at the foot of the Beerberg, a mountain of equal magnitude with the Inselsberg. It is, however, not worth an ascent if the other has already been visited. From Schleussingen, the pleasantest and most interesting route is over the Thüringer Wald, by way of Schmiedefeld to Ilmenau. Schmiedefeld is well worth a visit on account of the glass-blowing going on there. Innumerable thermometers, barometers, and other chemical instruments are made there and sent out all over the world. All the houses are most old-fashioned looking and built of wood, the whole village generally being burnt down every three or four years, which, however, never alters the traditional style. Ilmenau is a very busy, picturesque town. Extensive mines are worked here—iron, copper, manganese, and silver. A friend of mine, Baron von Born, the owner of several mines there, made the discovery of the largest natural caverns known in Germany. Ilmenau, 'the meadow of the Elm,' was a favourite resort of Goethe and Karl August. The woods abounded with game, and many a tale is told of the two royal friends, the one royal by birth, the other royal by genius. On the Gückelhahn, the highest summit near Ilmenau, there is a small summer-house built on the wall of which Goethe wrote his well-known lyric—

'Ueber alle Gipfel,' &c.

which is still pointed out.

A five hours' ride by post brings

us to Rudolstadt an der Saale, and if any one wishes to spend a month amongst the most beautiful scenery, delightful society, in a healthy climate, and not exhaust his funds, I say let him pitch his tent in Rudolstadt. Fragrant woods, graceful hills, verdant meads, ruined castles, a battle-field close by, Saalfeld, the scene of Alba's discomfiture, the favourite sojourn of Schiller, and where he composed his immortal poems 'Die Glocke' and 'Der Spärgang,' are more than sufficient to attract any mortal of ordinary or extraordinary requirements. Schwarzburg, from which the principality takes its name, is about four hours' walk from Rudolstadt. The road leads past Blankenburg, a quaint old town with an hydropathic establishment, through the valley of the Schwarz, one of the most romantic valleys it is possible to imagine. Rock and forest, mountain and vale, cascade and river, intermingle in the most picturesque variety; but the crown of all is Schwarzburg itself. Surrounded on three sides by the Schwarz, the castle rises upon a thickly-wooded hill amidst beech and pine to a height of some three hundred or four hundred feet, and encircled on all sides by the pine-clothed mountains, whose dark, sombre appearance contrasts strangely with the verdant meads and clean, neat dwelling-places below. The most beautiful view is obtained from the Trippstein, a hut built for the purpose on one of the mountains.

I have scoured over all Europe and a bit of Africa, from Copenhagen to Syracuse, from Corunna to Warsaw, from Smyrna to Gondar, from Jerusalem to Aleppo, but never have I seen a picture of such varied beauty as Schwarzburg presents to the eye. No matter what expectations you form of the place, you will not be disappointed, and that is saying a great deal. Sir Charles Lyell said he knew of nothing to compare to it, and he ought to be a judge. Nor will the epicure be disappointed. Venison, wild boar, delicate trout, and luscious carp and eel are among the staple commodities of Schwarzburg. And hearken, O thou friend of the Star

and Garter! what sayest thou to a repast of delicious trout, tender venison, boar and pheasant, with a bottle of choice Ingelheimer at the price of four shillings sterling? I lift up my voice and cry, 'Go to Schwarzburg,' and if any one is dissatisfied with his tour there, I solemnly promise to pay all his expenses there and back.

Four hours' walk from Schwarzburg, stand the remains of the monastery of Paulinzelle, of such exquisite harmony and grace, and in a situation of such rural beauty, that they alone are worth the journey. There are many very interesting legends connected with these ruins, but if any one wants to know them, he must go and hear them himself. I won't unfold too much. It's like telling the whole plot of a novel in a review.

Coming back from Schwarzburg, instead of keeping straight on, turn to the left into Blankenburg and climb the hill to the ruins of Griefenstein, whence another incomparable view may be obtained. Ask your way then to Keilhau, one of the largest educational establishments in Germany, whose founders, Friedrich Fröbel, Wilhelm Mitten-dorf, and Christian Lantethal, pitched upon this spot during the horrors of the War of Liberty, where they intended to educate the youth of Germany to the love of honour, piety, and devotion to their country. It was founded in 1817, and last year, when the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated, over four hundred former pupils were gathered together in the scenes of their youth. The director, Dr. Barop, who has been there from the commencement, was decorated by the Prince with his order, and during the three days' festivities received seven hundred and sixty-five telegrams from all parts of the world to congratulate him. There! When can a British school say that much? The management of this school and its external arrangements in the midst of a property of some forty thousand acres, are well worth studying, and should any of the readers of this article ever stray out there they will be well received

by Dr. Berop and his amiable family. That Mr. Matthew Arnold should not have mentioned this school where some of the first men of science and literature were educated is inexplicable. It was here that Professor Schönbein, the discoverer of ozone, was educated; Professors Fritsch, Seebach, Lange-thol, Julius Fröbel, so well known by his works on America, and very many others, all laid the foundation of their future greatness in Keilhau. However, *verbum sap.*, go there.

There is an excellent 'Kapello' (orchestra) at Rudolstadt; the music equal to any you can hear at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, a large library, a bathing establishment and pine-needle baths, which, under the direction of Dr. Clemens, are of great efficacy in many disorders. Weimar, the birthplace of Weiland and Herder, the residence of Goethe and Schiller, Preller and Liszt, and Jena are equidistant. German student life can nowhere be better studied in its characteristic national integrity than in Jena. Heidelberg is cosmopolitan in character; Jena, purely German. It was in Jena that Hegel, on the day of the battle when Napoleon carried the heights against the Prussians, finished the MS. of one of his works, and sallying out to the printer's, was stopped by two French soldiers, like Archimedes in his problem. 'Was gibts?' he inquired. ('What's the matter?') 'La France est ici.' 'Oui,' replied Hegel, 'en passant!'

Weimar is known to be a second Paris, 'das Deutsche Athen'—the German Athens, as it has often been called. And sneer at it if you like, but 'Tannhäuser' has been given there as well as all Wagner's operas. 'Fidelio,' about which there is always such a fuss in London, is one of the stock operas; so are 'Oberon,' 'Euryanthe,' 'Don Juan,' and all the other grand masterpieces to which we are

treated as niggardly as schoolboys to pie in Yorkshire. The scenery to 'Faust,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is exquisite, and the music executed in a style that neither Paris, Vienna, or London can surpass.

Nature has done as much for Weimar as art. The environs are very beautiful, especially Belvedere; Berka, an hour and a half's walk from Weimar, possesses mineral springs, and is very generally resorted to. And now I fancy I have said enough to induce you, my dear reader, to 'go to Thuringen.' I will only just name a few more places worthy a visit, and which are all easily reached either from Rudolstadt or Weimar. Gotha, Coburg, Erfurt, with its cathedral, Dornburg, on the Saale, Meiningen, Altenstein, and Liebenstein. The cost of living is about six shillings a day, the price of the diligence about one penny a mile. As to the language, English or French is spoken at all the chief hotels. I will here take the opportunity of recommending,—Weimar, 'Russischer Hof,' and 'Erbprinz,' Rudolstadt, 'Zum Ritter,' Erfurt, 'Zum Kronprinz,' Gotha, 'Zum Deutschen Hof,' Coburg, 'Zum Grünen Baum,' Jena, 'Zum Schwarzen Bären.' One more word, but an important one. Thuringen is not overrun by gaping tourists of all descriptions, and you need not fear meeting your butcher, as I once did, in Switzerland on the Rigi. 'Prime, sir, ain't it?' he said. I thought he meant the rising sun, and acquiesced. 'Nothing like beef, sir, is there? That beast 'll weigh his thirty stone.' Whereon I saw to my horror that all his attention was riveted on a short horn grazing just below us. No fear of that in Thuringen for some years to come. So good-bye. If you go to Thuringen I wish you 'bon voyage.' Take care of yourself, and don't get your feet wet.

H. A. BURETTE.



OFF TO THE SEASIDE—OR SOMEWHERE.

A Tale of Domestic Strategy.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'OFF to the seaside, or somewhere!' is the little cheering elixir with which the wearied man of business, be he simple shopkeeper or merchant, dealer in money or speculator in shares, revives his flagging spirits when the oppression of summer makes London intolerable. It must be so. When men have stood to the wheel of business, day by day, for ten or eleven months out of the twelve, they must have a little rest, a little pause from the everlasting grinding of that wheel, or they would die. And where is the heart in London that has not the impulse within it to be off and away; to throw off the burthen, if it be only for a week; to find a quiet corner somewhere, where business will not follow? to the mountains, to the sea, to a country cottage amongst fields and woods, away from the carking cares of every day; where counting-house and office hours prevail no longer; where you may go and come and do as you like; where you may slouch about in untanned boots, in a green wide-awake, and an easy tourist suit of sky-blue if it please you; where you need not wear gloves if you don't wish it, and may wear blue spectacles if you do.

Yes, that's the life for merchant and clerk, the first for many weeks, the second for one, all the more intense in its pleasure in an inverse ratio to the length of time or the depth of the purse which permits its enjoyment. Of a truth, life in London, with all its pressure and anxiety, its desperate, speculations, its hair-breadth escapes from ruin, its noise, its exhausted atmosphere, its jostle of man with man, its wear and tear of mind and body, could not be carried on if it had not its dash out into fresh air, its plunge into the sea, its pedestrian excursions through Scotland or Ireland—or somewhere. Yes, it is a blessed thing that God made the country, and that man has, as yet, left a por-

tion of it untraversed by his railways, undug-up by his mines, unpreserved for his game, where the poor, tired Londoner can rush out and shake himself free, at least for a time, from the shackles of trade.

Now and then also it may happen that a good, well-to-do city merchant, like our friend Mr. Lillifant, may have his own private reasons for taking 'Bessy and the girls to the seaside, or somewhere.'

I will explain myself; but first a word or two regarding this worthy gentleman. He was advancing towards sixty; stout and comfortable to look at; very prosperous in the corn-market; stood well with his banker; was lucky in making very few bad debts; altogether a model city man. His only son was established at Dantzic, where he ably conducted the business at that end. Lillifant was supposed to be worth two hundred thousand pounds—at all events that was the limit he himself set to his monetary ambition; fifty thousand pounds each for the two girls—who were considerably younger than their brother; fifty thousand pounds each, and twice that sum for Tom, when he and his wife should have done with this world—that I say was the scale of his ambition.

For five-and-twenty years he lived in Clapton—first at Lower Clapton, then, as he ascended on the monetary ladder, in a larger house with ample grounds at Upper Clapton. Here he set up a carriage for his wife and the girls, and occasionally Mrs. Lillifant would call in an afternoon for her husband in Eastcheap, and drive him home. He very much, however, preferred the omnibus, which was so convenient from the 'Flower-pot.' If he did not go to town with his regular set in the morning, he as much missed his usual exchange of nods as if he had missed seeing his 'Times.' They compared notes, these portly, broad-cloth gentlemen, on last

night's frost, on their cucumbers or melons; they passed judgment on last night's debate, or on the new house that Jones was building for himself; they had their little jokes and sarcasms, and were altogether a regular little knot, as much belonging to each other, though they did not all visit, as if they were members of the same club. Mr. Lillifant had the satisfaction also of feeling himself the head of his set. Nobody would think of taking his seat; everybody deferred to him, and gave him the first good-morning. In fact, he had a good time of it; and when it began to be talked of that Lillifant was going to live at Campden Hill or Kensington, everybody deplored it as a general loss. 'I shall not know the place when you are gone,' said one. 'We shall all miss you,' said another.

It did not appear at all a popular idea, and Mr. Lillifant was not a hero; therefore—though it was rather shabby of him—he laid the blame of it on his wife and daughters. 'Mrs. Lillifant wanted to go west. The girls liked to go to the Opera and other places; it was a long way to drive, and they did not like Shoreditch. Yes, yes; it would have done very well for him; but, you know, a *paterfamilias* is not his own master—he has various interests to serve.'

Everybody understood. Upper Clapton was not aristocratic enough for the Lillifant ladies, and I doubt not they lost a good deal of popularity, whilst poor Lillifant was consoled with. He must conform to his domestic circumstances, as other husbands and fathers were obliged to do, but they were very sorry to lose him. The last morning that he went to the City by the omnibus was a day of general mourning to his friends.

Now, I say, it was rather mean-spirited of Mr. Lillifant to throw all the blame on his wife and daughters; for I can assure you, that no sooner had the girls come home from school, and he thought of them in connection with fifty thousand pounds each, than he desired that they should make great matches, and the idea of a house near Kensington Gardens first entered his own head.

I don't deny that Mrs. Lillifant and her daughters readily adopted the idea, and it was they who found the grand new fashionable house, on the grand new fashionable terrace, which so soon became their home; and that Mr. Lillifant had some little cause for saying 'he was fairly torn up by the roots.' 'It is not my doing: it is Mrs. Lillifant's and the girls', he repeated, till he believed it.

I wonder, though, whether it was they who bought such grand new furniture for the dining-room, and laid out the thousand pounds for additional plate, and supplied such a cellar of choice wine, in expectation of all the grand aristocratic folks to whom they must give dinners now that they lived amongst them. No, that was not their doing.

But living, a new inhabitant near Kensington Gardens, was not like living with the old set at Upper Clapton, and Mr. Lillifant dreadfully missed his omnibus ride and his omnibus companions. True, he drove to business every day in his own carriage, and 'Bessy and the girls' called for him not unfrequently in the afternoon; and very pretty and elegant the young ladies looked in their little fantastic hats or bonnets, and their white silk parasols—but it was ten times better in the omnibus, with the jolly old set, and their politics and their little jokes.

A year or two went on, and things did not mend. Lillifant thought it a stupid life, and the few people with whom they had made acquaintance stupid also. Not a bit like his old friends. These people might do for Bessy and the girls—but he wanted rational society.

If it had not been for the look of the thing, he would have gone back to Upper Clapton. However, that was not to be thought of. So he grew short-tempered, and said all kinds of bitter, disparaging things about their Kensington acquaintance. Nobody pleased him, and his wife and daughters did not know how in the world he was to be got right.

'Poor papa! he is so over-worked,' said his wife to the girls, wishful to clear him of blame; 'he has so much on his shoulders. I

wish Tom could reside in London, and relieve him a little.'

Mr. Lillifant was overworked, no doubt, so were his clerks; and when Morgan, the confidential clerk, fell ill, and was obliged to go away for change of air, Mr. Lillifant grew more short-tempered and petulant than ever. Unfortunately, just then a young barrister, Harry Benson, one of their Kensington acquaintance, and who had not as yet been blessed with a single brief, fell desperately in love with Maude, the eldest of the two girls; whilst his friend Paulson, also of good family and promising abilities, but only as yet surgeon at St. Timothy's Hospital, showed no less predilection for Kitty, the youngest. What a coming down this was after all Mr. Lillifant's ambition! They had better have stayed at Clapton a thousand times, where were young fellows worth having!

Benson was so desperately in love, and 'so conceited,' said Lillifant, as to propose at once. He would not, like the young surgeon, wait for a propitious moment; so he had his answer in very few words, and with so much temper, that poor Mrs. Lillifant and the girls cried all day about it. The young barrister took his answer as he took his hat, very coolly, and walked out of the house. That cut Maude to the heart: she took to her bed, and for three days was so ill that she had to be sent to Aunt Bell, who lived in Kent, for change of air. Mrs. Bell was Mrs. Lillifant's younger sister, very happily married to a wealthy country gentleman, and the mother of four children, all under ten. She was the best creature in the world; and hearing from her sister all about 'poor Maude's trouble,' and Lillifant's hasty temper, which they all knew,—'only, poor dear man,' wrote the wife, 'he is so awfully overworked, and now Morgan is gone away—and it is so hot and trying in London—but I am sorry for poor Maude—and really Benson is a very nice fellow—and is sure to get on in the world—and, poor dears, they are so attached to each other!'

Maude was lovingly received, and the very next day who should come

down but the audacious Benson himself—not on Maude's account—no, certainly, but simply about some law business with Mr. Bell, who had within the last four-and-twenty hours given him, through his lawyer, his first brief.

Of course Maude and he walked into the fields together, and had a long talk. But she stood in some little fear of her father; besides, she was a very good girl, and would not engage herself in what appeared direct opposition to his will. So they vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and would wait till better times came.

Now, one of the most curious, and yet unvarying laws of life, is that of reaction. Therefore no sooner had Mr. Lillifant come down on his family like a thunderstorm, frightening everybody out of their wits by the crash and the lightning, than this law began to operate on the thunderer himself.

'Poor dear papa!' his wife had said, over and over, to the girls, anxious to make the best of everything, 'he is so overworked, and that horrid City makes everybody ill. I declare I could not stand it. I haven't been to fetch him home for weeks—it is so stifling. Poor dear papa! I wish Morgan were back, that he could go to the seaside, or somewhere.'

At this very time Mr. Lillifant is driving home in his carriage. It is the hottest day in that hot summer, and he sits with both windows open and his hat off. But he is not comfortable, even though Morgan, quite restored by his holiday, is come back to his post. He is not comfortable, I say, because the law of reaction is at work. He has never felt quite satisfied with himself since he 'blew up that young fellow,' who, after all, he has discovered to be one of an old Cheshire family, his father having a good estate of his own; and though he has several sons, and this Harry is one of the youngest, yet certainly there was no coming down in such a match. He had been too violent by half—and he was so sorry for poor Maude. But then it had been such wretchedly hot weather, and Morgan away, and all

the harass of the business, and just then the threatened failure of a great miller; but spite of all that he was quite sorry when he thought how he had blown everybody up. Poor Bessy and the girls! But now Morgan was come back, he could take them to the seaside—or somewhere. He would not go out of England this year. He had laid out too much money, in expectation of dining company at Kensington, for

any expensive trips just at present. Suppose they all went to Wales. He had met his old Clapton friend, Harvey, that morning, who said that he was going the next day with his family to Llandudno. Why not go there for a couple of months?—he should like to meet old Harvey again. Yes, that was the scheme—he would take them to Llandudno. 'The City's an oven,' said Mr. Lillifant, as he entered the drawing-



'So they vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and would wait till better times came.'—P. 40.

room, rubbing his head, and looking very good-tempered. He had not worn such a look as that for weeks. 'Fooh-ooh-ooh!' and he blew, as if to clear his lungs of the hot, smothering, clinging atmosphere of the City. 'Morgan's back, and is worlds better for his country run. But it is as hot as a furnace, and I've been all day at the Custom-house, for I wouldn't let Morgan go.

Fooh-ooh-ooh! I'll go and have a bath!

'But is Maude come?' asked he, turning back from the door.

'Here I am, papa,' said she, catching the happy infection of his cheerful temper. Her father took her by the shoulders, and turning her round to the light, kissed her, and saying she looked twenty pounds better, went to his dressing-room.

He made his appearance at the dinner-table wonderfully refreshed. He had washed away the hot City. He enjoyed his dinner; he found his claret better than common. Then he complimented Maude again on her improved looks. There was nothing like the country air. It was just the same with Morgan, who was come back quite a new man. Then looking at Kitty, he suddenly perceived that she wanted a change.

'What do you say, my dear,' said he, addressing his wife, 'to a trip somewhere? I must have a change now Morgan is come back. I can't stand the City any longer. What do you say to the seaside, or mountain air?'

'Yes, papa,' exclaimed the merry, Kitty, without waiting for her mother's reply, who they all knew was somewhat slow to move when a journey was in prospect. 'Let us go to Switzerland (for Maude had told her that Benson talked of himself and his friend going there). Don't you remember, papa, that lovely ascent of the Rhigi, and our crossing the Wengern Alp? Don't you feel yourself at that little inn facing the Jungfrau, and all the snow, and the roar of the avalanches, and what fun it was at dinner with the lady and the *gemse-bruten*—'

'I can't do with their foreign gibberish,' interrupted her father, but in perfect good-humour. 'I'm not going out of reach of English this year, that I can promise you. You've been in Switzerland! No, Miss Kitty, you'll not get me across the herring-pond this year; you must content yourselves with something nearer home.'

'Scotland,' suggested Maude, thinking of the fishing tour which Benson had described to her as his last summer's pleasure. 'Should not you like to fish in the Scotch lakes, papa? They say it is so pleasant.'

'Or suppose we said Derbyshire,' suggested Mrs. Lillifant; and, as her first suggestion, her husband politely gave it attention.

'Derbyshire's a nice county,' said he, 'very nice. There we made our wedding tour, Bessy; folks were

satisfied with their native land in those days. When the girls choose for themselves, they'll be going to Switzerland or Italy, I suppose.'

What could make him say this? The girls thought the one of Benson, the other of Paulson, and blushed. The father took no notice, and went on. 'It is a nice county is Derbyshire, and I remember fishing in Dovedale.'

'It was in the spring,' said Mrs. Lillifant, with an affectionate remembrance of the past, 'and the forget-me-not was in flower all over the little islands, like beds of turquoise—'

'But papa,' said Kitty, who did not incline to the Derbyshire scheme, 'don't you remember Mr. Harvey telling you that the fish were too sharp by half, and would not be caught in the Dove?'

'Thank you, my dear,' said her father, sipping his after-dinner port, and who, for some reason, did not wish to obtrude his own views too soon upon his family. 'Thank you for mentioning Harvey. I saw him this morning. They are all setting off to-morrow for Llandudno. The nicest watering-place, he says, in North Wales—quite a fashionable place—a Welsh Brighton, with circulating libraries and that sort of thing, and famous sands, and mountains, and the Isle of Anglesea. A really desirable place, with good company, and music, and that sort of thing. Now I'm rather inclined to go to Llandudno.' He did not say that he had made up his mind to it, and had the time-table of the North Western Railway in his pocket. But very politely turning to his wife, said, 'What do you say to it, Bessy? It'll suit you better than Switzerland, for you don't like those long journeys, I know.' He did not say a word about any pleasure in meeting his old Clapton friend, Harvey, every day for a month or more, because he knew that his wife was not particularly fond of the family.

Mrs. Lillifant expressed herself as quite agreeable; in fact, she was so pleased to see her husband like his old self again, that she would have agreed to Switzerland, though

she did not enjoy long journeys; and she volunteered the remark that he would enjoy the society of his friend Harvey.

It was therefore agreed that they should go to Llandudno, with its Great and Little Ormstead, its grand sea view and parade and drive all round the peninsula, and its old church of St. Tudno; and so well pleased was Mr. Lillifant, that he desired his wife to write that evening to Mrs. Bell, and propose that she and the children should join them for a month, Mr. Bell coming down for part of the time, if not the whole. He liked Bell, he said, he was a downright good fellow, and she was one of the nicest women he knew.

Now Mr. Lillifant was like himself.

Everything that he proposed was carried out to perfection; and in this happy state of affairs he made his wife aware of the change in his sentiments towards Benson, and Maude likewise confided to her mother how, by the merest chance in the world, Uncle Bell's lawyer having recommended the young barrister to him in some difficult law-case, he came down on business whilst she was there, and so they met—and how noble he was, and what a sorrowful leave-taking they had, because she would rather die than do anything contrary to her father's will, and yet she never, never would marry anybody but him! Mrs. Lillifant was a discreet woman, and kept the confidence both of her husband and daughter, smiling to herself in the belief that it would all be right in the end. In the mean time they enjoyed themselves at Llandudno, where they all duly arrived, a prodigious party—the young ladies in the most approved and elegant seaside costume of silver-grey, trimmed with blue silk, the daintiest of little hats, and the most coquettish of feathers; their father conspicuous in a suit of a sort of golden-brown, which was just then in vogue, and a white felt hat. Mr. Bell was to join him later.

Mrs. Lillifant, however, though she was so discreet with regard to her husband and daughter, told her

sister of their respective confidences; and that lady being of a romantic turn, and dearly loving a little love-plot, communicated it by letter to her husband, well knowing that he would see the young lawyer before leaving Kent, and suggesting at the same time that he might invite Benson to take a run down into Wales.

Bell was a capital fellow, and as he had taken a great liking to the young barrister, and was at the same time fond of Maude, his reply was satisfactory; saying also, that though he liked his brother-in-law, Lillifant, yet he should prefer having lodgings of his own when he came down, and so be his own master.

They were located in the best apartments of the best hotel, themselves and their servants, and their names cut a great figure in the list of Llandudno visitors. The Harveys called on them as soon as they knew of their arrival, and Lillifant went off with his old Clapton crony in great glee.

So it went on for a week. The girls and the children made many acquaintances, the former more than their father approved of, for he had now become very loyal to Benson, and privately told his wife that if such and such a young fellow did not speedily leave for Liverpool or Leeds, whence he had come, he should not himself remain long at Llandudno. The children were in their element, joining other children, with wooden spades, and baskets, and little wooden pails, in which to carry off the sea-water to lakes, which soon ran dry; and little wheelbarrows, in which to transport sand and stones for the erection of forts and mounds which the next tide would demolish.

By the time the first ten days were over, the young men from Liverpool and Leeds not making signs of returning home, and the girls being entrapped into endless schemes of pleasure, excursions here and there, to Vale Crucis Abbey, the old House of Gwydir, and the Vale of Llanrwst, and now nothing less than a party to Bettis-y-coed and Snowdon being in agitation, Mr.

Lillifant, who had somewhere found his old Clapton friend less accordant than in the omnibus days, suddenly discovered that he was no better than a pendulum at Llandudno, vibrating between the Great and the Lesser Ormshead, and that he was getting quite tired of it. Mrs. Bell had also grown out of love with the place, and having received from her husband a letter of introduction from a young barrister friend of his to a certain Miss Llewellyn of Penmaenmawr, she took her nieces with her to call on this lady, who, according to report, was the most charming and popular person in that neighbourhood.

They returned in the evening, delighted beyond measure, not only with Miss Llewellyn, but with Penmaenmawr. It was far preferable to Llandudno, possessing not only the sea, but real country and mountains, and the company was much more select. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was there every year, and no end of bishops, to say nothing of earls and countesses; and Miss Llewellyn knew them all, whilst she was at the same time a most charming person; pretty and intelligent, of an old Welsh family, spoke and sang Welsh, and told no end of Welsh stories, was an enthusiast in the love of her country, and the best guide anywhere.

The reality of their admiration proved itself by Mrs. Bell, who expected her husband to join her shortly, taking a pretty cottage, called Ocean View, almost buried in hydrangeas and fuchsias, with the big hill, Moel-something, rising behind it, and a splendid sea view in front. She had taken this place, and would remove there on Saturday.

This pleased Mr. Lillifant, and early the next morning they all set off to find a locality for themselves, and afterwards make an excursion to Aber and the famous waterfall there. I am sorry I cannot tell you all about this day, but it was so charming that I might fill pages with describing it. They called on Miss Llewellyn and took her with them, and she led to the various

scenes connected with Prince Llewellyn and the Black William near Abor; and told them the name and tradition of every hill and old cairn and valley, of the wonderful fishing-waters there, and the Black Lake up in the hills, and a friend of hers, 'a young barrister,' a famous fisherman, who lodged at the old château-looking house where the Black William met his doom, and what fish he caught in that mountain lake. She talked a great deal about this gentleman, who, in fact, had given Mr. Bell the letter of introduction for his wife, but never mentioning his name, simply speaking of him as 'a young London barrister.'

It was fixed that whilst the Bells were to be at Ocean View, the Lillifants should take a handsome villa called 'Belinda,' standing in its own grounds, and just now vacated by a bishop, who had been there for the last two months, with his lady and seven daughters.

When they had been settled for a week at Penmaenmawr, and were every day more and more pleased with the change, and when Mr. Lillifant had made agreeable acquaintance with the gentlemen at the hotel, where he went most days to play at billiards and read the papers, a letter from Mr. Bell announced that he was coming down on Thursday, and that he should bring two gentlemen with him. Thursday had been fixed as the day of a great excursion up the mountains to the old church of Llangelynnin. It had been so long talked of that nobody liked to defer it, and Mr. Bell, who was such a good-natured and accommodating fellow, wrote back to his wife, who had mentioned this to him, that it was all right. He and his friends would leave London by an early train, in time to join them. If, however, anything occurred to prevent their doing so, one of the gentlemen, to whom North Wales was as familiar as his father's garden, and who had fished in every lake and river in that part of the Principality, and knew perfectly well the old church where they were bound, would bring them up from Llanrwst. He knew the cottage

too where Miss Llewellyn always had tea on such occasions; therefore they must in no case defer their excursion.

It was a charming arrangement. Handsome Mrs. Bell looked handsomer than ever—she was so pleased with her husband's arrangement. As to Miss Llewellyn, she was the

most fascinating of young Welsh ladies. Mr. Lillifant declared himself fairly in love with her that morning.

They had five horses or ponies hired for the occasion, for the children and the ladies to ride by turns, as long as riding was practicable. A little cart, under the care of a



man who could not speak an English word, took up wine and the heavier portion of the provisions supplied by Mr. Lillifant; whilst Miss Llewellyn, who was to ride her tall old white horse, would carry behind her, in a small pair of panniers, such provision as she herself declared to be indispensable for the

occasion. The gentlemen did not arrive by the early train, and various circumstances delayed the setting out till towards three in the afternoon. It was rather late, Miss Llewellyn granted, but still there would be time enough.

Away they went, pedestrians and equestrians, along a narrow wooded

lane, up and up, till they emerged on the open hills, where all was wild and heathery, and whence was a grand view over Anglesea to the Irish Channel beyond, which now shone out like molten silver in the westerly sunlight. Ever and anon were heard explosions as of cannon, the blasting in the stone quarries above Penmaenmawr.

'I remember so well a friend I once had,' said Maude, as she rode beside Miss Llewellyn, 'describing just such a scene as this. I believe he knew this part of the country very well.'

'Do you mean Mr. Harry Benson?' asked Miss Llewellyn; and then, without waiting for a reply, added, 'He is a great favourite of mine. He was down here after Easter term for about ten days; he is so fond of fishing. We made a party to Penmaenbach one day. It was very droll. I had been there with two young cousins of mine a few days before, and one had taken it into her head to write her name on the rock; her brother held her on his shoulder to do it. Her name was Maude. When Mr. Benson came up and saw the name there, I never saw anything like his face; so I set it down in my mind that he loved some young lady of that name.'

Maude Lillifant made no reply, but her face was scarlet.

Now they were in the hilly moorlands, where the solitary cattle-bell, the cry of the plover, the twitter of the moorland-lark, and the thuck-thuck of the stone-hatch were only heard, and where the ortolan flitted silently away to the right and the left, showing its white back and ash-coloured wings. On they went, by a narrow track, through bracken and heather, winding round huge stones, now following and now crossing a mountain stream, and again ascending, arrived at a small stone house surrounded by a few cultivated fields, a far-seen spot of verdure in the barren moorlands. There they left their horses, sending their man forward with the panniers which Miss Llewellyn had so carefully brought. It was now nearly five o'clock, and having pur-

posely left the old grey church for their return, they hastened on to the cottage, where they were to have tea, and be joined by Mr. Bell and his friends.

But the gentlemen were not come. Time-tables were not at hand to consult; not even Mr. Lillifant's capacious pockets contained one. But no matter, they might arrive any minute; in the mean time they would have tea. It was a regular feast they sat down to, and every minute almost some one was running out to a little rock at twenty yards' distance, to look downwards towards Ro, beyond which they could hardly bring a carriage, to see if there were any sign of them coming. But no! It was rather a damp to the spirits of the party, and Mr. Lillifant, who had sent up some capital claret, was in despair to think there was nobody to drink it. They lingered over their entertainment till it was quite dusk indoors, and then they lingered outside till it was quite dusk there. They would not reach home before dark, before midnight, said Mrs. Lillifant, in alarm, and Mrs. Bell began now to be anxious lest any accident had happened to the train. Everybody's spirits had wonderfully abated; even the children's, who were now stationed on the rock, with orders to shout if they saw the gentlemen approaching.

At length the plate and the crockery, and the unopened bottles of wine, and sundry cakes and delicate pies not cut, being packed up, and the people of the cottage rejoicing over the immense pile of fragments that remained, it was decided that they must set out on their homeward way, calling, however, at the church, which Miss Llewellyn said they could see by lantern-light, a man accompanying them with a lantern for that purpose; and perhaps even then the gentlemen might overtake them, for there might be delay about the carriage at Llanrwst, and perhaps they had been obliged to walk all the way.

Mr. Lillifant did not like it at all; Mrs. Lillifant was frightened, and asked 'How in the world they

were to find their way over the moors in that pitch darkness?"

But Miss Llewellyn had no fears; she was a born mountaineer, and night or day were alike to her on the hills.

Whilst the horses at the cottage were being brought out, Miss Llewellyn persuaded them to go to the church, only such a very little way, the man with the lantern preceding them.

'It is the maddest scheme I ever took part in,' said Mr. Lillifant, getting out of humour, and yet wonderfully polite all the time to Miss Llewellyn. Through the churchyard, all amongst the old graves, they went, into the old church, which looked inside like a desolate barn, the man holding up his horn lantern, and this fortunately having a hole on one side, he was able to throw a little light on the old, mouldering mural tablets, and the old, mouldering pulpit, Miss Llewellyn, brimful of antiquarian and traditional lore, which she had the kindness to cut short, in consideration of the impatience of her audience. At length the old church was done with, and again, stumbling amongst the grave-stones, they were back with the horses, and such mounted as were to ride, and the rest on foot, set out in darkness to make the best of their way back to Penmaenmawr, again preceded by the man with the lantern, and followed by Miss Llewellyn's tall white horse, on the back of which three of the children were now mounted.

'I'll never make such a fool's journey as this again,' said Mr. Lillifant in an angry undertone to his wife. The next moment the children on the white horse exclaimed that Miss Llewellyn's beautiful tartan shawl was gone. It had been round their knees, and had slipped off. 'How could it have happened? How careless they had been!' angrily spoke Mr. Lillifant. 'It did not matter the least in the world,' protested Miss Llewellyn; 'it would be found again; nothing ever was lost on the hills; everybody knew her shawl, and she should have it back the next day.'

There was no disguising it; one

thing and another had put Mr. Lillifant out of humour. They were happily past the moorland, and were now on the steep, stony road, leading downward towards Penmaenmawr. It was very dark, though the stars shone brightly in the sky, and there was a midnight feeling in the air, though as yet it was only ten o'clock. All at once, however, Mr. Lillifant struck himself against a large stone on the roadside, and fell. A halt at once took place of those immediately beside and behind him, whilst those in front and the man with the lantern went on.

Mr. Lillifant was a stout, heavy man, and the fall might be dangerous. Those who knew of it were frightened, still more so when, in an angry tone, on endeavouring to rise, he declared he could not stand. Mrs. Lillifant shrieked, Miss Llewellyn ran onward, shouting in Welsh, 'Brysiwch yn ol,' for the man to come back with the lantern.

But now there seemed to be in front a strange hubbub and bustle, men's voices, laughter, and a great commotion. At Miss Llewellyn's voice the lantern stopped, the man shouted back in Welsh, 'Gwnaf.' Nobody could understand him, but with an instinctive fear that something was wrong, all hurried back after the lantern. And now Mrs. Bell saw that her husband was there, and his friends.

'Thank God that you are come!' she exclaimed. 'Mr. Lillifant is dreadfully hurt—what can we do?'

But Mr. Lillifant, who if he had been seen, would have frightened everybody by his ghastly look, for he was very near fainting, no sooner was aware that his brother-in-law was there, and that he was not now left alone to the care of helpless and frightened women, and a man who could not speak a word of any rational language, than he took heart and courage, and said, speaking like a man, that he must be got home some way, for he feared he had broken his leg.

No sooner had he said this than he was aware, in the darkness, of a very pleasant young man's voice, asking permission to ascertain the

extent of the injury, at the same moment laying firm but most delicate hold of his leg.

'What a lucky thing it is, Lillifant, that my friend is a surgeon,' said Bell, with the lantern in his hand, which he had taken from the Welshman. 'You could not be in better hands. He is one of the surgeons of St. Timothy's Hospital,' added he in a low voice to Miss Llewellyn, who was at his side.

Mr. Lillifant had the comfortable assurance that his leg was uninjured further than a severe sprain of the ankle. Walking, however, was impossible: they must set him on one of the easiest of the horses, and get him home as quickly as they could.

'What a blessing it is you are come!' said Mrs. Bell to her husband, when the cavalcade was in motion, and Benson and Paulson were, the one carefully guiding the horse, the other walking close beside the sufferer, ready to render

assistance or support if necessary. 'What a blessing it is you are come. I have been so frightfully anxious. I did not like to tell them, but I have felt all day as if something dreadful would happen.'

'It is the best thing that could have happened,' said her husband. 'Think of old Lillifant being lifted up and seated on the horse by his two expectant sons-in-law! He cannot say a word against Paulson now, and he'll get very fond of him too before he is able again to go out with Miss Llewellyn. I declare it's a regular farce.'

Mr. Bell's words came true. Though the young surgeon had not a rich father to recommend him, as the barrister had, yet Mr. Lillifant was so completely won by him during the short time that he required medical care, that on one of the last days they spent at Penmaenmaur, he declared it one of the greatest pleasures of his life to have a daughter to give him.



SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED.



WE had been to Drury Lane to witness the performance of a drama which was at that time creating some sensation in London, and were discussing the merits of the play and the contents of a barrel of oysters at my chambers in Gray's Inn. The we alluded to consisted of myself, Tom Allen, Harry Townsend, and Frank Ellison. We considered ourselves no mean critics of the drama, and not a new piece was placed on the boards of any of the leading theatres without being visited by our quartette. At the conclusion of each performance, our party adjourned to the domicile of one of its number, for the purpose of canvassing the spectacle over a substantial supper. This latter almost invariably presented itself in the form of oysters and stout, whenever that delicious mollusc was in season. These suppers were given in rotation by each of us, the whole expense of each supper being borne

by the person at whose house the entertainment was given. On the present occasion I was the victim. We were all four bachelors, but Allen was engaged, and expected to be married before very long. When we had slaughtered as many oysters as we cared to devour, spirit decanters were placed upon the table, and pipes and cigars produced. Each of us mixed for himself a steaming glass of whiskey toddy, and Harry Townsend, Frank Ellison, and myself proceeded to light our pipes. As soon as we had got them satisfactorily to work, it was noticed for the first time that Tom Allen had made no preparation for taking his part in the general fumigation. This elicited a good deal of surprise, for Tom Allen had always been known for an inveterate smoker, being generally the first to commence and the last to discontinue smoking in every company of slaves to the fragrant, pungent weed.

'Are not you going to light up, Tom?' I asked.

'No, I think not,' he replied, in a tone quite melancholy to hear.

'Aren't you well?' I continued.

'Oh, yes; I'm well enough,' he said; 'why should you think otherwise? I suppose I needn't smoke unless I choose to do so. I think I am better without it.'

I was inclined to think that this last assertion of his was a pleasant fiction: if it was not, he had certainly undergone a marvellously sudden conversion, for it was fresh in the remembrance of all of us, how, on a very recent occasion, Tom Allen had carried on a controversy with an anti-tobacconist, denying that the use of tobacco was detrimental to health, which he proved to his own satisfaction by asserting that, unless he smoked after his dinner, he could not digest what he had eaten. I know, on that occasion, we considered his arguments sound, and entirely shared his views. To hear him say, therefore, that he thought he was better without smoking, made us open our eyes with astonishment to the greatest extent which the clouds of smoke, which were rapidly filling the room, permitted. My rooms were small, and with three or four mouths puffing vigorously away, even the strongest eyes would occasionally smart, especially in cold weather, when ventilation by the window was out of the question.

'Do you mean to say you have really given up smoking?' asked Harry Townsend; 'you, the great champion of nicotine?'

'For the present, at all events,' was Tom's reply.

'Well, after that I should not be surprised to hear that you had become a member of the United Kingdom Alliance.'

'I should hardly be surprised myself,' said Tom Allen, in a most despondent tone.

'Why, Tom, whatever is the matter?' we exclaimed, simultaneously. 'Have you got some heart disease or other complaint which would be aggravated by smoking?'

'Nothing of the sort,' he replied. 'I believe I'm as strong as a bull;

that's the worst of it. If I felt that smoking was injurious to my health, I should reconcile myself to doing without it; but when I really believe that I'm better with it, it does seem rather too bad to have to give it up.'

'Then you're not discontinuing it voluntarily?' I asked, with some surprise: 'what can be your reason?'

Before Allen could make any reply, Frank Ellison called out: 'I have it!—it's all as clear as daylight; we all know Tom's going to be married; it's his lady-love who has stopped his smoking. Tom, my dear friend, be advised in time; think well before you bind yourself hand and foot. With all due respect to the young lady, whom I have never seen, I can't help saying I pity you, for I think a woman who can act in so arbitrary a manner before marriage will wear the breeches with a vengeance when the nuptial knot is tied.'

Tom Allen heaved a deep sigh. The embargo that had been laid on his favourite habit ~~evidently~~ depressed him. Having, I suppose, in some measure relieved himself by the sigh (or else why was it perpetrated?) he proceeded to speak as follows:

'You are mistaken, Frank; it is not Amy that has put the veto on my smoking; she, dear girl, sympathizes with me in my great trial. As, however, the fact of my not smoking has become the subject of your conversation, I will make a clean breast of it, and give you the explanation of my wretched position. I hope my sad story may act as a lesson to you all, and make you very careful in your conduct to strangers, for you never can tell under what circumstances you may meet them at a future time.'

Before he commenced the relation of the episode in his life which had resulted in his abstinence from tobacco we replenished our glasses, in order that we might not disturb him in his relation. Tom then drew another deep inspiration, and proceeded:

'The incident which has resulted in my discontinuing the practice of

smoking for the present (I say for the present, because I am in hopes that the embargo may be removed in the future) occurred a few years ago, in my old Oxford days. I was proceeding to Alma Mater, at the conclusion of one of the vacations, and had taken my place in the train which was to bear me thither. I was the sole occupant of the compartment, and the train was on the point of starting, when the door of the carriage was suddenly thrown open, and an old gentleman entered the compartment. He was a sour-looking old fellow of about sixty years of age, and was evidently bent upon taking the utmost care of himself. He wore a long great-coat, which reached almost to his heels, and over this was thrown a short wrapper; moreover, his throat was carefully swathed in the folds of a thick, red, woollen comforter. He did not appear to me to be at all the sort of person with whom one could enter into conversation at a moment's notice. I felt that I should have infinitely preferred the solitude of my own ruminations to his society. The result proved that my instinct had not misled me. Oh, that I had changed my seat! I should then have been puffing away at the present moment with the best of you! Frank, just blow a good cloud of smoke into my face, will you? I shall perhaps be able to sniff up some of it; I prefer it second-hand to not at all.—Thanks.

'The train moved slowly out of the station, and the old gentleman began to make his arrangements for the journey. He proceeded to unlock and open a somewhat bulky, black travelling bag, from which he first of all extracted a sealskin cap, which, after having removed his hat, he placed upon his head, drawing the flops down over his ears and then tying them under his chin.

'During the performance of this operation, I remarked that his head would have made a fine field for the science of a phrenologist, it being quite bald; he next produced a large fur slipper, into which he inserted his huge ungainly feet. It occurred to me, on noticing these, that his bootmaker must be a man

of no ordinary genius, for how he had contrived to induce the coverings of the old man's feet to accommodate themselves to the numerous knobs which overspread those feet in the most unusual places has ever remained a mystery to me. Having done all that he could for those two extremities of his person, he dived a third time into the black bag. "What next?" I thought, for I was watching him with a great deal of curiosity. An air-cushion. This, after unscrewing the mouth-piece, he placed to his mouth and proceeded to inflate; after due hissing, he appeared to be satisfied with the dimensions of it, and placed it behind his shoulder-blades; I never could conceive why this was done, for the back of the carriage was excellently padded. He then drew on a pair of thick knitted gloves, spread a railway rug over his knees, and appeared to be made up for the journey. I thought he was most likely going to sleep out the time that he was destined to pass in the train, but instead of this he took up a copy of "The Times," which he had brought with him, in which he seemed to be very soon absorbed.

'I then proceeded to put my ideas of comfort in force: you may guess what they were. I drew out my cigar-case, selected a weed, and had just struck a light, when I heard a slight movement proceeding from my companion. I looked up: his eyes were fixed intently upon me; he was closely observing my actions. This did not trouble me much, so I proceeded to light up, and in another moment was blowing a splendid cloud.

'Presently I heard a cough—"Ahem!"

'I looked at my fellow-traveller.

"I object to smoking," he said.

"Well now," I thought, "this is cool, to say the least of it."

'In order not to infringe the by-laws of the Company, I had been careful to select a carriage on the door of which was hung a board marked "Smoking Compartment." I suppose the old gentleman, in his hurry, had not observed this notice, which placed me in the right and him in the wrong. I did not like

his appearance at all; he was a nasty, crusty, old fellow I could see, so I made up my mind not to enlighten him as to his mistake. I admit my conduct was rude, but I replied—

"H'm, some people do, I believe."

"He had not waited for any response from me after having made his objection, but had returned to the perusal of his paper. Apparently he expected me to put out my cigar. This, however, I had not the slightest intention of doing. About three minutes elapsed, and he then addressed me a second time:

"I think you cannot have heard me, sir; I informed you just now that I had a great objection to smoking."

"Oh! I heard your remark distinctly enough, sir," I replied; "and it seems to me hardly necessary for you to repeat it. I am not prepared to engage in a controversy as to the merits and demerits of the habit. On your enlightening me as to your opinion on the subject, I stated that I believed there were others in the world who shared your objections."

"There was a short pause, and then he renewed the attack.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you are going to continue smoking, in defiance of what I have said?" he asked.

"I didn't mean to say anything of the sort, sir," I replied, "although I proposed to continue my present occupation; but, as you put the question so pointedly, I see no harm in informing you that I shall not put this cigar out until it has become too hot for my lips to hold."

"He appeared to be greatly astonished at my cool audacity.

"Very well, sir," he replied, "we shall see whether this Company will allow its bye-laws to be infringed, and its passengers annoyed with impunity. Unless you at once extinguish that cigar, I shall, the next time we stop, inform the guard of your conduct."

"As you please, sir," I replied, and continued smoking. Shortly afterwards the train slackened its speed, and my fellow-passenger, who had seated himself on that side of the

carriage farthest from the down platform of the stations along the line, removed the railway rug from his knees, slipped his knobly foot out of the gouty-looking slipper, and moved to the seat in the opposite corner, in order, I supposed, to hail some official for the purpose of requesting him to have me removed. The train had hardly come to a dead stop before down went the window, and out popped the sealskin cap and its contents.

"Guard, guard!" I heard him exclaim.

"But no guard replied to his summons.

"Evidently fearing that the train would move off before he had accomplished his purpose with regard to me, he bawled out again at the top of his voice—

"Guard, guard, porter! why don't you come when I call?"

"This last question was addressed to the approaching form of the first-named individual. My companion seeing that he was about to receive attention, drew his head into the carriage again and resumed his seat; I concluded in order that the railway official might obtain a clear view of me. In another moment the head and shoulders of the guard showed themselves at the window. The old gentleman was on the point of speaking when I forestalled him.

"Oh, guard," I said very quietly, "here's an old gentleman who has an objection to smoking—some mistake in the carriage, I suppose. Would you be so good as to find him a seat in another compartment?"

"The guard smiled, and the old gentleman stared at me in amazement. He did not understand his mistake.

"What do you mean by this impertinence, sir?" he asked, fiercely. "Guard, I order you to turn this man out of the carriage; he has been annoying me with smoking in spite of my having repeatedly asked him to desist. If you do not do so, and find out his name, so that he may be summoned before the magistrates, I shall report you."

"Can't do it, sir," was the guard's answer. "The gentleman's

perfectly right; you have got into a wrong compartment: this is a smoking-carriage."

"Smoking-carriage!" said old crusty; apparently he was not aware of this recent stride in civilization made by the railway companies.

"Yes, sir. Now, sir, if you're going to change your seat, you must be quick about it; we can't wait here all day."

Handing his black bag and other traps to the guard, he hobbled out of the carriage, casting a glance full of malignancy on me as he passed. When he had alighted on the platform, I saw him scrutinise slowly the board which notified that the carriage in which I was seated was devoted to the use of those who indulged in the habit of smoking.

"I could not resist saying, 'Good day, sir; you'll know a smoking-carriage another time, I think, when you see it.' After that, I saw no more of my old friend, though I looked out of the carriage window at every station at which we stopped, for the purpose of seeing if he alighted. Apparently, however, his journey was a longer one than mine, for I reached my destination without getting another sight of him.

My college career was closed, and I came up here to read for the bar, as you all know. About six months ago, Amy Harris was stopping with the Ashtons, with whom you are aware that I have always been on terms of great intimacy. Consequently, during the young lady's stay there I saw a great deal of her; the fact is, hardly a day passed without my spending a portion of it at the Ashtons' house. The more I saw of Amy Harris the more I desired to see of her; and as this could not well be without my giving her my name, I made her an offer; you know with what result—she referred me to "papa." Papa, I was informed, resided at Lesborough, a small place about thirty miles beyond Oxford. To Lesborough, therefore, in a few days, I repaired, having been preceded by Amy and also by a letter from Frank Ashton (who was well acquainted with Mr. Harris), saying that I was

well off, of respectable family, and in fact, in every way a desirable son-in-law. Mr. Harris was therefore prepared to receive me very graciously. I believe the organ of individuality to be very deficient in my brain, for I have always had the greatest difficulty in recognising faces, and it is only after repeated interviews that I become master of the appearance of my different acquaintances. I believe I make many enemies through this deficiency; for people, I feel sure, often imagine that I am cutting them intentionally, when they are entirely out of my thoughts.

'On being introduced to Mr. Harris, who was a man well past the prime of life, there was something about him, I could not tell what, that told me we had met before; but the how, when, and where of our meeting was gone from me. I tried hard to tax my memory with the circumstances under which we had previously met, for that this was not our first meeting, I felt convinced. But it was of no use—the treacherous elf memory refused to render me any assistance. I did not like Mr. Harris's expression; I thought he seemed to scowl at me in a peculiarly unpleasant way. He, however, gave no sign of having seen me before, and our interview proceeded. Everything went smoothly enough, Mr. Harris giving his consent to my engagement with his daughter; and I was congratulating myself that the business had been so satisfactorily transacted, when Amy's father said, with a sour attempt at a smile—

"I must ask you one question, which I have little doubt your answer will prove to be an unnecessary one. It is simply this: Are you a smoker?"

'I can even now see the man's look of fiendish delight as he put the question. I knew him then; he was my fellow-passenger whom I had so unceremoniously caused to be removed to another railway carriage three years previously, when he had raised an objection to my smoking. He had immediately recognised me, and determined to pay me off for my want of courtesy.

I thought it showed the mean, sneaking spirit of the man, asking me whether I smoked, when all the time he was perfectly well aware of the fact, instead of reminding me in a straightforward way of our former meeting, and telling me that he retained his objection to the use of tobacco. I should have respected him in such a case, whereas now I despised him from my inmost soul.

'For the first time in my life I was thankful that I did not possess the ability of easily recognising faces; for, had I known that Amy's father and my anti-tobacco fellow-passenger were one and the same person, I am afraid that I should not have had the courage to ask him for his daughter's hand.

'As he had chosen to ignore our former meeting, I followed suit, replying, not without a good deal of anxiety at the result of my answer—

"I certainly am a smoker, though not to a great extent; I hope you have no objection to the habit."

"But I have a most decided objection to the filthy habit. I am sorry, Mr. Allen, that I was not aware of this fact before you started on your journey down here, for you would have been spared the annoyance of a fruitless errand. I so much disapprove of smoking, that I would not for a moment entertain a proposal for my daughter's hand from any one who indulged in it. I presume that there is nothing more to be said, and that our interview may be considered at an end. I am sorry you should have had all this unnecessary trouble. Good——"

"One moment, Mr. Harris," I exclaimed. "Surely this need not be the cause of any difficulty. Rather than be deprived of Amy, I will discontinue smoking; it will require a great deal of self-denial on my part to break off the habit, I admit; but I am ready to make any sacrifice rather than lose Amy."

"Oh! that certainly alters the case," he replied. "I was hardly prepared for this. If you will give me your word of honour that, so long as you are engaged to my daughter, and after you have married her, if such marriage should

take place, you will abstain from smoking without my permission, I will revoke my refusal of consent to your engagement with Amy."

'I bound myself by word of honour that it should be so, and my engagement dated from that moment. He had certainly paid me off for fumigating him in the railway carriage with a vengeance. I hoped from his saying that I was not to smoke without his consent that he would occasionally give me permission to do so; but not a whiff, though I did hint to him on several subsequent occasions that I believed my digestive organs were becoming impaired by the want of the weed.

'From that day to this I have never held a pipe or cigar between my lips; and this occurred two months ago. Amy sympathises with me entirely, and when we are married, we intend to set our wits to work to devise some means of circumventing the old man. I intend to make him remove his embargo as soon as I can; but of course no attempt can be made until the wedding is over; that event, by-the-by, I expect will take place in about four months from the present time.

'Now what do you think of my father-in-law elect? Is he not an old curmudgeon?"

We were unanimous in crying shame on the old man, who had cherished an old sore, of his own causing, for three years, and then adopted this mean way of being revenged. We assured poor Tom Allen, who sat looking very glum, that he possessed all our sympathy, and told him that we had no doubt some plan could be concocted between us for making old Harris revoke his decision.

By the time that Tom Allen had finished his story, it was getting rather late, so our party broke up, each member of it proceeding to his own abode. I saw Tom Allen frequently after this evening, up to the time of his marriage, and on every occasion inquired whether his future father-in-law's opinion had undergone any change; but the answer was always in the negative; old Harris remained obdu-

rate. Tom always said, 'But never mind; wait till we're married; I'll be even with him then.'

Allen's period of total abstinence from tobacco previous to his marriage continued for about seven months, and then, on taking up the newspaper one day, I saw the announcement of his union with Miss Harris. 'Poor Tom,' I thought, 'I wonder if he's had a pipe yet.' Then I began to wonder whether he would succeed in his endeavour to overcome his father-in-law's scruples. I was inclined to think that he would, for Allen was a man of indomitable energy, and usually succeeded in any matter he took in hand.

I saw no more of Tom Allen during the next three months, for business had detained me out of town, when one day, as I was passing up Regent Street, whom should I see, but Master Tom sauntering quietly down the street, and, wonder of wonders, between his lips he held a huge Havannah. He had prevailed with Mr. Harris then, and was free to smoke when he chose.

'Ah, Howard, old boy,' he said, 'glad to see you; so long since we've met, when we consider we used to see each other two or three times a week. You see I've beaten the old man—smoke fifty cigars a day if I like.'

I congratulated him on the fact, and inquired what means he had employed for the purpose of bringing his father-in-law to reason.

'Oh,' he said, 'I can't tell you out here, and to tell you the truth, I am rather in a hurry at the present moment. I have to meet Amy at a shop in Piccadilly, and I'm afraid I'm rather behind time as it is; but if you have no better engagement for town, and will favour us with your company at dinner at six o'clock, we shall be delighted to see you, and I'll explain how I brought the father-in-law round to my way of thinking.'

I promised to come on the following day, and we parted.

Accordingly, at the appointed time I presented myself at Allen's door. I was much pleased with his

wife, a most hospitable, pleasant, little body, and I felt myself at home with her at once. I considered Tom had not paid too dearly for the privilege of calling her his wife, especially now that he was at liberty again to smoke as hard as he liked. She gave us an excellent dinner, to which we did full justice, and as soon as the cloth had been removed, and she had left us to ourselves, I reminded Tom of his promise to inform me of the means he had used for obtaining Mr. Harris's consent to smoke.

He laughed and rang the bell. A boy in buttons came in answer to it, to whom my host gave some instructions in a tone that was too low to reach my ears. In a few minutes Mr. Buttons returned, bearing in his hand a metal article that seemed to me to be a cross between a pair of bellows and a watering-pot. By his master's instructions, the boy placed this curious-looking machine on the table in front of us, and then left the room.

I regarded it for a few moments steadily, but could not make out what it was; I noticed a handle on one side of it, so that it was evidently a rotatory machine of some description.

'What in the name of all that's mysterious is that?' I asked.

'That, my friend,' replied Tom, 'is the instrument of torture by means of which I was enabled to cause my respected father-in-law to regard smoking in a more favourable light than he had hitherto done.' He then proceeded to speak as follows:—

'As soon as our honeymoon was over, Amy and I set our wits to work to hit upon a plan for bringing her father to reason, and after a long consultation, decided upon a course which we thought would have the desired effect. Amy therefore wrote to Mr. Harris to ask him to spend a few weeks with us (he is a widower, by-the-by), to which request he graciously acceded. The day before his arrival I bought that machine which I see you regarding with such wonder. It is a fumigator for the purpose of fumigating plants with tobacco, with a

view to destroying little insects which frequently congregate upon them. I also purchased several pounds of the strongest tobacco I could lay my hands upon. I then set the boy to work at the machine in every room in the house, so that the smoke became so dense that it was actually difficult for us to see one another. The consequence was, that on the day of Mr. Harris' arrival there was a most sickening stench of stale tobacco-smoke pervading the house. I had told the boy to give the bedroom intended for Mr. Harris a double dose, which he did. As soon as the old gentleman set foot in the hall he began to sniff vigorously; then he turned upon me a most withering look, as much as to imply that I had broken my word to him. He did not say anything to me however, and shortly afterwards I left him alone with Amy. Directly I had quitted the room, she told me that he had accused me of having broken my word in regard to the smoking. She positively stated that I had never had a pipe or cigar in my mouth since the day of my marriage, and affected not to perceive the unpleasant odour pervading the house.

'I had given the boy his instructions, so when I rang the bell after dinner he entered the room with the fumigator ready for action.

"What on earth is that thing?" asked my father-in-law.

'A fumigator,' I replied. 'I must apologise to you, my dear sir, for having to make use of this machine; but the fact is, that finding my digestion much weakened from not smoking after dinner, I have been compelled to adopt this substitute, I am happy to say with the most fortunate results, for I much prefer it to smoking, and find its effects much more efficacious. I hope it will not cause you any annoyance.' Without regarding his look of astonishment, I then, with the utmost gravity, set a light to the tobacco, and proceeded to turn the handle of the machine. Volumes of smoke instantly began to issue from the spout.

"That, then, is the cause of the

horrible stench which fills the house," he said; "the place smells worse than any taproom in the kingdom."

"Does it indeed, sir?" I asked, with the most innocent expression I could assume. "I suppose living so continually in it we are unable to perceive it."

'He watched the smoke ascending to the ceiling for a few moments, and then began to cough violently. Seeing the effect upon him, I was about to offer to discontinue the operation, when he exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, Tom, throw that infernal machine out of the window, and if you must have tobacco-smoke take a cigar."

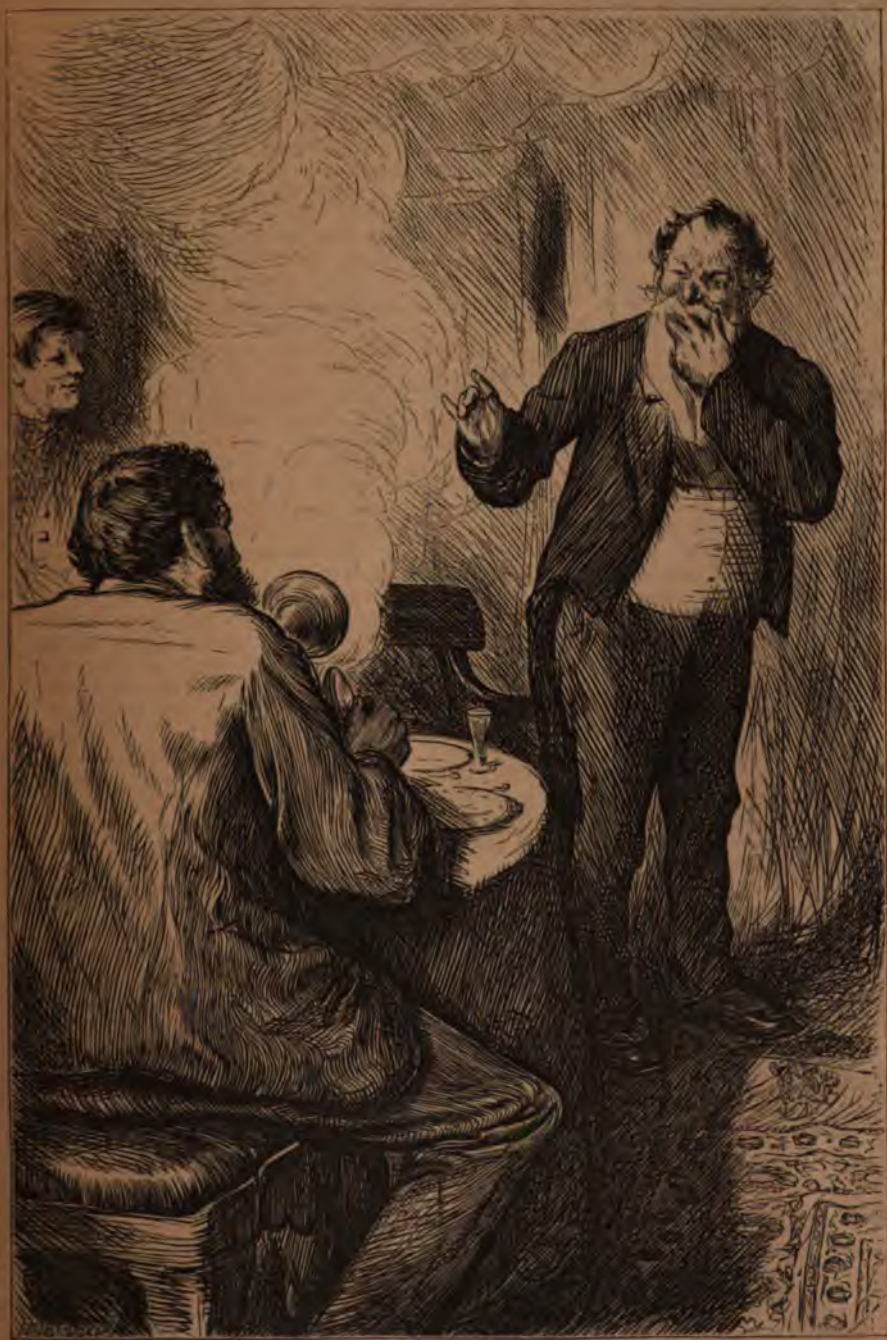
'I ceased turning the handle—I had hardly anticipated so speedy a conversion. I thought, however, it would not do to fall into his views too rapidly, lest his suspicion should be aroused, so I replied,—

"I wish you had suggested this course to me some time ago, sir, for I have become so accustomed to tobacco taken in this form that I now prefer it to any other, and it will require a greater effort on my part to dispense with the fumigator than was the case with regard to cigars. However, as you find it so very unpleasant, I will do my utmost to discontinue the practice, and solace myself with a cigar, my taste for which has now died out. I only hope my health will not suffer by the change. I will now therefore, with your permission, take a cigar."

"Oh, certainly," he answered; "anything rather than that abomination," pointing to the fumigator.

'I had taken care, previous to inviting him, not to be unprepared for the contingency which occurred, so I at once took a cigar from a drawer and forthwith enjoyed the first smoke I had had for nine months. What do you think of my tactics?"

'I heartily congratulate you on the result of them,' I replied, 'whatever may be my opinion of the means you employed; but we have left Mrs. Allen too long alone; suppose we join her.'



Drawn by Charles Keene.]

SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

[See the Story.

COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE OF ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

IF we were discussing the comparative merits of English watering-places in reference to the necessities of invalids during the winter our remarks would have a very limited range. With hardly an exception these watering-places are confined to the belt of our southern coast. They are exceedingly good in their way, not so good, indeed, as those on the shores of the Mediterranean, but still so good that patients will resort hither from Germany and even from Italy itself. I am now discussing the case of our summer travellers who, happily, may be supposed to be in a state of more than ordinary good health. To those who have wintered on the southern coast, for the most part the southern coast ought to be a forbidden region during the summer. They can derive no special benefit during the winter from a locality where the summer has been spent. I am really sorry for the invalids, especially on this account, that they go away at the very spring-time when their old haunts look the prettiest. I hope, however, that summer visitants will not be deterred from their winter resorts through the fear of too much heat. It so remarkably happens that the places which are warmest in the winter are often coolest in the summer. Our most sheltered watering-places for invalids during the winter are Torquay and Penzance. These splendid localities are to be seen at their very best during the summer months. Indeed they cannot really be seen in their perfection except at this time. The summer is always the proper climate for the south. Many of the winter visitors go away from these places without ever really seeing them. It is common enough indeed that these southern watering-places should contend that they have both a winter season and a summer season. It will not, however, be difficult in most cases to strike a balance and to settle for which season any locality may be more especially suited. But season

or no season, heat or no heat, the southern coast of England is a region of most remarkable beauty, and ought to be visited by all who can manage the excursion.

The health aspect of all these places has to be carefully considered. A most important part of medical science is the prevention of illness, and so far every one has a direct interest in medical science. The subject belongs generally to that science of climatology which has almost been created since the publication, now many years ago, of Sir James Clark's celebrated volume. It is now understood that for most persons the annual holiday, with its bracing and recreative influence, is a necessity, especially in these days, when the chief stress of all labour lies upon the nervous system. We may take a leisure hour when we want it, and even a leisure day every now and then, but the constitution expects more than this, and we all now fall back upon a few weeks' rest either at the seashore or in inland watering-places. I may here mention two works* which especially deserve to be consulted on the subject both by invalids and those who are hale and strong, written respectively by Dr. Scoresby-Jackson and Dr. Edwin Lee. The former of these takes a broad, general view of climatic geography, discussing every known climate, and giving an able treatment to the general subject. Dr. Lee's work is confined to English watering-places. It so happens that both concur in giving a list and general estimate of our watering-places, and we shall endeavour to give a bird's-eye view of their leading practical advice on the subject. Having ourselves carefully inspected the very large majority of the places discussed, we shall also treat the subject indepen-

* 'Medical Climatology.' By R. E. Scoresby-Jackson, M.D. Churchill.

'The Watering Places of England; with a Summary of their Medical Topography and Remedial Resources.' By Edwin Lee, M.D. Churchill.

dently and from our own point of view.

The medical writers divide our watering-places into winter and summer resorts. What I have pointed out is that our winter resorts ought to be visited by tourists in the summer. I am quite willing to concede that during the summer the northern watering-places are preferable to the southern. If a man needs bracing he should go northwards. If he suffers from some ailment requiring the use of medicinal springs he should go to some inland watering-place. But still the south of our island eminently deserves his attention, especially the south-west, the seaboard of Somersetshire, and the counties of Devon and Cornwall, so uniquely rich both in pastoral beauty and oceanic effects. Devonshire is our most idyllic county. It is the true Arcadia of our island. Its southern watering-places ought to be visited for their extreme beauty, each nestled in its coombe, each overhung with verdure and forestry, each with its moorland uplands: while its watering-places on the north coast, of which Ilfracombe is confessedly the queen, have an atmosphere which is not only pure and bracing but really exhilarating. It is the happiness of Devonshire that you can at any time easily escape from the relaxing seaboard to the moors, where you imbibe the true champagne of airs. For those who cannot manage the Highlands of Scotland Dartmoor is not a bad substitute. But we will give a rapid glance at the general list of southern watering-places.

We pass over those nearer watering-places so familiar to Londoners and easy of access, such as Ramsgate and Brighton. Folkestone and Dover have relinquished their real claim to be watering-places by descending into the mercenary condition of seaports. The better part of Folkestone is finely placed and has bracing sea-air. St. Leonards is a bright place for the summer, more bracing than Hastings, which concentrates the heat with its cliffs. The island garden of Wight is so accessible that it has become a great

favourite, especially since the Queen and Prince have laid out Osborne, and Mr. Tennyson has his own good grounds here, which attract their share of pilgrims. The Queen has been a great benefactress to the island, and I was told there that from the highest to the lowest there was no one who was not helped and blessed by her presence. The loveliness of Ventnor and Bonchurch is most attractive, and if the heat is too relaxing, you change your climate while exploring Carisbrook Castle, and still more so when you get among the yachts at Cowes. After all, however, the scenery of the Isle of Wight is of a very limited extent, and may be thoroughly explored within a week: but it is near much fine scenery. Sail up Southampton Water, catching a sight of Netley, the faded glories of its abbey and the rising glories of its hospital; and you have also the New Forest to explore. Bournemouth, embosomed in its evergreens, is highly attractive, and was called by Count D'Orsay '*le plus joli endroit du monde*.' The tourist on the south coast has to settle the preliminary question whether he desires a populous watering-place with its parties and amusements, or desires the comparative solitude of a sylvan retreat and lonely shore. If he desires the former, then without a question you have your choice between Brighton on the east and Plymouth on the west of the south coast. Such places as Portsmouth, Gosport, and Southampton really do not enter into the competition. Brighton also cannot equal the scenic beauty of the vicinity of Plymouth. You may stay week after week at Plymouth, and day after day you may find something fresh to see in the neighbourhood, though Plymouth itself, save for Mount Edgcumbe, is not a very desirable place to stay at. You ought also, if there, to belong to the Yacht Club and know many of its members. On the other hand, if you prefer the quiet style, then Worthing holds a prominent place in my affections, and the Marine is the *ne plus ultra* of hotels, and the group of little watering-places in the neighbourhood are

hardly worth discussing in comparison. For true rural loveliness commend me to Torquay, which is quiet enough in the summer and breezy enough too on the heights. I cannot forbear saying that there is a little town, Salcombe, almost entirely belonging to Lord Devon, where the climate is perhaps more favourable than Torquay, and during the winter would be both a cheaper and safer resort than Torquay.

The whole line of these south-western watering-places from Exmouth to Penzance is rather too hot for the summer; but who that knows the glories of Penzance and the Land's End, the glories of Falmouth and the Lizard country, would not desire for himself and his friends that they should while away a happy season here? The one Devonshire watering-place which is pre-eminent in beauty, and has also an invigorating summer climate, is Ilfracombe, which upon the whole may be fearlessly recommended for head-quarters to every tourist in this region. The inhabitants bemoan the fact that there is no railway, but to my mind this is really a great recommendation. From Ilfracombe, on the one hand, you can explore the whole of the enchanted coast to Lynmouth and Lynton and beyond, and on the other hand you may get down to Clovelly and the unrivalled boldness of the north Cornish coast. Then the Welsh watering-places would have to be considered. Pembrokeshire is famous for cliffs and castles; Tenby is well worthy of separate consideration. It is remote, expensive, and semi-aristocratic. Aberystwith is centrally situated in respect to North and South Wales; the climate is more bracing than that of Tenby, and, like Tenby, it has now the advantage of being directly accessible from London by rail.

We now turn to the important group of inland watering-places. Some of these have risen from small beginnings to large and fair cities; and some of these fashionable and populous watering-places have passed their grand climacteric, and show symptoms of again descending into obscurity. Bath was

once the most fashionable city in England; but it now reads a melancholy lesson on the fragility of human splendour and greatness. Bath deserves the title which can be accorded to so few British cities, of being really a fine, a noble city, well placed, well built, excellently adorned. The society of Bath, I gratefully remember, is eminently sociable and pleasing, and the climate remarkably healthy, with the lowest death-rate in England; the neighbourhood is pretty, well wooded, and well watered; the rents are low, the market one of the very best in England. Much of this commendation would also apply to Cheltenham, and, in a less degree, to Tunbridge Wells, which has the advantage, even in the hottest weather, of a fine breezy common; whereas Bath in summer is too warm, and the extreme summer heat in Cheltenham is simply intolerable. These are excellent places to spend a season at, in whole or part; very desirable localities also for a permanent residence, but assuredly I will not recommend my summer tourist, who has perhaps only a few weeks' holiday in the year, to go to any of them. Of course it is a different thing, if they wish to go there with the medical purpose of drinking the waters. In that case I have very little to say. That very little will chiefly consist of the unpatriotic remark that, on the whole, the continental waters are more valuable and efficacious than those of our own country. Sometimes a merely arbitrary and even fanciful value is attached to mineral waters. I have myself observed, wandering in lonely untrodden districts, with a highly scientific companion who has given special attention to the subject of mineral waters, springs of more powerful properties than various others on the strength of which it has been sought to establish a medical renown. I do not, however, wish to impugn the Bath waters, the only hot springs in this country, and which really seem to possess a remarkable value; nor yet other spas which may be of use, yet hardly, I think, of so much use

as the local medical men seem to think. When, for instance, Dr. Kennion, of Harrogate, argues that the Harrogate waters are good for consumption, it is hardly necessary to have recourse to Dr. Lee's refutation, for to my mind the supposition is fanciful and erroneous on the face of it. I shall only discuss those inland watering-places which, independently of their medical repute, are likely to be visited by the tourist on account of their scenic and social claims. On a liberal construction, Clifton, so near to Bath, may be included in the list. Clifton is a beautiful place, and will always be a favourite residence and retreat for many. The mural precipices of the tidal Avon, the dense woods on the other side, now rendered accessible by the new Suspension Bridge; the elevated table-land with its soft greensward and abundant brushwood; the view of the low Welsh hills across the British Channel, 'that broad water of the west;' the immediate proximity of Bristol,—all make Clifton a very desirable place of residence or of temporary sojourn. There is a strange tradition in the place of great interest, which describes how the Clifton spring was disturbed at the time of the earthquake at Lisbon. 'It became suddenly red as blood, and so turbid that it could not be drunk. The alarmed inhabitants of Bristol offered up prayers in church to avert the vengeance of heaven, of which this appearance was considered to be an indication. On the same day, the water of a common well in a field near St. George's Church, which had been remarkably clear, turned black as ink, and continued unfit for use nearly a fortnight. The tide, also, in the Avon flowed back, contrary to its natural course.' Leamington—so called from the river Leam—is a watering-place where a tourist may very agreeably sojourn for a week or ten days out of the season. You are favourably impressed by the place directly you arrive at Avenue Station, by the avenue from which the station derives its name. Leamington is entirely a modern growth, chiefly through the great reputation of Dr.

Jephson. Not so many years ago it 'was a little village of rude, thatched, clad cottages, ranged round a duck-pond.' It is now a singularly gay and cheerful place, a favourite resort for the aristocracy; and in the autumn many visitors come here for the hunting, which is very good in this neighbourhood. Warwick, with its stately castle, is only a mile off; and Kenilworth Castle—Lord Clarendon's property—only six miles; and Stratford-on-Avon is within easy distance. The immediate scenery—especially Guy's Cliff—is very pretty, and the climate tolerably bracing. To proceed. Malvern and Matlock are places of remarkable beauty; but in point of fact, though the guide-books do not dilate on it, the scenery in both cases is limited. The pure exhilarating atmosphere of the Malvern Hills is delicious; the want of shade is, however, a drawback, and the east wind is felt with some severity. Like Bath, it has a famous abbey. The Beacon Hill is celebrated in history, poetry, and art; and those who are addicted to hydropathy exult in the Malvern establishment. When the chain of hills has been traversed, which may be done in a day or two, there is not much in the way of variety. We think that Dr. Lee rather exaggerates the importance of Matlock Bath. We are not quite satisfied with his *dictum* that 'few places in England can compete with Matlock Vale as regards beauty of scenery.' Many can compete, and various can surpass. The scenery is limited; if we go half a dozen or a dozen miles from Matlock, we have marvellous views; but Matlock itself can be satisfactorily disposed of in a day and a half. When we were last there the river was in a somewhat stagnant and inodorous state, and densely populated by water-rats. Malvern is altogether superior in air and broad effect to Matlock, but the great sights near Matlock altogether surpass those in the vicinage of Malvern.

These great sights, manageable from Matlock, are equally the appanage of Buxton. They comprise a series of romantic dales; the pastoral valley of the 'troutful' Der-

went, the stately parks and residences of the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, the grand scenery of Castleton and the Peak. But the true comparison is to be drawn between Buxton and Harrogate. The waters in each place are powerful and valuable, and are often interchanged by patients. Buxton stands high, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and must be truly invigorating to those who are suffering from lassitude and a relaxed climate. It will not be difficult to strike a balance between Buxton and Harrogate, and give it very decidedly in favour of Harrogate. I do not enter into the medical controversy. The waters are both good in their respective ways, though Harrogate has a larger variety. Remarkable as is the vicinage of Buxton, that of Harrogate need not shrink from the comparison. But Harrogate possesses great social advantages which in no similar degree belong to Buxton, and in several points of view it is the most remarkable of English spas.

If Tunbridge Wells is reproached by Dr. Lee as being the least sociable and amusing of our watering-places, it is equally true that Harrogate is free from this reproach beyond any other place we know. It closely approximates to the character of a continental spa. The system of table-d'hôtes is fully carried out here. It is the pleasantest and most sociable of watering-places. There the ladies and gentlemen of the 'Granby' will present their compliments to the ladies and gentlemen at the 'Dragon,' and desire the honour of their company on such an evening. There are concerts every night, and nearly every night a ball at some hotel. There is great frankness and freedom of social intercourse; you here favourably see the wealth, energy, strong sense, genial qualities of the masterful north-country people. There is an unusual number of pretty, amiable girls, and an unusual number of these are in the pleasant position of being heiresses. The place and its belongings are rather cleverly sketched out in one of Miss Sinclair's novels. It is en-

tirely a modern creation. Towards the close of the sixteenth century it was a thick forest. 'The ancient "Harrigate Head" was an isolated, almost inaccessible nook, in the wolds of Yorkshire. He was esteemed a cunning fellow who could find these springs.' In the last century, Smollett, in 'Humphrey Clinker,' describes Harrogate as a 'wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least sign of cultivation.' At Harrogate we have always been struck by the peculiar freshness of the breeze, and the peculiar brilliancy of the sunsets. And the reason is clear. It lies on high ground, in that part of England where England is narrowest; it is only fifty miles from either sea, and the oceanic breezes sweep across it, tempered by their land passage. Harrogate may be described as a vast lordly village. There is an extensive range of public ground called the 'Stray,' secured to the public for ever, on the open side of which no buildings are allowed. It comprises High Harrogate and Low Harrogate, the former of which follows the western curvature of the 'Stray,' and the latter occupies a subjacent valley. The neighbourhood is peculiarly rich in objects of interest. It will be sufficient if we enumerate two expeditions which cannot be surpassed, hardly in Europe. The one of these embraces the contiguous scenes of Ripon Cathedral, the park of Studley Royal, and the ruins of Fountain Abbey; the other, Bolton Abbey and the enchanted scenery of the Wharfe.

But after all, in the summer holidays, the mind turns lovingly to the sea. How stupid were our ancestors, who could not bear its sights and sounds, and used to build their houses away from its immediate view. And for the seaside, what place can be more glorious than Scarborough? It has mineral waters, indeed, but they are as nothing to the sea. 'As a summer residence,' writes Dr. Scoresby-Jackson, 'Scarborough can scarcely be surpassed in gaiety and in its internal resources of amusement. To those who are suffering from an over-

wrought constitution, from mental and physical debility, the consequence of prolonged application to business or study, this favoured spa is one of the safest retreats in England. Nor is it less available in actual disease of a low nervous and hypochondriacal type, which may be relieved by the continual parties and festivities so common during the season.' The picturesque harbour, the castle-crowned rock, the gay esplanade and terrace, the sands at low water, where the liveried postilions ply with their pony carriages,—are the most salient features of Scarborough. She is certainly the queen of all the eastern watering-places—quieter Whitby, adjacent Filey, romantic Saltburn, Cromer, and Lowestoft, and so on; and none the less queens it over all the watering-places of the opposite coast, and her supremacy is

only challenged by the southern shore.

We have now given a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the chief English watering-places. Such as it is, in nearly every instance, it is the result of our own personal observation, corroborated by the medical works we have cited. Our hints may possibly be of some use, though we know that the choice of a summer retreat is rather made from special circumstances than deliberate selection. We only subjoin a single hint: it is best to provide oneself with letters of introduction, or arrange with friends to meet at the same place; for the 'exquisite companionship,' which has been described as the greatest joy of which the human spirit is capable, lends to all scenery a true consecration, and sheds upon it a 'light that never was on sea or shore.'

CHARADES.

THE red-coats come! and, lo! my first re-sounds;
Molly and Cook are out of window looking.
Come, Molly, there are cobwebs on the stairs,
And, Mistress Cook, there's such a thing as cooking!

Red cloth, we hear, attracts the turkey-cock,
Yet turkeys still are *reasted* to be eaten:
What are you listening to, fat kitchen queen?
Is it to hear my *first* by *second* beaten?

O partner fair! I've sought both high and low;
The supper-board of everything is left;
I'm sorry you must really take my whole,
It is the *only thing* to eat that's left!

A READER of the inmost human soul,
Writer that shall be read whilst ages roll,
In short, my matchless and unequalled *whole*,
These words once said,

In verse mellifluous, in language free,—
'Oh ne'er my *first* your gory locks at me.'
Open at weird 'Macbeth,' and you will be
Right on this head.

My *second* caused young Absalom to die;
My second oft held traitor's head on high
In gory, ghastly, hideous mockery,
When he was dead.

A SHIPWRECKED sailor to my *first* had swum,
And quickly knocked at the most handy door;
Out came my *second*, and looked very glum,—
Perhaps she thought the honest tar was poor.
She looked at him: he looked at her; and then
He turned away, saying, 'Upon my soul,
I'm not most difficult to please of men,
But thank my stars, ma'am, you are not my *whole*!'

MY *whole* a brave Crusader donned,
A gallant Red-Cross Knight,
With helm and buckler went he forth,
The foremost in the fight.

I meant to tell a soft romance
To please the ladies fair;
To tell of bow, and spear, and lance,
When Quixotes fight the air.

But Nell breaks in, 'I'm hungry, sir,
So stop that *stupid* tale!
Upon my *second* put my *first*.
'Thanks! Now some bitter ale!'

I VIEWED my *second* settle on her brow,
Her fair white brow, and nestle in her hair;
I sighed, 'Intruder, would that I were thou,
And that, like thee, I dared to linger there.'

But Anna sat immovable and cold,
A soul-less smile upon her marble face.
Say, is she twenty years or sixty old?
No sign she ever shows of youthful grace.

For there my *first* she turned and turned about,
Minced up her roll, but not a word said she;
I might have been in Deutschland, *auerkraut*
Devouring, for aught she said to me.

Open the window! give me air! I faint!
My senses reel, my eyeballs wildly roll;
I cannot bear this 'à la mode' restraint,
Open the window! And in flies my *whole*!

COME, gallant tars, fill up a bowl with my *first*,
And we'll drink to the Queen of my *second*;
Britannia! who ever for blue-jackets true
Hath been quite unapproachable reckoned.

Do your duty, my lads! though around all our ships
Cannon roar and the blue waters roll.
If we ever come safe to my *first* once again,
Let us hope we may meet at—my *whole*.

MY *first* have I kept in the grey of the morning,
My first have I kept in the dew of the night,
 Whilst I thought of my *second* my Bella adorn-
 ing,
 When I bade her farewell amid flowers and
 light.

For it floated more airily, fairly, round her
 Than streameth our pennant aloft on the
 mast;
 And if Ariel *could* have flown down and have
 found her,
 He'd have borne her away, and my day would
 be past.

Now I am in a fix, for I'm asked to the dinner
 The Admiral gives to the Fleet (jolly soul!).
 Though I've hunted, and hunted, yet, as I'm a
 sinner,
 I can't find a thing fit to wear in my *whole*.

MY *whole*, in omolou, my Lady deems
 Will look superb upon her cheffonière,
 Yet if she *really* cares to know my *first*,
 Why does she play with him from year to
 year?

Why pluck out every hair of honoured grey?
Why give that cheek a little extra red?
Why weep for youth that long hath passed
 away?
 Sure Age rests well upon a noble head.

Well, I a *second* of my mind *will* speak,
 Though I were crucified! And thus I sing,
 That every season hath its attributes,
Winter is just as beautiful as *spring*!

'**MY** Lady' has sent my *second*, to ask
 Her 'very dear friends' to tea;
 'Tis scented with musk and ambergris,
 And deep as the 'Zuyder Zee.'

So artfully worded, that one would think
 If they fail 'tis a dire mishap;
 Yet 'my Lady,' if all her friends should die,
 Wouldn't trouble herself a 'rap.'

She knows they've a tidy sum in my *first*;
 If she wins it, well and good:
 If she loses—Oh, to-morrow will do;
 There are *Jews* in the neighbourhood.

Cards may run badly, and trumps may fail,
 And aces and kings may fall;
 'Tis so through life, that the strong do best,
 And the 'weakest go to the wall.'

They have come! And the table is straight
 drawn out,
 And 'my Lady' cannot control
 Her wrath and her temper, for ere they cease
 she has lost a score of my *whole*.

'**PLACE!** Place aux dames!' And so my
first shall be
 The gracious dame who sits upon the throne;
 And honoured be she, not for majesty,
 Or pomp, or royalty, or wealth alone!

But for her life, whose purity and truth,
 A gem unique by loyal hearts is reckoned;
 A life in which she and The Lost have done
 As much *true work* as ever did my *second*.

My *whole* is sovereign of a busy crew,
 Who traffic not in goods, who have no
 money,
 Who always have enough of work to do,
 Eschew life's bitters, but take all the honey.

MY *first*, lady mine, here I tender thee truly,
 And on my knees bending I utter the vow,
 To love thee all faithfully, dearly, and truly,
 To love thee for ever as fondly as now.

Then, oh, do, my *second*, thy true love, embrace
 thee,
 Since 'tis said that the fair are deserved by the
 brave:
 By the spurs of his knighthood, he sweareth to
 place thee
 Close, close to his heart from the altar to
 grave!

My *whole* we see shining, my *whole* we see
 golden,
 My *whole* we see oft the black raven's wing
 mock;
 And to one famous poet we much are be-
 holden,
 Since he sung of its charms in the 'Rape of
 the Lock.'

In my love's golden tresses my *second* blooms
 forth,
 A flower of pure beauty and grace;
 And as Fate wills the loadstone must turn to
 the north,
 So must I to her exquisite face.

Oh, Emmeline! would that I dared to declare
 My true *first* to thy listening ear!
 Not my *whole* should more gladly unfold to the
 air,
 Than I win thine affirmative, dear.

On my *whole* the gay pennons and bright
 cannon gleaming,
 Are seen by the enemy's siegers afar.
 And the bayonets bristling, and watch-fires
 beaming,
 Betoken the presence of Discord and War.
 See, my *first* is now brought, and the battle-
 ments quaking,
 Resound to its blows, whilst the castle drums
 roll;
 Ah! my *second* gives way, and my *first* double
 making
 Its efforts, converts into ruins my *whole*.

THE ANSWERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE AUGUST NUMBER
 OF 'LONDON SOCIETY.'

ROSE SONG.

I.

SUNNY breadths of roses,
 Roses white and red,
 Rose-bud and rose-leaf,
 From the blossom shed !
 Goes my Darling flying
 All the garden through,
 Laughing she eludes me,
 Laughing I pursue.

II.

Now to pluck the red rose,
 Now to pluck the white,
 (Hands as blossoms rosy)
 Stopping in her flight:
 What but this contents her,
 Laughing as she goes ?
 Pelting with the rose-bud,
 Pelting with the rose !

III.

Roses round me flying,
 Roses in my hair,
 I to snatch them trying—
 Darling, have a care !
 Lips are so like flowers,
 I might snatch at those ;
 Redder than the rose-leaves,
 Sweeter than the rose.

WILLIAM SAWYER.





PELTED WITH ROSES.

[See the 'Rose Song.'

Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

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ON BOARD THE MARGATE BOAT.

A Midsummer Musing.

PETER PINDAR in times past he
Found a theme for song of joy
In the verses he indited,
Praising loud the Margate hoy.

Gentle Lamb, a wide field found he
For his humour 'twould afford
When he sketched the crew and cargo,
That he chanced to meet on board.

As I bask beneath the awning,
Find I full as much to note.
As I watch the life around me
Moving in the Margate boat.
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In the sultry summer weather
Noses redden, cheeks get brown ;
Dreaming 'neath the 'blue unclouded'
Floating down to Margate town.

What a crowd are here assembled !
What a vast and varied crew !
Laughing, quaffing, smoking, joking,
'Neath a sky of cloudless blue.

Portly Pater in white waistcoat,
Youth of an inquiring mind,
Pretty girls in morning dresses,
Swells and snobs on board you'll find.

See well known and ancient seaman,
Sprig in mouth and close at hand,
Hear the wild discordant braying
Of the blatant German band.

Caddish youth with coarse moustache
there—

How I wonder what you are!
Are you 'Great' at hall of music?
Are you some provincial star?

Surely I can't be mistaken,
That is Mrs. Brown I see,
Taking 'just the least as is, mum'—
Come back from Amerikee!

As the vessel steaming onwards—
In the sunshine sailing down—
Slow I sing in sleepy numbers
What they'll do at Margate town.

Dreams of salt-besprinkled tresses,
Hanging down the back to dry,
Thoughts of shy coquettish glances,
Drooping eyelids passing by.

Nankeen dresses, frocks of holland,
Lifted, show to mortal gaze,
Petticoats, all tucks and frilling,
Ankles—*broderie Anglaise*.

Appetite, it gets tremendous—
Sharpened by the briny breeze—
Heavy luncheons, early dinners,
Lots of shrimps at early teas!

O'er the last sensation novel,
Lounging through the sunny day,
Walking slowly on the jetty,
Going to lunch at Pegwell Bay.

Diving deeply in the briny,
Gliding gladly o'er the waves;
Trying to explore the 'Grotto,'
Walking in the 'Saxon Caves.'

Listening to troops of niggers,
Spending mornings on the sands;
Looking at the Punch and Judy,
Nodding time to German bands.

Touring round the Isle of Thanet,
Packed in tight in jolting cars,
Throwing dice for silver teapots
In the evening at bazaars!

Tripping on the light fantastic,
Trammelled but by waltzers' bond,
At the 'Rooms' in Square of Cecil,
At the 'Hall' of Spiers and Pond.

O'er the yellow sands they'll wander,
Softly tread in slippers buff,
Thatched with straw, there boldly heav-
ing

Briny breezes mild and rough.

Perhaps to Kingsgate they'll daive over,
At the 'Shallows' stay to tea;
Mourning o'er its joys departed
In the groves of Tivoli.

Soon of ledgings getting wearied,
Tired of penicillates and fees,
By all kinds of tradesmen cheated,
Bitten by all sorts of fleas!

Then in scorching autumn weather,
Noses scarlet, cheeks more brown,
Rich in health, but poor in pocket,
Home they came to London town!

J. A. S.

OUR VILLA MARINA; OR, AUNT BELLA'S TOE

(AN EXTRACT FROM MISS EMMELINE KESTER'S DIARY.)

MAY 19.—Aunt Bella says that sister Ju is losing colour (which she is); that brother Tom (short and stuggy) wants something to make him grow a little taller; and that her doctor, after several consultations, thinks that her toe requires sea air.

Pa says Aunt Bella's toe is at the bottom of everything, and that we shall soon see what *that* means. It is the most convenient toe ever created. If she wishes to stop at home, her toe wants repose; if she feels inclined to go out, her toe requires exercise; if she has a mind to sit still, and give her orders, and be waited on, of course it is on account of her toe; but if, on the contrary, she is in a fussy mood, meddling with everything, and letting

nothing be done without her interference, I am sorry that the toe does not prevent it. And the strangest part of the business is that nobody knows what is the matter with her toe. I myself believe that it ails nothing—no more than Ju's, or Tom's, or mine—and that the real ailment lies, I will not assert in the opposite extremity of her dumpy person, in her head and its contents, her brains, but somewhere between the two, say in her heart; for I do believe Aunt Bella would like (although she is turned of fifty) to be married! She dresses smarter than we do, and almost as young. One day, when the mutton at dinner was tough—and she had been to the butcher's to choose it herself—Tom said something about 'old ewe

dressed lamb fashion,' winking his eye at us, and laughing. I thought she would have boxed his ears.

May 20.—Reading what I wrote yesterday about Aunt Bella, I cannot admit it to be unfair or harsh. She is very odd in her ways at times. She has kept pa's house ever since dear ma's death, and has become so used to being mistress that she seems to think that we are to continue little children, and she to remain mistress, *always*. But I am as capable now of keeping house as she, more so in some respects. I shouldn't spend all my income on dress, especially if I wasn't very rich. I should invite a few young people to the house, instead of seeing nothing but middle-aged fogies, humdrum old bachelors, retired captains, confidential and managing solicitors' clerks, and other juveniles of like degree. Pa lets her do as she likes; Tom makes fun of them, when he is at home; but it's terribly stupid for Ju and me. And those elderly gentlemen like good living; something substantial, if you please. With a few cakes, a little negus, and a nice light supper, we might have a pleasant dance now and then; instead of which Aunt Bella's friends expect their dinner *à la Russe* and, at the very least, their pint of port.

I don't mean to say, however, that Aunt Bella is actually unkind. We have our share of good things along with the rest, and Tom especially has no objection to that. But her good things are not *our* good things, and I sometimes cannot help suspecting that she thinks more of her old fogies than she does of us. If they were handsome, nice young men, I could understand it; but really, when she is so sweet and civil *with them*, almost flirting, I positively declare, it passes all my comprehension.

May 21.—The secret is out. We have learnt what the toe-barometer is indicating. I for one have no objection to the scheme. I won't mind being a little uncomfortable myself, if it only shows up Aunt's very clever management and breaks up her charming circle of elderlies.

We dined early to-day, and Cap-

tain Crammer (her prime factotum and favourite) dropped in to tea at six o'clock. But 'captain of what?' growls Tom. Sea or land force? naval or military? government or merchant service? regular or volunteer? acting, sold out, retired, or half-pay? He wears a blue frock-coat that might be the undress of anything, black cravat, and trousers with stripe down the side, idem. Aunt calls him 'a very fine man,' to which I add that he is fattish, fair, and forty-nine, not to mention an asthmatical shortness of breath. He must have an annuity, or pension, or certain income—something, because he does nothing and makes Aunt small presents now and then; not much, because he lets nobody see his lodgings and does not frequently renew his undress uniform.

Captain Crammer, I say, dropped in to tea; I believe he had purposely gone without his dinner. Aunt offered him a slice of cold meat 'after his walk.' A slice! When the joint was removed the gap made in it was considerable. Soon after tea he was compelled to quit us 'in consequence of an appointment at his club.' He often talks of his club. 'What club?' mutters Tom. 'As much of club as my eating-house, where I dine for eighteen pence and give the waiter a penny. The captain, as was his wont, had brought Aunt Bella sundry small articles, amongst which were a copy of the 'Times' and a portable little green-bound book.

Not long afterwards pa came in, and had some tea *without* cold meat. In the course of our chat Aunt abruptly exclaimed, spreading out her 'Times' to its full dimensions, 'Look here, Joseph; how very fortunate! Only the day before yesterday the doctor advised me to bathe my lame foot in real sea-water. He says that while strolling along the beach, if I let the billows wet it every day for a month, I may perhaps make a complete cure of it, and never feel anything more of it for the rest of my life.'

'Take care what you are about, Arabella,' said pa, gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. 'Consider the consequences. Do nothing

rashly. If you lose your ailing toe, 'twill be the greatest loss you ever suffered in your life.'

We understood and smiled; Aunt smiled and wouldn't understand. It didn't suit her purpose. Perhaps, too, she thought if her toe served her this one turn, she might henceforward dispense with its assistance.

'You like to talk riddles, I know, sometimes,' she continued. 'Do so, with all my heart; but listen to this:

"To be sold or let unfurnished, suitable for a small family fond of retirement, A MARINE VILLA, delightfully situate, within easy reach of the sea, in a select neighbourhood, with immediate possession, by the month or by the year. Rent moderate. For further particulars apply forthwith to Black, White, and Co., House Agents, Dulgate."

'What do you say to that, Joseph, for the children's holidays? Small family; delightfully situate; select neighbourhood; rent moderate. Captain Crammer answers for it. 'Tis his native place.'

'What do you say to it, girls?' pa good-naturedly inquired.

We said nothing to the contrary. It would at least be a change. Tom would be a permanent member of the party, pa would come and spend his Sundays with us, and we should leave the old bachelor set behind us.

That was the meaning of the toe and the 'Times.' What the green-covered book meant we did not discover till afterwards.

June 19.—World's End Cottage, Dulgate. We are at last in 'Our Villa Marina,' as Aunt Bella will persist in calling it; I don't say settled, but decidedly bandboxed. Downstairs we have parlour, kitchen, coalhole, cupboard. Upstairs our sleeping-places consist of a chamber for pa, another for me and Ju, a garret for Aunt, and a closet for Tom, 'with resources,' she says, 'in case of need,' best known to herself at present. She says she likes it; Tom likes everything except a scarcity.

Aunt brought the furniture down herself—odds and ends that we happened to have, eked out with additions of her own procuring. Some of these she packed in large, queer-

shaped leather bags, intended seemingly to hold a grand piano. She found the pattern in her green book, Galton's 'Art of Travel.' Our select neighbourhood is a near approach to being monarchs of all we survey; our delightful situation is a strip of common and a low, sandy beach, from which the sea at low water retires a mile. Certainly we have a little garden, full of flowers of the brightest colours and the sweetest scents, in the middle of which is a grass plat, twelve feet square, where Ju and I sit after the sun is gone down, talking of what we should like for supper, if we could get it. The air has a wonderful effect on our appetites. A woman comes to help us to light our fire, but that's not of much use if there's nothing to cook.

Yesterday we lived entirely on the ham and the bread which we brought with us. Our only beverage was tea, with a glass of grog at night from a bottle which, Aunt says, 'we must economise.' If we were at home that would mean we must save it for her friends. To-day, but for Tom, we must have starved. Before breakfast he discovered eggs; he found up a farm where milk was to be had; he stopped a baker's cart that was driving past the door. Corn in Egypt, under the circumstances. I don't yet know how he became aware that somebody somewhere had killed a pig; but towards noon, when the pangs of hunger were beginning to torment our empty stomachs, he came in with his colour a little heightened and something bulky, wrapped in cabbage-leaves, in his hand.

''Twas capital beer!' he said, smacking his lips. 'Delicious! Here, girls, here's something to cheer your hearts. The famine is at an end; no more lean kine! What do you say to this brace of kidneys, these lovely sausages, these beautiful chops?'

I must confess that my sister and myself could not help regarding them with unaffected pleasure.

'Raw meat!' exclaimed Aunt Bella. 'Uncooked chops, and the woman not here! What am I to do

with them? Oh, my toe; my poor, poor toe!

'The deuce take your toe and everything belonging to it!' Tom burst out, turning up rude to Aunt, which he has lately been given to, though he oughtn't. 'You may eat them raw yourself, if you like, or go without them. Only, I can tell you, we don't mean to.'

'Nonsense, Tom,' I said, 'don't be cross. It is very kind of you to bring us this. Do you think I know nothing about housekeeping and cooking, although—? Well, never mind; here comes the woman to light the fire; you shall see how I will manage the rest. But what was that you said about beer?'

'Excellent, Emme; as nice a glass of beer as you would wish to drink. What say you to it? Yes? Eh? Give me a couple of empty bottles, and I'll fetch you some while you are dressing the chops.'

Assuredly I never enjoyed a dinner more than that impromptu repast at our Villa Marina. Tom's good-humour had returned when he brought in the beer, and he indulged in sundry jokes, at which Aunt took no offence. We felt, moreover, like persons provided for for life. We were sure of supper in the evening and of a good breakfast next morning.

At night we retired to rest as as happy as if we had performed a series of good actions. Tom stayed out on the grass plat, trying, naughty boy, to smoke a cigar that wouldn't go. On looking out of my little window to take a final sniff at the sweet-smelling flowers, 'Hist! Emme,' he said, 'is that you? Come down a minute; I've something to tell you.'

I went down at once.

'What do you think has turned up now?' he whispered. 'I'm blest if old Crammer isn't here! I just now heard him wheezing behind the corner of the house. There's no mistaking it. Is he come a courting to you?'

At this he chuckled with a smothered laugh, and I could not help chuckling too.

'Old Crammer!' I repeated, chuckling again. 'It's of not much consequence if there's only he. Good

night, Tom,' I added, once more kissing him.

'Good night, Emme. We'll see about that to-morrow.'

June 20.—This was the day fixed for testing the efficacy of a saline lotion on Aunt Bella's weak member. The decision was compelled by the state of the tide, as indicated by our Almanack. The experiment must be made now or never. I believe Aunt would have preferred the 'never' to the 'now,' but as the foot-bath had been the ostensible cause of our coming, she could not for very shame avoid taking it. Not that there was the slightest risk or danger, except of her making a fool of herself. When the tide is up on that flat wide-spread beach, you may walk half a mile out without being up to your arm-pits—that is, of course, when the weather is calm and there are no billows, as happened to be the case to-day; otherwise, when the winds that blow from the sea are high, there is surf enough to drown a water-spaniel. But to get into deep water and have what Tom calls 'a real good swim,' you must go to the water's edge at low water, and take your bath there.

We therefore felt no apprehensions whatever respecting Aunt Bella's safety. Tom offered to accompany her and paddle by her side in the water without his shoes and stockings, her bathing dress consisting of an old pair of slippers, with the rest of her costume as usual, including her veil and chignon,—for hats just now are not worth mentioning. She declined his escort on the ground of 'delicacy,' and determined to brave the adventure unattended. Tom however was not to be so done. After advising her to walk a little in advance and meet the tide instead of wearily waiting till it should please to come, he took his station near what, at high water, would be the water's edge, hiding behind a thick tuft of yellow-blossomed gorse-bushes.

Behold, then, Aunt Bella taking her walks abroad, without having, like Dr. Watts in his hymn, very many poor to see. There she was in her ignorance of marine pheno-

mena, with her parasol in one hand and a bag full of utilitarian articles in the other, steadily strolling across the sands, in the full belief that the sea would prove a pond in which she could bathe one foot without wetting the other. There she sauntered, now and then picking up the scanty seaweeds and the scattered shells. She looked about her complacently, inhaling the breeze, and fancying herself perhaps the Shakspearian nymph who could 'dance, dance, dance, on the sands, and yet no footing seen.' She might possibly be warbling 'Bid me discourse' or some other equally pleasing melody, when her attention was caught by a gentle ripple stealing forwards edged with cream; then it stopped a moment, and came forward a little further, and then stopped and came forward again. This was the water that was to work the wonderful cure! At last it reached her, licking her feet with its tepid tongue, like a faithful dog professing its strong attachment. The rising tide, by passing over so wide a tract of sand thoroughly heated by the sun, was pleasantly warm. Auntie seemed to be enjoying the sensation, although the footbath was more copious in quantity than she had expected. Soon the water was above her ankles, and after a very short interval had reached her knees, higher than which the inundation would not rise. This was the moment that Tom was looking out for. He expected she would take fright. Take fright she did!

'There is reason in all things,' she said to herself; 'it is time to go back. There's no need to overdo it; they can't say I haven't given it a fair trial.'

On which she turned round to proceed to dry land. But the expanse of water, however shallow, that was now outspread between her and the shore completely overcame all presence of mind.

'Help!' she screamed in the tone of despair. 'Help! murder, thieves! help! I shall be drowned! I shall be swallowed up in the quicksands! I shall be the Lord of Ravenswood! Five shillings reward to whoever will save me! Help, oh h-e-e-e-lp!'

This final effort, to effect which she threw her head high in the air, caused her to lose her footing in the yielding sand. She fell backwards on her—that is, she took a hip-bath as well as a foot-bath, while her parasol was flying in one direction and her reticule in another.

Tom, in spite of his enjoyment of the fun, took pity on her forlorn condition. He was leaving his hiding-place to help her, when he found himself forestalled. A burly form was stalking through the water, splashing it right and left more than was absolutely necessary. It was the gallant wearer of the blue frock-coat. Crammer in person rushed to the rescue. Tom calls it '*Deus ex machinâ*,' which I suppose is Latin for a Captain out of a furze bush.

Regardless of his striped pantaloons, he boldly waded up to her; indifferent to his undress uniform, he raised her and folded his manly arm round her waist; and so, hand in hand, with her head on his shoulder, they pursued their watery way till they reached the blessed strand. '*Optatam potuitur aremam*,' says Tom: that is, they were jolly delighted to be out of the mess.

He seated her daintily on the grass, to take breath after their exertion, and perhaps to drain a little.

'My saviour! my protector!' she sighed. 'How can I recompense such chivalrous devotion?'

'Light of my life!' he answered, 'you have long been aware of the object of my most ardent wishes. With your Villa Marina and furniture, when the children leave it, and a small additional allowance—say fifty or sixty pounds a year—from your brother, I think we might venture to sing the duett,

'Fly, fly from the world,

Dear { *M. Bella* } , with me.
 { *She, Charlie* } .

Tom declares he could stand it no longer, but was obliged to steal away from his hiding-place, for fear of betraying himself by a shout of laughter. He therefore ran straight to the villa and told us what had happened: at which we very demurely laid out dry stockings and

other articles of dress which it is unnecessary to particularise, against poor Aunt's arrival.

Tom offered old Crammer a pair of his trousers—as if he could possibly get into them. He declined with thanks, and without resenting the joke, but accepted some hot brandy and water instead. In fact, he was nearly dry again when he reached the villa. Of course he dined with us. Where he dined there he took tea, and where he took tea there he supped. Where he supped, Aunt Bella was minded, there he should stop until next morning. 'I cannot allow my generous rescuer,' she said, 'to pass the night elsewhere than under my roof.'

'But where?' asked Tom, in real perplexity. 'To-day is Saturday; so you can't give him pa's room. My closet isn't big enough for me; and unless you dispose of him somewhere in——'

'Leave that to me, Tommy; my invaluable "Art of Travel" will help me out of the difficulty.'

It was nearly eleven at night when pa arrived. Aunt sat up to let him in.

'What do you call that, Arabella?' he asked, pointing to what looked like an enormous brown ham lying in the middle of the grass plat.

'Hush!' she said. 'That's a sleeping bag occupied by my heroic preserver, Captain Crammer. Don't speak so loud, or you'll wake him up. Listen how sweetly he's snoring!'

June 21. — At daybreak, Tom opened his closet window for a little air. On the grass plat stood Aunt with a cup of hot milk which she offered to Crammer, still in his sleeping bag.

He took it, smelt at it, and returned it, saying —

'Couldn't you, by any possibility, dearest life, stir into it a good glass of rum?'

She disappeared, and speedily returned. This time the Captain swallowed the potion.

At breakfast Tom had the impudence to say —

'If you sleep here again to-night, Captain Crammer, I shall have a proposition to make to you.'

'Speak out, my young friend, without fear or scruple.'

'Let's make a swop. You shall take my closet and my fleas, and I will take your sleeping bag and your morning medicine.'

After breakfast, the Captain asked pa to retire with him into another room, as he had something to say to him. Pa said that, as they hadn't another room, they must retire into the road. When they were gone, Aunt Bella blushed and simpered sheepishly, saying it was to talk about the purchase of the villa. They soon came back; pa looked pleased, and seemed as if he thought I ought to look pleased too.

'Very reasonable,' he said. 'We can easily manage that. I wish you joy with all my heart.'

Several times in the course of the day Aunt Bella spoke of 'our' Villa Marina; and Crammer told Tom he would always find a bed there, even without a sleeping bag.

August 31. — This morning's 'Times' contains an announcement which I sincerely hope will give as much satisfaction to all parties concerned as it does to me.

'Married, on the 25th inst., Charles Cornelius Crammer, Esq., formerly Captain of the Dulgate Fire Brigade, likewise of one of the Dulgate Bumboats, to Arabella Bianca, youngest daughter [they should have added, in her 57th year] of the late Joshua Joseph Emster, Esq.'

Ju and I acted as bridesmaids. Old Crammer certainly made us some pretty little presents. If he goes on in that way, perhaps we shall call him 'uncle;' but that, as Tom says, depends on his behaviour. Aunt Bella abdicated here in most gracious style, giving up the keys without too much good advice. Tom and Ju like me just as well as mistress of the house, and I like myself in that capacity a great deal better than Aunt Bella. Pa as usual says nothing, only looks happy and contented. On shaking hands with Crammer after the wedding breakfast, he merely said, 'She has lost her sensitive toe for the present; take care, old fellow, she don't find it again.'

NATURE AND ART.

An 'Academic' Fable.

MISTRESS Art she built a palace—no she didn't, she let lodgings
 To a set of humble painters in the Square of Trafalgar,
 Though Panizzi tried to beat her; spite of Cole, C.B., his lodgings;
 Art contrived that her apartments were the wretchedest by far.
 If young painters tried to love her, she was certain to displease them
 By refusing them admittance when they wanted bed and board;
 For her household she selected slaves, the stupidest, to tease them,
 And they skied the newest comers, the devoted ones they floored.

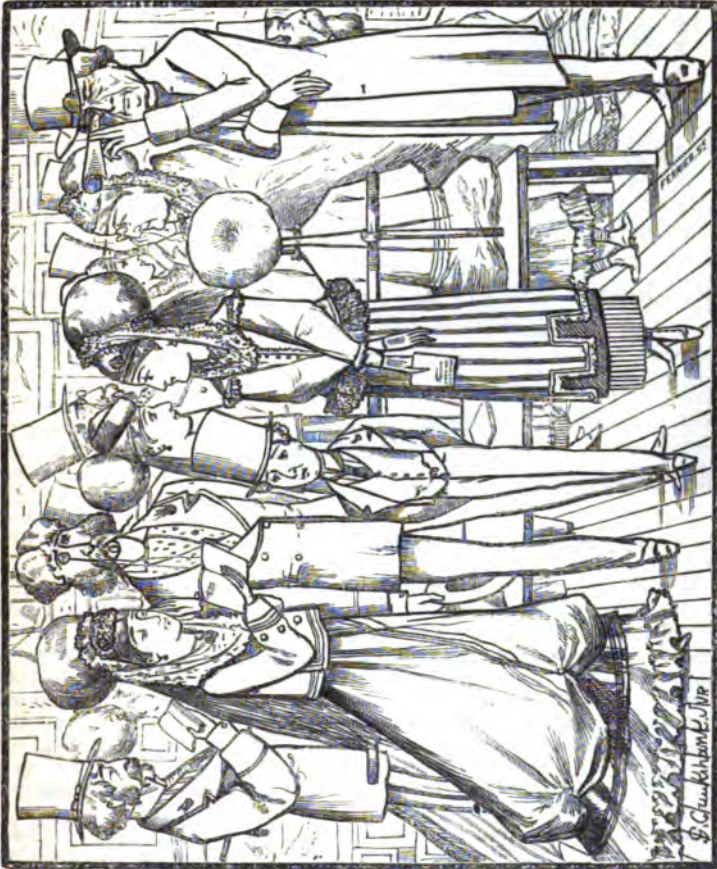
Mistress Art, in early May-time, loved to issue invitations
 For a grand inauguration in her suffocating rooms;
 She was fond of hearing snarling and the bitter execrations
 Of incompetent old stagers, or the very newest brooms!
 Bent on mischief to Miss Nature, she addressed herself one morning—
 Naughty Art she loved a 'rumpus' from the bottom of her heart—
 And complained what silly creatures her apartments were adorning,
 Saying, 'Nature, more outrageous can you be than sister Art.'

'By accident some specimens I happen to have by me
 Very choice,' said merry Nature, 'as I think that you will own,
 They have easy dispositions, but with frequent follies try me,
 All my children have their way now old obedience has flown,
 With the courtesy and stiffness and the discipline we knew of
 In the days before the go-heads had taken such a start.
 'Mirth and modesty,' said Nature, 'men and women make a stew of.'
 'I will welcome these same children to my meeting,' whispered Art.

Flocked young maidens to the meeting, very fair and very Saxon,
 Bluer eyes, more golden tresses could not easily be found;
 But they wore, I'm bound to own it, their symmetrical young backs on
 Half a mile of trailing muslin sweeping dust from off the ground;
 On their pretty heads, placed jauntily between their little shoulders,
 They wore chignons, which they tell me is the foreign for a joke,
 All I know is, among rivulets of hair they look like boulders,
 Or some ugly gnarled monstrosity upon a tender oak.

Flocked young prigs unto the meeting curled, and odiously scented,
 With a captivating stutter and an eyeglass for effect.
 These are fatal fascinations to which maidens have relented,
 As we find who men and women of the period inspect;

Prigs of parsons, shovel-hatted, prigs in literary knowledge,
 Prigs in gossip which they pick up in artistic studios;
 Prigs of boys in stuck-up collars, from some mild suburban college,
 Where they pick up anything but education—goodness knows.



Mistress Art began to shudder, 'Oh! what superficial creatures,
 Look what dresses, affectation—unreality, in fact;
 I will give them all the credit for refinement, pretty features,
 Art, however, has some principles which people keep intact.'
 'There I have you,' said Miss Nature, in a sweet and winning manner;
 'I am glad, though you abuse them, still you take the children's part.
 For you own they won when fighting under simple Nature's banner;
 But they fell away for ever after imitating Art.'

C. W. S.

DOING THE CONTINENT.



IF a man with the opportunities and with the inquiring mind of Henry, Bishop of Exeter, now in his ninetieth year, had not confessed to us about fifteen years ago that he had never crossed the Straits, I should have been ashamed to admit that I was nearly fifty years of age before I visited foreign parts. Now don't suppose I started like a bigoted and narrow-souled John Bull: on the contrary, I went in for the liberal and large-minded theory, and had almost persuaded myself that it was the very essence of liberality to cry up every other country and cry down my own. It was high time that I took the best course possible—for as such I can recommend foreign travel—to

rectify my judgment, to clarify my understanding, and to give my ideas an airing.

Mrs. Cropper, before I married her, had been a very great traveller. At an early age she went out—of course only on a visit to a second cousin—to Calcutta, and quite by accident got married as soon as she landed. This accident was to be calculated on in those days. A shipload of ladies, *on dit*, caused a rush to the beach. Even an offer through a speaking-trumpet off shore, from a gentleman who could only make a choice through a telescope, has been chronicled. But all such halcyon days are past. We tried it ourselves. We shipped off a poor relative we were bound to keep, regarding the passage money, &c., as an investment; but she has returned on our hands. I'll say no more; poor thing! I am quite sure she could not help it!

Now for Mrs. Cropper's foreign experience: her Sub. died of cholera morbus and left her a young circumventing widow at twenty-two. Mrs. Cropper has been reflecting on my geography ever since, and settling every argument by a quiet reference to her own world-wide experience. To my pique and impatience of these frequent set-downs, was added the persuasion of my two girls, who had taken their notions of foreign costume and simple innocence from the picture of Jeannette and Jeannot on their piece of music; and had also taken their impressions of foreign scenery from those most mendacious views of the Rhine in the old annuals.

At last I agreed to give them a treat; but Mrs. Cropper was not to be done. Having got the start of me geographically, she was determined to keep it, and, in spite of her difficulty of breathing in all close rooms and her abhorrence of all bad atmospheres, she announced that she would come too. This was more than I bargained for still, as I said I would go, go I must, though my dear wife's infirmities would claim full half the attention which all the world is supposed to devote to men, and manners, and the arts and civilization of the states we whirl through at twenty-five miles an hour.

It was about Christmas that I promised this tour. It was all through our curate, who had shown off his Swiss alpenstock, branded with every peak from Chamouni to Vermatt, and talked till he made our pulses put on an extra beat of ten a minute from travelling excitement; so by July there had been plenty of time to collect everybody's opinion and get together books, maps, and packing-cases with the usual complement of campstools and patent self-something travelling apparatus various. The curate said—

'You are determined to be orthodox in your arrangements.'

'Why so?'

'Because you will at this rate start with the thirty-nine articles.'

I had heard that there was good fishing, for, poor ignorant creatures, they had not the sense to catch trout and grayling: so I quietly amused myself in making up my fly-tackle, spinning-tackle, and wading over-alls; but—I never used one of them.

July came: one or two days were named before we could get off. I had to seize the time between Mrs. Cropper's periodical headaches.

We arrived at Dover the first night, and the waiter at the Lord Warden apologized for inattention, saying the hotel was full; there were so many people weather-bound, all hoping for a calmer passage on the morrow.

Man is a selfish animal. Good breeding and notions of courtesy keep Self down in society; but Self is ever cropping up among the strata of humanity; and that never appears more than in pleasure-seeking.—What fisherman does not hate the sight of his brother-man whipping his fly down the same trout-stream as himself?—So, next day it gave me quite a turn to find that what with a Balaclava of luggage and every kind of queer hat, bonnet, jacket, tourist's dress, fishing-rods, and baskets—the ditto repeated our boasted contrivances—our self-importance collapsed into insignificance; we were but stray units of a veritable tourist mob, and like four little cogs in the big wheel of

out-of-town society. I had read Byron's poetic meditations as the white cliffs of Albion retreated in dim distance from his view; and thought whether my feelings would be the same as his. But how can a family man meditate when one half his mind is buried in a heap of band-boxes and portmanteaus and the other half devoted to finding his spouse a seat with true regard to wind and sun, when unhappily what is good for the one makes bad for the other!

One or two pensive middle-aged ladies, with sketching-pencils, and one or two sober-looking men devoutly reading their Murrays, might possibly be bent on improving their mind, but the rest seemed smoking, chaffing, or flirting—mere animals—the same sort of creatures who would 'make a day of it' at Pompeii or 'have an out-and-out picnic' under the Pyramids.

This began to disenchant me. I was too old for a 'sentimental journey' I am well aware; but I did aspire to something like a contemplative man's recreation, and now the spell was broken. I felt I wasn't leaving my English associations behind me. Certainly not. I was taking all Cheapside and Clapham with me, and earnestly prayed that, as the continent was a wide place, on landing they would scatter far and wide, and no more by their slang, their paletots, and wide-awakes, mar the impression to be expected from foreign tongues and national costume.

As to the passage, my daughters were very sick, yet tried to laugh it off. Mrs. Cropper was just enough nauseated to want all sorts of things she wasn't likely to have when landed at Calais. For myself, luckily I was not ill; for I was soon in a profuse perspiration with heaps of luggage to land, in fear of missing the Brussels train. I found exactly that dearth of help we should expect in England if all the railway porters and all the cabmen had struck for wages at the same time.

A calm and experienced traveller, with three ladies, said to me, in the torrent of my passion and impatience, 'Be advised, sir, take it

coolly; this is Calais, it isn't Dover. You are come to see the continent and now you have a taste of it.' At the same moment a commissionaire came up to him and said—'A-ar you Monsieur Barrington?'

'Yes: then my letter to the Hôtel Imperial has been duly received?'

'Certain-ly, saar!'

At the same moment the man took the ticket for luggage, handed the ladies to a carriage, and (as I afterwards heard) paid their fares, and registered their luggage by deputy, while, mounting on the box of the carriage, he escorted the party for a drive round the town, till he saw fit to take them to the station, where a *coupé* had been engaged, by a small fee to the conductor.

Meanwhile, I had been suffering martyrdom. My poor Eliza kept close to me as interpreter, though, to make a grave confession, had the dear girl translated literally all the expletives which escaped me, her language would have been in advance even of the fastest of all fast young ladies.

'Call out to that butcher,' I said, mistaking a porter in the usual blue frock, 'and see if you can't get a cab or whatever they call it.' We had yet to learn cabstands, not being things in nature, are not found everywhere, and that porters abroad are not in proportion to the haste and impatience of energetic Britons. Everybody had to wait his turn; and get one of these fellows out of their regulation pace if you can. Yes; our eyes were opening to national differences and the blessings of old England in particular; for all that sympathy with our excited feelings, all that energy to make a clearance and do promptly what had to be done—in short, all that heart and soul in the workman, which we take for granted in England, exist in England and nowhere else. Once cross the water, and you are served by such soulless, phlegmatic creatures, they seem to have been kneaded like dumplings instead of being organised like men. Mr. Barrington and his party in calm and unruffled enjoyment

stepping into the train just before us, observed, 'Then you've saved the train. Hot work, isn't it? but you'll do better after a day or two.'

Hot work, indeed! I had worked like a galley-slave among our 'thirty-nine articles,' and with new language to speak (I had freshened up a little of my schoolboy French), and though by aid of my emphatic and dumb show they could make out my lingo, their gabble was strange as double Dutch to me. I was bothered with francs and centimes instead of shillings and pence, and quickly did I learn what a questionable advantage were their tickets for luggage—a safe and slow vexation which no man in England would endure for a day.

And now 'Montez, montez, montez, get in, get in,' was the cry, and a pretty get in it was. Each of the other passengers had evidently his quantum of luggage with him. One was a French dressmaker, I suppose, with four bonnet-boxes piled up one above another, to stop the little air for which we gasped from the window. I motioned to the conductor to clear these things out, and he did put out his hand to do so; but Madame snatched at her goods savagely like a monkey, eyeing and scowling at me sideways just as that animal does. I called out 'Un franc' and 'pour boire,' but the man said there were no other seats; and my wife looked so near upon fainting, that I was thinking of forfeiting our fares and recruiting at Calais that night, when my 'pour boire' began to operate. Another carriage was put on, and we had a cool compartment to ourselves.

The girls now produced some cake and some fruit, and by help of my flask of sherry and a reaction after all our horrors, we began to know ourselves again.

When once started their railway travelling proved very good. The pace is not that express pace which fatigues, and all is composed and punctual; but to say it ever equals our Great Western on the balance is not true.

We had not gone many miles before the conductor, in his haste, was

about to thrust two third-class country-people, all garlic and perspiration, in upon us. You are subject to such mixtures on the continent. You have also the same filthy garlic or tobacco-breathing company in taking tickets, as all classes meet at the same pigeonhole, and crowd you while you wait your turn, perhaps twenty minutes, registering your luggage, and no admittance for your ladies into the waiting-room till you have done so. But as Mrs. Cropper looked unutterable things, 'Pour boire, pour boire,' I once more found the open Sesame to man's heart. 'No Fees' reads all very well in a notice; but no comfort is the inevitable result. For one more franc I had a tacit promise we should have the whole carriage to ourselves.

Mrs. Cropper had argued ever since Christmas that we ought to have a courier. I had read the old story that couriers were in league with cheating innkeepers, and raised the price of everything. This is a silly exaggeration. If they get a profit, it is one for which you do not necessarily pay, and they prevent your being cheated at every step, and the English are habitually cheated. Fancy having the wrong change, an overcharge for the fare, and also for luggage—three losses quite possible at the same time! Till experienced on the continent never undertake ladies without a courier, or it will spoil all your enjoyment. My wife began again about the courier mistake, as she called it, and I felt sure she would harp on this same string at every little mishap till we were home again.

All this time I had been swallowing a large morsel of foreign parts without tasting it. I was too full of perplexities, past, present, and to come, to look out of window; but when I did so I was surprised to see the country quite English, though the French signboards at the villages greatly entertained me. Above all, at a village post office (so it happened) where I read 'Marie Boisson, sage femme,' from which I was inferring a popular belief in witches and wizards; but the girls laughed at my blunder, and

my wife reminded me of 'Ladies and letters safely delivered.' At every station I saw 'Pour les dames,' 'Pour les hommes,' and after paying a ten-sous fee, and to a lady Cloacina, who pointed to a governmental tariff, I could not but reflect that order and regulation there reigned supreme, and nothing was too little for the paternal government of imperial France.

The weather was insufferably hot, and we were rather tired by the time we reached Brussels. Here, again, we learnt more of foreign customs than we bargained for. Once more order and regulation are sent us for our sins. None of the helter-skelter of Paddington, where a hand from a window brings No. 33 running by your side, engaging a cab, or telling you to describe your luggage and sit comfortable till No. 33. brings it, with a power of back and nimbleness of feet, as if labour were a pleasure. No; we found our way into something like a long and dirty goods shed, and there we had to wait till, in the most leisurely way possible, many hundreds of boxes were carried in on men's shoulders from a distance of sixty yards, all to be sorted, all to be identified with your tickets and claimed, and after that all to be carried out to fiacres if you could find any one to do it. Twenty minutes, at least, for ladies to stand in the heat and vile odours of an unwashed crowd! But meanwhile we heard—

Commissionaire.—'Your telegraph, saar, Monsieur Barrington. A carriage, saar. Apartments to your pleasure, saar. Your luggage will follow.'

And off went the Barringtons, as unencumbered as the royal family just up from Windsor. 'Sorry we can't assist you,' was their tantalizing and smiling remark.

Arrived at length at the Hôtel de Bruxelles, the landlord met us with the inquiry, 'Had we written?' 'No.' 'Very sorry: he had apartments, but on the third floor.' They proved hot, sunny, and disagreeable; but, having ascended so far, my wife and daughters were too exhausted to do anything else than submit to their fate—to put up with dilatory third-

floor attendance and a very sorry dinner; and while the Barringtons were in time for the table d'hôte, and with saloon looking pleasantly over the park, after a day of enjoyment and composure, we were all utterly prostrate, and only fit for bed.

Next morning, as I happened to have unlocked our door before I rang the bell, the garçon, a real creature of the male kind, walked right into our room, and stood there before I could muster French enough to stop him. My wife's horror was afterwards complete when she saw one garçon making her bed, and another in the girls' room, actually folding up their chemises. As to our maid, we had to ring for the garçon to ring for her; and what with her sick headaches (which she thought it only genteel to have after travelling), her grumbling about her meals and accommodation, and being always in the way in one sense, and never in the way in another—for her sight-seeing seemed quite as necessary as our own—it was a question whether we travelled for her benefit or she for ours.

Sauntering before breakfast I met Mr. Barrington. He proved to know some of our county friends, and I knew some of his, and we soon fraternized. I said somehow we had made a bad beginning, and one which contrasted most unfavourably with his. I also observed he had no courier; on which he replied, 'No; but I have all the advantages of a courier notwithstanding; and I will give you a hint. A courier is useful to choose your hotel; so does Murray's Guide. The hotel first named in Murray is always second to none. A courier cannot both see you off and await your arrival. Here I have an advantage by my plan, for before starting I write not only for rooms, but also for a commissionaire to meet me with a fiacre. He takes my luggage-ticket to his omnibus-man, and I wait for nothing. A commissionaire also, at each remove, goes first, with the hotel omnibus, to take my tickets, to register my luggage, and to insure (by a fee) a good carriage; and we follow composedly in a fiacre,

and so the ladies avoid waiting amidst nuisances enough to make you sick. True, a courier will pack up for you; but our luggage is little, and our arrangements so simple there is nothing to do. Besides, the hotel commissionaire will serve you for all purposes like an occasional courier. Follow my example, and you will travel pleasantly for the future.'

'But,' he added, 'although I write on for rooms, I always endeavour to arrive at an early hour. If not, they reserve some rooms for you, it is true; but the first to come is the best served. We were amused at your perplexities yesterday, seeing in you our former selves. If the buzzing fly is able to distract the wisest counsellor, the family man—above all if his wife brings her maid as completely English as herself—commonly frets and fumes his two months abroad with very little mind to spare, or composure to enjoy the scenery or the novelties he has come to see.'

We all met at breakfast, well and lively, and all agog to lionize. I declared myself a convert to couriers, and that I should have a commissionaire instead always at our service. In four days we had done Waterloo, had had a day over at Antwerp, had spent evenings with the band, and my eyes had been swimming over two picture-galleries. The girls, and almost always the maid—for she would be dreadfully disagreeable if we didn't take her—usually went first, and I and Mrs. Cropper, who was rather corpulent, brought up the rear. It was not that we at all cared about pictures; but we had come to see things, and felt bound to see them. A young Cantab admitted at Interlachen he did not care twopence about scenery, and thought pictures a bore, and was sorry the governor would drag the family beyond Paris, for there he had a jolly good spree. Running after pleasure is very fatiguing; it is only worth having when it runs after us; and by the fourth day we were too knocked up to do anything.

We now heard that we had started too early. Certainly we had all the

long days; but a continental summer is like the hottest of English dog-days. Start the last week in August, and you will have weather in which you have energy for sight-seeing, when a railway carriage or table-d'hôte is not like an oven, when cool rooms await you, and, above all, when the rainy season is generally past; for Swiss tourists sometimes find Lucerne, Chillon, or Mont Blanc undistinguishable in mist.

By the time we had tried some more table d'hôtes at Cologne, at Bohn, at Coblenz, and Frankfort, foreign parts seemed to me less foreign than I expected. Not a Frenchman had we seen, and only a few German officers at Cologne. No; it seemed that the English and Americans between them had made one beaten and private track, and had semi-Anglicised all the hotels. Table-d'hôte originally meant the landlord's dinner, where the traveller would meet the citizens of the place. He moved slowly, and saw different rural scenes, costumes, and habits, while the postilion turned round in his jack-boots, and gave characteristic explanations; but now, instead of doing the continent, we were only doing the hotels, and studied the habits of the natives at twenty-five miles an hour. One railway station was like another, and we found ourselves day after day in the same company as in England,—only most of it more vulgar than we had ever set down with, and nearly all made greater fools of themselves than they dared to do at home.

Mrs. Cropper began to speak philosophically on this point, and said it was the wrong kind of travelling. She had always said the old posting days alone were to be called touring even in England. Much is to be said on both sides. A rapid survey of four or five kingdoms, from Calais to Venice and Florence, over the Splügen, and back over Mont Cenis by Paris, we have made in six weeks, and we have never regretted the days so spent. Thanks to railways, you fly from capital to capital and kingdom to kingdom, instead of from one country town to another. But my wife had her own way for once. We once divided our journey

at a French country inn. An English public-house would have been luxury to it. She was afraid to get into bed, and passed a wretched night in cloaks upon the sofa. Ladies who travel for pleasure should be contented to go only where there are first-class hotels. Our friends who have ventured in the Tyrol have had food they could not eat, and beds they could not sleep in.

The Rhine, thanks to my Mentor, we did pretty well. We took the rail which runs along its banks as far as Coblenz, and did 'up the Rhine' next day to a point near Wiesbaden. The views from the rail have one advantage—that noble river at every turn lies like a lake with a foreground before you; and half a day's steaming is quite enough. Very slow work against the stream, and with a perfect anocracy on deck; the awning in the way of the views, and noisy talking and chaffing, with the steam of broiled ham, coffee, or other abominations in your nostrils, the sublime is far too near the ridiculous; the whole thing is cockneyfied, and it is hard to remain in a state of mind to enjoy the picturesque. The scenery of the Rhine is disappointing to all who know well either the Wye, the Tay, or the Thames. The vine-clad slopes may be mistaken for potato-fields; the eye hardly detects the difference. A river is nothing without richly-wooded banks. The finest parts are where there is wood; like the Wye—like, but never equal; and the castles—quite third-rate ruins—do not stand forth in grey antiquity, but are too much the same red colour as the rocks, and seem to have been patched up from time to time to impose on tourists. That there are fine views on such a river is certain; but on what wide river in England is there not? Think of the Dart, the river below Ipswich; or Bala and the river under Cader Idris. No; never leave England for scenery of the same kind; the foliage and timber, and the emerald green of our moister climate defy all comparisons.

Heidelberg and Baden-Baden, with the Black Forest, are places to dwell in memory, but not

matchless, like the falls of Schaffhausen, which we heard Americans say have features to compare with Niagara, and is the perfection of scenery; but (not having then seen the Schaffhausen) till the rail brought us round that sweep which suddenly disclosed the Rigi and Pilatus, two giant sentinels, throwing their dark shadows over the Lake of Lucerne beneath, we could none of us admit we had found scenery worth coming for—as good or better at home. We went thence to Berne and Thun, and through the pass to Vermatt, a specimen of alpine scenery the most bold and bracing too, infinitely superior to the confined, enervating, and most unhealthy valley of Chamouni. All these days we enjoyed the distinctive scenery of ‘foreign parts’ indeed.

And what did we chiefly learn from our travels? Our first was a German and a Swiss tour; our second was over the Alps to the Lake of Como, Milan, Verona, Palma, Venice, Padua, to Florence; and our third through North German cities to Vienna, and home by the south cities Constance and Zurich; and we feel the fruits of these tours in, as it were, a new sense, and in a new standard of comparison. Things which we had long in England deemed things of course, proved blessings and refinements peculiar to England alone. In taste, decency, and cleanliness other countries seem much in the position in which England was a hundred and fifty years since, when our houses were filthy, our ablutions quite partial, and nothing so gross as to shock the ear or to offend the eye.

All best worth knowing is to be learnt without being the slave of sight-seeing. At one time, we confess it, we travelled with our noses well into our Murrays. This is very common, and is as unfavourable to observation abroad as conning the Exhibition catalogue is to enjoying pictures at home. Some Venetians, nearly all of whose fine works are in churches, mistook these Murrays, and said the English were very devout, but prayed walking, out of red-covered prayer-books.—After a

while we found it a relief to come to a town where there was nothing particular to see. ‘No lessons to-day,’ said Eliza.—At one time we panted and melted up Italian staircases, and seeing acres of pictures as in a match against time, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. At last I made a most heroic resolution, that, laugh who might, I would stroll about and smoke my cigar, and look at just what interested me in particular, without caring for the taste of the world in general (downright make-believe, half of it) to the end of my tour. Mrs. Cropper breathed freely from that hour. So Mrs. Cropper and I used to thread the streets, to look in the shops, and, above all, to contemplate the peasants in the market. My daughter Julia, with a talent for drawing, was always after the paintings; but a little went a long way with us, and with nine out of ten of other travellers, too, Sir W. Scott among the number: Lord Byron also could only name one picture (of Hagar, at Milan) on which he cared to dwell.

As to studying men and manners; you want a sojourn, not a tour. You must go as a knight-errant in quest of rural adventure, and not as a family man, where all that is repulsive—and, therefore, half of what is characteristic—is necessarily left out. As well expect to see real life in London in Regent Street and Rotten Row. Ladies have remarked to me, ‘The after recollections are the best part of a foreign tour.’ True: you are too excited, whilst swallowing, to taste anything; the pleasure is in ruminating and digesting. Sight-seeing is the most exhausting of all things. Tourists try to see too much. This is very natural: they feel, however tired, they must see what all the world talks of; and we must see now or never. The thing to do, if possible, is not to travel from place to place, but to live from place to place. Instead of ten weeks out of town—say at Ryde—last year I shifted quarters leisurely through ten cities, with Vienna as the furthest. I saw all the sights, composedly, and with inclination, after my newspaper and quiet morn-

ings; and by a drive every evening I saw every street and every suburb.

My advice is, in a first tour, map out the country by a rapid and comprehensive survey. Six weeks will take any active young people to Venice, over one pass of the Alps, and home, by Leghorn and Genoa, over another. And now you can go either through Switzerland, Como, and Milan, or by the new railway, by Munich, Inspruck and Verona. To our elderly friends we advise only a few removes; for the fatigue is great. But to improve by travel,

unless you reside and enter into society for a year in one place, you need not be afraid of travelling fast. You have but a surface view, at the best; and by activity you may see as much as needs be seen of many places in two days, as well as in six. Feed only at first-rate hotels or at a first-rate pension, like Mrs. Worley's at Lucerne. Even the best of foreign diet is trying, and serious illness may mar the pleasure of those who are deluded by the tricked-up garbage to be expected at common pensions and second-class hotels.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

CHAPTER I.



WHAT was the time? is now the first query of every athlete—army man, civil servant, undergraduate, or public schoolboy, as, breathless after his task, he rejoins the friend who has attended to his interests during the race, and also 'held the watch.' Seventy years ago such a question was but rarely asked amongst amateurs, and as very few professional runners owned stop-watches, the distance won by and style of going in previous contests rather than the length of time occupied were the chief points for consideration when pitting competitors against each other. No doubt innumerable feats passed unnoticed, and many rapid races prior to 1800, which might have been handed down as a criterion of the speed and stamina of those engaged, are either unauthenticated or else briefly detailed and doubtful. In looking through sporting works about this

period a paragraph may now and again be met with intimating that So-and-So, a 'countryman,' or, equally likely, 'Knight of St. Crispin,' is said to have covered a mile within five minutes; but beyond such slender records there is little evidence of the powers of runners.

A number of the best-known performances about the opening of this century will be found below, but, from the method of training formerly adopted it can hardly be expected they will contrast favourably with those of to-day. Pedestrians used to undergo a course of treatment that the constitution of a horse even would be but ill able to bear. First, physic was administered in huge and frequent doses; then followed sweating down, until, instead of elastic muscles and cheerful activity, the trainee looked weary and downcast, and quite incapable of a 'spurt' when the pinch came. Now-a-days a few gentle purgatives only are given, in order to cleanse the stomach; then follows exercise

of a moderate character at first—the constitution being thoroughly considered—and eventually, by regular practice at the distance to be run, condition is attained without extreme hardship, the absolute necessity of scouring miles of country, possibly in the rain, at dawn of day being altogether dispensed with as unusual, and, in a great measure, undesirable. Early rising and retiring; a shower-bath after the daily brisk walks in fine weather; a course of steady, even work; meats suited to the palate, a few fresh vegetables, tea, toast, mild October ale, and a little red wine, should form the regimen and diet suitable to the majority of men: exceptional cases require suitable treatment.

But 'to our tub.' Amongst the earliest celebrities with whom we shall deal were Foster Powell, a Yorkshireman, Captain Barclay, of Ury, and Daniel Crisp, of Leton, Norfolk. Powell was an attorney's clerk in the New Inn, and his fleetness of foot first became known when he set out on foot to York for some leases, and returned in little more than six days. In 1773 he performed the same journey (394 miles) for a wager of one hundred guineas in much quicker time, and his health not being very good, the exploit is thus rendered more surprising. On the opening day he covered 88 miles, on the second 72, on the third 69, on the fourth 65, on the fifth 54, and on the sixth 56, reaching Hicks's Hall, London, nearly six hours within the period allotted. In November, 1778, on the Lea Bridge Road he attempted to run 2 miles in 10 minutes, but failed by 30 seconds. Nine years later he walked from the Falstaff Inn, Canterbury, to London Bridge and back, a distance of 112 miles, in 23 hours 50 min. This may be set down as the best performance up to date, and one of the most extraordinary on record. During the following July he undertook, for a bet of one hundred guineas, to walk 100 miles in 22 hours, and accomplished the task, with a few minutes to spare, over a course between

Hyde Park Corner and the fiftieth milestone on the Bath road.

The chief feats in his career, however, were yet to follow. In August, 1790, he accepted a wager of 20 guineas to 13 that he would walk from London to York, and return to St. Paul's in 5 days 18 hours. For the first four days he covered the same distances as before, but on the fifth he slept on this side of Biggleswade instead of at the Cock at Eaton, as previously, and eventually reached the end of his journey in 5 days, 16 hours, 10 minutes. In the following June he undertook to go between Shoreditch and York, returning to Shoreditch Church in 5 days 15 hours; and again he defeated time by 1 hour 25 minutes, making an average of nearly three miles an hour throughout. We find it recorded by Pierce Egan that 'Powell was a pattern to all pedestrians for unblemished integrity; in no one instance was he ever challenged with making a cross.'

Captain Barclay Allardice, of Ury, was born in August, 1779, and after studying at Richmond completed his academical studies at Cambridge. For physical endurance few men have been so celebrated as the Captain, whose muscular strength when only twenty years of age was so great that he lifted 84 stones, and at a later period threw half a hundred weight with a straight arm a distance of eight yards. From his youth upwards the Captain's love of pedestrianism and athletics was marked, and his plain style of living and constant exercise caused him to be always in first-rate condition. In 1801 he matched himself for 2,000 guineas to walk 90 miles in 21½ hours, but after completing 67 in 13 hours he drank some brandy, and, becoming sick, gave up the task. Later in the year he again attempted the same performance, this time for a stake of 5,000 guineas. The course was between Hull and York, over a measured mile, and he covered the full distance, with 1 hour 7 min. 56 sec. to spare. In 1803 he ran a match in Hyde Park against one Ward, and although the latter was supported

at 2 to 1 on him the Captain won easily by ten yards in 56 secs. He also, in 1804, beat an officer of the 48th regiment in a mile race, and afterwards completely outpaced John Ireland, a noted swift runner. They were matched for 500 guineas, and Barclay performed the mile in the then surprising time of 4 min. 50 sec., Ireland giving up at three-fourths of the distance. In 1807 he made a 24 hours match against Abraham Wood for 200 guineas, the Captain to be allowed 20 miles at starting. It was decided on Newmarket Heath on October 12, a measured and roped mile being used by both competitors, who were to go as far as they could, running or walking, in the time allowed. Wood made 8 miles in the first hour, 7 each in the second and third, 6½ in the fourth, 6 in the fifth, and 5½ in the sixth—total, 40 miles. Barclay went exactly six miles an hour during the same time, thus reaching 36 miles. Wood here resigned, but the Captain went four miles further, and won the stakes and bets. It afterwards transpired that when Wood had completed 22 miles, some liquid laudanum was administered to him. On this a dispute followed with reference to the bets, which at Tattersall's were eventually declared off. It was known that Wood had on a wet day accomplished 50 miles in 7 hours whilst training, and he had also done 40 miles in 5 hours at Brighton, so that had the match been completed it would have proved extremely interesting. The stamina and pluck of both men were such that there was little to choose between them: the Captain's 'staying powers' were remarkable, and Wood's swiftness and fine condition must have insured his making a hard race of it. Perhaps the most celebrated event that ever took place from a pedestrian point of view was Captain Barclay's match for a bet of 1,000 guineas, by which he bound himself to go on foot 1 mile in each hour for one thousand successive hours. The feat was performed on Newmarket Heath, the course being half a mile out and the same dis-

tance back to Buckle's house, lamps being hung to light the way during the night. After training for some weeks at Owston, in Yorkshire, under Mr. Smith, the old sportsman, and his son, Barclay started on his task at twelve o'clock at night on June 1, 1809. He walked without the least apparent exertion, scarcely raising his feet from the ground. On dry days a water-cart went over the track to keep it cool and prevent hardness. He changed his apparel with the weather, which, on the whole, was rather wet, and thus favoured him. As time passed his right leg suffered from a spasmodic affection, and a few days before the finish every mile occupied twenty minutes. His appetite, however, continued good, and betting, after his limbs had recovered something like their wonted strength and activity, soon went from 2 to 1 to 10 to 1 on him. The crowd became so great before the finish that it was found necessary to rope the ground; and several pugilists who had been supported by Barclay in their engagements assisted to keep off the roughs. At 4 P.M. on July the 12th this undertaking was completed after walking a mile every hour for six weeks minus eight hours. At the 995th mile the Earl of Jersey offered 100*l.* to 1*l.* on the pedestrian, but there were no takers; and the last mile was done in a quarter of an hour, Barclay winning, it was estimated, 16,000*l.* by his exertions. Professor Sandiver, an eminent surgeon who had watched proceedings throughout, gave his opinion that the Captain could have continued walking at the same pace and time for quite a fortnight longer. Many persons claim to have accomplished the above feat, but it is quite certain that no one except Captain Barclay ever held out the full distance.

We next come to Daniel Crisp, who, in 1802, walked a mile in 7 min. 50 sec. on the City road. In 1817 he walked, on the Uxbridge road, 1134 miles in 21 successive days, being 54 miles daily, and finished the task with 1 hour 20 min. to spare, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. In 1818, on the same road, he com-

pleted 1037 miles in 17 successive days, less 52 min., being at the rate of 61 miles daily. The Thames overflowed the course during this undertaking, and Crisp had to wade through a quarter of a mile of water five times. Later in the same year he walked 75 miles every day for six successive days, on the Andover road, and won by 26 min.

Those who claim notice in later times are John Townshend, the 'Veteran' as he was called; Robert Fuller, Mountjoy, Charles Westhall, W. Spooner, of Turnham, and James Mills, of Brixton.

In 1838 Fuller walked a 60 miles match with, and defeated Townshend, on Sunbury Common, accomplishing the full distance in 11 hours 36 min., his opponent falling out at 35 miles. In November, 1843, he was beaten near Hounslow by Bradshaw, a youth of eighteen, who covered 25 miles in the then first-class time of 3 hours 59 min. Mountjoy is principally known for his 'roadside' feats, which were never very zealously watched by competent timekeepers; but there can be no doubt of his claim to be classed amongst the best men of his day, as several of his *bona fide* races have proved. In February, 1843, at Ealing, he walked 20 miles in 3 hours 36 min. and 10 sec., and he is also famous for going 60 or 70 miles per diem for several successive days. In 1848, Charles Hall, better known as Westhall, previously a medical student, undertook, at the instance of the Marquis of Waterford, to walk 20 miles in 3 hours. Lord Caledon had, about six weeks prior to this match, laid the Marquis 100*l.* to 100*l.* that no person could fairly cover the distance in the time specified. The race came off at Harlington Corner, the Hon. C. Maynard being referee, Captain Archdale, M.P., umpire for Lord Waterford, and the Hon. Robert Lawley, then a Captain in the Second Life Guards, for Lord Caledon. Westhall, at this time 25 years of age, weighed 9 st. 12 lb., and was the model of an athlete, his height being 5 ft. 9½ in. He started full of confidence in his powers; completed 7 miles in 58 min. 16

sec.; 14 miles in 2 hours 1 min. 31 sec.; and finally won the wager with 2 min. 30 sec. to spare. In 1850, Spooner attempted a similar walk, but failed to accomplish his task, having 14 min. only to accomplish the last half-mile in. In February, 1858, Westhall achieved the exploit which has rendered his name famous wherever pedestrian feats are interesting. To walk 21 miles in 3 hours was looked on as an impossibility, and therefore he attempted it on the London and Cambridge road, at Newmarket. The day proved very windy, and a cart with a screen affixed went by the side of the competitor, who covered 7 miles in 56 min.; 14 miles in 1 hour 55 min. 50 sec., and won his wager by 59 sec., walking the last half-mile in 4 min. 30 sec. Betting at the start was 5 to 1 against him, and Westhall accepted 100*l.* to 20*l.*

Another marvellous 'time event' was performed during the previous year (1857) at Slough, when Westhall walked 7½ miles in 58 min. 25 sec. He also, in a match at Maidenhead, gave J. Jones 50 yards start in 7 miles, and won in 52 min. 43 sec.; a feat never before approached.

In 1862, Miles tried the 'Westhall feat,' but failed to finish within the required time, though he completed the 21 miles in 3 hours 10 sec., thus losing by a few yards only.

In December, 1865, George Topley is said to have accomplished the distance at Brompton; but it was dusk long ere he finished, and there were no appeals to the referee about his style, which has always been considered doubtful, or as to certain proceedings which took place, otherwise he would doubtless have been disqualified long before the course was gone over.

CHAPTER II.

There have been comparatively few running-matches over a dozen miles in length. Thomas Maxfield, of Slough, known as the North Star, ran 20 miles at Longford, in 1845, taking 40*l.* to 20*l.* that he performed

the distance in 2 hours. He got half way in 55 min. 31 sec., and won eventually by 17 sec. In the following year he again undertook the feat, this time for a stake of 300*l.*, and accomplished it in 1 hour 58 min. 30 sec. The betting was 6 to 4 against him at the start; evens on him at ten miles (time 55 min. 16 sec.); 2 to 1 on him at 14 miles, and 4 to 1 on him at 18 miles. Another of his performances we will here dispose of, as it was unsuccessful. He tried to run 11 miles in 1 hour on the Bath road, in 1845, but failed, according to the referee, by 5 sec. to complete his task in the given time. The first 10 miles were covered in 54 min. 54 sec. In 1852, W. Howitt, better known as Jackson, the 'American Deer,' started for a 20 miles race at Copenhagen House. He completed 11 miles in 40 sec. under an hour, and 15 miles in 1 hour 22 min., but unluckily fell so lame soon after that he was compelled to resign the contest, which Levett won at his leisure. Referring to the 11 miles in less than an hour, 'Bell's Life' describes it as a 'feat unparalleled in the annals of pedestrianism.' In 1864 W. Richards, the Welshman, ran 15 miles in 1 hour 26 min. 40 sec., at Hackney Wick; and though we have not met in our search with any other recent races of 20 miles, it will be seen by the performances of Jackson, Levett, and Richards, that, had there been occasion to run to the end, they would, 'bar accident,' have easily defeated Maxfield's time.

Coupled with early records of the principal races under a dozen miles, we find the names of Blumsell, the 'Painter,' Rayner, old John Brown, of Kirkby Moorside, the 'Cobbler,' Abraham Wood, the Lancashireman; Beteridge, and a score of others. The standard as to time had hitherto been 10 miles an hour; 4 miles in 21½ min., 2 miles in 10 min. 10 sec., 1 mile in 5 min., half a mile in 2 min. 7 sec., and a quarter of a mile in a minute, or, in some instances, a second or so less. Men able to beat any of the above times were difficult to find, though in odd cases they were excelled, as we shall presently show. In 1818, Blumsell

and Rayner ran 10 miles for 200 guineas, the former winning easily in 58 min. 56 sec. Rayner gave 2½ min. start, but, instead of decreasing it, he lost 25 sec. in 8 miles. Brown, some years later, ran 8 miles in 41 min. 50 sec., when he beat the 'Cobbler;' and Abraham Wood, who up to 1830 was considered the speediest man that ever lived, once covered 10 miles in 55 min. It is also pretty certain that he ran 20 miles in 2 hours 15 min. at Brighton; 40 miles in 4 hours 56½ min. over the 4 mile course at Newmarket; and half a mile in 2 min. 6 sec. at Pontefract. Other feats are attributed to him, but we are unable to put faith in them. Beteridge ran 10 miles in 55 min. 4 sec.; and afterwards, in trying to cover an extra mile within an hour, killed himself. During 1844 several large prizes were offered to be competed for in America, in a 10 mile race, and a couple of our best men crossed the Atlantic to try their fortunes. One of them, John Barlow (*alias* Tallick), of Cockney Moor, took the lead in the race, and holding it throughout, won the first prize, 700 dollars, by 32 sec. Steeprock, an Indian, came in second; Greenhalgh, the other Englishman, third, and the celebrated Gildersleeve fourth. All doubts as to the quickest ten miles on record were by this performance set at rest; and the editors of 'Wilkes' New York Spirit of the Times,' and of 'Bell's Life in London,' declared that, in their opinion, Barlow's time, 54 min. 21 sec., had never previously been equalled.

Since then, viz., in 1845, William Howitt, better known as Jackson, the 'American Deer,' and William Shepherd were matched to run for one hour on the Hatfield turnpike road near Barnet. Shepherd gave up after concluding ten miles, but Jackson accomplished in the given time 11 miles, 40 yds., 2 ft., 4 in. This was thought, although some doubt existed respecting the length of the distance between milestone and milestone, to be the highest state of perfection both as regards speed and lasting power to which a man could be brought; but in 1852 the feat was eclipsed by the same

runner, who, notwithstanding, was defeated in a 10 miles race by John Levett, of Battersea, who won after a great struggle by a couple of yards in 51 min. 45 sec. In 1856 James Pudney ran 11 miles at Oxford in 57 min. 20 sec., and in 1863 William Lang, of Manchester, and Looney Bennett, of New York, *alias* 'Deerfoot,' met at Brompton in a 12 miles handicap, which Lang won by half a yard in 1 hour, 2 min., 2½ sec., ten miles being covered in the unprecedented time of 51 min. 26 sec. Deerfoot, during the same year, ran 11½ miles in 59 min. 54 sec. for a stake of 100*l.* (?) and also 11 miles 790 yards in an hour's race at Hackney Wick against Edward Mills, of Bethnal Green. In a contest for the Champion's Cup between Lang and John White, of Gateshead, in 1863, they ran 3 miles in 14 min. 36 sec., 4 miles in 19 min. 36 sec., 5 miles in 24 min. 40 sec., 6 miles in 29 min. 50 sec., and 7 miles in 34 min. 45 sec., after which Lang resigned. This is the best time known at the distances, though Mills, in the same year, covered 6 miles in 30 min. 9 sec. There have been many tight competitions at 2 miles, of which the following are the principal in the last seven years: 1860, White, 9 min. 38 sec.; 1861, White, 9 min. 20 sec.; 1862, Brighton, 9 min. 36 sec.; 1863, Lang, 9 min. 11 sec., when he beat James Sanderson by half a dozen yards at the City Grounds, Manchester; and 1864, Mills, 9 min. 37 sec. The fleetest running, as will be seen, was by Lang, and we may mention that the first mile of the race was performed in 4 min. 27 sec. Last year a new wonder named John Fleet, of Manchester, ran a mile and a half in 6 min. 50 sec., beating White's feat in 1862, *viz.*, 1½ mile in 6 min. 54 sec.

We now come to mile races. In January, 1818, Brazier and Brooks, two celebrities of the time, ran for 50 guineas, and at the start betting was even. Brooks led throughout, and won a good race by four yards, the time being, 1st quarter, 1 min. 3 sec., half-mile, 2 min. 15 sec., three quarters, 3 min. 28 sec., and the mile, 4 min. 46 sec. A comment on the race by an authority on sporting says: 'This is the fastest running of

a mile ever recorded.' Very little progress appears to have been made in the attainment of speed until quite lately. In 1843 we find that Jackson, the 'American Deer,' ran a mile at Walworth against one Byrom in 4 min. 40 sec.; in 1846 Thomas Maxfield, the 'North Star,' beat this time by 4 sec.; in 1857 Thomas Horspool, of Nottingham, occupied 4 min. 28 sec. only, and in the following July he reached 4 min. 23 sec. For two years this was looked upon as an unsurpassable display of celerity, and it was not until 1860 that Siah Albison, of Bowlee, excelled it by three-quarters of a second in a race with Lang. In 1863 Sanderson also beat Lang, and on this occasion ran the mile in 4 min. 21½ sec., as did Lang himself against Stapleton in the following year. Mills cut out this time twice soon after, *viz.*, in April, against Stapleton; time, 4 min. 20½ sec., and in June, when he defeated Lang by a foot in 4 min. 20½ sec. In 1865 followed the fastest mile ever witnessed, as it was also one of the most exciting races. The competitors were Lang and William Richards, *alias* the Welshman, and the contest ended in a dead heat in 4 min. 17½ sec., amidst the cheering of the spectators, who mustered 15,000 strong. They ran again a week after, when Lang won by a score yards in 4 min. 22 sec. Prior to 1853 anything under 2 min. 5 sec. was considered first-class half-mile time, but in that year Henry Allan Reed beat Chadwick of Ratcliffe at the Hyde Park Grounds, Sheffield, in 2 min. 2½ sec. In the succeeding year Reed met Horspool at Westhill Park, Halifax, and defeated him by 2 yards, upwards of 1,000*l.* changing hands. The time for this race was 1 min. 58 sec., and it was not surpassed until 1856, when Robert M'Kinstry, a Scotchman, ran the distance in a sweepstakes in 1 min. 56½ sec. Then there was a long interval, until eventually, in 1867, James Nuttall defeated Fleet, who received 10 yards start, in 1 min. 55½ sec., the quickest time ever recorded.

A quarter of a mile is looked on as the most difficult distance to run, being neither a 'sprint' nor a long

race. The fastest men ever known were H. A. Reed, George Seward, the far-famed 'Cockfield putter,' Charles Westhall, the celebrated walker, James Rothwell, Siah Albison, James Nuttall, the present champion, Frank Hewitt, of Millwall, and R. Hindle, of Paisley. Very few words will, however, dispose of the whole batch, as the time in which Reed ran 440 yards in 1849 has never yet been approached. He was opposed by Seward, whom he defeated in 48½ sec. Subsequently he beat Westhall in 49½ sec., and afterwards J. Roberts, the 'Ruthin Stag,' succumbed to him in 50½ sec. Those who have witnessed the trials of Nuttall assert that he can, on a turnpike-road, outdo any time hitherto recorded at this distance, but there is no one amongst the men of to-day 'worthy of his steel.'

We now come to 'sprint' running, which may be briefly summed up. The fastest races known have been run by Seward the American, Charles Westhall, John Howard, of Bradford, the celebrated jumper, James Hancock, of Salford, J. Johnson, of Stockton, and George Mole, of Walsall. One Wantling is said to have done 100 yards in 9 sec., but the time is not authenticated, and there seems little doubt but Seward's 100 yards race in 9½ sec. at Hammer-smith with W. Robinson in 1844 was the most rapid ever ran. He also, in 1847, 'scudded' 120 yards in 11½ sec., and 200 yards in 19½ sec., beating Westhall easily on both occasions. Shortly after he put forth a challenge to meet any man in the world and give 5 yards' start in 120 or 10 yards in 300, for from 100l. to 1,000l., but no one came forward to accept the offer. In 1854 Hancock beat Reed in 130 yards race, which was accomplished in 13 sec., and we doubt not Johnson can run 100 to 150 yards in what pedestrians term 'level time' any day with a week's notice. Seward never made a match at 300 yards, though it is said he covered the distance in 30 sec. once in a trial.

Amateur racing has only been generally in vogue during the last few years. We have classed Captain Barclay amongst the professionals, simply on account of his

frequently contending against them, and because there were then no athletic clubs, or prizes awarded for competition amongst persons who did not gain their livelihood by foot-racing. Captain Horatio Ross and the late 'Squire' Osbaldeston were speedy pedestrians, and it is on record that Lord Kennedy and Sir Andrew Leith Hay walked from Blackhall, Kincardineshire, to Inverness, for a wager of 500l., a distance of 120 miles, in 32½ hours, so that they must be set down as A 1 on the ground of stamina if not of a great 'turn of speed.' Lord Kennedy, with whom Ross went as umpire, took the mountain-path, which, though very rugged, is shorter by thirty miles, and reached his destination four hours and a half before his opponent, who had gone by the coach-road. Ross, however, objected to the stake being awarded to Lord Kennedy on account of his having been assisted up and down hill by a shepherd, and the question was to have been referred to Captain Barclay, but the principals agreed each to draw his own money. In 1841 Lord G. Paget, Mr. Jenkinson, and Count Nostitz, for a wager of 25l. with Lord Cantilupe, started after the festivities at Brynkenhalt, North Wales, to walk to Chester, a distance of 23 miles, over a hilly road, within 5 hours. Mr. Jenkinson performed the feat in 4 hours 38 min. and the Count in 4 hours 41 min., but Lord Paget mistook his way and eventually gave up. In 1843 Mr. Laurence, an amateur residing at Finchley, undertook to walk 50 miles in 12 hours, and completed his task with 1 min. 9 sec. to spare. Later in the same year Lieutenant Grant, an officer of the 68th Light Infantry, walked from Chatham Barracks to Maidstone and back, over very bad roads, at ten o'clock at night, in 3 hours 25 min., the journey being 17 miles in length. He was accompanied by Viscount Hinton and Mr. H. Cotton to Maidstone, which was reached in 1 hour 24 min. In 1845 an officer of the 6th Carbineers, then stationed at York, walked on a turnpike-road without the city 50 miles a day for six successive days, and a few years after Captain Mosse, of the 6th

Regiment, set off to walk from the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, to the Ship Inn at Colchester in 10 hours. The distance is 52 miles, of which he covered 31 in 5 hours 58 min. At Kelvedon he stopped, and there unfortunately left his watch, the loss of which was not discovered until he had proceeded half a mile farther. Without hesitation he ran back for it, and then on again to the end of the half-mile already completed. This additional exertion, however, proved too great, and he afterwards found that 4 miles an hour was all he could do for some time, the goal being eventually reached in 10 hours 4 min., and the match thus lost by a mere accident.

Since the year 1860 the names of amateurs mostly before the public include Colonels Sharpe, Bathurst, and Wynne, Captains H. B. Laurie, W. H. Patten Saunders, Machell, and Chadwicke, and Messrs. Stuart, C. H. Prest, Colmore, C. G. Pym, E. J. Colbeck, Percy M. Thornton, F. W. Bryant, Macdonald, R. E. Webster, W. C. Gibbs, W. Moresby Chinnery, H. J. Chinnery, R. L. N. Michell, C. B. Lawes, J. H. Morgan, R. C. Garnett, W. Rye, S. G. Scott, W. P. Bowman, Somers-Smith, J. G. Chambers, R. M. Williams, W. Collett, J. W. Laing, C. H. Long, Hon. F. G. Pelham, Lord Jersey, S. P. Smith, J. P. Tennent, J. H. Ridley, and others.

In September, 1860, Captain Wynne ran 110 yards over 10 hurdles at Garratt Lane, against the celebrated Guardsman George Beddow, whom he defeated by three yards. A cross-country hurdle-race was also run by Captains Laurie and Patten Saunders, the latter of whom, although the non-favourite, succeeded in coming in first by a yard and a half, after a desperate struggle. In a match of 100 yards Colonel Bathurst defeated Colonel Sharpe, and in 1863 Captain Machell beat Captain Chadwicke very easily in a 100 yards race for 200*l.* near the Severalls, Newmarket, the time being 10½ sec. In 1864 four gentlemen started to walk 50 miles at Wandsworth, and Mr. Stuart won in 9 hours 22 sec., exclusive of 36 minutes allowed for refreshment. Perhaps the best 'time' in short

racers has been made by competitors at the Universities and other athletic-club sports, and the following are the chief performances. In November, 1865, C. Guy Pym, of the War Office, ran 440 yards at Beaufort House in 50½ sec., beating Percy M. Thornton, of Jesus College, Cambridge. In 1866 Thornton won the West London Rowing Club Strangers half-mile in 2 min. 2½ sec.; and in 1867 the Hon. F. G. Pelham covered a similar distance in the same time at Cambridge. In 1866 E. J. Colbeck, of the London Athletic Club, won the Pembroke College open 200 yards race in 21 sec., and in 1867 he ran 220 yards against W. Collett, whom he defeated in 22½ sec. A few months ago W. Moresby Chinnery, one of the chief promoters of athletics, won the quickest amateur mile on record at the Corpus sports in 4 min. 29½ sec.; and at the Inter-Varsity meeting in 1867 R. L. N. Michell won the 2 miles in 10 min. 1 sec., beating C. H. Long by a foot only. In November, J. H. Morgan covered 3 miles at the Exeter College sports in 15 min. 35 sec., and in the previous year, at the Amateur Champion Meeting, P. C. Garnett won the 4 miles race in 21 min. 48 sec. Amongst the fastest and fairest amateur walkers of late years we may mention R. M. Williams, of the Ecclesiastical Commission, who, in 1867, at the Civil Service sports, walked a mile in 7 min. 27 sec., and S. P. Smith, of Blackheath, who, later in the season, covered 2 miles in 15 min. 15 sec. This year's sports are fresh in the memory of our readers, who doubtless need no reminder of the brilliant 'quarter covered by Ridley in 50½ sec., or the fine turn of speed shown by Morgan in the 3 miles, for which his time was 15 min. 20½ sec. A few days later followed the 'London' meeting, when Colbeck ran from scratch in a 440 yards handicap, and won his heat in 51 sec.

The deduction to be drawn from the above facts is that speed rather than endurance has received attention for several years past. The great 'time matches' prior to 1838 for the most part took place on turnpike-roads, but police interfe-

rence afterwards checked them, and now-a-days they are of very rare occurrence. Probably this is one of the principal causes of their decay, for the love of athletics is far greater than ever, and professionals must blame themselves alone for lack of patronage. There have been of late years so many crosses and swindles that the British public, though much-enduring and credulous, will not be put upon any longer. They have seen for themselves; and besides, has not the sporting press made its voice heard innumerable times? In our opinion if Captain Barclay could reappear to-morrow in full vigour, he would have a greater number of supporters and be even more idolised than of yore. His feats are read with avidity by the 'Young England School,' whose love for

all that is manly and self-reliant and enduring appears stronger than ever. Besides, foot-racing and all its belongings are far better understood. Every lad at school knows now-a-days that he ought to run 100 yards in 12 sec., or less, and that a mile should be covered in as little over 5 min. as possible. They have found out too that 'time' is the great criterion; that a second and 10 yards are equivalent in a 'sprint;' that 7 or 8 yards during a quarter of a mile race must be done in every second, and 5 or 6 yards a second in a mile race. Walking varies greatly, but a mile under 8 minutes is really very fair work; even to proceed at this rate, 3½ yards must be covered in every second, whilst men who make first-class time must do over 4 yards.

LONDON LYRICS.

Summer Sung in the City.

THIS is the time of fresh winds blowing,
And cuckoo-calls, and heather bells;
This is the time when streams are flowing
Down the green mist of dreamy dells:

Poesy, O Poesy,
Stay in London lanes with me!

In the deep valley spring-winds hover,
Shaking the dew from their wild hair;
Beyond the cool shade of the lover,
The mower sweats with sleepy stare:
Colour and sweet melody
Fill the forest greenery.

The mavis sings, 'Young lover, lover,
Be quick, be quick—kiss sweet, kiss sweet!'
The young love breathes as sweet as clover;
The old love hangs like ripen'd wheat—
Misery, O Misery!
Dost thou listen? canst thou see?

The scent of summer floateth hither,
Into the dull streets' whitening blaze;
The white clouds part, and eyes look thither,
From thirsty lanes and weary ways:
Charity, O Charity!
Scatter thy bright seed fearlessly.

Nor shady boughs, nor summer gold,
Pleasure the souls who lie so deep:
Only the beggar is less cold,
And feels a calmer thirst for sleep:
Poesy, O Poesy!
Whisper sweet to such as he!

When with the grain all England quivers,
 When nuts grow milky, wheat-ears burst;
 When clearly sparkle all the rivers,
 Ah, to be hungry and athirst!
 Water and bread, O Charity,
 Bring to poor humanity!

Dark is the poor one's health and lonely,
 He would not learn, he would not know;
 He craves the blessed wheat-ear only,
 Not the sweet light that makes it grow.
 Fruit of the forbidden tree,
 Were but sour to misery!

Now all the days are rich with beauty,
 And other angels roam elsewhere;
 O Poesy! here lies thy duty,
 In darker days and fouler air—
 Poesy, O Poesy!
 Fold thy wings and do not flee!

While all the plains are heavy laden,
 And heavier grows the ripening ear,
 Pause in thy place, O heavenly maiden,
 Gather thy harvest with no fear,—
 Let other angels wander free,
 Say *thou* Amen to Charity!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN THE GARDEN.

THERE she sits! The arching trees
 Cast their trellis shade before her,
 As it passes by, the breeze
 Murmurs admiration o'er her,
 Odorous with a sweet perfume;
 All for her the summer bringing
 Flowers with beauty, youth, and bloom!
 All for her the song-birds singing!

Mistress she of all around!
 Than the fair scene round her fairer!
 Rose, that decks her hair, you're found
 Less sweet than your lovely wearer!
 Linnet, sing, and zephyr, see,
 Sweeping down that garden shady,
 If throughout the world there be
 One more bonny than your lady!

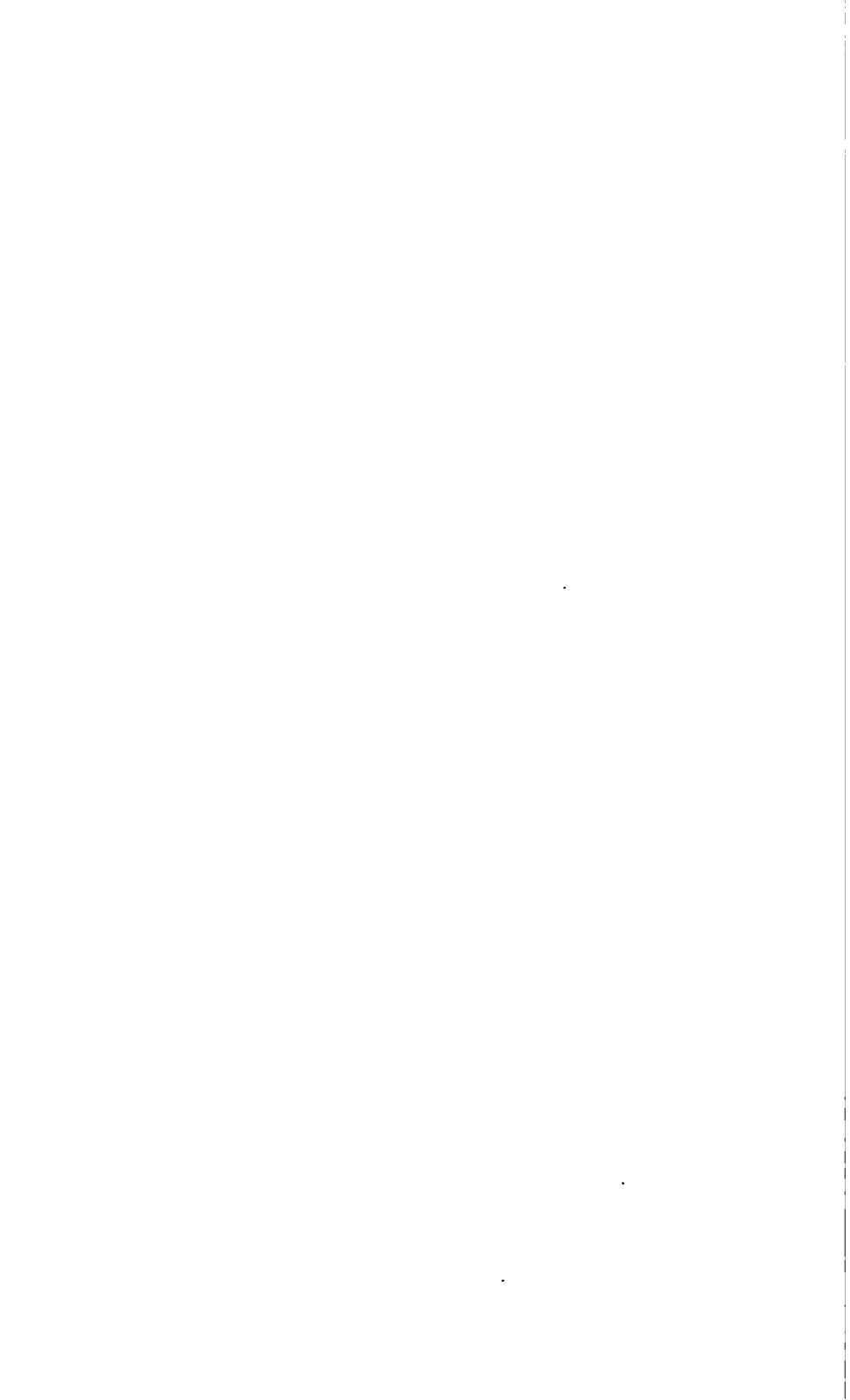
Look, beyond, the gabled wall
 Of yon mansion hoar and olden,
 Owns her heiress of the hall,
 Lighted with the sunshine golden!
 Carlo, as he nestles by,
 Verily seems jealous of her;
 Sunbeams, as you past her fly
 Keep a constant watch above her!



Drawn by W. Borrow.]

IN THE GARDEN.

[See the Poem.



Very studious! see her bend
Gently o'er a thrice-kissed letter!
Who each cherished line has penned?
Can it be, in golden fetter
Some one holds that pure, young heart?
Or perchance some girlish friend, or
Sister long held far apart,
Is the writer and the sender?

Hark! a step; and, with a bound,
Carlo leaves his place beside her,
Hearing, quick as sight, the sound
Careful lest some ill betide her!
Soon he sees the step is *his*:
Whisper, gently, breeze above her,
Whisper 'Unexpected 'tis,
'Tis the writer and her *lover*!

T. H. S. E.

FROM DULL COURT TO FAIRVIEW.



ULTIVATE the friendship of friends who have houses at the seaside! It was the advice—oft repeated and gratuitously given, though by a lawyer—of my friend John Jackson, of the Outer Temple. It was always the remark with which he prefaced his farewell on the eve of his departure from town for some of the many watering-places at which he was sure of a billet. On every possible occasion John Jackson would escape from his dingy chambers, and, as he expressed it, 'reinvigorate the inner and the outer man by contact with Neptune's own peculiar;' and he spoke of going out of town for a day or so as glibly, and with as much certainty of going, as the owner of a yacht and of a score of 'seaside places' might have done. John used to explain, almost apologetically, the necessity he was under of going away. He knew how many cubic feet of oxygen ought to pass through the lungs of a man of given size in order to give that man a healthy

body; he knew to a fraction of an inch how many cubic feet of air were contained in his own apartments, how many cubic feet of carbonic acid gas were given off from his lungs in the four-and-twenty hours, and he reckoned, by an exceedingly subtle process, which he often tried to make me understand, the extent to which his system suffered if for more than a given time it was subjected to treatment which did not allow of its getting a suitable proportion of fresh air. The results of his calculations were threefold; his rooms, which for professional reasons he could not give up, were declared not to admit the necessary amount of oxygen for the support of John Jackson's vitality; John Jackson vacated them on every possible occasion, including Saturday to Monday occasions; and John Jackson ever returned from his jaunts the fresher and the merrier and the better in health.

Yet John Jackson had not the wherewithal to be so constantly on the tramp, and to bear the cost of hotel charges—especially seaside hotel charges; still less had he means to defray those numerous incidental expenses which are the invariable accompaniments of 'outings,' be they never so short. Jackson's practice was by no means large (I used to think it suffered by Jackson's wanderings, though he ever affirmed the contrary), and his private means were, I had reason to know, small; how then could he manage to humour his vagabond desires, and get those supplies of ozone and other exhilarating things which he declared to be necessary to his existence? He acted up to the spirit and letter of the advice he so generously gave to his friends—he cultivated the friendship of friends who had houses at the seaside.

Yes; but friends with houses at the seaside! How many such do you and I, reader, reckon in our respective circles? Not enough, I trow, to admit of such wholesale visits as John Jackson used to make without our running the risk of sponging. Precisely. But that is the very point on which John Jackson used to be so careful. Never once did he meet the cold shoulder, or the reception of the intruder; he had far too keen an eye to the proprieties of the subject, far too thin a skin to act like one who forces his way, or courts a hint that his room would be more acceptable than his company. He had a wonderful knack of picking up friends, a very genius for it. No one knew better than he the necessity of first catching your hare before you proceed to cook him, and aware of this necessity it became an unconscious habit of Jackson's life to be picking up friends on every occasion, and by a habit which he exercised almost as unconsciously he winnowed friends who had seaside houses from friends who had none. By a sort of instinct, mesmeric attraction, or what other quality you will, John Jackson was ever drawn at a dinner-party towards those very members of the company who had the means of supplying his wants; surely,

though without absolute design, he would ingratiate himself with them, and the result was invariably an invitation to So-and-so 'whenever Mr. Jackson liked to come.' At this stage, if anywhere, my friend Jackson was guilty of a little finessing. He knew—who does not?—that a general invitation is one of those insubstantial things which rarely admit of being handled, and it was his wont, when a general invitation was given, to force his inviter's hand by immediately following up his acceptance of the kind offer, with a statement that he was engaged, 'he was afraid,' (the hypocrite) for this week and the next, but that on Saturday fortnight—naming a certain day convenient to himself, and by which time the limited supply of ozone in Dull Court would be exhausted—he should be exceedingly happy to present himself at Sea View; and he always clenched the matter by an appeal for information as to the most suitable trains, and somehow or other managed to suggest the propriety of sending a carriage for him if the station from Sea View happened to be far from that pleasant place.

Once in a place as visitor, John Jackson was sure to be asked again and again. He was a charming companion and always a great friend with the children, whose horse, bear, and frog he was, and who knew he would play at sleeping giant ('only pretend sleep, you know') as often and as long as they pleased. Jackson was always on good terms with the lady of the house, never *would* smoke in the dining-room though pressed to do so by his host, if he had any inkling that the hostess disliked—and most hostesses *do* dislike—the smell of stale tobacco-smoke in the dining-room curtains next day. He talked well at dinner, talked better after dinner, and was equally ready to sing a good song in the drawing-room after that, to the accompaniment by Miss Lucy, to take a hand at long—and it was often very long—whist with dear old Granny.

Thus did John Jackson cultivate for many years the friendship of

friends who had houses at the sea-side; and when one morning it was found that, in spite of frequent re-invigorating of the inner and outer man, the quantity of ozone in Dull Court was really insufficient to support the cheery life of John Jackson, and that John Jackson had gone on a last, far-distant ramble, there was many a sad heart in the watering-places of England, in scarcely one of which were the face and jolly appearance of the man unknown.

Shade of John Jackson, I apostrophize thee to-night! With shame and confusion of face I penitently retract those many hard things I said of thee touching thy goings out and thy comings in between Saturdays and Mondays, and those other long sojourns thou wert wont to make with thy friends who had houses at the seaside. Humbly I confess that, lacking thy *savoir faire*, thy *bonhomie*, thy kindly manners, thy winning ways with children, thy knack of friend-making, thy many social accomplishments, I have in jealous moments sneered at thy acts, set at nought thy counsels, and fished up from the envious corners of my brain motives all unworthy, which I have assigned to you as inducements to your kindness, and as explanations of your readiness to be all things to all men.

John Jackson, on this hot evening, in stuffy, unozonized Dull Court, where the air is laden with heat and with the unwholesome moisture steamed up from the kitchens of the tavern hard by you darksome gateway, where the paint on the window-frames is blistered with the anger of the intemperate sun, and where the thick bindings of ponderous tomes turn upwards under the influence of the same; where the very ink evaporates as unwilling to remain bottled in vacation, and where no human being who can help it comes, I acknowledge the wisdom of thy counsel, and deplore the aspersions I have cast upon thee and upon it.

Lonely, very lonely, is Dull Court to-night. I am the sole occupant of chambers therein. 'All, all are gone, the old, familiar faces,' and on their doors before which I present

myself, expecting, I find little labels, conveying to duns and others whom it may concern the interesting intelligence that Mr. — will be back in two months from an unspecified date.

Beyond the court I have not the courage to wander. The air is burnt up, the pavements are untrodden, the shutters of well-known rooms are closed and beginning to be encrusted with cobwebs; there is not a friend or acquaintance in the place, and silence, rarely broken, reigns supreme over one of the busiest haunts of men. The night is one of those which makes 'weird sounds of its own stillness;' from the far-off city comes up a hum of traffic, contrasting strangely with the lifelessness of all around; and heavy upon the lazy air comes the boom of Big Ben, and the deliberate, vacation-like strokes of a hundred city clocks; there is a murmur of activity from the river, and ever and anon there jars upon the ear the clangour of brass bands, the shout of a pierman, the uneuphonious scream of an engine-whistle, the dull thud of steamboat-paddles striking the unwilling tide.

Within the court silence and the crickets have it all to themselves; within the chambers the supremacy of Momus is disputed only by the mice, who, regarding me as some unreal thing, some 'false delusion, proceeding from their cheese-oppressed brain,' some phantom-man contrived only as a test of the steadiness of their courage, come out from wainscot and panel, from lumber-boxes and deed-chests, and run riot all over the floor. They know it is vacation-time; they assign it to the class of violent improbabilities that I should be what I seem; they are aware that I ought not to be there; and they conclude that my half-dressed form, recumbent on three chairs, slipped as to its feet, bepiped and tobacco-smoked as to its mouth, and situated directly in front of the only window through which a little street-disgusted air finds its way, is but a mockery, an unsubstantial thing with fear of which to scare young mice who should be asleep and are not, into the arms of the mousey Morpheus.

Unwilling to disturb them in their gambols, I muse and smoke on, and 'with the incorporeal air do hold discourse.' No friends, no money! This is the text from which I preach to myself most eloquent sermons, explaining clearly enough to my own satisfaction how that it is incumbent on the world as a paramount duty to provide me both with money and friends. I descant grievingly upon the merits of friends who have been and are gone, upon the growing incapacity in myself to replace those friends with new, and I rise almost into eloquence as I enlarge to myself upon the theme of 'that want of pence which vexeth public men.'

Why should Lord Nowork be cruising about in a yacht large enough to hold thirty as good as he, while I am unable to move hand or foot towards getting a sight of the water? Why should little Dodger, of the Southern Circuit, who works not half so hard as I do, and who of course has not a tithe of the great natural gifts I boast—why should he be enabled, simply because somebody chose to die and leave him a fortune, to go upon expeditions in vacation, the *éclat* of which goes far to make up for the differences aforesaid, while I am

'Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command.'

Of course when I have gone far enough along this line of thought—one which has been travelled often enough, by the way, from the time 'when Adam delv'd and Eve span' up to the present moment—I come to the conclusion that the argument is capable of application downwards as well as upwards, and that according to it I might be called upon to share even my slender means with some one—say the lighter of yonder gas-lamp—blessed (?) with scantier means still. To avoid this lame and impotent conclusion, which it would never do to apply as the clergy invite us to apply their remarks, 'practically to each one of ourselves,' I follow the example of other politicians and draw 'a hard and fast line' at the place where the argument becomes inconvenient, and make a note in my memory that

when I am in a position to advance the salutary proposal for a redivision of property, the proposal is to affect everybody above me in wealth, but none below me. The nimble mice break in upon my reveries, and show me that, at least in the meantime, my ideas are not considered democratic enough, for they walk off with the solitary piece of meat which was to have furnished my supper.

Be off, you vagabonds! 'Tis no excuse that I have what you have not, and that I want it less than you do! Be off, or I'll bring out the trap which was so fatal to your 'heads of houses' last winter!

'Put money in your purse!' Excellent advice, Iago, fit to compare with that poor Jackson gave. But how to follow it? I know that, following it, I can do as Lord Nowork does; that I can be the more than rival of little Dodger of the Southern Circuit; that I can bear the charge and carriage of a 'gentleman,' a class of which Sir Thomas Smith tells us 'they be good cheap in this realm;' that I can go whithersoever I please, associate with whomsoever I like.

Have I not tried to put money in my purse? Have I not risen early, and late taken rest, eating the bread of indigestibility, toiling at that immortal work which is to be a guide to the profession and a sure source of perennial income to me, only as yet the rewards come not and the publishers doubt and tarry? Have I not, even here in Dull Court, since the last vacationer departed from it and left behind him the load of *ennui* and fatigue which is pressing me down—have I not striven to win the means of putting myself even with him? But editors—a carping crew, I ween, be they—sniff at my manuscript, and detect, they say, a certain gloominess and deadness about it, begotten, they venture to suggest, of weariness and faggedness in the writer. They recommend, as the doctors do, change of air in order to the clarifying of one's wits, and they withhold, as the doctors do also, the means wherewith to act upon their advice.

One editor I approached with an *ad captandum* offer to write for his magazine accounts of the various

places I might visit, including a paper on the natural history of Pegwell Bay, a treatise on the dip of the various strata of the Scarborough population, and 'a succinct account of the architectural features of Beechey Head.' The man actually refused the offer; and I would not expose my feelings to the injury of another refusal by offering the scheme elsewhere. There was a something in the expression of the editor's face—the gentleman was a stranger to me—which indicated a belief that I was trying to make fun of him.

There ought to be a philanthropic society for securing vacation outings to the weary, and by the weary I mean, not those good folk who get tired with manual labour, and who get taken down to Epping Forest twice or thrice a summer in big vans, and are treated to dinner, and music, and ginger-beer, and knock-em-downs, and then brought back again to their work and their labour. Far be it from me to begrudge them their jaunt to the forest and back again, their day's pleasure and their relaxation from daily manual toil; but seeing they are provided for by philanthropic committees, with ever so many good fellows, and ever so many nice young ladies upon them, I would confine the operations of the society to the relief of those who, like myself, are beyond the reach of such good fellows, and, alas! beyond the reach of the nice young ladies also. We have a splendid case with which to come before the public—a case founded not only on the very first principles of charity, but on other claims to which the visitors to Epping Forest cannot pretend. Among us may be found the caterers for half the popular literary amusement that exists. At this very moment while I am sweltering in Dull Court, while Jones of the 'Commentator,' Brown of the 'Highflyer,' and Robinson of the 'Comet' are doing the like in their respective dens, bound hand and foot by that chill penury which does not repress their noble rage, the dilettanti at fifty watering-places are amusing themselves with the results of our lucubrations done in

happier times. We have a claim on your gratitude, most noble public, and we will thank you to acknowledge the same as speedily as possible.

Do not fear to hurt our feelings by the display of your charity. Send vans to our rooms, yes, with the name of your society painted upon them if you will; make it a condition, if it so please you, that we wear a distinctive dress during the period we receive relief; that we smoke none but the best bird's-eye, drink none other than purest Bass, and never get up before 10 A.M.; make the recipients of your bounty as conspicuous as possible we will come, and gladly come, and your beadsmen will ever pray. *Verbum sap.*

'You must come and see us some day,' says middle-aged Mrs. Watkins, for whom I draw dividends and do other little commissions, every time that she comes to my chambers or writes to acknowledge my remittances. 'With the greatest pleasure,' say I, and have said any time these five years; but Mrs. Watkins has not sent a specific invitation, and I cannot dream of going without one. Why not, pray? whispers the shade of John Jackson. Mrs. Watkins is precisely one of those who would have been on his list. She has a pleasant house at Fairview, the means of making a guest exceedingly comfortable, and—ay, there's the rub, and perhaps the explanation of the delay in her invitation—'one fair daughter, and no more, the which she loveth passing well.'

I could not find any solution to the question propounded by John Jackson's ghost. I almost resolved I would take Mrs. Watkins at her word and present myself next day at Fairview, with the announcement that I had come to stop as per invitation aged five years. The postman's knock on my door awoke all the echoes of Dull Court and scared at least four mice into apoplectic fits behind the wainscot. I almost lacked energy to see who had written to me. Slowly I rose, strode my way to the door, and withdrew from the cumbersome letter-box a tiny envelope.

'You have so many times pro-





